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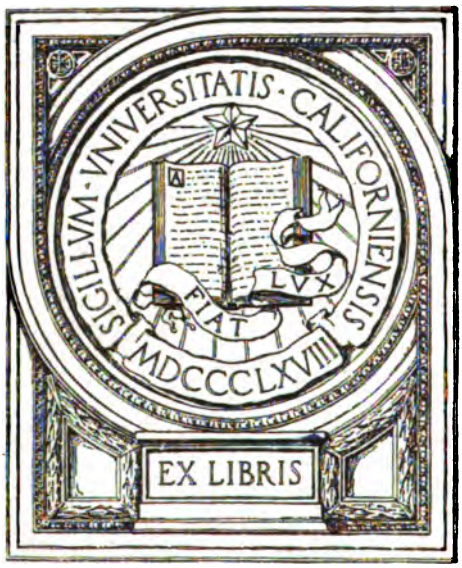

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THE

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FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE

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WITH

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BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND

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THE

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

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THE

POEMS

OF

EDMUND WALLER.

THE

LIFE OF WALLER,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

EDMUND WALLER was born on the third of March, 1605, at Colshill in Hertfordshire. His father was Robert Waller, esquire, of Agmondesham in Buckinghamshire, whose family was originally a branch of the Kentish Wallers; and his mother was the daughter of John Hampden, of Hampden in the same county, and sister to Hampden, the zealot of rebellion.

His father died while he was yet an infant, but left him a yearly income of three thousand five hundred pounds; which, rating together the value of money and the customs of life, we may reckon more than equivalent to ten thousand at the present time.

He was educated, by the care of his mother, at Eaton; and removed afterward to King's College in Cambridge. He was sent to parliament in his eighteenth, if not in his sixteenth year, and frequented the court of James the First, where he heard a very remarkable conversation, which the writer of the Life prefixed to his Works, who seems to have been well informed of facts, though he may sometimes err in chronology, has delivered as indubitably certain.

"He found Dr. Andrews, bishop of Winchester, and Dr. Neale, bishop of Durham, standing behind his majesty's chair; and there happened something extraordinary," continues this writer, "in the conversation those prelates had with the king, on which Mr. Waller did often reflect. His majesty asked the bishops, 'My lords, cannot I take my subjects' money when I want it, without all this formality of parliament?' The bishop of Durham readily answered, 'God forbid, sir, but you should: you are the breath of our nostrils.' Whereupon the king turned, and said to the bishop of Winchester, 'Well, my lord, what say you?'—'Sir,' replied the bishop, 'I have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases.' The king answered, 'No put-offs, my lord; answer me presently.'—'Then, sir,' said he, 'I think it is lawful for you to take my brother Neale's money; for he offers it.' Mr. Waller said, the company was pleased with this answer, and the wit of it seemed to affect the king; for, a certain lord coming in soon after, his majesty cried out, 'Oh, my lord, they say you lig with my lady.'—'No, sir,' says his lordship in confusion; 'but I like her company, because she has so much wit.'—'Why then,' says the king, 'do you not lig with my lord of Winchester there?'"

Waller's political and poetical life began nearly together. In his eighteenth year he wrote the poem, that appears first in his works, on the Prince's Escape at St. Andero: a piece which justifies the observation made by one of his editors, that he attained, by a felicity like instinct, a style, which perhaps will never be obsolete; and that, "were we to judge only by the wording, we could not know what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourscore." His versification was, in his first essay, such as it appears in his

last performance. By the perusal of Fairfax's translation of Tasso, to which, as Dryden[1] relates, he confessed himself indebted for the smoothness of his numbers, and by his own nicety of observation, he had already formed such a system of metrical harmony as he never afterwards much needed, or much endeavoured, to improve. Denham corrected his numbers by experience, and gained ground gradually upon the ruggedness of his age; but what was acquired by Denham was inherited by Waller.

The next poem, of which the subject seems to fix the time, is supposed by Mr. Fenton to be the Address to the Queen, which he considers as congratulating her arrival, in Waller's twentieth year. He is apparently mistaken; for the mention of the nation's obligations to her frequent pregnancy proves, that it was written when she had brought many children. We have therefore no date of any other poetical production before that which the murder of the duke of Buckingham occasioned; the steadiness with which the king received the news in the chapel deserved indeed to be rescued from oblivion.

Neither of these pieces, that seem to carry their own dates, could have been the sudden effusion of fancy. In the verses on the Prince's Escape, the prediction of his marriage with the princess of France must have been written after the event; in the other, the promises of the king's kindness to the descendants of Buckingham, which could not be properly praised till it had appeared by its effects, show, that time was taken for revision and improvement. It is not known that they were published till they appeared long afterward with other poems.

Waller was not one of those idolaters of praise, who cultivate their minds at the expense of their fortunes. Rich as he was by inheritance, he took care early to grow richer, by marrying Mrs. Banks, a great heiress in the city, whom the interest of the court was employed to obtain for Mr. Crofts. Having brought him a son, who died young, and a daughter, who was afterwards married to Mr. Dormer of Oxfordshire, she died in child-bed, and left him a widower of about five-and-twenty, gay and wealthy, to please himself with another marriage.

Being too young to resist beauty, and probably too vain to think himself resistible, he fixed his heart, perhaps half fondly and half ambitiously, upon the lady Dorothea Sidney, eldest daughter of the earl of Leicester, whom he courted by all the poetry in which Sacharissa is celebrated: the name is derived from the Latin appellation of *sugar*, and implies, if it means any thing, a spiritless mildness, and dull good-nature, such as excites rather tenderness than esteem, and such as, though always treated with kindness, is never honoured or admired.

Yet he describes Sacharissa as a sublime predominating beauty, of lofty charms, and imperious influence, on whom he looks with amazement rather than fondness, whose chains he wishes, though in vain, to break, and whose presence is *wine* that *inflames to madness*.

His acquaintance with this high-born dame gave wit no opportunity of boasting its influence; she was not to be subdued by the powers of verse, but rejected his addresses, it is said, with disdain, and drove him away to solace his disappointment with Amoret or Phillis. She married in 1639 the earl of Sunderland, who died at Newberry in the king's cause; and, in her old age, meeting somewhere with Waller, asked him, when he would again write such verses upon her: "When you are as young, madam," said he, "and as handsome as you were then."

[1] Preface to his Fables. *Dr. J.*

In this part of his life it was that he was known to Clarendon, among the rest of the men who were eminent in that age for genius and literature; but known so little to his advantage, that they who read his character will not much condemn Sacharissa, that she did not descend from her rank to his embraces, nor think every excellence comprised in wit.

The lady was, indeed, inexorable; but his uncommon qualifications, though they had no power upon her, recommended him to the scholars and statesmen; and undoubtedly many beauties of that time, however they might receive his love, were proud of his praises. Who they were, whom he dignifies with poetical names, cannot now be known. Amoret, according to Mr. Fenton, was the lady Sophia Murray. Perhaps by traditions preserved in families more may be discovered.

From the verses written at Penshurst, it has been collected, that he diverted his disappointment by a voyage; and his biographers, from his poem on the Whales, think it not improbable that he visited the Bermudas; but it seems much more likely, that he should amuse himself with forming an imaginary scene, than that so important an incident, as a visit to America, should have been left floating in conjectural probability.

From his twenty-eighth to his thirty-fifth year, he wrote his pieces on the reduction of Sallee; on the Reparation of St. Paul's; to the King on his Navy; the panegyric on the Queen Mother; the two poems to the Earl of Northumberland; and perhaps others, of which the time cannot be discovered.

When he had lost all hopes of Sacharissa, he looked round him for an easier conquest, and gained a lady of the family of Bresse, or Breaux. The time of his marriage is not exactly known. It has not been discovered that this wife was won by his poetry; nor is any thing told of her, but that she brought him many children. He doubtless praised some whom he would have been afraid to marry, and perhaps married one whom he would have been ashamed to praise. Many qualities contribute to domestic happiness, upon which poetry has no colours to bestow; and many airs and sallies may delight imagination, which he who flatters them never can approve. There are charms made only for distant admiration. No spectacle is nobler than a blaze.

Of this wife his biographers have recorded, that she gave him five sons and eight daughters.

During the long interval of parliament, he is represented as living among those with whom it was most honourable to converse, and enjoying an exuberant fortune with that independence and liberty of speech and conduct which wealth ought always to produce. He was however considered as the kinsman of Hampden, and was therefore supposed by the courtiers not to favour them.

When the parliament was called in 1640, it appeared that Waller's political character had not been mistaken. The king's demand of a supply produced one of those noisy speeches which disaffection and discontent regularly dictate; a speech filled with hyperbolical complaints of imaginary grievances: "They," says he, "who think themselves already undone, can never apprehend themselves in danger; and they who have nothing left can never give freely." Political truth is equally in danger from the praises of courtiers, and the exclamations of patriots.

He then proceeds to rail at the clergy, being sure at that time of a favourable audience. His topic is such as will always serve its purpose; an accusation of acting and preaching only for preferment: and he exhorts the commons *carefully* to *provide* for their *protection against Pulpit Law.*

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It always gratifies curiosity to trace a sentiment. Waller has in his speech quoted Hooker in one passage; and in another has copied him, without quoting. "Religion," says Waller, "ought to be the first thing in our purpose and desires; but that which is first in dignity is not always to precede in order of time; for well-being supposes a being; and the first impediment which men naturally endeavour to remove is the want of those things without which they cannot subsist. God first assigned unto Adam maintenance of life, and gave him a title to the rest of the creatures before he appointed a law to observe."

"God first assigned Adam," says Hooker, "maintenance of life, and then appointed him a law to observe.—True it is, that the kingdom of God must be the first thing in our purpose and desires; but inasmuch as a righteous life presupposeth life, inasmuch as to live virtuously it is impossible, except we live; therefore the first impediment which naturally we endeavour to remove is penury, and want of things without which we cannot live." Book I. Sect. 9.

The speech is vehement; but the great position, that grievances ought to be redressed before supplies are granted, is agreeable enough to law and reason: nor was Waller, if his biographer may be credited, such an enemy to the king, as not to wish his distresses lightened; for he relates, "that the king sent particularly to Waller, to second his demand of some subsidies to pay off the army; and sir Henry Vane objecting against first voting a supply, because the king would not accept unless it came up to his proportion, Mr. Waller spoke earnestly to sir Thomas Jermyn, comptroller of the household, to save his master from the effects of so bold a falsity: 'for,' he said, 'I am but a country gentleman, and cannot pretend to know the king's mind:' but sir Thomas durst not contradict the secretary; and his son, the earl of St. Alban's, afterwards told Mr. Waller, that his father's cowardice ruined the king."

In the Long Parliament, which, unhappily for the nation, met Nov. 3, 1640, Waller represented Agmondesham the third time; and was considered by the discontented party as a man sufficiently trusty and acrimonious to be employed in managing the prosecution of judge Crawley, for his opinion in favour of ship-money; and his speech shows, that he did not disappoint their expectations. He was probably the more ardent, as his uncle Hampden had been particularly engaged in the dispute, and, by a sentence which seems generally to be thought unconstitutional, particularly injured.

He was not however a bigot to his party, nor adopted all their opinions. When the great question, whether episcopacy ought to be abolished, was debated, he spoke against the innovation so coolly, so reasonably, and so firmly, that it is not without great injury to his name that his speech, which was as follows, has been hitherto omitted in his works[2].

"There is no doubt but the sense of what this nation had suffered from the present bishops hath produced these complaints; and the apprehensions men have of suffering the like in time to come make so many desire the taking away of episcopacy: but I conceive it is possible, that we may not now take a right measure of the minds of the people by their petitions; for, when they subscribed them, the bishops were armed with a dangerous commission of making new canons, imposing new oaths, and the like; but now we have disarmed them of that power. These petitioners lately did look upon

[2] This speech has been retrieved, from a paper printed at that time, by the writers of the Parliamentary History. *Dr. J.*

episcopacy as a beast armed with horns and claws; but now that we have cut and pared them (and may, if we see cause, yet reduce it into narrower bounds) it may, perhaps, be more agreeable. Howsoever, if they be still in passion, it becomes us soberly to consider the right use and antiquity thereof; and not to comply further with a general desire, than may stand with a general good.

"We have already showed, that episcopacy and the evils thereof are mingled like water and oil; we have also, in part, severed them; but I believe you will find, that our laws and the present government of the church are mingled like wine and water; so inseparable, that the abrogation of, at least, a hundred of our laws is desired in these petitions. I have often heard a noble answer of the lords commended in this house, to a proposition of like nature, but of less consequence; they gave no other reason of their refusal but this, *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare:* it was the bishops who so answered then; and it would become the dignity and wisdom of this house to answer the people now, with a *nolumus mutare.*

"I see some are moved with a number of hands against the bishops; which, I confess, rather inclines me to their defence; for I look upon episcopacy as a counterscarp, or outwork; which if it be taken by this assault of the people, and withal this mystery once revealed, *That we must deny them nothing when they ask it thus in troops*, we may, in the next place, have as hard a task to defend our property, as we have lately had to recover it from the prerogative. If, by multiplying hands and petitions, they prevail for an equality in things ecclesiastical, the next demand perhaps may be *lex agraria*, the like equality in things temporal.

"The Roman story tells us, 'That when the people began to flock about the senate, and were more curious to direct and know what was done than to obey, that commonwealth soon came to ruin: their *legem rogare* grew quickly to be a *legem ferre:* and after, when their legions had found that they could make a dictator, they never suffered the senate to have a voice any more in such election.'

"If these great innovations proceed, I shall expect a flat and level in learning too, as well as in church-preferments: *Honos alit artes.* And though it be true, that grave and pious men do study for learning-sake, and embrace virtue for itself; yet it is true, that youth, which is the season when learning is gotten, is not without ambition; nor will ever take pains to excel in any thing, when there is not some hope of excelling others in reward and dignity.

"There are two reasons chiefly alleged against our church-government.

"First, Scripture, which, as some men think, points out another form.

"Second, The abuses of the present superiors.

"For Scripture, I will not dispute it in this place; but I am confident, that, whenever an equal division of lands and goods shall be desired, there will be as many places in Scripture found out, which seem to favour that, as there are now alleged against the prelacy or preferment of the church. And as for abuses, where you are now in the remonstrance told what this and that poor man hath suffered by the bishops, you may be presented with a thousand instances of poor men that have received hard measure from their landlords; and of worldly goods abused, to the injury of others, and disadvantage of the owners.

"And therefore, Mr. Speaker, my humble motion is, That we may settle men's minds herein; and, by a question, declare our resolution, *to reform*, that is, *not to abolish, episcopacy.*"

It cannot but be wished, that he, who could speak in this manner, had been able to act with spirit and uniformity.

When the commons began to set the royal authority at open defiance, Waller is said to have withdrawn from the house, and to have returned with the king's permission; and, when the king set up his standard, he sent him a thousand broad-pieces. He continued, however, to sit in the rebellious conventicle; "but spoke," says Clarendon, "with great sharpness and freedom, which, now there was no danger of being outvoted, was not restrained, and therefore used as an argument against those who were gone upon pretence, that they were not suffered to deliver their opinion freely in the house, which could not be believed, when all men knew what liberty Mr. Waller took, and spoke every day with impunity against the sense and proceedings of the house."

Waller, as he continued to sit, was one of the commissioners nominated by the parliament to treat with the king at Oxford; and when they were presented, the king said to him, "Though you are the last, you are not the lowest nor the least in my favour." Whitlock, who, being another of the commissioners, was witness of this kindness, imputes it to the king's knowledge of the plot, in which Waller appeared afterwards to have been engaged against the parliament. Fenton, with equal probability, believes, that this attempt to promote the royal cause arose from his sensibility of the king's tenderness. Whitlock says nothing of his behaviour at Oxford: he was sent with several others to add pomp to the commission, but was not one of those to whom the trust of treating was imparted.

The engagement, known by the name of Waller's Plot, was soon afterwards discovered. Waller had a brother-in-law, Tomkyns, who was clerk of the queen's council, and at the same time had a very numerous acquaintance, and great influence, in the city. Waller and he, conversing with great confidence, told both their own secrets and those of their friends; and, surveying the wide extent of their conversation, imagined, that they found in the majority of all ranks great disapprobation of the violence of the commons, and unwillingness to continue the war. They knew, that many favoured the king, whose fear concealed their loyalty; and many desired peace, though they durst not oppose the clamour for war; and they imagined, that, if those who had these good intentions could be informed of their own strength, and enabled by intelligence to act together, they might overpower the fury of sedition, by refusing to comply with the ordinance for the twentieth part, and the other taxes levied for the support of the rebel army, and by uniting great numbers in a petition for peace. They proceeded with great caution. Three only met in one place, and no man was allowed to impart the plot to more than two others; so that, if any should be suspected or seized, more than three could not be endangered.

Lord Conway joined in the design, and, Clarendon imagines, incidentally mingled, as he was a soldier, some martial hopes or projects, which however were only mentioned, the main design being to bring the loyal inhabitants to the knowledge of each other; for which purpose there was to be appointed one in every district, to distinguish the friends of the king, the adherents to the parliament, and the neutrals. How far they proceeded does not appear; the result of their enquiry, as Pym declared [3], was, that within the walls, for one that was for the royalists, there were three against them; but that without the walls, for one that was against them, there were five for them. Whether this was said from knowledge or guess was perhaps never inquired.

[3] Parliamentary History, vol. xii. *Dr. J.*

It is the opinion of Clarendon, that in Waller's plan no violence or sanguinary resistance was comprised; that he intended only to abate the confidence of the rebels by public declarations, and to weaken their power by an opposition to new supplies. This, in calmer times, and more than this, is done without fear; but such was the acrimony of the commons, that no method of obstructing them was safe.

About this time another design was formed by sir Nicholas Crispe, a man of loyalty that deserves perpetual remembrance: when he was a merchant in the city, he gave and procured the king, in his exigencies, an hundred thousand pounds; and, when he was driven from the Exchange, raised a regiment, and commanded it.

Sir Nicholas flattered himself with an opinion, that some provocation would so much exasperate, or some opportunity so much encourage, the king's friends in the city, that they would break out in open resistance, and would then want only a lawful standard, and an authorised commander; and extorted from the king, whose judgment too frequently yielded to importunity, a commission of array, directed to such as he thought proper to nominate, which was sent to London by the lady Aubigney. She knew not what she carried, but was to deliver it on the communication of a certain token which sir Nicholas imparted.

This commission could be only intended to lie ready till the time should require it. To have attempted to raise any forces would have been certain destruction; it could be of use only when the forces should appear. This was, however, an act preparatory to martial hostility. Crispe would undoubtedly have put an end to the session of parliament, had his strength been equal to his zeal; and out of the design of Crispe, which involved very little danger, and that of Waller, which was an act purely civil, they compounded a horrid and dreadful plot.

The discovery of Waller's design is variously related. In Clarendon's History it is told, that a servant of Tomkyns, lurking behind the hangings when his master was in conference with Waller, heard enough to qualify him for an informer, and carried his intelligence to Pym. A manuscript, quoted in the Life of Waller, relates, that "he was betrayed by his sister Price, and her presbyterian chaplain Mr. Goode, who stole some of his papers; and, if he had not strangely dreamed the night before that his sister had betrayed him, and thereupon burnt the rest of his papers by the fire that was in his chimney, he had certainly lost his life by it." The question cannot be decided. It is not unreasonable to believe, that the men in power, receiving intelligence from the sister, would employ the servant of Tomkyns to listen at the conference, that they might avoid an act so offensive as that of destroying the brother by the sister's testimony.

The plot was published in the most terrific manner.

On the 31st of May (1643), at a solemn fast, when they were listening to the sermon, a messenger entered the church, and communicated his errand to Pym, who whispered it to others, that were placed near him, and then went with them out of the church, leaving the rest in solicitude and amazement. They immediately sent guards to proper places, and that night apprehended Tomkyns and Waller; having yet traced nothing but that letters had been intercepted, from which it appears, that the parliament and the city were soon to be delivered into the hands of the cavaliers.

They perhaps yet knew little themselves, beyond some general and indistinct notices. "But Waller," says Clarendon, "was so confounded with fear, that he confessed whatever he had heard, said, thought, or seen; all that he knew of himself, and all that he

suspected of others, without concealing any person of what degree or quality soever, or any discourse which he had ever upon any occasion entertained with them; what such and such ladies of great honour, to whom, upon the credit of his wit and great reputation, he had been admitted, had spoke to him in their chambers upon the proceedings in the houses, and how they had encouraged him to oppose them; what correspondence and intercourse they had with some ministers of state at Oxford, and how they had conveyed all intelligence thither." He accused the earl of Portland and lord Conway as co-operating in the transaction; and testified, that the earl of Northumberland had declared himself disposed in favour of any attempt that might check the violence of the parliament, and reconcile them to the king.

He undoubtedly confessed much which they could never have discovered, and perhaps somewhat which they would have wished to have been suppressed; for it is inconvenient, in the conflict of factions, to have that disaffection known, which cannot safely be punished.

Tomkyns was seized on the same night with Waller, and appears likewise to have partaken of his cowardice; for he gave notice of Crispe's commission of array, of which Clarendon never knew how it was discovered. Tomkyns had been sent with the token appointed, to demand it from lady Aubigney, and had buried it in his garden, where, by his direction, it was dug up; and thus the rebels obtained, what Clarendon confesses them to have had, the original copy.

It can raise no wonder, that they formed one plot out of these two designs, however remote from each other, when they saw the same agent employed in both, and found the commission of array in the hands of him, who was employed in collecting the opinions and affections of the people.

Of the plot, thus combined, they took care to make the most. They sent Pym among the citizens, to tell them of their imminent danger, and happy escape; and inform them, that the design was "to seize the lord mayor and all the committee of militia, and would not spare one of them." They drew up a vow and covenant, to be taken by every member of either house, by which he declared his detestation of all conspiracies against the parliament, and his resolution to detect and oppose them. They then appointed a day of thanksgiving for this wonderful delivery; which shut out, says Clarendon, all doubts whether there had been such a deliverance, and whether the plot was real or fictitious.

On June 11, the earl of Portland and lord Conway were committed, one to the custody of the mayor, and the other of the sheriff: but their lands and goods were not seized.

Waller was still to immerse himself deeper in ignominy. The earl of Portland and lord Conway denied the charge; and there was no evidence against them but the confession of Waller, of which undoubtedly many would be inclined to question the veracity. With these doubts he was so much terrified, that he endeavoured to persuade Portland to a declaration like his own, by a letter extant in Fenton's edition. "But for me," says he, "you had never known any thing of this business, which was prepared for another; and therefore I cannot imagine why you should hide it so far as to contract your own ruin by concealing it, and persisting unreasonably to hide that truth, which, without you, already is, and will every day be made more manifest. Can you imagine yourself bound in honour to keep that secret, which is already revealed by another? or possible it should still be a secret, which is known to one of the other sex?

If you persist to be cruel to yourself for their sakes who deserve it not, it will nevertheless be made appear, ere long, I fear, to your ruin. Surely, if I had the happiness to wait on you, I could move you to compassionate both yourself and me, who, desperate as my case is, am desirous to die with the honour of being known to have declared the truth. You have no reason to contend to hide what is already revealed—inconsiderately to throw away yourself, for the interest of others, to whom you are less obliged than you are aware of."

This persuasion seems to have had little effect. Portland sent (June 29) a letter to the lords, to tell them, that he "is in custody, as he conceives, without any charge; and that, by what Mr. Waller had threatened him with since he was imprisoned, he doth apprehend a very cruel, long, and ruinous restraint:—He therefore prays, that he may not find the effects of Mr. Waller's threats, a long and close imprisonment; but may be speedily brought to a legal trial, and then he is confident the vanity and falsehood of those informations which have been given against him will appear."

In consequence of this letter, the lords ordered Portland and Waller to be confronted; when the one repeated his charge, and the other his denial. The examination of the plot being continued (July 1), Thinn, usher of the house of lords, deposed, that Mr. Waller having had a conference with the lord Portland in an upper room, lord Portland said, when he came down, "Do me the favour to tell my lord Northumberland, that Mr. Waller has extremely pressed me to save my own life and his, by throwing the blame upon the lord Conway and the earl of Northumberland."

Waller, in his letter to Portland, tells him of the reasons which he could urge with resistless efficacy in a personal conference; but he over-rated his own oratory; his vehemence, whether of persuasion or entreaty, was returned with contempt.

One of his arguments with Portland is, that the plot is already known to a woman. This woman was doubtless lady Aubigney, who, upon this occasion, was committed to custody; but who, in reality, when she delivered the commission, knew not what it was.

The parliament then proceeded against the conspirators, and committed their trial to a council of war. Tomkyns and Chaloner were hanged near their own doors. Tomkyns, when he came to die, said it was a *foolish business;* and indeed there seems to have been no hope that it should escape discovery; for, though never more than three met at a time, yet a design so extensive must, by necessity, be communicated to many, who could not be expected to be all faithful, and all prudent. Chaloner was attended at his execution by Hugh Peters. His crime was, that he had commission to raise money for the king; but it appears not that the money was to be expended upon the advancement of either Crispe's or Waller's plot.

The earl of Northumberland, being too great for prosecution, was only once examined before the lords. The earl of Portland and lord Conway, persisting to deny the charge, and no testimony but Waller's yet appearing against them, were, after a long imprisonment, admitted to bail. Hassel, the king's messenger, who carried the letters to Oxford, died the night before his trial. Hampden escaped death, perhaps by the interest of his family; but was kept in prison to the end of his life. They whose names were inserted in the commission of array were not capitally punished, as it could not be proved, that they had consented to their own nomination; but they were considered as malignants, and their estates were seized.

"Waller, though confessedly," says Clarendon, "the most guilty, with incredible

dissimulation affected such a remorse of conscience, that his trial was put off, out of Christian compassion, till he might recover his understanding." What use he made of this interval, with what liberality and success he distributed flattery and money, and how, when he was brought (July 4) before the house, he confessed and lamented, and submitted and implored, may be read in the History of the Rebellion (B. vii.) The speech, to which Clarendon ascribes the preservation of his *dear-bought life*, is inserted in his works. The great historian, however, seems to have been mistaken in relating, that *he prevailed*, in the principal part of his supplication, *not to be tried by a council of war*; for, according to Whitlock, he was by expulsion from the house abandoned to the tribunal which he so much dreaded, and, being tried and condemned, was reprieved by Essex; but after a year's imprisonment, in which time resentment grew less acrimonious, paying a fine of ten thousand pounds, he was permitted to *recollect himself in another country*.

Of his behaviour in this part of his life, it is not necessary to direct the reader's opinion. "Let us not," says his last ingenious biographer[4], "condemn him with untempered severity, because he was not a prodigy which the world hath seldom seen, because his character included not the poet, the orator, and the hero."

For the place of his exile he chose France, and stayed some time at Roan, where his daughter Margaret was born, who was afterwards his favourite, and his amanuensis. He then removed to Paris, where he lived with great splendour and hospitality; and from time to time amused himself with poetry, in which he sometimes speaks of the rebels, and their usurpation, in the natural language of an honest man.

At last it became necessary, for his support, to sell his wife's jewels; and being reduced, as he said, at last *to the rump-jewel*, he solicited from Cromwell permission to return, and obtained it by the interest of colonel Scroop, to whom his sister was married. Upon the remains of a fortune which the danger of his life had very much diminished, he lived at Hallbarn, a house built by himself very near to Beaconsfield, where his mother resided. His mother, though related to Cromwell and Hampden, was zealous for the royal cause, and, when Cromwell visited her, used to reproach him; he, in return, would throw a napkin at her, and say he would not dispute with his aunt; but finding in time, that she acted for the king, as well as talked, he made her a prisoner to her own daughter, in her own house. If he would do any thing, he could not do less.

Cromwell, now protector, received Waller, as his kinsman, to familiar conversation. Waller, as he used to relate, found him sufficiently versed in ancient history; and, when any of his enthusiastic friends came to advise or consult him, could sometimes overhear him discoursing in the cant of the times: but, when he returned, he would say, "Cousin Waller, I must talk to these men in their own way:" and resumed the common style of conversation.

He repaid the protector for his favours (1654) by the famous Panegyric, which has been always considered as the first of his poetical productions. His choice of encomiastic topics is very judicious; for he considers Cromwell in his exaltation, without enquiring how he attained it; there is consequently no mention of the rebel or the regicide. All the former part of his hero's life is veiled with shades; and nothing is brought to view but the chief, the governor, the defender of England's honour, and the

[4] Life of Waller by Percival Stockdale, prefixed to an edition of his Works, published in 1773. C.

enlarger of her dominion. The act of violence by which he obtained the supreme power is lightly treated, and decently justified. It was certainly to be desired, that the detestable band should be dissolved, which had destroyed the church, murdered the king, and filled the nation with tumult and oppression; yet Cromwell had not the right of dissolving them, for all that he had before done could be justified only by supposing them invested with lawful authority. But combinations of wickedness would overwhelm the world by the advantage which licentious principles afford, did not those who have long practised perfidy grow faithless to each other.

In the poem on the War with Spain are some passages at least equal to the best parts of the Panegyric; and, in the conclusion, the poet ventures yet a higher flight of flattery, by recommending royalty to Cromwell and the nation. Cromwell was very desirous, as appears from his conversation, related by Whitlock, of adding the title to the power of monarchy, and is supposed to have been withheld from it partly by fear of the army, and partly by fear of the laws, which, when he should govern by the name of king, would have restrained his authority. When therefore a deputation was solemnly sent to invite him to the crown, he, after a long conference, refused it; but is said to have fainted in his coach, when he parted from them.

The poem on the Death of the Protector seems to have been dictated by real veneration for his memory. Dryden and Sprat wrote on the same occasion; but they were young men, struggling into notice, and hoping for some favour from the ruling party. Waller had little to expect; he had received nothing but his pardon from Cromwell, and was not likely to ask any thing from those who should succeed him.

Soon afterwards, the Restoration supplied him with another subject; and he exerted his imagination, his elegance, and his melody, with equal alacrity, for Charles the Second. It is not possible to read, without some contempt and indignation, poems of the same author, ascribing the highest degree of *power and piety* to Charles the First, then transferring the same *power and piety* to Oliver Cromwell; now inviting Oliver to take the crown, and then congratulating Charles the Second on his recovered right. Neither Cromwell nor Charles could value his testimony as the effect of conviction, or receive his praises as effusions of reverence; they could consider them but as the labour of invention, and the tribute of dependence.

Poets, indeed, profess fiction; but the legitimate end of fiction is the conveyance of truth; and he that has flattery ready for all whom the vicissitudes of the world happen to exalt, must be scorned as a prostituted mind, that may retain the glitter of wit, but has lost the dignity of virtue.

The Congratulation was considered as inferior in poetical merit to the Panegyric; and it is reported, that, when the king told Waller of the disparity, he answered, "Poets, sir, succeed better in fiction than in truth."

The Congratulation is indeed not inferior to the Panegyric, either by decay of genius, or for want of diligence; but because Cromwell had done much, and Charles had done little. Cromwell wanted nothing to raise him to heroic excellence but virtue; and virtue his poet thought himself at liberty to supply. Charles had yet only the merit of struggling without success, and suffering without despair. A life of escapes and indigence could supply poetry with no splendid images.

In the first parliament summoned by Charles the Second (March 8, 1661), Waller sat for Hastings in Sussex, and served for different places in all the parliaments in that

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reign. In a time when fancy and gaiety were the most powerful recommendations to regard, it is not likely that Waller was forgotten. He passed his time in the company that was highest, both in rank and wit, from which even his obstinate sobriety did not exclude him. Though he drank water, he was enabled by his fertility of mind to heighten the mirth of Bacchanalian assemblies; and Mr. Saville said, that "no man in England should keep him company without drinking but Ned Waller."

The praise given him by St. Evremond is a proof of his reputation; for it was only by his reputation that he could be known, as a writer, to a man who, though he lived a great part of a long life upon an English pension, never condescended to understand the language of the nation that maintained him.

In parliament, "he was," says Burnet, "the delight of the house, and though old, said the liveliest things of any among them." This, however, is said in his account of the year seventy-five, when Waller was only seventy. His name as a speaker occurs often in Grey's Collections; but I have found no extracts that can be more quoted as exhibiting sallies of gaiety than cogency of argument.

He was of such consideration, that his remarks were circulated and recorded. When the duke of York's influence was high, both in Scotland and England, it drew, says Burnet, a lively reflection from Waller, the celebrated wit. He said, "the house of commons had resolved that the duke should not reign after the king's death; but the king, in opposition to them, had resolved that he should reign even in his life." If there appear no extraordinary *liveliness* in this *remark*, yet its reception proves the speaker to have been a *celebrated wit*, to have had a name which men of wit were proud of mentioning.

He did not suffer his reputation to die gradually away, which may easily happen in a long life; but renewed his claim to poetical distinction from time to time, as occasions were offered, either by public events or private incidents; and contenting himself with the influence of his muse, or loving quiet better than influence, he never accepted any office of magistracy.

He was not, however, without some attention to his fortune; for he asked from the king (in 1665) the provostship of Eton College, and obtained it; but Clarendon refused to put the seal to the grant, alleging, that it could be held only by a clergyman. It is known, that sir Henry Wotton qualified himself for it by deacon's orders.

To this opposition, the Biographia imputes the violence and acrimony with which Waller joined Buckingham's faction in the prosecution of Clarendon. The motive was illiberal and dishonest, and showed, that more than sixty years had not been able to teach him morality. His accusation is such as conscience can hardly be supposed to dictate without the help of malice. "We were to be governed by janizaries instead of parliaments, and are in danger from a worse plot than that of the fifth of November; then, if the lords and commons had been destroyed, there had been a succession; but here both had been destroyed for ever." This is the language of a man who is glad of an opportunity to rail, and ready to sacrifice truth to interest at one time, and to anger at another.

A year after the chancellor's banishment, another vacancy gave him encouragement for another petition, which the king referred to the council, who, after hearing the question argued by lawyers for three days, determined, that the office could be held only by a clergyman, according to the act of uniformity, since the provosts had always

received institution as for a parsonage from the bishops of Lincoln. The king then said, he could not break the law which he had made; and Dr. Zachary Cradock, famous for a single sermon, at most for two sermons, was chosen by the fellows.

That he asked any thing more is not known; it is certain that he obtained nothing, though he continued obsequious to the court through the rest of Charles's reign.

At the accession of king James (in 1685) he was chosen for parliament, being then fourscore, at Saltash in Cornwall; and wrote a Presage of the Downfall of the Turkish Empire, which he presented to the king on his birth-day. It is remarked, by his commentator Fenton, that in reading Tasso he had early imbibed a veneration for the heroes of the Holy War, and a zealous enmity to the Turks, which never left him. James, however, having soon after begun what he thought a Holy War at home, made haste to put all molestation of the Turks out of his power.

James treated him with kindness and familiarity, of which instances are given by the writer of his life. One day taking him into the closet, the king asked him how he liked one of the pictures: "My eyes," said Waller, "are dim, and I do not know it." The king said it was the princess of Orange. "She is," said Waller, "like the greatest woman in the world." The king asked who was that; and was answered, queen Elizabeth. "I wonder," said the king, "you should think so; but I must confess she had a wise council."—"And, sir," said Waller, "did you ever know a fool choose a wise one?" Such is the story, which I once heard of some other man. Pointed axioms, and acute replies, fly loose about the world, and are assigned successively to those whom it may be the fashion to celebrate.

When the king knew that he was about to marry his daughter to Dr. Birch, a clergyman, he ordered a French gentleman to tell him, that "the king wondered he could think of marrying his daughter to a falling church."—"The king," said Waller, "does me great honour, in taking notice of my domestic affairs; but I have lived long enough to observe, that this falling church has got a trick of rising again."

He took notice to his friends of the king's conduct; and said, that "he would be left like a whale upon the strand." Whether he was privy to any of the transactions which ended in the Revolution is not known. His heir joined the prince of Orange.

Having now attained an age beyond which the laws of nature seldom suffer life to be extended, otherwise than by a future state, he seems to have turned his mind upon preparation for the decisive hour, and therefore consecrated his poetry to devotion. It is pleasing to discover, that his piety was without weakness; that his intellectual powers continued vigorous; and that the lines which he composed when *he, for age, could neither read nor write,* are not inferior to the effusions of his youth.

Towards the decline of life, he bought a small house with a little land, at Coleshill; and said, "he should be glad to die, like the stag, where he was roused." This, however, did not happen. When he was at Beaconsfield, he found his legs grow tumid: he went to Windsor, where sir Charles Scarborough then attended the king, and requested him, as both a friend and a physician, to tell him, *what that swelling meant.* "Sir," answered Scarborough, "your blood will run no longer." Waller repeated some lines of Virgil, and went home to die.

As the disease increased upon him, he composed himself for his departure; and calling upon Dr. Birch to give him the holy sacrament, he desired his children to take it with him, and made an earnest declaration of his faith in Christianity. It now appeared what part of his conversation with the great could be remembered with delight. He

related, that being present when the duke of Buckingham talked profanely before king Charles, he said to him, "My lord, I am a great deal older than your grace, and have, I believe, heard more arguments for atheism than ever your grace did; but I have lived long enough to see there is nothing in them; and so, I hope, your grace will."

He died October 21, 1687, and was buried at Beaconsfield, with a monument erected by his son's executors, for which Rymer wrote the inscription, and which I hope is now rescued from dilapidation.

He left several children by his second wife; of whom his daughter was married to Dr. Birch. Benjamin, the eldest son, was disinherited, and sent to New Jersey, as wanting common understanding. Edmund, the second son, inherited the estate, and represented Agmondesham in Parliament, but at last turned quaker. William, the third son, was a merchant in London. Stephen, the fourth, was an eminent doctor of laws, and one of the commissioners for the Union. There is said to have been a fifth, of whom no account has descended.

The character of Waller, both moral and intellectual, has been drawn by Clarendon, to whom he was familiarly known, with nicety, which certainly none to whom he was not known can presume to emulate. It is therefore inserted here, with such remarks as others have supplied; after which, nothing remains but a critical examination of his poetry.

"Edmund Waller," says Clarendon, "was born to a very fair estate, by the parsimony or frugality of a wise father and mother: and he thought it so commendable an advantage, that he resolved to improve it with his utmost care, upon which in his nature he was too much intent; and, in order to that, he was so much reserved and retired, that he was scarcely ever heard of, till by his address and dexterity he had gotten a very rich wife in the city, against all the recommendation and countenance and authority of the court, which was thoroughly engaged on the behalf of Mr. Crofts, and which used to be successful, in that age, against any opposition. He had the good fortune to have an alliance and friendship with Dr. Morley, who had assisted and instructed him in the reading many good books, to which his natural parts and promptitude inclined him, especially the poets; and at the age when other men used to give over writing verses (for he was near thirty years when he first engaged himself in that exercise, at least that he was known to do so), he surprised the town with two or three pieces of that kind, as if a tenth muse had been newly born to cherish drooping poetry. The doctor at that time brought him into that company which was most celebrated for good conversation; where he was received and esteemed with great applause and respect. He was a very pleasant discourser in earnest and in jest, and therefore very grateful to all kind of company, where he was not the less esteemed for being very rich.

"He had been even nursed in parliaments, where he sat when he was very young; and so, when they were resumed again (after a long intermission), he appeared in those assemblies with great advantage; having a graceful way of speaking, and by thinking much on several arguments (which his temper and complexion, that had much of melancholic, inclined him to), he seemed often to speak upon the sudden, when the occasion had only administered the opportunity of saying what he had thoroughly considered, which gave a great lustre to all he said; which yet was rather of delight than weight. There needs no more be said to extol the excellence and power of his wit,

and pleasantness of his conversation, than that it was of magnitude enough to cover a world of very great faults; that is, so to cover them, that they were not taken notice of to his reproach, viz. a narrowness in his nature to the lowest degree; an abjectness and want of courage to support him in any virtuous undertaking; an insinuation and servile flattery to the height the vainest and most imperious nature could be contented with; that it preserved and won his life from those, who were most resolved to take it, and in an occasion, in which he ought to have been ambitious to have lost it; and then preserved him again from the reproach and the contempt that was due to him for so preserving it, and for vindicating it at such a price, that it had power to reconcile him to those whom he had most offended and provoked; and continued to his age with that rare felicity, that his company was acceptable where his spirit was odious; and he was at least pitied where he was most detested."

Such is the account of Clarendon; on which it may not be improper to make some remarks.

"He was very little known till he had obtained a rich wife in the city."

He obtained a rich wife about the age of three-and-twenty; an age, before which few men are conspicuous much to their advantage. He was known, however, in parliament and at court; and, if he spent part of his time in privacy, it is not unreasonable to suppose, that he endeavoured the improvement of his mind as well as of his fortune.

That Clarendon might misjudge the motive of his retirement is the more probable, because he has evidently mistaken the commencement of his poetry, which he supposes him not to have attempted before thirty. As his first pieces were perhaps not printed, the succession of his compositions was not known; and Clarendon, who cannot be imagined to have been very studious of poetry, did not rectify his first opinion by consulting Waller's book.

Clarendon observes, that he was introduced to the wits of the age by Dr. Morley; but the writer of his Life relates, that he was already among them, when, hearing a noise in the street, and inquiring the cause, they found a son of Ben Jonson under an arrest. This was Morley, whom Waller set free at the expense of one hundred pounds, took him into the country as director of his studies, and then procured him admission into the company of the friends of literature. Of this fact Clarendon had a nearer knowledge than the biographer, and is therefore more to be credited.

The account of Waller's parliamentary eloquence is seconded by Burnet, who, though he calls him "the delight of the house," adds, that "he was only concerned to say that, which should make him be applauded, he never laid the business of the house to heart, being a vain and empty, though a witty, man."

Of his insinuation and flattery, it is not unreasonable to believe, that the truth is told. Ascham, in his elegant description of those whom in modern language we term wits, says, that they are *open flatterers, and privy mockers*. Waller showed a little of both, when, upon sight of the dutchess of Newcastle's verses on the death of a stag, he declared, that he would give all his own compositions to have written them; and being charged with the exorbitance of his adulation, answered, that "nothing was too much to be given, that a lady might be saved from the disgrace of such a vile performance." This, however, was no very mischievous or very unusual deviation from truth: had his hypocrisy been confined to such transactions, he might have been forgiven, though not praised; for who forbears to flatter an author or a lady?

Of the laxity of his political principles, and the weakness of his resolution, he expe-

rienced the natural effect, by losing the esteem of every party. From Cromwell he had only his recall; and from Charles the Second, who delighted in his company, he obtained only the pardon of his relation Hampden, and the safety of Hampden's son.

As far as conjecture can be made from the whole of his writing, and his conduct, he was habitually and deliberately a friend to monarchy. His deviation towards democracy proceeded from his connection with Hampden, for whose sake he prosecuted Crawley with great bitterness; and the invective which he pronounced on that occasion was so popular, that twenty thousand copies are said by his biographer to have been sold in one day.

It is confessed, that his faults still left him many friends, at least many companions. His convivial power of pleasing is universally acknowledged; but those who conversed with him intimately found him not only passionate, especially in his old age, but resentful; so that the interposition of friends was sometimes necessary.

His wit and his poetry naturally connected him with the polite writers of his time: he was joined with lord Buckhurst in the translation of Corneille's Pompey; and is said to have added his help to that of Cowley in the original draught of the Rehearsal.

The care of his fortune, which Clarendon imputes to him in a degree little less than criminal, was either not constant or not successful; for, having inherited a patrimony of three thousand five hundred pounds a year in the time of James the First, and augmented it at least by one wealthy marriage, he left, about the time of the Revolution, an income of not more than twelve or thirteen hundred; which, when the different value of money is reckoned, will be found perhaps not more than a fourth part of what he once possessed.

Of this diminution, part was the consequence of the gifts, which he was forced to scatter, and the fine, which he was condemned to pay at the detection of his plot; and if his estate, as is related in his Life, was sequestered, he had probably contracted debts when he lived in exile; for we are told, that at Paris he lived in splendour, and was the only Englishman, except the lord St. Alban's, that kept a table.

His unlucky plot compelled him to sell a thousand a year; of the waste of the rest there is no account, except that he is confessed by his biographer to have been a bad economist. He seems to have deviated from the common practice; to have been a hoarder in his first years, and a squanderer in his last.

Of his course of studies, or choice of books, nothing is known more, than that he professed himself unable to read Chapman's translation of Homer without rapture. His opinion concerning the duty of a poet is contained in his declaration, that "he would blot from his works any line, that did not contain some motive to virtue."

THE characters by which Waller intended to distinguish his writings are sprightliness and dignity; in his smallest pieces, he endeavours to be gay; in the larger, to be great. Of his airy and light productions, the chief source is gallantry, that attentive reverence of female excellence, which has descended to us from the Gothic ages. As his poems are commonly occasional, and his addresses personal, he was not so liberally supplied with grand as with soft images; for beauty is more easily found than magnanimity.

The delicacy, which he cultivated, restrains him to a certain nicety and caution, even when he writes upon the slightest matter. He has, therefore, in his whole volume, nothing burlesque, and seldom any thing ludicrous or familiar. He seems always to do his best; though his subjects are often unworthy of his care.

It is not easy to think without some contempt on an author, who is growing illustrious in his own opinion by verses, at one time, To a Lady, who can do any Thing but sleep when she pleases; at another, To a Lady, who can sleep when she pleases; now, To a Lady, on her passing through a Crowd of People; then, On a Braid of divers Colours woven by four Ladies; On a Tree cut in Paper; or, To a Lady, from whom he received the Copy of Verses on the Paper-tree, which for many Years had been missing.

Genius now and then produces a lucky trifle. We still read the Dove of Anacreon, and Sparrow of Catullus; and a writer naturally pleases himself with a performance, which owes nothing to the subject. But compositions merely pretty have the fate of other pretty things, and are quitted in time for something useful; they are flowers fragrant and fair, but of short duration; or they are blossoms to be valued only as they foretell fruits.

Among Waller's little poems are some, which their excellency ought to secure from oblivion; as, To Amoret, comparing the different modes of regard with which he looks on her and Sacharissa; and the verses On Love, that begin, "Anger in hasty words or blows."

In others he is not equally successful; sometimes his thoughts are deficient, and sometimes his expression.

The numbers are not always musical; as,

> Fair Venus, in thy soft arms
> The god of rage confine;
> For thy whispers are the charms,
> Which only can divert his fierce design.
> What though he frown, and to tumult do incline;
> Thou the flame,
> Kindled in his breast, canst tame,
> With that snow, which, unmelted, lies on thine.

He seldom indeed fetches an amorous sentiment from the depths of science; his thoughts are for the most part easily understood, and his images such as the superficies of nature readily supplies; he has a just claim to popularity, because he writes to common degrees of knowledge; and is free at least from philosophical pedantry, unless perhaps the end of a song To the Sun may be excepted, in which he is too much a Copernican. To which may be added the simile of the *palm*, in the verses, Of a Lady, on her passing through a Crowd; and a line in a more serious poem on the Restoration, about vipers and treacle, which can only be understood by those, who happen to know the composition of the *Theriaca*.

His thoughts are sometimes hyperbolical, and his images unnatural:

> —— The plants admire,
> No less than those of old did Orpheus' lyre:
> If she sit down, with tops all tow'rds her bow'd;
> They round about her into arbours crowd:
> Or if she walks, in even ranks they stand,
> Like some well-marshal'd and obsequious band.

In another place:

> While in the park I sing, the listening deer
> Attend my passion, and forget to fear:
> When to the beeches I report my flame,
> They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.

To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers,
With loud complaints they answer me in showers.
To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the Heaven!

On the head of a stag:

O fertile head! which every year
Could such a crop of wonder bear!
The teeming Earth did never bring
So soon so hard, so huge a thing:
Which, might it never have been cast,
Each year's growth added to the last,
These lofty branches had supply'd
The Earth's bold son's prodigious pride;
Heaven with these engines had been scal'd,
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

Sometimes, having succeeded in the first part, he makes a feeble conclusion. In the song of Sacharissa's and Amoret's Friendship, the two last stanzas ought to have been omitted.

His images of gallantry are not always in the highest degree delicate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.

Some applications may be thought too remote and unconsequential; as in the verses on the Lady Dancing:

The Sun in figures such as these
Joys with the Moon to play:
To the sweet strains they advance,
Which do result from their own spheres;
As this nymph's dance
Moves with the numbers which she hears.

Sometimes a thought, which might perhaps fill a distich, is expanded and attenuated till it grows weak and almost evanescent:

Chloris! since first our calm of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favours with your fears increase,
And growing mischiefs make you kind.
So the fair tree, which still preserves
Her fruit, and state, while no wind blows,
In storms from that uprightness swerves;
And the glad earth about her strows
With treasure from her yielding boughs.

His images are not always distinct; as, in the following passage, he confounds *Love* as a person, with *love* as a passion:

Some other nymphs, with colours faint,
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy;
She has a stamp, and prints the boy:
Can, with a single look, inflame
The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

His sallies of casual flattery are sometimes elegant and happy, as that in return for the Silver Pen; and sometimes empty and trifling, as that Upon the Card torn by the Queen. There are a few lines, Written in the Dutchess's Tasso, which he is said by Fenton to have kept a summer under correction. It happened to Waller, as to others, that his success was not always in proportion to his labour.

Of these petty compositions, neither the beauties nor the faults deserve much attention. The amorous verses have this to recommend them, that they are less hyperbolical than those of some other poets. Waller is not always at the last gasp; he does not die of a frown, nor live upon a smile. There is, however, too much love, and too many trifles. Little things are made too important; and the empire of beauty is represented as exerting its influence further than can be allowed by the multiplicity of human passions, and the variety of human wants. Such books, therefore, may be considered as showing the world under a false appearance, and, so far as they obtain credit from the young and unexperienced, as misleading expectation, and misguiding practice.

Of his nobler and more weighty performances, the greater part is panegyrical: for of praise he was very lavish, as is observed by his imitator, lord Lansdowne:

> No satyr stalks within the hallow'd ground,
> But queens and heroines, kings and gods abound;
> Glory and arms and love are all the sound.

In the first poem, on the danger of the prince on the coast of Spain, there is a puerile and ridiculous mention of Arion at the beginning; and the last paragraph, on the *cable*, is in part ridiculously mean, and in part ridiculously tumid. The poem, however, is such as may be justly praised, without much allowance for the state of our poetry and language at that time.

The two next poems are upon the King's Behaviour at the Death of Buckingham, and upon his Navy.

He has, in the first, used the pagan deities with great propriety:

> 'Twas want of such a precedent as this
> Made the old heathens frame their gods amiss.

In the poem on the Navy, those lines are very noble which suppose the king's power secure against a second Deluge; so noble, that it were almost criminal to remark the mistake of *centre* for *surface*, or to say, that the empire of the sea would be worth little, if it were not that the waters terminate in land.

The poem upon Sallee has forcible sentiments; but the conclusion is feeble. That on the Repairs of St. Paul's has something vulgar and obvious; such as the mention of Amphion: and something violent and harsh; as,

> So all our minds with his conspire to grace
> The Gentiles' great apostle, and deface
> Those state-obscuring sheds, that, like a chain,
> Seem'd to confine, and fetter him again:
> Which the glad saint shakes off at his command,
> As once the viper from his sacred hand.
> So joys the aged oak, when we divide
> The creeping ivy from his injur'd side.

Of the two last couplets, the first is extravagant, and the second mean.

His praise of the queen is too much exaggerated; and the thought, that she "saves

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lovers, by cutting off hope, as gangrenes are cured by lopping the limb," presents nothing to the mind but disgust and horrour.

Of the Battle of the Summer Islands, it seems not easy to say, whether it is intended to raise terrour or merriment. The beginning is too splendid for jest, and the conclusion too light for seriousness. The versification is studied, the scenes are diligently displayed, and the images artfully amplified; but, as it ends neither in joy or sorrow, it will scarcely be read a second time.

The Panegyric upon Cromwell has obtained from the public a very liberal dividend of praise, which however cannot be said to have been unjustly lavished; for such a series of verses had rarely appeared before in the English language. Of the lines, some are grand, some are graceful, and all are musical. There is now and then a feeble verse, or a trifling thought; but its great fault is the choice of its hero.

The poem of The War with Spain begins with lines more vigorous and striking than Waller is accustomed to produce. The succeeding parts are variegated with better passages and worse. There is something too far-fetched in the comparison of the Spaniards drawing the English on, by saluting St. Lucar with cannon, *to lambs awakening the lion by bleating*. The fate of the marquis and his lady, who were burnt in their ship, would have moved more, had the poet not made him die like the phœnix, because he had spices about him, nor expressed their affection and their end by a conceit at once false and vulgar:

> Alive, in equal flames of love they burn'd,
> And now together are to ashes turn'd.

The verses to Charles, on his Return, were doubtless intended to counterbalance the Panegyric on Cromwell. If it has been thought inferior to that with which it is naturally compared, the cause of its deficience has been already remarked.

The remaining pieces it is not necessary to examine singly. They must be supposed to have faults and beauties of the same kind with the rest. The Sacred Poems, however, deserve particular regard; they were the work of Waller's declining life, of those hours in which he looked upon the fame and the folly of the time past with the sentiments which his great predecessor Petrarch bequeathed to posterity, upon his review of that love and poetry, which have given him immortality.

That natural jealousy, which makes every man unwilling to allow much excellence in another, always produces a disposition to believe, that the mind grows old with the body; and that he, whom we are now forced to confess superior, is hastening daily to a level with ourselves. By delighting to think this of the living, we learn to think it of the dead; and Fenton, with all his kindness for Waller, has the luck to mark the exact time when his genius passed the zenith, which he places at his fifty-fifth year. This is to allot the mind but a small portion. Intellectual decay is doubtless not uncommon; but it seems not to be universal. Newton was in his eighty-fifth year improving his chronology, a few days before his death; and Waller appears not, in my opinion, to have lost at eighty-two any part of his poetical power.

His Sacred Poems do not please like some of his other works; but before the fatal fifty-five, had he written on the same subjects, his success would hardly have been better.

It has been the frequent lamentation of good men, that verse has been too little applied to the purposes of worship, and many attempts have been made to animate

devotion by pious poetry. That they have very seldom attained their end is sufficiently known, and it may not be improper to inquire why they have miscarried.

Let no pious ear be offended if I advance, in opposition to many authorities, that poetical devotion cannot often please. The doctrines of religion may indeed be defended in a didactic poem; and he, who has the happy power of arguing in verse, will not lose it because his subject is sacred. A poet may describe the beauty and the grandeur of nature, the flowers of the spring, and the harvests of autumn, the vicissitudes of the tide, and the revolutions of the sky, and praise the Maker for his works, in lines which no reader shall lay aside. The subject of the disputation is not piety, but the motives to piety; that of the description is not God, but the works of God.

Contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical. Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer.

The essence of poetry is invention; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights. The topics of devotion are few, and being few are universally known; but, few as they are, they can be made no more; they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression.

Poetry pleases by exhibiting an idea more grateful to the mind than things themselves afford. This effect proceeds from the display of those parts of nature which attract, and the concealment of those which repel, the imagination: but religion must be shown as it is; suppression and addition equally corrupt it; and such as it is, it is known already.

From poetry the reader justly expects, and from good poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehension and elevation of his fancy; but this is rarely to be hoped by Christians from metrical devotion. Whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; infinity cannot be amplified; perfection cannot be improved.

The employments of pious meditation are faith, thanksgiving, repentance, and supplication. Faith, invariably uniform, cannot be invested by fancy with decorations. Thanksgiving, the most joyful of all holy effusions, yet addressed to a being without passions, is confined to a few modes, and is to be felt rather than expressed. Repentance, trembling in the presence of the judge, is not at leisure for cadences and epithets. Supplication of man to man may diffuse itself through many topics of persuasion; but supplication to God can only cry for mercy.

Of sentiments purely religious, it will be found, that the most simple expression is the most sublime. Poetry loses its lustre and its power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself. All that pious verse can do, is to help the memory and delight the ear, and for these purposes it may be very useful; but it supplies nothing to the mind. The ideas of Christian theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament; to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to magnify by a concave mirror the sidereal hemisphere.

As much of Waller's reputation was owing to the softness and smoothness of his numbers, it is proper to consider those minute particulars to which a versifier must attend.

He certainly very much excelled in smoothness most of the writers, who were living when his poetry commenced. The poets of Elizabeth had attained an art of modulation, which was afterwards neglected or forgotten. Fairfax was acknowledged by him as his

model; and he might have studied with advantage the poem of Davies[5], which, though merely philosophical, yet seldom leaves the ear ungratified.

But he was rather smooth than strong: of "the full resounding line," which Pope attributes to Dryden, he has given very few examples. The critical decision has given the praise of strength to Denham, and of sweetness to Waller.

His excellence of versification has some abatements. He uses the expletive *do* very frequently; and, though he lived to see it almost universally ejected, was not more careful to avoid it in his last compositions than in his first. Praise had given him confidence; and finding the world satisfied, he satisfied himself.

His rhymes are sometimes weak words: *so* is found to make the rhyme twice in ten lines, and occurs often as a rhyme through his book.

His double rhymes, in heroic verse, have been censured by Mrs. Phillips, who was his rival in the translation of Corneille's Pompey; and more faults might be found, were not the inquiry below attention.

He sometimes uses the obsolete termination of verbs, as *waxeth, affecteth;* and sometimes retains the final syllable of the preterite, as *amazed, supposed,* of which I know not whether it is not to the detriment of our language, that we have totally rejected them.

Of triplets he is sparing; but he did not wholly forbear them; of an Alexandrine he has given no example.

The general character of his poetry is elegance and gaiety. He is never pathetic, and very rarely sublime. He seems neither to have had a mind much elevated by nature, nor amplified by learning. His thoughts are such as a liberal conversation and large acquaintance with life would easily supply. They had however then, perhaps, that grace of novelty, which they are now often supposed to want by those, who, having already found them in later books, do not know or inquire who produced them first. This treatment is unjust. Let not the original author lose by his imitators.

Praise, however, should be due before it is given. The author of Waller's Life ascribes to him the first practice of what Erythræus and some late critics call *alliteration*, of using in the same verse many words beginning with the same letter. But this knack, whatever be its value, was so frequent among early writers, that Gascoigne, a writer of the sixteenth century, warns the young poet against affecting it: Shakspeare, in the Midsummer Night's Dream, is supposed to ridicule it; and in another play the sonnet of Holofernes fully displays it.

He borrows too many of his sentiments and illustrations from the old mythology, for which it is vain to plead the example of ancient poets; the deities, which they introduced so frequently, were considered as realities, so far as to be received by the imagination, whatever sober reason might even then determine. But of these images time has tarnished the splendour. A fiction, not only detected but despised, can never afford a solid basis to any position, though sometimes it may furnish a transient allusion, or slight illustration. No modern monarch can be much exalted by hearing, that, as Hercules had his *club*, he has his *navy*.

But of the praise of Waller, though much may be taken away, much will remain; for it cannot be denied, that he added something to our elegance of diction, and something

[5] Sir John Davies, intituled, "Nosce teipsum. This Oracle expounded in two Elegies; I. Of Humane "Knowledge; II. Of the Soule of Man and the Immortalitie thereof, 1599." *R.*

to our propriety of thought; and to him may be applied what Tasso said, with equal spirit and justice, of himself and Guarini, when, having perused the Pastor Fido, he cried out, "If he had not read Aminta, he had not excelled it."

AS Waller professed himself to have learned the art of versification from Fairfax, it has been thought proper to subjoin a specimen of his work, which, after Mr. Hoole's translation, will perhaps not be soon reprinted. By knowing the state in which Waller found our poetry, the reader may judge how much he improved it.

Erminia's steed (this while) his mistresse bore
Through forrests thicke among the shadie treene,
Her feeble hand the bridle raines forelore,
Halfe in a swoune she was for feare I weene;
But her flit courser spared nere the more,
To beare her through the desart woods unseene
Of her strong foes, that chas'd her through the plaine,
And still pursu'd, but still pursu'd in vaine.

Like as the wearie hounds at last retire,
Windlesse, displeased, from the fruitlesse chace,
When the slie beast Tapisht in bush and brire,
No art nor pains can rowse out of his place:
The Christian knights so full of shame and ire
Returned backe, with faint and wearie pace!
Yet still the fearfull dame fled, swift as winde,
Nor euer staid, nor euer lookt behinde.

Through thicke and thinne, all night, all day, she driued,
Withouten comfort, companie, or guide,
Her plaints and teares with euery thought reuiued,
She heard and saw her greefes, but nought beside.
But when the sunne his burning chariot diued
In Thetis waue, and wearie teame vntide,
On Iordans sandie banks her course she staid,
At last, there downe she light, and downe she laid.

Her teares, her drinke; her food, her sorrowings;
This was her diet that vnhappie night:
But sleepe (that sweet repose and quiet brings)
To ease the greefes of discontented wight,
Spred foorth his tender, soft, and nimble wings,
In his dull armes foulding the virgin bright;
And loue, his mother, and the graces kept
Strong watch and warde, while this faire ladie slept.

The birds awakte her with their morning song,
Their warbling musicke pearst her tender eare,
The murmuring brookes and whistling windes among
The ratling boughes, and leaues, their parts did beare;
Her eies vnclos'd beheld the groues along,
Of swaines and shepherd groomes that dwellings weare;
And that sweet noise, birds, winds, and waters sent,
Prouokt again the virgin to lament.

Her plaints were interrupted with a sound,
That seemed from thickest bushes to proceed,
Some iolly shepherd sung a lustie round,
And to his voice had tun'd his oaten reed:
Thither she went, an old man there she found
(At whose right hand his little flock did feed)
Sat making baskets, his three sonnes among,
That learn'd their father's art, and learn'd his song.

Beholding one in shining armes appeare
The seelie man and his were sore dismaid;
But sweet Erminia comforted their feare,
Her ventall vp, her visage open laid,
You happy folke, of heau'n beloued deare,
Work on (quoth she) upon your harmlesse traid,
  These dreadfull armes I beare no warfare bring
  To your sweet toile, nor those sweet tunes you sing.

But father, since this land, these townes and towres,
Destroied are with sword, with fire and spoile,
How may it be, unhurt that you and yours
In safetie thus, applie your harmelesse toile?
My sonne (quoth he) this pore estate of ours
Is euer safe from storm of warlike broile;
  This wildernesse doth vs in saftie keepe,
  No thundring drum, no trumpet breakes our sleepe.

Haply iust heau'ns defence and shield of right,
Doth loue the innocence of simple swains,
The thunderbolts on highest mountains light,
And seld or neuer strike the lower plaines:
So kings have cause to feare *Bellonaes* might,
Not they whose sweat and toile their dinner gaines,
  Nor euer greedie soldier was entised
  By pouertie, neglected and despised.

O Pouertie, chefe of the heau'nly brood,
Dearer to me than wealth or kingly crowne!
No wish for honour, thirst of others good,
Can moue my heart, contented with mine owne:
We quench our thirst with water of this flood,
Nor fear we poison should therein be throwne:
  These little flocks of sheepe and tender goates
  Giue milke for food, and wool to make us coates.

We little wish, we need but little wealth,
From cold and hunger vs to cloath and feed;
These are my sonnes, their care preserues from stealth
Their father's flocks, nor servants moe I need:
Amid these groues I walke oft for my health,
And to the fishes, birds, and beastes giue heed,
  How they are fed, in forrest, spring, and lake,
  And their contentment for ensample take.

Time was (for each one hath his doting time,
These siluer locks were golden tresses than)
That countrie life I hated as a crime,
And from the forrests sweet contentment ran,
To Memphis' stately pallace would I clime,
And there became the mightie caliphes man,
  And though I but a simple gardner weare,
  Yet could I marke abuses, see and heare.

Entised on with hope of future gaine,
I suffred long what did my soule displease;
But when my youth was spent, my hope was vaine,
I felt my native strength at last decrease;
I gan my losse of lustie yeeres complaine,
And wisht I had enjoy'd the countries peace;
  I bod the court farewell, and with content
  My later age here have I quiet spent.

While thus he spake, Erminia, husht and still,
His wise discourses heard, with great attention,
His speeches graue those idle fancies kill,
Which in her troubled soule bred such dissention;
After much thought reformed was her will,
Within those woods to dwell was her intention,
  Till fortune should occasion new afford,
  To turne her home to her desired lord.

She said therefore, O shepherd fortunate!
That troubles some didst whilom feele and proue,
Yet liuest now in this contented state,
Let my mishap thy thoughts to pitie moue,
To entertaine me as a willing mate
In shepherds life, which I admire and loue;
  Within these pleasant groues perchance my hart,
  Of her discomforts, may vnload some part.

If gold or wealth of most esteemed deare,
If iewels rich, thou diddest hold in prise,
Such store thereof, such plentie haue I seen,
As to a greedie minde might well suffice:
With that downe trickled many a siluer teare,
Two christall streames fell from her watrie eies;
  Part of her sad misfortunes than she told,
  And wept, and with her wept that shepherd old.

With speeches kinde, he gan the virgin deare
Towards his cottage gently home to guide;
His aged wife there made her homely cheare,
Yet welcomde her, and plast her by her side.
The princesse dond a poore pastorues geare,
A kerchiefe course vpon her head she tide;
  But yet her gestures and her lookes (I gesse)
  Were such, as ill beseem'd a shepherdesse.

Not those rude garments could obscure and hide
The heau'nly beautie of her angels face,
Nor was her princely ofspring damnifide,
Or ought disparag'de, by those labours bace;
Her little flocks to pasture would she guide,
And milke her goates, and in their folds them place,
  Both cheese and butter could she make, and frame
  Her selfe to please the shepherd and his dame.

TO

MY LADY ***

MADAM,

YOUR commands for the gathering these sticks into a faggot had sooner been obeyed; but, intending to present you with my whole vintage, I stayed till the latest grapes were ripe: for here your ladyship has not only all I have done, but all I ever mean to do of this kind. Not but that I may defend the attempt I have made upon poetry, by the examples (not to trouble you with history) of many wise and worthy persons of our own times; as sir Philip Sidney, sir Francis Bacon, cardinal Perron, (the ablest of his countrymen) and the former pope; who, they say, instead of the triple crown, wore sometimes the poet's ivy, as an ornament, perhaps, of lesser weight and trouble. But, madam, these nightingales sung only in the spring; it was the diversion of their youth; as ladies learn to sing, and play, when they are children, what they forget when they are women. The resemblance holds further; for as you quit the lute the sooner, because the posture is suspected to draw the body awry; so this is not always practised without some villany to the mind, wresting it from present occasions, and accustoming us to a style somewhat removed from common use. But, that you may not think his case deplorable who had made verses, we are told, that Tully (the greatest wit among the Romans) was once sick of this disease, and yet recovered so well, that, of almost as bad a poet as your servant, he became the most perfect orator in the world. So that, not so much to have made verses, as not to give over in time, leaves a man without excuse: the former presenting us with an opportunity at least of doing wisely, that is, to conceal those we have made; which I shall yet do, if my humble request may be of as much force with your ladyship, as your commands have been with me. Madam, I only whisper these in your ear; if you publish them, they are your own: and therefore, as you apprehend the reproach of a wit and a poet, cast them into the fire: or, if they come where green boughs are in the chimney, with

the help of your fair friends, (for, thus bound, it will be too hard a task for your hands alone) tear them in pieces, wherein you will honour me with the fate of Orpheus; for so his Poems, whereof we only hear the form, (not his limbs, as the story will have it) I suppose were scattered by the Thracian dames. Here, madam, I might take an opportunity to celebrate your virtues, and to instruct you how unhappy you are, in that you know not who you are: how much you excel the most excellent of your own, and how much you amaze the least inclined to wonder, of our sex. But as they will be apt to take your ladyship's for a Roman name, so would they believe, that I endeavoured the character of a perfect nymph, worshipped an image of my own making, and dedicated this to the lady of the brain, not of the heart, of

your ladyship's

most humble servant,

EDMUND WALLER.

PREFACE

TO THE

FIRST EDITION OF MR. WALLER'S POEMS,

AFTER THE RESTORATION:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1664.

When the author of these verses (written only to please himself, and such particular persons to whom they were directed) returned from abroad some years since, he was troubled to find his name in print; but, somewhat satisfied, to see his lines so ill rendered, that he might justly disown them, and say to a mistaking printer, as one [1] did to an ill reciter,

..... Male dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.

Having been ever since pressed to correct the many and gross faults, (such as use to be in impressions wholly neglected by the authors) his answer was, that he made these when ill verses had more favour, and escaped better than good ones do in this age; the severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by those faults in the impression, which hitherto have hung upon his book, as the Turks hang old rags, or such-like ugly things, upon their fairest horses, and other goodly creatures, to secure them against fascination. And, for those of a more confined understanding, who pretend not to censure, as they admire most what they least comprehend; so, his verses (maimed to that degree, that himself scarce knew what to make of many of them) might, that way at least, have a title to some admiration: which is no small matter, if what an old author observes be true, that the aim of orators, is victory; of historians, truth; and of poets, admiration. He had reason therefore to indulge those faults in his book, whereby it might be reconciled to some, and commended to others.

The printer also, he thought, would fare the worse, if those faults were amended: for we see maimed statues sell better than whole ones; and clipped and washed money goes about, when the entire and weighty lies hoarded up.

These are the reasons which for above twelve years past he has opposed to our request; to which it was replied, that as it would be too late to recall that, which had so long been made public; so, might it find excuse from his youth, the season it was produced in. And, for what had been done since, and now added, if it commend not his poetry, it might his philosophy, which teaches him so cheerfully to bear so great a calamity, as the loss of the best part of his fortune, torn from him in prison, (in which, and in banishment, the best portion of his life hath also been spent) that he can still sing under the burthen, not unlike that Roman [2],

..... Quem dimisere Philippi
Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et laris, et fundi .....

Whose spreading wings the civil war had clipp'd,
And him of his old patrimony stripp'd:

who yet not long after could say,

Musis amicus, tristitiam et metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis ..... Lib. I. Carm. xxvi.

They that acquainted with the muses be,
Send care, and sorrow, by the winds to sea.

[1] Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 39. [2] Horace, Lib. ii. Epist. 2.

Not so much moved with these reasons of ours (or pleased with our rhymes) as wearied with our importunity, he has at last given us leave to assure the reader, that the poems, which have been so long, and so ill set forth under his name, are here to be found as he first writ them: as also, to add some others, which have since been composed by him. And though his advice to the contrary might have discouraged us; yet, observing how often they have been reprinted, what price they have borne, and how earnestly they have been always inquired after, but especially of late; (making good that of Horace,

Meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit:
Lib. II. Epist. I.

"Some verses being, like some vines, recommended to our taste by time and age,")

we have adventured upon this new and well-corrected edition; which, for our own sakes as well as thine, we hope will succeed better than he apprehended.

Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

ALBINOVANUS.

PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND PART OF MR. WALLER'S POEMS:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1690.

The reader needs be told no more in commendation of these Poems, than that they are Mr. Waller's: a name that carries every thing in it, that is either great, or graceful, in poetry. He was indeed the parent of English verse, and the first that showed us our tongue had beauty, and numbers, in it. Our language owes more to him than the French does to cardinal Richelieu and the whole academy. A poet cannot think of him, without being in the same rapture Lucretius is in, when Epicurus comes in his way:

Tu pater, et rerum inventor; Tu patria nobis
Suppeditas præcepta: tuisque ex, Inclute! chartis,
Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta;
Aurea! perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ!
Lib. III. ver. 9.

The tongue came into his hands like a rough diamond: he polished it first; and to that degree, that all artists since him have admired the workmanship, without pretending to mend it. Suckling and Carew, I must confess, wrote some few things smoothly enough: but, as all they did in this kind was not very considerable; so it was a little later than the earliest pieces of Mr. Waller. He undoubtedly stands first in the list of refiners; and, for aught I know, last too: for I question, whether in Charles the Second's reign, English did not come to its full perfection; and whether it has not had its Augustan age, as well as the Latin. It seems to be already mixed with foreign languages as far as its purity will bear; and, as chymists say of their menstruums, to be quite sated with the infusion. But posterity will best judge of this. In the mean time, it is a surprising reflection, that between what Spenser wrote last, and Waller first, there should not be much above twenty years distance: and yet the one's language, like the money of that time, is as current now as ever; whilst

the other's words are like old coins, one must go to an antiquary to understand their true meaning and value. Such advances may a great genius make, when it undertakes any thing in earnest!

Some painters will hit the chief lines and master-strokes of a face so truly, that through all the differences of age, the picture shall still bear a resemblance. This art was Mr. Waller's: he sought out, in this flowing tongue of ours, what parts would last, and be of standing use and ornament: and this he did so successfully, that his language is now as fresh, as it was at first setting out. Were we to judge barely by the wording, we could not know what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourscore. He complains, indeed, of a tide of words, that comes in upon the English poet, and overflows whatever he builds: but this was less his case than any man's that ever wrote; and the mischief of it is, this very complaint will last long enough to confute itself: for, though English be mouldering stone, as he tells us there, yet he has certainly picked the best out of a bad quarry.

We are no less beholden to him for the new turn of verse, which he brought in, and the improvement he made in our numbers. Before his time, men rhymed indeed, and that was all: as for the harmony of measure, and that dance of words, which good ears are so much pleased with, they knew nothing of it. Their poetry then was made up almost entirely of monosyllables; which, when they come together in any cluster, are certainly the most harsh untuneable things in the world. If any man doubts of this, let him read ten lines in Donne, and he will be quickly convinced. Besides, their verses ran all into one another; and hung together, throughout a whole copy, like the hooked atoms that compose a body in Descartes. There was no distinction of parts, no regular stops, nothing for the ear to rest upon: but, as soon as the copy began, down it went, like a larum, incessantly; and the reader was sure to be out of breath, before he got to the end of it. So that really verse in those days was but down-right prose, tagged with rhymes. Mr. Waller removed all these faults; brought in more polysyllables, and smoother measures; bound up his thoughts better, and in a cadence more agreeable to the nature of the verse he wrote in: so that wherever the natural stops of that were, he contrived the little breakings of his sense so as to fall in with them. And for that reason, since the stress of our verse lies commonly upon the last syllable, you will hardly ever find him using a word of no force there. I would say, if I were not afraid the reader would think me too nice, that he commonly closes with verbs; in which we know the life of language consists.

Among other improvements, we may reckon that of his rhymes: which are always good, and very often the better for being new. He had a fine ear, and knew how quickly that sense was cloyed by the same round of chiming words still returning upon it. It is a decided case by the great master of writing[1], "Quæ sunt ampla, et pulchra, diu placere possunt; quæ lepida et concinna," (amongst which rhyme must, whether it will or no, take its place) "cito satietate afficiunt aurium sensum fastidiosissimum." This he understood very well: and therefore, to take off the danger of a surfeit that way, strove to please by variety, and new sounds. Had he carried this observation, among others, as far as it would go, it must, methinks, have shown him the incurable fault of this jingling kind of poetry; and have led his later judgment to blank verse. But he continued an obstinate lover of rhyme to the very last: it was a mistress that never appeared unhandsome in his eyes, and was courted by him long after Sacharissa was forsaken. He had raised it, and brought it to that perfection we now enjoy it in; and the poet's temper (which has always a little vanity in it) would not suffer him ever to slight a thing he had taken so much pains to adorn. My lord Roscommon was more impartial: no man ever rhymed truer and evener than he: yet he is so just as to confess, that it is but a trifle; and to wish the tyrant dethroned, and blank verse set up in its room. There is a third person[2], the living glory of our English poetry, who has disclaimed the use of it upon the stage; though no man ever employed it there so happily as he. It was the strength of his genius, that first brought it into credit in plays; and it is the force of his example, that has thrown it out again. In other kinds of writing, it continues still; and will do so, till some excellent spirit arises, that has leisure enough, and resolution to break the charm, and free us from the troublesome bondage of rhyming, as Mr. Milton very well calls it; and has proved it as well, by what he has wrote in another way. But this is a thought for times at some distance; the present age is a little too warlike; it may perhaps furnish out matter for a good poem in the next, but it will hardly encourage one now: without prophesying, a man may easily know what sort of laurels are like to be in request.

Whilst I am talking of verse, I find myself, I do not know how, betrayed into a great deal of prose. I intended no more than to put the reader in mind what respect was due to any thing that

[1] Cicero ad Herennium, l. iv. [2] Mr. Dryden.

fell from the pen of Mr. Waller. I have heard his last printed copies, which are added in the several editions of his poems, very slightly spoken of; but certainly they do not deserve it. They do indeed discover themselves to be his last, and that is the worst we can say of them. He is there

Jam senior; sed cruda Deo viridisque senectus[3].

The same censure perhaps will be passed on the pieces of this Second Part. I shall not so far engage for them, as to pretend they are all equal to whatever he wrote in the vigour of his youth: yet, they are so much of a piece with the rest, that any man will at first sight know them to be Mr. Waller's. Some of them were wrote very early, but not put into former collections, for reasons obvious enough, but which are now ceased. The play[4] was altered to please the court: it is not to be doubted who sat for the two brothers' characters. It was agreeable to the sweetness of Mr. Waller's temper, to soften the rigour of the tragedy, as he expresses it: but, whether it be so agreeable to the nature of tragedy itself, to make every thing come off easily, I leave to the critics. In the Prologue, and Epilogue, there are a few verses that he has made use of upon another occasion: but, the reader may be pleased to allow that in him, that has been allowed so long in Homer, and Lucretius. Exact writers dress up their thoughts so very well always, that, when they have need of the same sense, they cannot put it into other words, but it must be to its prejudice. Care has been taken in this book to get together every thing of Mr. Waller's, that is not put into the former collection: so that between both, the reader may make the set complete.

It will perhaps be contended after all, that some of these ought not to have been published: and Mr. Cowley's[5] decision will be urged, that a neat tomb of marble is a better monument than a great pile of rubbish. It might be answered to this, that the pictures and poems of great masters have been always valued, though the last hand were not put to them. And I believe none of those gentlemen, that will make the objection, would refuse a sketch of Raphael's, or one of Titian's draughts of the first sitting. I might tell them too, what care has been taken by the learned, to preserve the fragments of the antient Greek and Latin poets: there has been thought to be a divinity in what they said; and therefore the least pieces of it have been kept up, and reverenced like religious relics. And, I am sure, take away the "mille anni[6];" and impartial reasoning will tell us there is as much due to the memory of Mr. Waller, as to the most celebrated names of antiquity.

But, to wave the dispute now, of what *ought* to have been done, I can assure the reader, what *would* have been, had this edition been delayed. The following Poems were got abroad, and in a great many hands: it were vain to expect, that, among so many admirers of Mr. Waller, they should not meet with one fond enough to publish them. They might have staid, indeed, till by frequent transcriptions they had been corrupted extremely, and jumbled together with things of another kind: but then they would have found their way into the world. So it was thought a greater piece of kindness to the author, to put them out whilst they continue genuine and unmixed, and such as he himself, were he alive, might own.

[3] Virg. Æn. vi. 304.

[4] The Maid's Tragedy; which does not come within the plan of the present publication.

[5] In the Preface to his Works.

[6] Alluding to that verse in Juvenal,

..... Et uni cedit Homero
Propter mille annos .....
Sat. vii.

And yields to Homer on no other score,
Than that he liv'd a thousand years before.
Mr. C. Dryden.

POEMS

OF

EDMUND WALLER.

OF THE DANGER

HIS MAJESTY (BEING PRINCE)

ESCAPED IN THE ROAD AT SAINT ANDERO.

NOW had his highness bid farewell to Spain,
And reach'd the sphere of his own power, the main;
With British bounty in his ship he feasts
Th' Hesperian princes, his amazed guests,
To find that watery wilderness exceed
The entertainment of their great Madrid.
Healths to both kings, attended with the roar
Of cannons echoed from th' affrighted shore,
With loud resemblance of his thunder, prove
Bacchus the seed of cloud-compelling Jove:
While to his harp divine Arion sings
The loves, and conquests, of our Albion kings.
Of the fourth Edward was his noble song,
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful, and young:
He rent the crown from vanquish'd Henry's head;
Rais'd the White Rose, and trampled on the Red:
Till Love, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
Brought Mars and Warwick to the conquer'd side:
Neglected Warwick, (whose bold hand, like Fate,
Gives and resumes the sceptre of our state)
Wooes for his master; and, with double shame,
Himself deluded, mocks the princely dame,
The lady Bona: whom just anger burns,
And foreign war with civil rage returns.
Ah! spare your swords, where beauty is to blame;
Love gave th' affront, and must repair the same:
When France shall boast of her whose conquering eyes
Have made the best of English hearts their prize,
Have power to alter the decrees of Fate,
And change again the counsels of our state.
What the prophetic muse intends, alone
To him, that feels the secret wound, is known.
With the sweet sound of this harmonious lay,
About the keel delighted dolphins play;
Too sure a sign of sea's ensuing rage,
Which must upon this royal troop engage:
To whom soft sleep seems more secure and sweet,
Within the town commanded by our fleet.
These mighty peers plac'd in the gilded barge,
Proud with the burthen of so brave a charge;
With painted oars the youths begin to sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep:
Which soon becomes the seat of sudden war
Between the wind and tide, that fiercely jar.
As when a sort of lusty shepherds try
Their force at foot-ball, care of victory
Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast,
That their encounter seems too rough for jest;
They ply their feet, and still the restless ball,
Tost to and fro, is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds,
And like effect of their contention finds.
Yet the bold Britons still securely row'd;
Charles and his virtue was their sacred load:
Than which a greater pledge Heaven could not give,
That the good boat this tempest should outlive.
But storms increase! and now no hope of grace
Among them shines, save in the prince's face;
The rest resign their courage, skill, and sight,
To danger, horrour, and unwelcome night.
The gentle vessel (wont with state and pride
On the smooth back of silver Thames to ride)
Wanders astonish'd in the angry main,
As Titan's car did, while the golden rein
Fill'd the young hand of his adventurous son[a],
When the whole world an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the light of whose desire,
Waves threaten now, as that was scar'd by fire.
Th' impatient sea grows impotent, and raves,
That, night assisting, his impetuous waves
Should find resistance from so light a thing;
These surges ruin, those our safety bring.
Th' oppressed vessel doth the charge abide,
Only because assail'd on every side:
So men, with rage and passion set on fire,
Trembling for haste, impeach their mad desire.
The pale Iberians had expir'd with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care;
To see the prince with danger mov'd no more,
Than with the pleasures of their court before:

[a] Phaeton.

Godlike his courage seem'd, whom nor delight
Could soften, nor the face of Death affright:
Next to the power of making tempests cease,
Was in that storm to have so calm a peace.
Great Maro could no greater tempest feign,
When the loud winds, usurping on the main
For angry Juno, labour'd to destroy
The hated relics of confounded Troy:
His bold Æneas, on like billows tost
In a tall ship, and all his country lost,
Dissolves with fear; and both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had quell'd
In honourable fight: our hero set
In a small shallop, Fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of crowns and sceptres, more
Than ever Priam, when he flourish'd, wore;
His loins yet full of ungot princes, all
His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
That argues fear: if any thought annoys
The gallant youth, 'tis love's untasted joys;
And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his heart in France;
Where he had seen a brighter nymph than she [2],
That sprung out of his present foe, the sea.
That noble ardour, more than mortal fire,
The conquer'd ocean could not make expire;
Nor angry Thetis raise her waves above
Th' heroic prince's courage, or his love:
'Twas indignation, and not fear, he felt,
The shrine should perish where that image dwelt.
Ah, Love forbid! the noblest of thy train
Should not survive to let her know his pain:
Who, nor his peril minding, nor his flame,
Is entertain'd with some less serious game,
Among the bright nymphs of the Gallic court;
All highly born, obseqnious to her sport:
They roses seem, which, in their early pride,
But half reveal, and half their beauties hide:
She the glad morning, which her beams does throw
Upon their smiling leaves, and gilds them so:
Like bright Aurora, whose refulgent ray
Foretells the fervour of ensuing day;
And warns the shepherd with his flocks retreat
To leafy shadows, from the threaten'd heat.
From Cupid's string, of many shafts that fled,
Wing'd with those plumes which noble Fame had shed,
As through the wond'ring world she flew, and told
Of his adventures, haughty, brave, and bold,
Some had already touch'd the royal maid,
But Love's first summons seldom are obey'd:
Light was the wound, the prince's care unknown,
She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.
His glorious name had so possest her ears,
That with delight those antique tales she hears
Of Jason, Theseus, and such worthies old,
As with his story best resemblance hold.
And now she views, as on the wall it hung,
What old Musæus so divinely sung:
Which art with life and love did so inspire,
That she discerns and favours that desire,
Which there provokes th' adventurous youth to swim,
And in Leander's danger pities him;
Whose not new love alone, but fortune, seeks
To frame his story like that amorous Greek's.
For from the stern of some good ship appears
A friendly light, which moderates their fears:
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And, climbing o'er the waves, that taper make,
On which the hope of all their lives depends,
As his on that fair hero's hand extends.
The ship at anchor, like a fixed rock, [knock;
Breaks the proud billows which her large sides
Whose rage, restrained, foaming higher swells;
And from her port the weary barge repels:
Threatening to make her, forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled main.
Twice was the cable hurl'd in vain; the fates
Would not be moved for our sister states;
For England is the third successful throw,
And then the genius of that land they know,
Whose prince must be (as their own books devise)
Lord of the scene, where now his danger lies.
Well sung the Roman bard; "all human things
Of dearest value hang on slender strings."
O see the then sole hope, and in design
Of Heaven our joy, supported by a line!
Which for that instant was Heaven's care above,
The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,
On which the fabric of our world depends;
One link dissolv'd, the whole creation ends.

OF HIS MAJESTY'S RECEIVING THE NEWS OF

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S DEATH.

So earnest with thy God! Can no new care,
No sense of danger, interrupt thy prayer?
The sacred wrestler, till a blessing given,
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers heaven;
Nor was the stream of thy devotion stopp'd,
When from the body such a limb was lopp'd,
As to thy present state was no less maim;
Though thy wise choice has since repair'd the same.
Bold Homer durst not so great virtue feign
In his best pattern [3]: of Patroclus slain,
With such amazement as weak mothers use,
And frantic gesture, he receives the news.
Yet fell his darling by th' impartial chance
Of war, impos'd by royal Hector's lance:
Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torn from thy bosom, left his high command.
The famous painter [4] could allow no place
For private sorrow in a prince's face:
Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
He cast a veil upon supposed grief.
'Twas want of such a precedent as this,
Made the old heathen frame their gods amiss.
Their Phœbus should not act a fonder part
For the fair boy [5], than he did for his hart:
Nor blame for Hyacinthus' fate his own, [known.
That kept from him wish'd death, hadst thou been
He that with thine shall weigh good David's deeds,
Shall find his passion, nor his love, exceeds:
He curst the mountains where his brave friend dy'd,
But let false Ziba with his heir divide:
Where thy immortal love to thy blest friends,
Like that of heaven, upon their seed descends.
Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
God-like, unmov'd; and yet, like woman, kind!
Which of the ancient poets had not brought
Our Charles's pedigree from heaven; and taught
How some bright dame, comprest by mighty Jove,
Produc'd this mix'd divinity and love?

[2] Venus.

[3] Achilles. [4] Timanthes. [5] Cyparissus.

TO THE

KING ON HIS NAVY.

Where'er thy navy spreads her canvass wings,
Homage to thee, and peace to all, she brings:
The French and Spaniard, when thy flags appear,
Forget their hatred, and consent to fear.
So Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray.
Ships heretofore in seas like fishes sped,
The mightiest still upon the smallest fed:
Thou on the deep imposest nobler laws;
And by that justice hast remov'd the cause
Of those rude tempests, which, for rapine sent,
Too oft, alas! involv'd the innocent.
Now shall the ocean, as the Thames, be free
From both those fates, storms and piracy.
But we most happy, who can fear no force
But winged troops, or Pegasean horse:
'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoil
Another nation, as to touch our soil.
Should Nature's self invade the world again,
And o'er the centre spread the liquid main,
Thy power were safe; and her destructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command:
Thy dreadful fleet would style thee lord of all,
And ride in triumph o'er the drowned ball:
Those towers of oak o'er fertile plains might go,
And visit mountains, where they once did grow.
The world's restorer once could not indure,
That finish'd Babel should those men secure,
Whose pride design'd that fabric to have stood
Above the reach of any second flood:
To thee his chosen, more indulgent, he
Dares trust such power with so much piety.

ON THE

TAKING OF SALLEE.

Of Jason, Theseus, and such worthies old,
Light seem the tales antiquity has told:
Such beasts, and mousters, as their force opprest,
Some places only, and some times, infest.
Sallee, that scorn'd all power and laws of men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den;
And future ages threatening with a rude
And savage race, successively renew'd:
Their king despising with rebellious pride,
And foes profest to all the world beside:
This pest of mankind gives our hero fame,
And through th' obliged world dilates his name.
The prophet once to cruel Agag said,
As thy fierce sword has mothers childless made,
So shall the sword make thine: and with that word
He hew'd the man in pieces with his sword.
Just Charles like measure has return'd to these,
Whose pagan hands had stain'd the troubled seas:
With ships, they made the spoiled merchants mourn;
With ships, their city and themselves are torn.
One squadron of our winged castles sent
O'erthrew their fort, and all their navy rent:
For, not content the dangers to increase,
And act the part of tempests in the seas;
Like hungry wolves, those pirates from our shore
Whole flocks of sheep, and ravish'd cattle, bore.
Safely they might on other nations prey;
Fools to provoke the sovereign of the sea!
Mad Cacus so, whom like ill fate persuades,
The herd of fair Alcmene's seed invades;
Who, for revenge, and mortals' glad relief,
Sack'd the dark cave, and crush'd that horrid thief.
Morocco's monarch, wondering at this fact,
Save that his presence his affairs exact,
Had come in person, to have seen and known
The injur'd world's avenger and his own.
Hither he sends the chief among his peers,
Who in his bark proportion'd presents bears,
To the renown'd for piety and force,
Poor captives manumis'd, and matchless horse.

UPON HIS

MAJESTY'S REPAIRING OF ST. PAUL'S.

That shipwreck'd vessel, which th' apostle bore,
Scarce suffer'd more upon Melita's shore,
Than did his temple in the sea of time;
Our nation's glory, and our nation's crime.
When the first monarch [6] of this happy isle,
Mov'd with the ruin of so brave a pile,
This work of cost and piety begun,
To be accomplish'd by his glorious son:
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wise sire has to perfection brought.
He, like Amphion, makes those quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:
For in his art of regiment is found
A power, like that of harmony in sound
Those antique minds sure were Charles-like kings,
Cities their lutes, and subjects' hearts their strings;
On which with so divine a hand they strook,
Consent of motion from their breath they took:
So, all our minds with his conspire to grace
The Gentiles' great apostle; and deface
Those state-obscuring sheds, that, like a chain,
Seem'd to confine and fetter him again:
Which the glad saint shakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his sacred hand.
So joys the aged oak, when we divide
The creeping ivy from his injur'd side.
Ambition rather would affect the fame
Of some new structure to have borne her name:
Two distant virtues in one act we find,
The modesty, and greatness, of his mind:
Which, not content to be above the rage
And injury of all-impairing age,
In its own worth secure, doth higher climb,
And things half swallow'd, from the jaws of time
Reduce: an earnest of his grand design,
To frame no new church, but the old refine:
Which, spouse-like, may with comely grace com-
More than by force of argument or hand. [man.
For, doubtful reason few can apprehend:
And war brings ruin, where it should amend:
But beauty, with a bloodless conquest, finds
A welcome sovereignty in rudest minds.
Not aught, which Sheba's wondering queen beheld
Amongst the works of Solomon, excell'd
His ships and building; emblems of a heart,
Large both in magnanimity and art.
While the propitious heavens this work attend,
The showers long wanted they forget to send

[6] King James I.

As if they meant to make it understood
Of more importance than our vital food.
The sun, which riseth to salute the quire
Already finish'd, setting shall admire
How private bounty cou'd so far extend:
The king built all; but Charles the western-end;
So proud a fabric to devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens, and obliges, heaven!
Laomedon, that had the gods in pay,
Neptune, with him [7] that rules the sacred day,
Could no such structure raise: Troy wall'd so high,
Th' Atrides might as well have forc'd the sky,
Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour kings,
To see such power employ'd in peaceful things:
They list not urge it to the dreadful field;
The task is easier to destroy, than build.

..... Sic gratia Regum
Pieriis tentata modis..... HORAT.

TO THE QUEEN,

OCCASIONED UPON SIGHT OF HER MAJESTY'S PICTURE.

WELL fare the hand! which to our humble sight
Presents that beauty, which the dazzling light
Of royal splendour hides from weaker eyes,
And all access, save by this art, denies.
Here only we have courage to behold
This beam of glory: here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive:
The gracious image, seeming to give leave,
Propitious stands, vouchsafe to be seen;
And by our muse saluted [illegible]hty queen:
In whom th' extremes of power and beauty move,
The queen of Britain, and the queen of Love!
As the bright Sun (to which we owe no sight
Of equal glory to your beauty's light)
Is wisely plac'd in so sublime a seat,
T' extend his light, and moderate his heat:
So, happy 'tis you move in such a sphere,
As your high majesty with awful fear
In human breasts might qualify that fire,
Which, kindled by those eyes, had flamed higher,
Than when the scorched world like hazard run,
By the approach of the ill-guided sun.
No other nymphs have title to men's hearts,
But as their meanness larger hope imparts:
Your beauty more the fondest lover moves
With admiration, than his private loves;
With admiration! for a pitch so high
(Save sacred Charles's) never love durst fly.
Heaven, that preferr'd a sceptre to your hand,
Favour'd our freedom more than your command:
Beauty had crown'd you, and you must have been
The whole world's mistress, other than a queen.
All had been rivals, and you might have spar'd,
Or kill'd, and tyrannizd, without a guard.
No power achiev'd, either by arms or birth,
Equals Love's empire, both in heaven and earth:
Such eyes as your's, on Jove himself have thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own:
Witness our Jove, prevented by their flame
In his swift passage to th' Hesperian dame:
When, like a lion, finding, in his way
To some intended spoil, a fairer prey;
The royal youth, pursuing the report
Of beauty, found it in the Gallic court:

[7] Apollo.

There public care with private passion fought
A doubtful combat in his noble thought:
Should he confess his greatness and his love,
And the free faith of your great brother [8] prove;
With his Achates [9], breaking through the cloud
Of that disguise, which did their graces shroud;
And mixing with those gallants at the ball,
Dance with the ladies, and outshine them all?
Or on his journey o'er the mountains ride?—
So, when the fair Leucothoë he espy'd,
To check his steeds impatient Phœbus yearn'd,
Though all the world was in his course concern'd.
What may hereafter her meridian do,
Whose dawning beauty warm'd his bosom so?
Not so divine a flame, since deathless gods
Forbore to visit the defil'd abodes
Of men, in any mortal [illegible]st did burn;
Nor shall, till piety and [illegible]y return.

OF THE QUEEN.

THE lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble nest, lies silent in the field:
But if (the promise of a cloudless day)
Aurora smiling bids her rise and play;
Then strait she shows, 'twas not for want of voice,
Or power to climb, she made so low a choice:
Singing she mounts, her airy wings are stretch'd
Tow'rds heaven, as if from heaven her note she [fetch'd.
So we, retiring from the busy throng,
Use to restrain th' ambition of our song;
But since the light, which now informs our age,
Breaks from the court, indulgent to her rage;
Thither my muse, like bold Prometheus, flies,
To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes. [soul,
Those sovereign beams, which heal the wounded
And all our cares, but once beheld, control!
There the poor lover, that has long endur'd
Some proud nymph's scorn, of his fond passion cur'd,
Fares like the man, who first upon the ground
A glowworm spy'd; supposing he had found
A moving diamond, a breathing stone;
For life it had, and like those jewels shone:
He held it dear, till, by the springing day
Inform'd, he threw the worthless worm away.
She saves the lover, as we gangrenes stay,
By cutting hope, like a lopt limb, away:
This makes her bleeding patients to accuse
High Heaven, and these expostulations use.
"Could Nature then no private woman grace,
Whom we might dare to love, with such a face,
Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies?
Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
What envious power has plac'd this glorious light?"
Thus, in a starry night fond children cry
For the rich spangles, that adorn the sky;
Which, though they shine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one inclin'd;
Her bounty and compassion, to mankind:
To whom, while she so far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promise of her face:
For mercy has, could mercy's self be seen,
No sweeter look than this propitious queen.
Such guard, and comfort, the distressed find
From her large power, and from her larger mind,

[8] Louis XIII, king of France.
[9] Duke of Buckingham.

That whom ill fate would ruin, it prefers;
For all the miserable are made her's.
So the fair tree, whereon the eagle builds,
Poor sheep from tempests, and their shepherds,
The royal bird possesses all the boughs, [shields:
But shade and shelter to the flock allows.
Joy of our age, and safety of the next!
For which so oft thy fertile womb is vext:
Nobly contented, for the public good,
To waste thy spirits, and diffuse thy blood:
What vast hopes may these islands entertain,
Where monarchs, thus descended, are to reign!
Led by commanders of so fair a line,
Our seas no longer shall our power confine.
A brave romance, who would exactly frame,
First brings his knight from some immortal dame:
And then a weapon, and a flaming shield,
Bright as his mother's eyes, he makes him wield;
None might the mother of Achilles be,
But the fair pearl [1], and glory of the sea:
The man [2] to whom great Maro gives such fame,
From the high bed of heavenly Venus came:
And our next Charles, whom all the stars design
Like wonders to accomplish, spring from thine.

THE APOLOGY OF SLEEP,

FOR NOT APPROACHING THE LADY, WHO CAN DO ANY THING BUT SLEEP WHEN SHE PLEASETH.

My charge it is those breaches to repair,
Which nature takes from sorrow, toil, and care:
Rest to the limbs, and quiet, I confer
On troubled minds: but nought can add to her,
Whom Heaven, and her transcendent thoughts, have plac'd
Above those ills which wretched mortals taste.
Bright as the deathless gods, and happy, she
From all that may infringe delight is free:
Love at her royal feet his quiver lays,
And not his mother with more haste obeys.
Such real pleasures, such true joys suspense,
What dream can I present to recompense?
Should I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the clouds seem all at her command:
Or place her in Olympus' top, a guest
Among th' immortals, who with nectar feast:
That power would seem, that entertainment, short
Of the true splendour of her present court:
Where all the joys, and all the glories, are,
Of three great kingdoms, sever'd from the care.
I, that of fumes and humid vapours made,
Ascending do the seat of sense invade,
No cloud in so serene a mansion find,
To overcast her ever-shining mind:
Which holds resemblance with those spotless skies,
Where flowing Nilus want of rain supplies;
That crystal heaven, where Phœbus never shrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.
But what so hard which numbers cannot force?
So stoops the moon, and rivers change their course.
The bold Mæonian [3] made me dare to steep
Jove's dreadful temples in the dew of sleep.
And, since the muses do invoke my power,
I shall no more decline that sacred bower,
Where Gloriana, their great mistress, lies:
But, gently turning those victorious eyes,
Charm all her senses; till the joyful Sun
Without a rival half his course has run:
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boast himself the brightest thing that shines.

[1] Thetis. [2] Æneas. [3] Homer.

PUERPERIUM.

Ye gods, that have the power
To trouble and compose
All that's beneath your bower,
Calm silence on the seas, on earth, impose.
Fair Venus, in thy soft arms
The god of Rage confine;
For thy whispers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce design.
What though he frown, and to tumult do incline?
Thou the flame,
Kindled in his breast, canst tame,
With that snow, which, unmelted, lies on thine.
Great goddess, give this thy sacred island rest,
Make heaven smile,
That no storm disturb us, while
Thy chief care, our halcyon, builds her nest.
Great Gloriana! fair Gloriana!
Bright as high heaven is, and fertile as earth;
Whose beauty relieves us,
Whose royal bed gives us
Both glory and peace:
Our present joy, and all our hopes increase,

TO THE

QUEEN-MOTHER OF FRANCE,

UPON HER LANDING.

Great queen of Europe! whence thy offspring wears
All the chief crowns; where princes are thy heirs;
As welcome thou to sea-girt Britain's shore,
As erst Latona (who fair Cynthia bore)
To Delos was: here shines a nymph as bright,
By thee disclos'd, with like increase of light.
Why was her joy in Belgia confin'd?
Or why did you so much regard the wind?
Scarce could the ocean (though inrag'd) have tost
Thy sovereign bark, but where th' obsequious coast
Pays tribute to thy bed: Rome's conquering hand
More vanquish'd nations under her command
Never reduc'd: here Berecynthia so
Among her deathless progeny did go:
A wreath of towers adorn'd her reverend head,
Mother of all that on ambrosia fed.
Thy godlike race must sway the age to come;
As she Olympus peopled with her womb.
Would those commanders of mankind obey
Their honour'd parent; all pretences lay
Down at her royal feet; compose their jars,
And on the growing Turk discharge these wars:
The Christian knights that sacred tomb should wrest
From pagan hands, and triumph o'er the east:
Our England's prince and Gallia's dolphin might
Like young Rinaldo and Tancredi fight:
In single combat by their swords again
The proud Argantes, and fierce Soldan, slain:
Again might we their valiant deeds recite,
And with your Tuscan Muse [4] exalt the fight.

[4] Tasso.

THE COUNTRY TO

MY LADY OF CARLISLE.

Madam, of all the sacred muse inspir'd
Orpheus alone could with the woods comply;
Their rude inhabitants his song admir'd,
And nature's self, in those that could not lie:
Your beauty next our solitude invades,
And warms us, shining through the thickest shades.

Nor ought the tribute, which the wondering court
Pays your fair eyes, prevail with you to scorn
The answer, and consent, to that report,
Which echo-like, the country does return:
Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our springs
Present th' impartial images of things.

A rural judge[5] dispos'd of beauty's prize;
A simple shepherd was prefer'd to Jove:
Down to the mountains from the partial skies
Came Juno, Pallas, and the queen of Love,
To plead for that, which was so justly given
To the bright Carlisle of the court of Heaven.

Carlisle! a name which all our woods are taught,
Loud as their Amarillis, to resound:
Carlisle! a name which on the bark is wrought
Of every tree, that's worthy of the wound:
From Phœbus' rage, our shadows, and our streams,
May guard us better, than from Carlisle's beams.

THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE

IN MOURNING.

When from black clouds no part of sky is clear,
But just so much as lets the sun appear;
Heaven then would seem thy image, and reflect
Those sable vestments, and that bright aspect.
A spark of virtue by the deepest shade
Of sad adversity is fairer made;
Nor less advantage doth thy beauty get:
A Venus rising from a sea of jet!
Such was th' appearance of new-formed light,
While yet it struggled with eternal night.
Then mourn no more, lest thou admit increase
Of glory, by thy noble lord's decease.
We find not, that the laughter-loving dame[6]
Mourn'd for Anchises; 'twas enough she came
To grace the mortal with her deathless bed,
And that his living eyes such beauty fed:
Had she been there, untimely joy, through all
Men's hearts diffus'd, had marr'd the funeral.
Those eyes were made to banish grief: as well
Bright Phœbus might affect in shades to dwell,
As they to put on sorrow: nothing stands,
But power to grieve, exempt from thy commands.
If thou lament, thou must do so alone;
Grief in thy presence can lay hold of none.
Yet still persist the memory to love
Of that great Mercury of our mighty Jove:
Who, by the power of his inchanting tongue,
Swords from the hands of threatening monarchs
War he prevented, or soon made it cease; [wrung.
Instructing princes in the arts of peace;
Such as made Sheba's curious queen resort
To the large-hearted Hebrew's[7] famous court.
Had Homer sat amongst his wondering guests,
He might have learn'd at those stupendous feasts,
With greater bounty, and more sacred state,
The banquets of the gods to celebrate.
But oh! what elocution might he use,
What potent charms, that could so soon infuse
His absent master's love into the heart
Of Henrietta! forcing her to part
From her lov'd brother, country, and the sun;
And, like Camilla, o'er the waves to run
Into his arms; while the Parisian dames
Mourn'd for the ravish'd glory; at her flames
No less amaz'd, than the amaz'd stars,
When the bold charmer of Thessalia wars
With heaven itself; and numbers does repeat,
Which call descending Cynthia from her seat.

IN ANSWER TO ONE WHO WRIT A LIBEL AGAINST THE

COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

What fury has provok'd thy wit to dare
With Diomede, to wound the queen of Love?
Thy mistress' envy, or thine own despair?
Not the just Pallas in thy breast did move
So blind a rage, with such a different fate:
He honour won, where thou hast purchas'd hate.

She gave assistance to his Trojan foe;
Thou, that without a rival thou may'st love,
Dost to the beauty of this lady owe;
While after her the gazing world does move.
Canst thou not be content to love alone?
Or, is thy mistress not content with one?

Hast thou not read of fairy Arthur's shield,
Which, but disclos'd, amaz'd the weaker eyes
Of proudest foes, and won the doubtful field?
So shall thy rebel wit become her prize.
Should thy iambics swell into a book,
All were confuted with one radiant look.

Heaven he oblig'd that plac'd her in the skies;
Rewarding Phœbus for inspiring so
His noble brain, by likening to those eyes
His joyful beams: but Phœbus is thy foe;
And neither aids thy fancy nor thy sight;
So ill thou rhym'st against so fair a light.

OF HER CHAMBER.

They taste of death, that do at heaven arrive;
But we this paradise approach alive.
Instead of Death, the dart of Love does strike;
And renders all within these walls alike:
The high in titles, and the shepherd, here
Forgets his greatness, and forgets his fear.
All stand amaz'd, and, gazing on the fair,
Lose thought of what themselves or others are:
Ambition lose; and have no other scope,
Save Carlisle's favour to employ their hope. [true
The Thracian[8] could (though all those tales were
The bold Greeks tell) no greater wonders do:
Before his feet so sheep and lions lay,
Fearless, and wrathless, while they heard him play.
The gay, the wise, the gallant, and the grave,
Subdued alike, all but one passion have:
No worthy mind, but finds in her's there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his:
While she with cheerful, but impartial grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the race
Of men) like Phœbus, so divides her light,
And warms us, that she stoops not from her height.

[5] Paris. [6] Venus. [7] Solomon.

[8] Orpheus.

TO PHYLLIS.

Phyllis, 'twas Love that injur'd you,
And on that rock your Thyrsis threw;
Who for proud Cælia could have dy'd,
While you no less accus'd his pride.
Fond Love his darts at random throws,
And nothing springs from what he sows:
From foes discharg'd, as often meet
The shining points of arrows fleet,
In the wide air creating fire;
As souls that join in one desire.
Love made the lovely Venus burn
In vain, and for the cold youth [9] mourn,
Who the pursuit of churlish beasts
Preferr'd, to sleeping on her breasts.
Love makes so many hearts the prize
Of the bright Carlisle's conquering eyes;
Which she regards no more, than they
The tears of lesser beauties weigh.
So have I seen the lost clouds pour
Into the sea an useless shower;
And the vex'd sailors curse the rain,
For which poor shepherds pray'd in vain.
Then, Phyllis, since our passions are
Govern'd by chance; and not the care,
But sport of Heaven, which takes delight
To look upon this Parthian fight
Of Love, still flying, or in chase,
Never encountering face to face;
No more to Love we'll sacrifice,
But to the best of deities:
And let our hearts, which Love disjoin'd,
By his kind mother be combin'd.

TO MY

LORD OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS LADY.

To this great loss a sea of tears is due:
But the whole debt not to be paid by you,
Charge not yourself with all, nor render vain
Those showers, the eyes of us your servants rain.
Shall grief contract the largeness of that heart,
In which nor fear, nor anger, has a part? [dries,
Virtue would blush, if time should boast (which
Her sole child dead, the tender mother's eyes)
Your mind's relief; where reason triumphs so
Over all passions, that they ne'er could grow
Beyond their limits in your noble breast,
To harm another, or impeach your rest.
This we observ'd, delighting to obey
One, who did never from his great self stray:
Whose mild example seemed to engage
Th' obsequious seas, and teach them not to rage.
The brave Æmilius, his great charge laid down,
(The force of Rome, and fate of Macedon)
In his lost sons did feel the cruel stroke
Of changing fortune; and thus highly spoke
Before Rome's people: "We did oft implore,
That if the heavens had any bad in store
For your Æmilius, they would pour that ill
On his own house, and let you flourish still."
You on the barren seas, my lord, have spent
Whole springs, and summers to the public lent:
Suspended all the pleasures of your life,
And shorten'd the short joy of such a wife:
For which your country's more obliged, than
For many lives of old, less happy, men.
You, that have sacrific'd so great a part
Of youth, and private bliss, ought to impart
Your sorrow too; and give your friends a right
As well in your affliction, as delight.
Then with Æmilian courage bear this cross,
Since public persons only public loss
Ought to affect. And though her form, and youth,
Her application to your will, and truth;
That noble sweetness, and that humble state,
(All snatch'd away by such a hasty fate!)
Might give excuse to any common breast,
With the huge weight of so just grief oppreat:
Yet, let no portion of your life be stain'd
With passion, but your character maintain'd
To the last act; it is enough her stone
May honour'd be with superscription
Of the sole lady, who had power to move
The great Northumberland to grieve and love.

[9] Adonis.

TO

MY LORD ADMIRAL,

OF HIS LATE SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

With joy like ours, the Thracian youth invades
Orpheus, returning from th' Elysian shades;
Embrace the hero, and his stay implore;
Make it their public suit, he would no more
Desert them so; and for his spouse's sake,
His vanish'd love, tempt the Lethean lake:
The ladies too, the brightest of that time,
(Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb)
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
Who shall the fair Eurydice succeed:
Eurydice! for whom his numerous moan
Makes listening trees and savage mountains groan:
Through all the air his sounding strings dilate
Sorrow, like that which touch'd our hearts of late.
Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,
At once the land affecting, and the main:
When the glad news, that you were admiral,
Scarce through the nation spread, 'twas fear'd by all,
That our great Charles, whose wisdom shines in you,
Would be perplexed how to choose a new.
So more than private was the joy, and grief,
That at the worst it gave our souls relief,
That in our age such sense of virtue liv'd;
They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.
Nature (her fairest lights eclipsed) seems
Herself to suffer in those sharp extremes:
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from those cheeks which all the world admires.
The stem thus threaten'd, and the sap in thee,
Droop all the branches of that noble tree!
Their beauty they, and we our love, suspend,
Nought can our wishes, save thy health, intend.
As lilies overcharg'd with rain, they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high heaven con-
Fold thee within their snowy arms, and cry, [tend;
He is too faultless, and too young, to die.
So like immortals round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching Death away.
Who would not languish, by so fair a train
To be lamented, and restor'd again?

Or, thus withheld, what hasty soul would go,
Though to the blest? O'er her Adonis so
Fair Venus mourn'd, and with the precious shower
Of her warm tears cherish'd the springing flower.
The next support, fair hope of your great name,
And second pillar of that noble frame,
By loss of thee would no advantage have,
But step by step pursue thee to the grave.
And now, relentless Fate about to end
The line, which backwards does so far extend
That antique stock, which still the world supplies
With bravest spirits, and with brightest eyes;
Kind Phœbus interposing, bid me say, [they,
Such storms no more shall shake that house; but
Like Neptune, and his sea-born niece [1], shall be
The shining glories of the land and sea:
With courage guard, and beauty warm, our age;
And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

SONG.

Stay, Phœbus, stay!
The world, to which you fly so fast,
Conveying day
From us to them, can pay your haste
With no such object, nor salute your rise
With no such wonder, as De Mornay's eyes.

Well does this prove
The errour of those antique books,
Which made you move
About the world: her charming looks
Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
Did not the rolling earth snatch her away.

ON MY

LADY DOROTHY SIDNEY'S PICTURE.

Such was Philoclea, and such Dorus' [2] flame;
The matchless Sidney [3], that immortal frame
Of perfect beauty, on two pillars plac'd:
Not his high fancy could one pattern, grac'd
With such extremes of excellence, compose;
Wonders so distant in one face disclose!
Such cheerful modesty, such humble state,
Moves certain love; but with as doubtful fate,
As when, beyond our greedy reach, we see
Inviting fruit on too sublime a tree.
All the rich flowers through his Arcadia found,
Amaz'd we see in this one garland bound.
Had but this copy (which the artist took
From the fair picture of that noble book)
Stood at Kalander's, the brave friends [4] had jarr'd;
And, rivals made, th' ensuing story marr'd.
Just Nature, first instructed by his thought,
In his own house thus practis'd what he taught:
This glorious piece transcends what he could think;
So much his blood is nobler than his ink!

TO VAN DYCK.

Rare artisan, whose pencil moves
Not our delights alone, but loves!
From thy shop of beauty we
Slaves return, that enter'd free.
The heedless lover does not know
Whose eyes they are, that wound him so:
But, confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name, that has his heart.
Another, who did long refrain,
Feels his old wound bleed fresh again,
With dear remembrance of that face,
Where now he reads new hope of grace:
Nor scorn nor cruelty does find:
But gladly suffers a false wind
To blow the ashes of despair
From the reviving brand of care.
Fool! that forgets her stubborn look
This softness from thy finger took.
Strange! that thy hand should not inspire
The beauty only, but the fire:
Not the form alone, and grace,
But act, and power, of a face.
May'st thou yet thyself as well,
As all the world besides, excel!
So you th' unfeigned truth rehearse,
(That I may make it live in verse)
Why thou couldst not, at one assay,
That face to after-times convey,
Which this admires. Was it thy wit,
To make her oft before thee sit?
Confess, and we'll forgive thee this:
For who would not repeat that bliss?
And frequent sight of such a dame
Buy, with the hazard of his fame?
Yet who can tax thy blameless skill,
Though thy good hand had failed still;
When Nature's self so often errs?
She, for this many thousand years,
Seems to have practis'd with much care,
To frame the race of women fair;
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before, to grace the earth:
Which waxed old, ere it could see
Her, that amaz'd thy art, and thee.
But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where those immortal colours grow,
That could this deathless piece compose?
In lilies? or the fading rose?
No; for this theft thou hast climb'd higher,
Than did Prometheus for his fire.

AT PENS-HURST.

Had Dorothea liv'd when mortals made
Choice of their deities, this sacred shade
Had held an altar to her power, that gave
The peace and glory which these alleys have:
Embroider'd so with flowers where she stood,
That it became a garden of a wood.
Her presence has such more than human grace,
That it can civilize the rudest place:
And beauty too, and order can impart,
Where Nature ne'er intended it, nor art.
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
No less than those of old did Orpheus' lyre:
If she sit down, with tops all tow'rds her bow'd,
They round about her into arbours crowd;
Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
Like some well-marshall'd and obsequious band.
Amphion so made stones and timber leap
Into fair figures, from a confus'd heap:

[1] Venus. [2] Pamela.
[3] Sir Philip Sidney. [4] Pyrocles and Musidorus.

And in the symmetry of her parts is found
A power, like that of harmony in sound.
  Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchless dame,
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart!
Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sidney's birth; when such benign,
Such more than mortal making stars did shine;
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love:
His humble love, whose hope shall ne'er rise higher,
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

TO

MY LORD OF LEICESTER.

Nor that thy trees at Pens-Hurst groan,
  Oppressed with their timely load,
And seem to make their silent moan,
  That their great lord is now abroad:
They, to delight his taste, or eye,
Would spend themselves in fruit, and die.

Not that thy harmless deer repine,
  And think themselves unjustly slain
By any other hand than thine,
  Whose arrows they would gladly stain:
No, nor thy friends, which hold too dear
That peace with France, which keeps thee there.

All these are less than that great cause,
  Which now exacts your presence here;
Wherein there meet the divers laws
  Of public and domestic care.
For one bright nymph our youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright shield of Thetis' son[5],
  (For which such stern debate did rise,
That the great Ajax Telamon
  Refus'd to live without the prize)
Those achive peers did more engage,
Than she the gallants of our age.

That beam of beauty, which begun
  To warm us so, when thou wert here,
Now scorches like the raging sun,
  When Sirius does first appear.
O fix this flame; and let despair
Redeem the rest from endless care!

OF THE LADY

WHO CAN SLEEP WHEN SHE PLEASES.

No wonder sleep from careful lovers flies,
To bathe himself in Sacharissa's eyes.
As fair Astræa once from earth to heaven,
By strife and loud impiety was driven:
So with our plaints offended, and our tears,
Wise Somnus to that paradise repairs;
Waits on her will, and wretches does forsake,
To court the nymph, for whom those wretches wake.
More proud than Phœbus of his throne of gold
Is the soft god, those softer limbs to hold:
Nor would exchange with Jove, to hide the skies
In dark'ning clouds, the power to close her eyes:
Eyes, which so far all other lights control;
They warm our mortal parts, but these our soul!
  Let her free spirit, whose unconquer'd breast
Holds such deep quiet, and untroubled rest,
Know, that though Venus and her son should spare
Her rebel heart, and never teach her care;
Yet Hymen may in force his vigils keep;
And, for another's joy, suspend her sleep.

OF THE MISREPORT OF HER BEING PAINTED.

As when a sort of wolves infest the night,
With their wild howlings at fair Cynthia's light;
The noise may chase sweet slumber from her eyes,
But never reach the mistress of the skies:
So, with the news of Sacharissa's wrongs,
Her vexed servants blame those envious tongues:
Call Love to witness, that no painted fire
Can scorch men so, or kindle such desire:
While, unconcerned, she seems mov'd no more
With this new malice, than our loves before;
But, from the height of her great mind, looks down
On both our passions, without smile or frown.
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright dame, whom Heaven affecteth so!
Paints her, 'tis true, with the same hand which spreads
Like glorious colours through the flowery meads,
When lavish nature, with her best attire,
Clothes the gay spring, the season of desire.
Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn,
With the same art, wherewith she paints the morn:
With the same art, wherewith she gildeth so
Those painted clouds, which form Thaumantias' bow.

OF HER PASSING THROUGH A CROWD OF PEOPLE.

As in old Chaos (heaven with earth confus'd,
And stars with rocks together crush'd and bruis'd)
The Sun his light no further could extend
Than the next hill, which on his shoulders lean'd;
So in this throng bright Sacharissa far'd,
Oppress'd by those, who strove to be her guard:
As ships, though never so obsequious, fall
Foul in a tempest on their admiral.
A greater favour this disorder brought
Unto her servants, than their awful thought
Durst entertain, when, thus compell'd, they prest
The yielding marble of her snowy breast.
While Love insults, disguised in the cloud,
And welcome force of that unruly crowd.
So th' amorous tree, while yet the air is calm,
Just distance keeps from his desired Palm:
But when the wind her ravish'd branches throws
Into his arms, and mingles all their boughs;
Though loth he seems her tender leaves to press,
More loth he is that friendly storm should cease;
From whose rude bounty he the double use
At once receives, of pleasure and excuse.

THE STORY OF

PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE

APPLIED.

Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like Phœbus sung the no less amorous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy!

[5] Achilles.

With numbers he the flying nymph pursues;
With numbers, such as Phœbus' self might use!
Such is the chase, when Love and Fancy leads,
O'er craggy mountains, and through flowery meads;
Invok'd to testify the lover's care,
Or form some image of his cruel fair.
Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
O'er these he fled; and now approaching near,
Had reach'd the nymph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.
Yet, what he sung in his immortal strain,
Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain:
All, but the nymph that should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song.
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

FABULA PHŒBI ET DAPHNES.

Arcadiæ juvenis Thyrsis, Phœbique sacerdos,
Ingenti frustra Sacharissæ ardebat amore.
Haud Deus ipse olim Daphni majora canebat;
Nec fuit asperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illâ:
Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem
Per rupes, per saxa, volans per florida vates
Pascua: formosam nunc his componere nympham,
Nunc illis crudelem insanâ mente solebat.
Audiit illa procul miserum, cytharamque sonantem;
Audiit, at nullis respexit mota querelis!
Ne tamen omnino caneret desertus, ad alta
Sidera perculsi referunt nova carmina montes.
Sic, non quæsitis cumulatus laudibus, olim
Elapsâ reperit Daphne sua laurea Phœbus.

SONG.

Say, lovely dream! where couldst thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this glorious kind
Come not from any mortal place.

In heaven itself thou sure wert drest
With that angel-like disguise:
Thus deluded am I blest,
And see my joy with closed eyes.

But ah! this image is too kind
To be other than a dream:
Cruel Sacharissa's mind
Never put on that sweet extreme!

Fair Dream! if thou intend'st me grace,
Change that heavenly face of thine;
Paint despis'd love in thy face,
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre, let it look,
With a pity-moving shape;
Such as wander by the brook
Of Lethe, or from graves escape.

Then to that matchless nymph appear,
In whose shape thou shinest so;
Softly in her sleeping ear,
With humble words express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,
Thus surprised, she may fall:
Sleep does disproportion hide,
And, death resembling, equals all.

TO MRS. BRAUGHTON,

SERVANT TO SACHARISSA.

Fair fellow-servant! may your gentle ear
Prove more propitious to my slighted care,
Than the bright dame's we serve: for her relief
(Vex'd with the long expressions of my grief)
Receive these plaints: nor will her high disdain
Forbid my humble muse to court her train.
So, in those nations which the sun adore,
Some modest Persian, or some weak-ey'd Moor,
No higher dares advance his dazzled sight,
Than to some gilded cloud, which near the light
Of their ascending God adorns the east,
And, graced with his beams, out-shines the rest.
Thy skilful hand contributes to our woe,
And whets those arrows which confound us so;
A thousand Cupids in those curls do sit,
(Those curious nets!) thy slender fingers knit:
The graces put not more exactly on
Th' attire of Venus, when the ball she won:
Than Sacharissa by thy care is drest,
When all our youth prefers her to the rest.
You the soft season know, when best her mind
May be to pity or to love inclin'd:
In some well-chosen hour supply his fear,
Whose hopeless love durst never tempt the ear
Of that stern goddess: you, her priest, declare
What offerings may propitiate the fair:
Rich orient pearl, bright stones that ne'er decay,
Or polish'd lines, which longer last than they.
For if I thought she took delight in those,
To where the cheerful morn does first disclose,
(The shady night removing with her beams)
Wing'd with bold love, I'd fly to fetch such gems.
But since her eyes, her teeth, her lip excels
All that is found in mines, or fishes' shells;
Her nobler part as far exceeding these,
None but immortal gifts her mind should please.
The shining jewels Greece and Troy bestow'd
On Sparta's Queen[6], her lovely neck did load,
And snowy wrists: but when the town was burn'd,
Those fading glories were to ashes turn'd:
Her beauty too had perish'd, and her fame,
Had not the muse redeem'd them from the flame.

AT PENS-HURST.

While in the park I sing, the listening deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear:
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same:—
To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers
With loud complaints, they answer me in showers.
To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven!
Love's foe profess'd! why dost thou falsely feign
Thyself a Sidney? from which noble strain
He[7] sprung, that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame;
That all we can of love or high desire,
Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire.
Nor call her mother, who so well does prove
One breast may hold both chastity and love.
Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
In joy and bounty, be suppos'd to bring

[6] Helen. [7] Sir Philip Sidney.

One so destructive: to no human stock
We owe this fierce unkindness; but the rock,
That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whose side
Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
Of such stern beauty, plac'd those healing springs[8];
Which not more help, than that destruction brings.
Thy heart, no ruder than the rugged stone,
I might, like Orpheus, with my numerous moan
Melt to compassion: now, my traiterous song
With thee conspires, to do the singer wrong;
While thus I suffer not myself to lose
The memory of what augments my woes;
But with my own breath still foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!
This last complaint th' indulgent ears did pierce
Of just Apollo, president of verse;
Highly concerned that the muse should bring
Damage to one, whom he had taught to sing;
Thus he advis'd me: "On yon aged tree
Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea;
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce at least may with this passion find."
Ah, cruel nymph! from whom her humble swain
Flies for relief unto the raging main;
And from the winds and tempests does expect
A milder fate, than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he'll pray, that the unkind may prove
Blest in her choice; and vows this endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which Heaven has heap'd on her.

TO MY

YOUNG LADY LUCY SIDNEY.

Why came I so untimely forth
Into a world, which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth,
Or shadow of felicity?
That time should me so far remove
From that which I was born to love!

Yet, fairest blossom! do not slight
That age which you may know so soon:
The rosy morn resigns her light,
And milder glory, to the noon:
And then what wonders shall you do,
Whose dawning beauty warms us so?

Hope waits upon the flowery prime;
And summer, though it be less gay,
Yet is not look'd on as a time
Of declination, or decay:
For, with a full hand, that does bring
All that was promis'd by the spring.

TO AMORET.

Fair! that you may truly know,
What you unto Thyrsis owe;
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love, and you.
Joy salutes me, when I set
My blest eyes on Amoret:
But with wonder I am strook,
While I on the other look.

If sweet Amoret complains,
I have sense of all her pains:
But for Sacharissa I
Do not only grieve, but die.
All that of myself is mine,
Lovely Amoret! is thine,
Sacharissa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain;
And, those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.
If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection;
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn:
But 'tis sure some power above,
Which controls our wills in love!
If not a love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast, solicits me,
Beauteous Amoret! for thee.
'Tis amazement more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If less splendour wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazzled sight
To behold their milder light.
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy:
Which how eas'ly I may do,
Heaven (as eas'ly scal'd) does know!
Amoret! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which, but tasted, does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.
Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline:
Such a liquor, as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.
Scarce can I to Heaven excuse
The devotion, which I use
Unto that adored dame:
For 'tis not unlike the same,
Which I thither ought to send.
So that if it could take end,
'Twould to Heaven itself be due,
To succeed her, and not you:
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry:
Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.
Then smile on me, and I will prove
Wonder is shorter-liv'd than love.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP BETWIXT

SACHARISSA AND AMORET.

Tell me, lovely loving pair!
Why so kind, and so severe?
Why so careless of our care,
Only to yourselves so dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the power of Love control;
While the boy's deluded darts
Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either breast
Still beguiled Love does come:
Where he finds a foreign guest;
Neither of your hearts at home.

[8] Tunbridge Wells.

Debtors thus, with like design,
When they never mean to pay,
That they may the law decline,
To some friend make all away.

Not the silver doves that fly,
Yok'd in Cytherea's car;
Not the wings that lift so high,
And convey her son so far;

Are so lovely, sweet, and fair,
Or do more ennoble love;
Are so choicely match'd a pair,
Or with more consent do move.

TO AMORET.

Amoret, the Milky Way,
Fram'd of many nameless stars!
The smooth stream, where none can say,
He this drop to that prefers!
Amoret, my lovely foe!
Tell me where thy strength does lie?
Where the power that charms us so?
In thy soul, or in thy eye?

By that snowy neck alone,
Or thy grace in motion seen,
No such wonders could be done;
Yet thy waist is straight, and clean,
As Cupid's shaft, or Hermes' rod:
And powerful too, as either god.

A LA MALADE.

Ah, lovely Amoret, the care
Of all that know what's good, or fair!
Is Heaven become our rival too?
Had the rich gifts, confer'd on you
So amply thence, the common end
Of giving lovers,—to pretend?
Hence, to this pining sickness (meant
To weary thee to a consent
Of leaving us) no power is given,
Thy beauties to impair: for Heaven
Solicits thee with such a care,
As roses from the stalks we tear;
When we would still preserve them new,
And fresh, as on the bush they grew.
With such a grace you entertain,
And look with such contempt on pain,
That, languishing, you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So lightnings, which in storms appear,
Scorch more than when the skies are clear.
And as pale sickness does invade
Your frailer part, the breaches made
In that fair lodging, still more clear
Make the bright guest, your soul, appear.
So nymphs, o'er pathless mountains borne,
Their light robes by the brambles torn
From their fair limbs, exposing new
And unknown beauties to the view
Of following gods, increase their flame,
And haste, to catch the flying game.

UPON THE

DEATH OF MY LADY RICH.

May those already curs'd Essexian plains,
Where hasty death and pining sickness reigns,
Prove all a desert! and none there make stay,
But savage beasts, or men as wild as they!
There the fair light, which all our island grac'd,
Like Hero's taper in the window plac'd,
Such fate from the malignant air did find,
As that exposed to the boisterous wind.
Ah, cruel Heaven! to snatch so soon away
Her, for whose life, had we had time to pray,
With thousand vows, and tears, we should have sought
That sad decree's suspension to have wrought.
But we, alas!, no whisper of her pain
Heard, till 'twas sin to wish her here again.
That horrid word, at once, like lightning spread,
Strook all our ears—the Lady Rich is dead!
Heart-rending news! and dreadful to those few,
Who her resemble, and her steps pursue:
That Death should licence have to rage among
The fair, the wise, the virtuous, and the young!
The Paphian queen[9] from that fierce battle borne,
With goared hand, and veil so rudely torn,
Like terrour did among th' immortals breed;
Taught by her wound, that goddesses may bleed.
All stand amazed! but beyond the rest
Th' heroic dame[10], whose happy womb she blest,
Mov'd with just grief, expostulates with Heaven;
Urging the promise to th' obsequious given,
Of longer life; for ne'er was pious soul
More apt t'obey, more worthy to control.
A skilful eye at once might read the race
Of Caledonian monarchs in her face,
And sweet humility: her look and mind
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the scorn of vice, and pity too,
For those that did what she disdain'd to do:
So gentle and severe, that what was bad,
At once her hatred, and her pardon had.
Gracious to all; but where her love was due,
So fast, so faithful, loyal, and so true,
That a bold hand as soon might hope to force
The rolling lights of heaven, as change her course.
Some happy angel, that beholds her there,
Instruct us to record what she was here!
And when this cloud of sorrow's over-blown,
Through the wide world we'll make her graces known.
So fresh the wound is, and the grief so vast,
That all our art, and power of speech, is waste.
Here passion sways, but there the muse shall raise
Eternal monuments of louder praise.
There our delight, complying with her fame,
Shall have occasion to recite thy name,
Fair Sacharissa!—and now only fair!
To sacred friendship we'll an altar rear,
(Such as the Romans did erect of old)
Where, on a marble pillar, shall be told
The lovely passion each to other bare,
With the resemblance of that matchless pair.
Narcissus, to the thing for which he pin'd,
Was not more like, than your's to her fair mind;
Save that she grac'd the several parts of life,
A spotless virgin, and a faultless wife;

[9] Venus. [10] Christian countess of Devonshire.

Such was the sweet converse 'twixt her and you,
As that she holds with her associates now.
How false is Hope, and how regardless Fate,
That such a love should have so short a date!
Lately I saw her sighing part from thee:
(Alas, that such the last farewell should be!)
So look'd Astræa, her remove design'd,
On those distressed friends she left behind.
Consent in virtue knit your hearts so fast,
That still the knot, in spite of death, does last:
For, as your tears, and sorrow-wounded soul,
Prove well, that on your part this bond is whole:
So, all we know of what they do above,
Is, that they happy are, and that they love.
Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave,
Content themselves our frailer thoughts to have:
Well-chosen love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the sky.
Then grieve no more, that one so heavenly shap'd
The crooked hand of trembling age escap'd.
Rather, since we beheld her not decay,
But that she vanish'd so entire away,
Her wondrous beauty, and her goodness, merit,
We should suppose, that some propitious spirit
In that celestial form frequented here;
And is not dead, but ceases to appear.

THE

BATTLE OF THE SUMMER-ISLANDS.

CANTO I.

What fruits they have, and how Heaven smiles
Upon those late-discover'd isles.

And me, Bellona! while the dreadful fight,
Betwixt a nation, and two whales, I write:
Seas stain'd with gore I sing, adventurous toil!
And how these monsters did disarm an isle.
Bermuda, wall'd with rocks, who does not know?
That happy island! where huge lemons grow,
And orange-trees, which golden fruit do bear;
Th' Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair:
Where shining pearl, coral, and many a pound,
On the rich shore, of ambergris is found.
The lofty cedar, which to heaven aspires,
The prince of trees! is fuel for their fires:
The smoke, by which their loaded spits do turn,
For incense might on sacred altars burn:
Their private roofs on odorous timber borne,
Such as might palaces for kings adorn.
The sweet palmitoes a new Bacchus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield:
Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs
They sit, carousing where their liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show;
With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil
Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But, at some constant seasons, every year,
Their barren tops with luscious food abound;
And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
Tobacco is the worst of things, which they
To English landlords, as their tribute, pay.
Such is the mould, that the blest tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
With candy'd plantains, and the juicy pine,
On choicest melons, and sweet grapes, they dine:
And with potatoes fat their wanton swine.
Nature these cates with such a lavish hand
Pours out among them, that our coarser land
Tastes of that bounty, and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn:
For the kind Spring, which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year:
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live;
At once they promise, what at once they give.
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
To show how all things were created first.
The tardy plants, in our cold orchards plac'd,
Reserve their fruit for the next age's taste:
There, a small grain, in some few months, will be
A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree.
The palma-christi, and the fair papà,
Now but a seed (preventing Nature's law)
In half the circle of the hasty year
Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear.
And as their trees, in our dull region set,
But faintly grow, and no perfection get;
So, in this northern tract, our hoarser throats
Utter unripe and ill-constrained notes:
While the supporter of the poet's style,
Phœbus, on them eternally does smile.
Oh! how I long my careless limbs to lay
Under the plantain's shade; and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain;
Invoke the muses, and improve my vein!
No passion there in my free breast should move,
None but the sweet, and best of passions, love.
There will I sing, if gentle Love be by,
That tunes my lute, and winds the string so high;
With the sweet sound of Sacharissa's name,
I'll make the listening savages grow tame.
But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

CANTO II.

Of their alarm, and how their foes
Discover'd were, this canto shows.

Though rocks so high about this island rise,
That well they may the numerous Turk despise;
Yet is no human fate exempt from fear;
Which shakes their hearts, while through the isle
A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud [they hear
As thunder makes, before it breaks the cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur, ere they know
From what blind cause th' unwonted sound may
At length two monsters of unequal size, [grow:
Hard by the shore, a fisherman espies;
Two mighty whales! which swelling seas had tost,
And left them prisoners on the rocky coast.
One, as a mountain vast; and with her came
A cub, not much inferior to his dam.
Here, in a pool among the rocks engag'd,
They roar'd, like lions caught in toils, and rag'd.
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had seen the like lie murther'd on the shore:
By the wild fury of some tempest cast,
The fate of ships, and shipwreck'd men, to taste.
As careless dames, whom wine and sleep betray
To frantic dreams, their infants overlay:
So there sometimes the raging ocean fails,
And her own brood exposes; when the whales,
Against sharp rocks, like reeling vessels, quash'd,
Though huge as mountains, are in pieces dash'd:
Along the shore their dreadful limbs lie scatter'd;
Like hills with earthquakes shaken, torn, and shatter'd.

Hearts, sure, of brass they had, who tempted first
Rude seas, that spare not what themselves have nurst.
The welcome news, through all the nation spread,
To sudden joy, and hope, converts their dread:
What lately was their public terrour, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey:
Dispose already of th' untaken spoil;
And, as the purchase of their future toil,
These share the bones, and they divide the oil.
So was the huntsman by the bear opprest,
Whose hide he sold—before he caught the beast!
They man their boats, and all the young men
With whatsoever may the monsters harm; [arm
Pikes, halberts, spits, and darts that wound so far;
The tools of peace, and instruments of war.
Now was the time for vigorous lads to show
What love, or honour, could invite them to:
A goodly theatre! where rocks are round
With reverend age, and lovely lasses, crown'd.
Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair,
Within the bounds of noble Warwick's share:
Warwick's bold earl! than which no title bears
A greater sound among our British peers.
And worthy he the memory to renew,
The fate and honour, to that title due;
Whose brave adventures have transfer'd his name,
And through the new world spread his growing fame. [gain'd,
But how they fought, and what their valour
Shall in another canto be contain'd.

CANTO III.

The bloody fight, successless toil,
And how the fishes sack'd the isle.

The boat, which on the first assault did go,
Strook with a harping-ir'n the younger foe:
Who, when he felt his side so rudely goar'd,
Loud, as the sea that nourish'd him, he roar'd,
As a broad bream to please some curious taste,
While yet alive, in boiling water cast,
Vex'd with unwonted heat, he flings about
The scorching brass, and hurls the liquor out:
So, with the barbed javelin stung, he raves,
And scourges with his tail the suffering waves.
Like Spenser's Talus with his iron flail,
He threatens ruin with his ponderous tail;
Dissolving at one stroke the batter'd boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the moat:
With every fierce encounter they are forc'd
To quit their boats, and fare like men unhors'd.
The bigger whale like some huge carack lay,
Which wanteth sea-room with her foes to play:
Slowly she swims, and when provok'd she would
Advance her tail, her head salutes the mud:
The shallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tail's impetuous swinge:
The shining steel her tender sides receive,
And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.
This sees the cub, and does himself oppose
Betwixt his cumber'd mother and her foes:
With desperate courage he receives her wounds,
And men and boats his active tail confounds.
Their forces join'd, the seas with billows fill,
And make a tempest, though the winds be still.
Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content; and wish this cub away:
Their wish they have; he (to direct his dam
Unto the gap through which they thither came)
Before her swims, and quits the hostile lake;
A prisoner there, but for his mother's sake.
She, by the rocks compell'd to stay behind,
Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.
They shout for joy! and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.
Their lances spent, one, bolder than the rest,
With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish beast;
Her oily side devours both blade and heft:
And there his steel the bold Bermudan left.
Courage the rest from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the lake:
Blood flows in rivers from her wounded side,
As if they would prevent the tardy tide,
And raise the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal streight:
She swims in blood, and blood does spouting throw
To Heaven, that Heaven men's cruelties might know.
Their fixed javelins in her sides she wears,
And on her back a grove of pikes appears:
You would have thought, had you the monster seen
Thus drest, she had another island been.
Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,
As well resembled the conspiring voice
Of routed armies, when the field is won;
To reach the ears of her escaped son.
He, though a league removed from the foe,
Hastes to her aid: the pious Trojan [1] so,
Neglecting for Creüsa's life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning town.
The men amazed blush'd to see the seed
Of monsters, human piety exceed.
Well proves this kindness what the Grecian sung,
That Love's bright mother from the ocean sprung.
Their courage droops, and hopeless now they wish
For composition with th' unconquer'd fish:
So she their weapons would restore, again
Through rocks they'd hew her passage to the main.
But how instructed in each other's mind?
Or what commerce can men with monsters find?
Nor daring to approach their wounded foe,
Whom her courageous son protected so;
They charge their musquets, and with hot desire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire:
Standing aloof, with lead they bruise the scales,
And tear the flesh, of the incensed whales.
But no success their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their fort they are about to send,
For the loud engines, which their isle defend:
But what those pieces, fram'd to batter walls,
Would have effected on those mighty whales,
Great Neptune will not have us know; who sends
A tide so high, that it relieves his friends.
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
Much blood the monsters lost, and they their arms.

SONG.

Peace, babbling muse!
I dare not sing what you indite;
Her eyes refuse
To read the passion which they write:
She strikes my lute, but, if it sound,
Threatens to hurl it on the ground:
And I no less her anger dread,
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,

[1] Æneas.

While some fierce lion does embrace
His breathless corpse, and lick his face:
Wrapp'd up in silent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces if he cries.

OF LOVE.

Anger, in hasty words, or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes;
And sorrow too finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So every passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move:
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd:
For women, born to be control'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the generous steed opprest;
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.
Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them opprest,
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young,
And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his present flame,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise, and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear,
That these her guard of eunuchs were;
And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.
All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty love: that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pity'd now.
So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream, about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combat next: but, if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He strait resumes his wonted care;
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

TO PHYLLIS.

Phyllis! why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can!)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or, would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time:
Change in love to Heaven does climb;
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.
Phyllis! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two:
Let not you and I inquire,
What has been our past desire;
On what shepherd you have smil'd,
Or what nymphs I have beguil'd:
Leave it to the planets too,
What we shall hereafter do:
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

TO MY LORD OF FALKLAND.

Brave Holland leads, and with him Falkland goes,
Who hears this told, and does not strait suppose
We send the Graces and the Muses forth,
To civilize and to instruct the North?
Not that these ornaments make swords less sharp:
Apollo bears as well his bow as harp;
And though he be the patron of that spring,
Where in calm peace the sacred virgins sing,
He courage had to guard th' invaded throne
Of Jove, and cast the ambitious giants down.
Ah, noble friend! with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great soul thou art, (longing to twist
Bays with that ivy, which so early kiss'd
Thy youthful temples) with what horrour we
Think on the blind events of war and thee!
To Fate exposing that all-knowing breast
Among the throng, as cheaply as the rest;
Where oaks and brambles (if the copse be burn'd)
Confounded lie, to the same ashes turn'd.
Some happy wind over the ocean blow
This tempest yet, which frights our island so!
Guarded with ships, and all the sea our own,
From Heaven this mischief on our heads is thrown.
In a late dream, the Genius of this land,
Amaz'd, I saw, like the fair Hebrew [2] stand;
When first she felt the twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the seat of civil war.
Inclin'd to whose relief, and with presage
Of better fortune for the present age,
Heaven sends, quoth I, this discord for our good;
To warm, perhaps, but not to waste our blood:
To raise our drooping spirits, grown the scorn
Of our proud neighbours; who ere long shall mourn
(Though now they joy in our expected harms)
We had occasion to resume our arms.
A lion, so with self-provoking smart,
(His rebel tail scourging his nobler part)
Calls up his courage; then begins to roar,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.

FOR DRINKING OF HEALTHS.

Let brutes and vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as drought and nature urges, drink:

[2] Rebekah.

A more indulgent mistress guides our sp'rits,
Reason, that dares beyond our appetites:
She would our care, as well as thirst, redress,
And with divinity rewards excess.
Deserted Ariadne, thus supply'd,
Did perjur'd Theseus' cruelty deride:
Bacchus embrac'd, from her exalted thought
Banish'd the man, her passion, and his fault.
Bacchus and Phœbus are by Jove ally'd,
And each by other's timely heat supply'd:
All that the grapes owe to his ripening fires,
Is paid in numbers which their juice inspires.
Wine fills the veins, and healths are understood
To give our friends a title to our blood:
Who, naming me, doth warm his courage so,
Shows for my sake what his bold hand would do.

SONG.

Chloris farewell! I now must go:
For if with thee I longer stay,
Thy eyes prevail upon me so,
I shall prove blind, and lose my way.

Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,
Among the rest, me hither brought:
Finding this fame fall short of truth,
Made me stay longer than I thought.

For I'm engag'd, by word and oath,
A servant to another's will:
Yet, for thy love, I'd forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still.

But what assurance can I take?
When thou, foreknowing this abuse,
For some more worthy lover's sake,
May'st leave me with so just excuse.

For thou may'st say, 'twas not thy fault,
That thou didst thus inconstant prove;
Being by my example taught,
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

No, Chloris, no: I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn,
And she distrust me reprobate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.

OF MY LADY ISABELLA

PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

Such moving sounds, from such a careless touch!
So unconcern'd herself, and we so much;
What art is this, that, with so little pains,
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns?
The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud:
Small force there needs to make them tremble so;
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes stand, and, while she charms the [ear,
Empties his quiver on the listening deer:
Music so softens and disarms the mind,
That not an arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes:
So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

TO A LADY

SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

Chloris, yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Echo with so sweet a grace
Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

OF MRS. ARDEN.

Behold, and listen, while the fair
Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air,
And, with her own breath, fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do first inspire.
What reason can that love control,
Which more than one way courts the soul?
So, when a flash of lightning falls
On our abodes, the danger calls
For human aid, which hopes the flame
To conquer, though from Heaven it came:
But, if the winds with that conspire,
Men strive not, but deplore the fire.

OF THE

MARRIAGE OF THE DWARFS.

Design or Chance make others wive,
But Nature did this match contrive:
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As she deny'd her little bed
To him, for whom Heav'n seem'd to frame,
And measure out this only dame.
Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy:
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.
To him the fairest nymphs do show
Like moving mountains topp'd with snow;
And every man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea seem:
None may presume her faith to prove;
He proffers death, that proffers love.
Ah! Chloris! that kind Nature thus
From all the world had sever'd us:
Creating for ourselves us two,
As Love has me for only you!

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

Treading the path to nobler ends,
  A long farewell to love I gave:
Resolv'd my country, and my friends,
  All that remain'd of me should have.

And this resolve, no mortal dame,
  None but those eyes, could have o'erthrown:
The nymph I dare not, need not, name,
  So high, so like herself alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aspires
Above the fear of private fires,
Grown and design'd for nobler use,
Not to make warm, but build the house,
Though from our meaner flames secure,
Must that which falls from Heaven endure.

FROM A CHILD.

Madam, as, in some climes, the warmer sun
Makes it full summer ere the spring's begun,
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
Before our violets dare look abroad:
So, measure not, by any common use,
The early love your brighter eyes produce.
When lately your fair hand in woman's weed
Wrap'd my glad head, I wish'd me so indeed,
That hasty time might never make me grow
Out of those favours you afford me now;
That I might ever such indulgence find,
And you not blush, or think yourself too kind,
Who now, I fear, while I these joys express,
Begin to think how you may make them less:
The sound of love makes your soft heart afraid,
And guard itself, though but a child invade,
And innocently at your white breast throw
A dart as white, a ball of new-fall'n snow.

ON A GIRDLE.

That, which her slender waist confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer:
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

Here, Cælia! for thy sake I part
With all that grew so near my heart;
The passion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the constancy!
And, that I may successful prove,
Transform myself to what you love.
  Fool that I was! so much to prize
Those simple virtues you despise:
Fool! that with such dull arrows strove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove.
For you, that are in motion still,
Decline our force, and mock our skill;
Who, like Don Quixote, do advance
Against a windmill our vain lance.
  Now will I wander through the air,
Mount, make a stoop at every fair;
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,
(As lawless as the sea or wind)
Pursue you wheresoe'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.
  The formal stars do travel so,
As we their names and courses know;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books:
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art: the motions us'd
By those free vapours are so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd sight
Despairs to find the rules, that guide
Those gilded shadows as they slide,
And therefore of the spacious air
Jove's royal consort had the care,
And by that power did once escape,
Declining bold Ixion's rape;
She with her own resemblance grac'd
A shining cloud, which he embrac'd.
  Such was that image, so it smil'd
With seeming kindness, which beguil'd
Your Thyrsis lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting Cælia caught.
'Twas shap'd like her; but for the fair,
He fill'd his arms with yielding air.
  A fate for which he grieves the less,
Because the gods had like success.
For in their story, one, we see,
Pursues a nymph, and takes a tree:
A second, with a lover's haste,
Soon overtakes whom he had chas'd;
But she, that did a virgin seem,
Possest, appears a wandering stream:
For his supposed love, a third
Lays greedy hold upon a bird;
And stands amaz'd to find his dear
A wild inhabitant of th' air.
  To these old tales, such nymphs as you
Give credit, and still make them new;
The amorous now like wonders find,
In the swift changes of your mind.
  But, Cælia, if you apprehend
The Muse of your incensed friend,
Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the same;
Again deceive him, and again,
And then he swears he'll not complain:
For still to be deluded so,
Is all the pleasure lovers know;
Who, like good falconers, take delight,
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

TO FLAVIA.

SONG.

'Tis not your beauty can engage
  My wary heart:
The Sun, in all his pride and rage,
  Has not that art;
And yet he shines as bright as you,
If brightness could our souls subdue.

'Tis not the pretty things you say,
Nor those you write,
Which can make Thyrsis' heart your prey:
For that delight,
The graces of a well-taught mind,
In some of our own sex we find.

No, Flavia! 'tis your love I fear:
Love's surest darts,
Those which so seldom fail him, are
Headed with hearts:
Their very shadows make us yield;
Dissemble well, and win the field.

THE FALL.

See! how the willing earth gave way,
To take th' impression where she lay!
See! how the mould, as loth to leave
So sweet a burden, still doth cleave
Close to the nymph's stain'd garment! Here
The coming spring would first appear;
And all this place with roses strow,
If busy feet would let them grow.
Here Venus smil'd, to see blind Chance
Itself, before her son, advance;
And a fair image to present,
Of what the boy so long had meant.
'Twas such a chance as this made all
The world into this order fall.
Thus the first lovers, on the clay,
Of which they were composed, lay:
So in their prime, with equal grace,
Met the first patterns of our race.
Then blush not, fair! or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down;
But touch him, and he'll tremble strait:
How could he then support your weight?
How could the youth, alas! but bend,
When his whole Heaven upon him lean'd?
If aught by him amiss were done,
'Twas, that he let you rise so soon.

OF SYLVIA.

Our sighs are heard, just Heaven declares
The sense it has of lovers' cares:
She, that has so far the rest outshin'd,
Sylvia the fair, while she was kind,
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandsome now.
So when the sky makes us endure
A storm, itself becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis, that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from Flavia's self her name;
Lest she, provoking Heaven, should prove
How it rewards neglected love.
Better a thousand such as I,
Their grief untold, should pine and die,
Than her bright morning, overcast
With sullen clouds, should be defac'd.

THE BUD.

Lately on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose:
I pluck'd it, though no better grown;
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And, spreading so, would flame anon:
All that was meant by air or sun,
To the young flower, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love, and music too,
When Flavia it aspires to move?
When that, which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades?

SONG.

Behold the brand of beauty tost!
See how the motion does dilate the flame!
Delighted Love his spoils does boast,
And triumph in this game.
Fire, to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder, and our fear;
Moving the mind,
As lightning hurled through the air.

High Heaven the glory does increase
Of all her shining lamps this artful way:
The Sun, in figures, such as these,
Joys with the Moon to play:
To the sweet strains they advance,
Which do result from their own spheres,
As this nymph's dance
Moves with the numbers which she hears.

ON THE DISCOVERY OF A LADY'S PAINTING.

Pygmalion's fate revers'd is mine;
His marble love took flesh and blood;
All that I worshipp'd as divine,
That beauty! now 'tis understood,
Appears to have no more of life,
Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.

As women yet, who apprehend
Some sudden cause of causeless fear,
Although that seeming cause take end,
And they behold no danger near,
A shaking through their limbs they find,
Like leaves saluted by the wind:

So, though the beauty do appear
No beauty, which amaz'd me so;
Yet from my breast I cannot tear
The passion, which from thence did grow;
Nor yet out of my fancy rase
The print of that supposed face.

A real beauty, though too near,
The fond Narcissus did admire:
I doat on that which is no where;
The sign of beauty feeds my fire.
No mortal flame was e'er so cruel
As this, which thus survives the fuel.

TO A LADY,

FROM WHOM HE RECEIVED A SILVER PEN.

MADAM! intending to have try'd
  The silver favour which you gave,
In ink the shining point I dy'd,
  And drench'd it in the sable wave;
When, griev'd to be so foully stain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

" Suppose you had deserv'd to take
  From her fair hand so fair a boon;
Yet how deserved I to make
  So ill a change, who ever won
Immortal praise for what I wrote,
Instructed by her noble thought?

" I, that expressed her commands
  To mighty lords and princely dames,
Always most welcome to their hands,
  Proud that I would record their names,
Must now be taught an humble style,
Some meaner beauty to beguile."

  So I, the wronged pen to please,
  Make it my humble thanks express
Unto your ladyship, in these:
  And now 'tis forced to confess,
That your great self did ne'er indite,
Nor that, to one more noble, write.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! since first our calm of peace
  Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favours with your fears increase,
  And growing mischiefs make you kind.

So the fair tree, which still preserves
  Her fruit and state, while no wind blows;
In storms from that uprightness swerves,
  And the glad earth about her strows
With treasure, from her yielding boughs.

SONG.

WHILE I listen to thy voice,
  Chloris, I feel my life decay;
That powerful noise
  Calls my fleeting soul away.
Oh! suppress that magic sound,
Which destroys without a wound!

Peace, Chloris, peace! or singing die,
That together you and I
    To Heaven may go:
    For all we know
Of what the blessed do above
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

OF LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

NOT caring to observe the wind,
  Or the new sea explore,
Snatch'd from myself, how far behind
  Already I behold the shore!

  May not a thousand dangers sleep
In the smooth bosom of the deep?
No: 'tis so rockless and so clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all with precious things; not torn
From shipwreck'd vessels, but there born.

Sweetness, truth, and every grace,
  Which time, and use, are wont to teach,
  The eye may in a moment reach,
And read distinctly in her face.

  Some other nymphs, with colours faint,
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy;
She has a stamp, and prints the boy:
Can, with a single look, inflame
The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

THE SELF-BANISHED.

IT is not that I love you less,
  Than when before your feet I lay;
But, to prevent the sad increase
  Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vain, alas! for every thing,
  Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
  And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new sun
  Already has a fever got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
  Which Phœbus through his veins has shot.

Too late he would the pain assuage,
  And to thick shadows does retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
  And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
  Your banish'd servant trouble you;
For if I break, you may mistrust
  The vow I made—to love you too.

SONG.

  Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
  That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet, and fair, she seems to be.

  Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
  That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

  Small is the worth
Of beauty, from the light retir'd:
  Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

  Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
  May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

THYRSIS, GALATEA.

THYRSIS.

As lately I on silver Thames did ride,
Sad Galatea on the bank I spy'd:
Such was her look as sorrow taught to shine;
And thus she grac'd me with a voice divine.

GAL. You, that can tune your sounding strings so well,
Of ladies' beauties, and of love, to tell,
Once change your note, and let your lute report
The justest grief, that ever touch'd the court.

THYR. Fair nymph! I have in your delights no share,
Nor ought to be concerned in your care;
Yet would I sing, if I your sorrows knew;
And to my aid invoke no muse but you.

GAL. Hear then, and let your song augment our grief,
Which is so great, as not to wish relief.
She that had all which Nature gives, or Chance,
Whom Fortune join'd with Virtue to advance
To all the joys this island could afford,
The greatest mistress, and the kindest lord;
Who with the royal mixt her noble blood,
And in high grace with Gloriana stood;
Her bounty, sweetness, beauty, goodness, such,
That none e'er thought her happiness too much;
So well inclin'd her favours to confer,
And kind to all, as Heaven had been to her!
The virgin's part, the mother, and the wife,
So well she acted in the span of life,
That, though few years (too few, alas!) she told,
She seem'd in all things, but in beauty, old.
As unripe fruit, whose verdant stalks do cleave
Close to the tree, which grieves no less to leave
The smiling pendant, which adorns her so,
And until autumn on the bough should grow:
So seem'd her youthful soul not easily forc'd,
Or from so fair, so sweet, a seat divorc'd.
Her fate at once did hasty seem, and slow;
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

THYR. Under how hard a law are mortals born!
Whom now we envy, we anon must mourn:
What Heaven sets highest, and seems most to prize,
Is soon removed from our wondering eyes!
But since the sisters [3] did so soon untwine
So fair a thread, I'll strive to piece the line.
Vouchsafe, sad nymph! to let me know the dame,
And to the muses I'll commend her name:
Make the wide country echo to your moan,
The listening trees, and savage mountains, groan.
What rock's not moved when the death is sung
Of one so good, so lovely, and so young!

GAL. 'Twas Hamilton!—whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her, grief lets me say no more.

ON THE HEAD OF A STAG.

So we some antique hero's strength
Learn by his lance's weight, and length;
As these vast beams express the beast,
Whose shady brows alive they drest.
Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty Nimrod did pursue.
What huntsman of our feeble race,
Or dogs, dare such a monster chase?
Resembling, with each blow he strikes,
The charge of a whole troop of pikes.

[3] Parcæ.

O fertile head! which every year
Could such a crop of wonder bear!
The teeming Earth did never bring,
So soon, so hard, so huge a thing:
Which might it never have been cast,
(Each year's growth added to the last)
These lofty branches had supply'd
The Earth's bold sons' prodigious pride:
Heaven with these engines had been scal'd,
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

TO A LADY IN RETIREMENT.

Sees not my love, how Time resumes
The glory which he lent these flowers?
Though none should taste of their perfumes,
Yet must they live but some few hours:
Time, what we forbear, devours!

Had Helen, or th' Egyptian queen [4],
Been near so thrifty of their graces;
Those beauties must at length have been
The spoil of age, which finds out faces
In the most retired places.

Should some malignant planet bring
A barren drought, or ceaseless shower,
Upon the autumn, or the spring,
And spare us neither fruit nor flower;
Winter would not stay an hour.

Could the resolve of Love's neglect
Preserve you from the violation
Of coming years, then more respect
Were due to so divine a fashion;
Nor would I indulge my passion.

THE MISER'S SPEECH:

IN A MASQUE.

Balls of this metal slack'd At'lanta's pace,
And on the amorous youth [5] bestow'd the race:
Venus, (the nymph's mind measuring by her own)
Whom the rich spoils of cities overthrown
Had prostrated to Mars, could well advise
Th' adventurous lover how to gain the prize.
Nor less may Jupiter to gold ascribe:
For, when he turn'd himself into a bribe,
Who can blame Danaë, or the brazen tower,
That they withstood not that almighty shower?
Never till then did Love make Jove put on
A form more bright, and nobler, than his own:
Nor were it just, would he resume that shape,
That slack devotion should his thunder scape.
'Twas not revenge for griev'd Apollo's wrong,
Those ass's ears on Midas' temples hung,
But fond repentance of his happy wish,
Because his meat grew metal like his dish.
Would Bacchus bless me so, I'd constant hold
Unto my wish, and die creating gold.

UPON BEN JONSON.

Mirror of poets! mirror of our age!
Which, her whole face beholding on thy stage,
Pleas'd, and displeas'd, with her own faults, endures
A remedy like those whom music cures.

[4] Cleopatra. [5] Hippomenes.

Thou hast alone those various inclinations,
Which Nature gives to ages, sexes, nations:
So traced with thy all-resembling pen,
That whate'er custom has impos'd on men,
Or ill-got habit (which deforms them so,
That scarce a brother can his brother know)
Is represented to the wondering eyes
Of all, that see or read thy comedies.
Whoever in those glasses looks, may find
The spots return'd, or graces, of his mind,
And, by the help of so divine an art,
At leisure view and dress his nobler part.
Narcissus, cozen'd by that flattering well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here, discovering the deform'd estate
Of his fond mind, preserv'd himself with hate.
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In flesh and blood so well, that Plato had
Beheld, what his high fancy once embrac'd,
Virtue with colours, speech, and motion grac'd.
The sundry postures of thy copious Muse
Who would express, a thousand tongues must use;
Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy art;
For as thou couldst all characters impart,
So none could render thine; which still escapes,
Like Proteus, in variety of shapes;
Who was, nor this, nor that; but all we find,
And all we can imagine, in mankind.

ON MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S PLAYS.

Fletcher! to thee we do not only owe
All those good plays, but those of others too:
Thy wit repeated, does support the stage,
Credits the last, and entertains this age.
No worthies, form'd by any Muse but thine,
Could purchase robes, to make themselves so fine.
What brave commander is not proud, to see
Thy brave Melantius in his gallantry?
Our greatest ladies love to see their scorn
Outdone by thine, in what themselves have worn:
Th' impatient widow, ere the year be done,
Sees thy Aspasia weeping in her gown.
I never yet the tragic strain assay'd,
Deterr'd by that inimitable Maid [6].
And, when I venture at the comic style,
Thy Scornful Lady seems to mock my toil.
Thus has thy Muse at once improv'd and marr'd
Our sport in plays, by rendering it too hard!
So, when a sort of lusty shepherds throw
The bar by turns, and none the rest out-go
So far, but that the best are measuring casts,
Their emulation and their pastime lasts:
But, if some brawny yeoman of the guard
Step in, and toss the axletree a yard,
Or more, beyond the furthest mark, the rest,
Despairing stand; their sport is at the best.

TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF SOME PARTS OF THE BIBLE.

How bold a work attempts that pen,
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue
With the high raptures of those men,
Who here with the same spirit sung,
Wherewith they now assist the choir
Of angels, who their songs admire!

Whatever those inspired souls
Were urged to express, did shake
The aged deep, and both the poles;
Their numerous thunder could awake
Dull Earth, which does with Heaven consent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say, sacred bard! what could bestow
Courage on thee, to soar so high?
Tell me, brave friend! what help'd thee so
To shake off all mortality?
To light this torch thou hast climb'd higher,
Than he [7] who stole celestial fire.

TO MR. HENRY LAWES,

WHO HAD THEN NEWLY SET A SONG OF MINE, IN THE YEAR 1635.

Verse makes heroic virtue live;
But you can life to verses give.
As, when in open air we blow,
The breath (though strain'd) sounds flat and low,
But if a trumpet take the blast,
It lifts it high and makes it last:
So, in your airs our numbers drest,
Make a shrill sally from the breast
Of nymphs, who, singing what we penn'd,
Our passions to themselves commend;
While Love, victorious with thy art,
Governs at once their voice and heart.
You, by the help of tune and time,
Can make that song, which was but rhyme:
Noy [8] pleading, no man doubts the cause,
Or questions verses set by Lawes.
As a church-window, thick with paint,
Lets in a light but dim and faint;
So others, with division, hide
The light of sense, the poet's pride:
But you alone may truly boast
That not a syllable is lost:
The writer's and the setter's skill
At once the ravish'd ears do fill.
Let those, which only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a song,
Content themselves with *ut, re, mi*:
Let words and sense be set by thee.

TO SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT,

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF GONDIBERT: WRITTEN IN FRANCE.

Thus the wise nightingale, that leaves her home,
Her native wood, when storms and winter come,
Pursuing constantly the cheerful spring,
To foreign groves does her old music bring.
The drooping Hebrews banish'd, harps, unstrung,
At Babylon upon the willows hung:
Yours sounds aloud, and tells us you excel
No less in courage, than in singing well;
While, unconcern'd, you let your country know,
They have impoverish'd themselves, not you:
Who, with the Muses' help, can mock those Fates,
Which threaten kingdoms, and disorder states.

[6] The Maid's Tragedy. [7] Prometheus. [8] The attorney-general.

So Ovid, when from Cæsar's rage he fled,
The Roman Muse to Pontus with him led;
Where he so sung, that we, through pity's glass,
See Nero milder than Augustus was.
Hereafter, such, in thy behalf, shall be
Th' indulgent censure of posterity.
To banish those, who with such art can sing,
Is a rude crime, which its own curse doth bring:
Ages to come shall ne'er know how they fought,
Nor how to love their present youth be taught.
This to thyself.—Now to thy matchless book,
Wherein those few that can with judgment look,
May find old love in pure fresh language told;
Like new-stamp'd coin, made out of angel-gold:
Such truth in love, as th' antique world did know,
In such a style, as courts may boast of now;
Which no bold tales of gods or monsters swell,
But human passions, such as with us dwell.
Man is thy theme; his virtue, or his rage,
Drawn to the life in each elaborate page.
Mars, nor Bellona, are not named here,
But such a Gondibert as both might fear:
Venus had here, and Hebe, been outshin'd,
By thy bright Birtha, and thy Rhodalind.
Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds,
Betwixt thy worthies, and the Grecian gods!
Whose deities in vain had here come down,
Where mortal beauty wears the sovereign crown:
Such as, of flesh compos'd, by flesh and blood,
Though not resisted, may be understood.

TO MY

WORTHY FRIEND MR. WASE,

THE TRANSLATOR OF GRATIUS.

Thus, by the music, we may know
When noble wits a-hunting go,
Through groves, that on Parnassus grow.

The Muses all the chase adorn;
My friend on Pegasus is borne:
And young Apollo winds the horn.

Having old Gratius in the wind,
No pack of critics e'er could find,
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here huntsmen with delight may read
How to choose dogs, for scent or speed,
And how to change or mend the breed:

What arms to use, or nets to frame,
Wild beasts to combat, or to tame;
With all the mysteries of that game.

But, worthy friend! the face of war
In ancient times doth differ far,
From what our fiery battles are.

Nor is it like, since powder known,
That man, so cruel to his own,
Should spare the race of beasts alone.

No quarter now: but with the gun
Men wait in trees from sun to sun,
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no comment, but a text,
To tell how modern beasts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muse to court the age
With somewhat of your proper rage:

Since none doth more to Phœbus owe,
Or in more languages can show
Those arts, which you so early know.

TO HIS

WORTHY FRIEND MASTER EVELYN,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIUS.

Lucretius (with a stork-like fate,
Born and translated in a state)
Comes to proclaim, in English verse,
No monarch rules the universe:
But chance and atoms make this all
In order democratical;
Where bodies freely run their course,
Without design, or fate, or force.
And this in such a strain he sings,
As if his Muse, with angels' wings,
Had soar'd beyond our utmost sphere,
And other worlds discover'd there.
For his immortal, boundless wit,
To Nature does no bounds permit;
But boldly has remov'd those bars
Of heaven, and earth, and seas, and stars,
By which they were before suppos'd,
By narrow wits, to be inclos'd;
Till his free muse threw down the pale,
And did at once dispark them all.
So vast this argument did seem,
That the wise author did esteem
The Roman language (which was spread
O'er the whole world, in triumph led)
A tongue too narrow to unfold
The wonders which he would have told.
This speaks thy glory, noble friend!
And British language does commend:
For here Lucretius whole we find,
His words, his music, and his mind.
Thy art has to our country brought
All that he writ, and all he thought.
Ovid translated, Virgil too,
Show'd long since what our tongue could do:
Nor Lucan we, nor Horace spar'd;
Only Lucretius was too hard.
Lucretius, like a fort, did stand
Untouch'd, till your victorious hand
Did from his head this garland bear,
Which now upon your own you wear.
A garland! made of such new bays,
And sought in such untrodden ways,
As no man's temples e'er did crown,
Save this great author's, and your own.

TO HIS

WORTHY FRIEND SIR THOS. HIGGONS,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE VENETIAN TRIUMPH.

The winged lion's [9] not so fierce in fight,
As Liberi's hand presents him to our sight;
Nor would his pencil make him half so fierce,
Or roar so loud, as Businello's verse:

[9] The arms of Venice.

But your translation does all three excel,
The fight, the piece, and lofty Businel.
As their small gallies may not hold compare
With our tall ships, whose sails employ more air;
So does th' Italian to your genius vail,
Mov'd with a fuller and a nobler gale.
Thus, while your Muse spreads the Venetian story,
You make all Europe emulate her glory:
You make them blush, weak Venice should defend
The cause of Heaven, while they for words contend;
Shed Christian blood, and populous cities rase,
Because they're taught to use some different phrase.
If, listening to your charms, we could our jars
Compose, and on the Turk discharge these wars;
Our British arms the sacred tomb might wrest
From pagan hands, and triumph o'er the East:
And then you might our own high deeds recite,
And with great Tasso celebrate the fight.

VERSES TO DR. GEORGE ROGERS,

ON HIS TAKING THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR IN PHYSIC AT PADUA, IN THE YEAR 1664.

When, as of old, the Earth's bold children strove,
With hills on hills, to scale the throne of Jove,
Pallas and Mars stood by their sovereign's side,
And their bright arms in his defence employ'd;
While the wise Phœbus, Hermes, and the rest,
Who joy in peace, and love the muses best,
Descending from their so distemper'd seat,
Our groves and meadows chose for their retreat.
There first Apollo try'd the various use
Of herbs, and learn'd the virtues of their juice,
And fram'd that art, to which who can pretend
A juster title than our noble friend,
Whom the like tempest drives from his abode,
And like employment entertains abroad?
This crowns him here; and in the bays so earn'd,
His country's honour is no less concern'd;
Since it appears not all the English rave,
To ruin bent; some study how to save:
And as Hippocrates did once extend
His sacred art, whole cities to amend;
So we, brave friend, suppose that thy great skill,
Thy gentle mind, and fair example, will,
At thy return, reclaim our frantic isle,
Thy spirits calm, and peace again shall smile.

Edm. Waller, Anglus.

CHLORIS AND HYLAS.

MADE TO A SARABAND.

CHLORIS.

Hylas, oh Hylas! why sit we mute,
Now that each bird saluteth the spring?
Wind up the slacken'd strings of thy lute,
Never canst thou want matter to sing:
For love thy breast does fill with such a fire,
That whatsoe'er is fair moves thy desire.

HYL. Sweetest! you know, the sweetest of things
Of various flowers the bees do compose;
Yet no particular taste it brings
Of violet, woodbine, pink, or rose:
So, love the result is of all the graces,
Which flow from a thousand several faces.

CHLO. Hylas! the birds which chaunt in this grove,
Could we but know the language they use,
They would instruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconstant Muse:
For love their breasts does fill with such a fire,
That what they once do choose, bounds their desire.

HYL. Chloris! this change the birds do approve,
Which the warm season hither does bring:
Time from yourself does further remove
You, than the winter from the gay spring:
She that like lightning shin'd while her face lasted,
The oak now resembles which lightning hath blasted.

IN ANSWER OF

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S VERSES.

CON.

Stay here, fond youth, and ask no more; be wise;
Knowing too much long since lost Paradise.

PRO. And, by your knowledge, we should be bereft
Of all that Paradise, which yet is left.

CON. The virtuous joys thou hast, thou wouldst [should still
Last in their pride; and wouldst not take it ill
If rudely, from sweet dreams, and for a toy,
Thou wak'd: he wakes himself that does enjoy.

PRO. How can the joy, or hope, which you allow,
Be styled virtuous, and the end not so?
Talk in your sleep, and shadows still admire!
'Tis true, he wakes, that feels this real fire,
But—to sleep better: for whoe'er drinks deep
Of this Nepenthe, rocks himself asleep.

CON. Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroys;
And while it pleaseth much, yet still it cloys.
Who thinks he should be happier made for that,
As reasonably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a surfeit: this once past,
What relishes? ev'n kisses lose their taste.

PRO. Blessings may be repeated, while they cloy;
But shall we starve, 'cause surfeitings destroy?
And if fruition did the taste impair
Of kisses, why should yonder happy pair,
Whose joys just Hymen warrants all the night,
Consume the day too in this less delight?

CON. Urge not 'tis necessary; alas! we know
The homeliest thing that mankind does is so.
The world is of a large extent we see,
And must be peopled, children there must be:——
So must bread too: but since there are enough
Born to that drudgery, what need we plough?

PRO. I need not plough, since what the stooping [hine
Gets of my pregnant land must all be mine:
But in this nobler tillage, 'tis not so;
For when Anchises did fair Venus know,
What interest had poor Vulcan in the boy,
Famous Æneas, or the present joy?

CON. Women enjoy'd, whate'er before they've been,
Are like romances read, or scenes once seen:
Fruition dulls or spoils the play much more,
Than if one read or knew the plot before.

PRO. Plays and romances, read and seen, do fall
In our opinions: yet, not seen at all,
Whom would they please? To an heroic tale
Would you not listen, lest it should grow stale?

CON. 'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what it were.

PRO. If 'twere not Heaven, if we knew what it were,
'Twould not be Heaven to those who now are there.

CON. And as in prospects we are there pleas'd most,
Where something keeps the eye from being lost,
And leaves us room to guess: so here, restraint
Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.
PRO. Restraint preserves the pleasure we have got,
But he ne'er has it, that enjoys it not.
In goodly prospects, who contracts the space,
Or takes not all the beauty of the place?
We wish remov'd what standeth in our light,
And Nature blame for limiting our sight;
Where you stand wisely winking, that the view
Of the fair prospect may be always new.
CON. They, who know all the wealth they have, are poor;
He's only rich, that cannot tell his store.
PRO. Not he that knows the wealth he has is poor;
But he that dares not touch, nor use his store.

TO A FRIEND,

OF THE DIFFERENT SUCCESS OF THEIR LOVES.

THRICE happy pair! of whom we cannot know
Which first began to love, or loves most now:
Fair course of passion! where two lovers start,
And run together, heart still yok'd with heart:
Successful youth! whom love has taught the way
To be victorious, in the first essay.
Sure love's an art best practised at first,
And where th' experienced still prosper worst!
I, with a different fate, pursued in vain
The haughty Cælia; till my just disdain
Of her neglect, above that passion borne,
Did pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn.
Now she relents; but all too late, to move
A heart directed to a nobler love:
The scales are turn'd, her kindness weighs no more
Now, than my vows and service did before.
So, in some well-wrought hangings, you may see
How Hector leads, and how the Grecians flee:
Here, the fierce Mars his courage so inspires,
That with bold hands the Argive fleet he fires:
But there, from Heaven the blue-ey'd virgin[1] falls,
And frighted Troy retires within her walls:
They that are foremost in that bloody race
Turn head anon, and give the conquerors chase.
So like the chances are of love and war,
That they alone in this distinguish'd are;
In love, the victors from the vanquish'd fly,
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

AN APOLOGY

FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE.

THEY, that never had the use
Of the grape's surprising juice,
To the first delicious cup
All their reason render up;
Neither do, nor care to know,
Whether it be best or no.

So they, that are to love inclin'd,
Sway'd by chance, not choice or art,
To the first that's fair or kind,
Make a present of their heart:
'Tis not she that first we love,
But whom dying we approve.

[1] Minerva.

To man, that was in th' evening made,
Stars gave the first delight;
Admiring, in the gloomy shade,
Those little drops of light:
Then, at Aurora, whose fair hand
Remov'd them from the skies,
He gazing toward the east did stand,
She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,
All those he 'gan despise;
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher rise:
He neither might, nor wish'd to know
A more refulgent light:
For that (as mine your beauties now)
Employ'd his utmost sight.

TO ZELINDA.

FAIREST piece of well-form'd earth!
Urge not thus your haughty birth:
The power which you have o'er us, lies
Not in your race, but in your eyes.
None but a prince!—Alas! that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice.
Should you no honey vow to taste,
But what the master-bees have plac'd
In compass of their cells, how small
A portion to your share would fall!
Nor all appear, among those few,
Worthy the stock from whence they grew:
The sap, which at the root is bred,
In trees, through all the boughs is spread;
But virtues, which in parents shine,
Make not like progress through the line.
'Tis not from whom, but where, we live:
The place does oft those graces give.
Great Julius, on the mountains bred,
A flock perhaps, or herd, had led:
He[2], that the world subdued, had been
But the best wrestler on the green.
'Tis art, and knowledge, which draw forth
The hidden seeds of native worth:
They blow those sparks, and make them rise
Into such flames as touch the skies.
To the old heroes hence was given
A pedigree, which reach'd to heaven:
Of mortal seed they were not held,
Which other mortals so excell'd.
And beauty too, in such excess
As your's, Zelinda! claims no less.
Smile but on me, and you shall scorn,
Henceforth, to be of princes born.
I can describe the shady grove,
Where your lov'd mother slept with Jove,
And yet excuse the faultless dame,
Caught with her spouse's shape and name:
Thy matchless form will credit bring
To all the wonders I shall sing.

TO MY LADY MORTON,

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, AT THE LOUVRE IN PARIS.

MADAM! new years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are so kind;

[2] Alexander.

Still as they pass, they court and smile on you,
And make your beauty, as themselves, seem new.
To the fair Villars we Dalkeith prefer,
And fairest Morton now as much to her:
So like the Sun's advance your titles show,
Which, as he rises, does the warmer grow.
But thus to style you fair, your sex's praise,
Gives you but myrtle, who may challenge bays:
From armed foes to bring a royal prize [3],
Shows your brave heart victorious as your eyes.
If Judith, marching with the general's head,
Can give us passion when her story's read;
What may the living do, which brought away
Though a less bloody, yet a nobler prey;
Who, from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand,
Snatch'd her fair charge, the princess, like a brand?
A brand! preserv'd to warm some prince's heart,
And make whole kingdoms take her brother's [4] part.
So Venus, from prevailing Greeks, did shrowd
The hope of Rome [5], and sav'd him in a cloud.
This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
Begin a better, and absolve this age.
Dark shades become the portrait of our time;
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime!
Let him that draws it hide the rest in night;
This portion only may endure the light, [shape,
Where the kind nymph, changing her faultless
Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to scape,
When through the guards, the river, and the sea,
Faith, Beauty, Wit, and Courage, made their way.
As the brave eagle does with sorrow see
The forest wasted, and that lofty tree,
Which holds her nest, about to be o'erthrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown;
She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away:
So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore
Her princely burthen to the Gallic shore.
Born in the storms of war, this royal fair,
Produc'd like lightning in tempestuous air,
Though now she flies her native isle (less kind,
Less safe for her than either sea or wind!)
Shall, when the blossom of her beauty's blown,
See her great brother on the British throne:
Where peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,
But which rules most, his sceptre, or her eyes.

TO A FAIR LADY,

PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

Strange! that such horrour, and such grace,
Should dwell together in one place;
A fury's arm, an angel's face!

'Tis innocence, and youth, which makes
In Chloris' fancy such mistakes,
To start at love, and play with snakes.

By this, and by her coldness, barr'd,
Her servants have a task too hard:
The tyrant has a double guard!

Thrice happy snake! that in her sleeve
May boldly creep; we dare not give
Our thoughts so unconfin'd a leave.

Contented in that nest of snow
He lies, as he his bliss did know,
And to the wood no more would go.

Take heed, fair Eve! you do not make
Another tempter of this snake:
A marble one, so warm'd, would speak.

THE NIGHT-PIECE:

OR A PICTURE DRAWN IN THE DARK.

Darkness, which fairest nymphs disarms,
Defends us ill from Mira's charms:
Mira can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye,
Quit all that Lely's art can take,
And yet a thousand captives make.
Her speech is grac'd with sweeter sound,
Than in another's song is found:
And all her well-plac'd words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.
As the bright stars, and milky way,
Show'd by the night, are hid by day:
So we, in that accomplish'd mind,
Help'd by the night, new graces find,
Which, by the splendour of her view
Dazzled before, we never knew.
While we converse with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark:
Her shining image is a light
Fixt in our hearts, and conquers night.
Like jewels to advantage set,
Her beauty by the shade does get:
There blushes, frowns, and cold disdain,
All that our passion might restrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Presents the fair idea kind.
Yet, friended by the night, we dare
Only in whispers tell our care:
He, that on her his bold hand lays,
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays;
They with a touch (they are so keen!)
Wound us unshot, and she unseen.
All near approaches threaten death,
We may be shipwreck'd by her breath:
Love, favour'd once with that sweet gale,
Doubles his haste, and fills his sail,
Till he arrive where she must prove
The haven, or the rock, of love.
So we th' Arabian coast do know
At distance, when the spices blow;
By the rich odour taught to steer,
Though neither day nor stars appear.

PART OF THE

FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS

TRANSLATED.

Beginning at verse 437.
..... Talesque miserrima fletus
Fertque refertque soror.....
And ending with
Adnixi torquent spumas, et cærula verrunt.
V. 583.

All this her weeping sister [6] does repeat
To the stern man [7], whom nothing could intreat;
Lost were her prayers, and fruitless were her tears!
Fate, and great Jove, had stopt his gentle ears.

[3] Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter to king Charles I. [4] King Charles II. [5] Æneas.

[6] Anna. [7] Æneas.

As, when loud winds a well-grown oak would rend
Up by the roots, this way and that they bend
His reeling trunk, and with a boisterous sound
Scatter his leaves, and strew them on the ground,
He fixed stands; as deep his roots do lie
Down to the centre, as his top is high:
No less on every side the hero prest,
Feels love, and pity, shake his noble breast,
And down his cheeks though fruitless tears do roll,
Unmov'd remains the purpose of his soul.
Then Dido, urged with approaching fate,
Begins the light of cruel Heaven to hate.
Her resolution to dispatch, and die,
Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy!
The water, consecrate for sacrifice,
Appears all black to her amazed eyes;
The wine to putrid blood converted flows,
Which from her none, not her own sister, knows.
Besides, there stood, as sacred to her lord [8],
A marble temple which she much ador'd,
With snowy fleeces and fresh garlands crown'd:
Hence every night proceeds a dreadful sound;
Her husband's voice invites her to his tomb,
And dismal owls presage the ills to come.
Besides, the prophecies of wizards old
Increas'd her terrour, and her fall foretold;
Scorn'd and deserted to herself she seems,
And finds Æneas cruel in her dreams.
So, to mad Pentheus, double Thebes appears;
And furies howl in his distemper'd ears.
Orestes so, with like distraction tost,
Is made to fly his mother's angry ghost.
Now grief and fury to their height arrive;
Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive.
Her grieved sister, with a cheerful grace,
(Hope well dissembled shining in her face)
She thus deceives. Dear sister! let us prove
The cure I have invented for my love.
Beyond the land of Æthiopia lies
The place where Atlas does support the skies:
Hence came an old magician, that did keep
Th' Hesperian fruit, and made the dragon sleep:
Her potent charms do troubled souls relieve,
And, where she lists, makes calmest minds to grieve:
The course of rivers, and of heaven, can stop,
And call trees down from th' airy mountain's top.
Witness, ye gods! and thou, my dearest part!
How loth I am to tempt this guilty art.
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That bed, where I my ruin did embrace:
With all the relics of our impious guest,
Arms, spoils, and presents, let the pile be drest;
(The knowing woman thus prescribes) that we
May rase the man out of our memory.
Thus speaks the queen, but hides the fatal end
For which she doth those sacred rites pretend.
Nor worse effects of grief her sister thought
Would follow, than Sichæus' murder wrought;
Therefore obeys her: and now, heaped high,
The cloven oaks and lofty pines do lie;
Hung all with wreaths and flowery garlands round;
So by herself was her own funeral crown'd!
Upon the top the Trojan's image lies,
And his sharp sword, wherewith anon she dies.
They by the altar stand, while with loose hair
The magic prophetess begins her prayer:
On Chaos, Erebus, and all the gods,
Which in th' infernal shades have their abodes,

[8] Sichæus.

She loudly calls, besprinkling all the room
With drops, suppos'd from Lethe's lake to come.
She seeks the knot, which on the forehead grows
Of new foal'd colts, and herbs by moonlight mows.
A cake of leaven in her pious hands
Holds the devoted queen, and barefoot stands:
One tender foot was bare, the other shod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking every god,
And every power, if any be above,
Which takes regard of ill-requited love!
Now was the time, when weary mortals steep
Their careful temples in the dew of sleep:
On seas, on earth, and all that in them dwell,
A death-like quiet and deep silence fell;
But not on Dido! whose untamed mind
Refus'd to be by sacred night confin'd:
A double passion in her breast does move,
Love, and fierce anger for neglected love.
Thus she afflicts her soul: What shall I do?
With fate inverted, shall I humbly woo?
And some proud prince, in wild Numidia born,
Pray to accept me, and forget my scorn?
Or, shall I with th' ungrateful Trojan go,
Quit all my state, and wait upon my foe?
Is not enough, by sad experience! known
The perjur'd race of false Laomedon?
With my Sidonians shall I give them chase,
Bands hardly forced from their native place?
No:—die! and let this sword thy fury tame;
Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty flame.
Ah, sister! vanquish'd with my passion, thou
Betray'dst me first, dispensing with my vow.
Had I been constant to Sichæus still,
And single liv'd, I had not known this ill!
Such thoughts torment the queen's enraged breast,
While the Dardanian does securely rest
In his tall ship, for sudden flight prepar'd;
To whom once more the son of Jove appear'd;
Thus seems to speak the youthful deity,
Voice, hair, and colour, all like Mercury.
Fair Venus' seed! canst thou indulge thy sleep,
Nor better guard in such great danger keep?
Mad, by neglect to lose so fair a wind!
If here thy ships the purple morning find,
Thou shalt behold this hostile harbour shine
With a new fleet, and fires, to ruin thine:
She meditates revenge, resolv'd to die;
Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.
This said, the god in shades of night retir'd.
Amaz'd Æneas, with the warning fir'd,
Shakes off dull sleep, and rousing up his men,
Behold! the gods command our flight again.
Fall to your oars, and all your canvass spread:
What god soe'er that thus vouchsafes to lead,
We follow gladly, and thy will obey,
Assist us still, smoothing our happy way,
And make the rest propitious!—With that word,
He cuts the cable with his shining sword:
Through all the navy doth like ardour reign,
They quit the shore, and rush into the main:
Plac'd on their banks, the lusty Trojans sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

ON THE PICTURE OF A FAIR YOUTH,

TAKEN AFTER HE WAS DEAD.

As gather'd flowers, while their wounds are new,
Look gay and fresh, as on the stalk they grew,

Torn from the root that nourish'd them a while
(Not taking notice of their fate) they smile,
And, in the hand which rudely pluck'd them, show
Fairer than those that to their autumn grow:
So love and beauty still that visage grace;
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place.
Alive, the hand of crooked Age had marr'd
Those lovely features, which cold Death has spar'd.
No wonder then he sped in love so well,
When his high passion he had breath to tell;
When that accomplish'd soul, in this fair frame,
No business had, but to persuade that dame,
Whose mutual love advanc'd the youth so high,
That, but to Heaven, he could no higher fly.

ON A

BREDE OF DIVERS COLOURS,

WOVEN BY FOUR LADIES.

Twice twenty slender virgin-fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies shine:
As Nature them, so they this shade have wrought,
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.
Not Juno's bird, when, his fair train dispread,
He wooes the female to his painted bed;
No, not the bow, which so adorns the skies,
So glorious is, or boasts so many dyes.

A PANEGYRIC

TO MY LORD PROTECTOR,

OF THE PRESENT GREATNESS, AND JOINT INTEREST, OF HIS HIGHNESS AND THIS NATION.

While with a strong, and yet a gentle, hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too:

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune show'd his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race;
So has your highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of ambition, tossing us, represt.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own: and now, all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet:
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven (that hath plac'd this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and her states to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent,
Or thus created; it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour, at your court;
And then your highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's protector shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your winged navy, flies
Through every land, that near the ocean lies;
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a chief the meanest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest:
What may be thought impossible to do
By us, embraced by the sea and you?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea;
And every coast may trouble, or relieve:
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive:
While we descend at pleasure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that nature craves,
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky;
So, what our Earth, and what our Heaven, denies,
Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow:
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine;
And, without planting, drink of every vine.

To dig for wealth, we weary not our limbs;
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims.
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow,
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds:
Rome, though her eagle through the world had [flown,
Could never make this island all her own.

Here the third Edward, and the Black Prince too,
France-conquering Henry flourish'd, and now you;
For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian state,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cry'd,
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet: a world reserv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old troops to battle lead,
Against th' unwarlike Persian and the Mede,
Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
More spoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall, so ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garrisons you bind:
Here foreign gold no more shall make them come;
Our English iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of snow,
May blame the sun; but must extol your grace,
Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Prefer'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one:
So kind dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate
Advanc'd to be a portion of our state;
While by your valour, and your bounteous mind,
Nations divided by the sea are join'd.

Holland, to gain your friendship, is content
To be our out guard on the continent:
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing posts, the terrour and the news,
Our neighbour princes trembled at their roar:
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease,
And now you heal us with the acts of peace;
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in restoring such as are undone:
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

To pardon, willing, and to punish, loth,
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both;
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When Fate or errour had our age misled,
And o'er this nation such confusion spread;
The only cure, which could from Heaven come down,
Was so much power and piety in one!

One! whose extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope again, that well-born men may shine:
The meanest in your nature, mild and good;
The noblest rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to such things as these;
How such a ruling sp'rit you could restrain,
And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give,
How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live;
Born to command, your princely virtues slept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchless worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a prosperous end.

Still, as you rise, the state, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the world's great scene! when without noise,
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story:
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still, to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage:
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them lord;
What hope had ours, while yet their power was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You! that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high spirits compose:
To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So, when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth, approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast;
So England now does, with like toil opprest,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace!
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight;

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did choke
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a Muse:
Here in low strains your milder deeds we sing;
But there, my lord! we'll bays and olive bring

To crown your head, while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside;
While all your neighbour princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and bow.

OF OUR LATE

WAR WITH SPAIN,

AND FIRST VICTORY AT SEA NEAR ST. LUCAR, 1651.

Now, for some ages, had the pride of Spain
Made the sun shine on half the world in vain,
While she bid war to all, that durst supply
The place of those her cruelty made die.
Of Nature's bounty men forbore to taste,
And the best portion of the earth lay waste.
From the new world, her silver and her gold
Came, like a tempest, to confound the old.
Feeding with these the brib'd electors' hopes,
Alone she gives us emperors and popes:
With these accomplishing her vast designs,
Europe was shaken with her Indian mines.
When Britain, looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded majesty of Spain,
And, knowing well that empire must decline,
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,
Her native force and virtue did oppose,
To the rich troublers of the world's repose.
And now some months, incamping on the main,
Our naval army had besieged Spain:
They, that the whole world's monarchy design'd,
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confin'd,
From whence our Red Cross they triumphant see,
Riding without a rival on the sea.
Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a covenant with th' inconstant sky:
Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.
Meanwhile, the Spaniards in America
Near to the line the sun approaching saw,

And hop'd their European coasts to find
Clear'd from our ships by the autumnal wind:
Their huge capacious galleons, stuff'd with plate,
The labouring winds drive slowly tow'rds their fate.
Before St. Lucar they their guns discharge;
To tell their joy, or to call forth a barge:
This heard some ships of ours, (though out of view)
And, swift as eagles, to the quarry flew:
So heedless lambs, which for their mothers bleat,
Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.
Arriv'd, they soon begin that tragic play,
And with their smoky cannon banish day:
Night, horrour, slaughter, with confusion meets,
And in their sable arms embrace the fleets.
Through yielding planks the angry bullets fly,
And, of one wound, hundreds together die:
Born under different stars, one fate they have,
The ship their coffin, and the sea their grave!
Bold were the men which on the ocean first
Spread their new sails, when shipwreck was the worst:
More danger now from man alone we find,
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind.
They that had sail'd from near th' antarctic pole,
Their treasure safe, and all their vessels whole,
In sight of their dear country ruin'd be,
Without the guilt of either rock or sea!
What they would spare, our fiercer art destroys,
Surpassing storms in terrour and in noise.
Once Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray:
Here, Heaven in vain that kind retreat should sound:
The louder cannon had the thunder drown'd.
Some we made prize: while others, burnt and rent,
With their rich lading to the bottom went:
Down sinks at once (so Fortune with us sports!)
The pay of armies, and the pride of courts.
Vain man! whose rage buries as low that store,
As avarice had digg'd for it before:
What Earth, in her dark bowels, could not keep
From greedy hands, lies safer in the deep,
Where Thetis kindly does from mortals hide
Those seeds of luxury, debate, and pride.
And now, into her lap the richest prize
Fell, with the noblest of our enemies:
The marquis [9] (glad to see the fire destroy
Wealth, that prevailing foes were to enjoy)
Out from his flaming ship his children sent,
To perish in a milder element:
Then laid him by his burning lady's side,
And, since he could not save her, with her dy'd.
Spices and gums about them melting fry,
And, phœnix-like, in that rich nest they die:
Alive, in flames of equal love they burn'd;
And now, together are to ashes turn'd:
Ashes! more worth than all their funeral cost,
Than the huge treasure which was with them lost,
[10] These dying lovers, and their floating sons,
Suspend the fight, and silence all our guns:
Beauty and youth, about to perish, finds
Such noble pity in brave English minds,
That (the rich spoil forgot, their valour's prize)
All labour now to save their enemies.
How frail our passions! how soon changed are
Our wrath and fury to a friendly care!
They, that but now for honour and for plate
Made the sea blush with blood, resign their hate,
And, their young foes endeavouring to retrieve,
With greater hazard than they fought, they dive.
With these returns victorious Montagu,
With laurels in his hand, and half Peru.
Let the brave generals divide that bough,
Our great protector hath such wreaths enough:
His conquering head has no more room for bays.
Then let it be, as the glad nation prays:
Let the rich ore forthwith be melted down,
And the state fix'd by making him a crown;
With ermin clad and purple, let him hold
A royal sceptre, made of Spanish gold.

[9] Of Bajadoz.
[10] All from this line was added after 1651.

UPON THE

DEATH OF THE LORD PROTECTOR.

We must resign! Heaven his great soul doth claim
In storms, as loud as his immortal fame:
His dying groans, his last breath shakes our isle;
And trees, uncut, fall for his funeral pile;
About his palace their broad roots are tost
Into the air. So Romulus was lost!
New Rome in such a tempest miss'd her king,
And, from obeying, fell to worshipping.
On Oeta's top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruin'd oaks and pines about him spread.
The poplar too, whose bough he wont to wear
On his victorious head, lay prostrate there.
Those his last fury from the mountain rent:
Our dying hero from the continent
Ravish'd whole towns, and forts from Spaniards reft,
As his last legacy to Britain left.
The ocean, which so long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaster mind;
Our bounds' enlargement was his latest toil,
Nor hath he left us prisoners to our isle:
Under the tropic is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.
From civil broils he did us disengage,
Found nobler objects for our martial rage,
And, with wise conduct, to his country show'd
The ancient way of conquering abroad.
Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow
To him, that gave us peace and empire too.
Princes, that fear'd him, grieve, concern'd to see
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herself took notice of his death,
And, sighing, swell'd the sea with such a breath,
That, to remotest shores her billows roll'd,
Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

TO THE KING,

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S HAPPY RETURN.

The rising Sun complies with our weak sight,
First gilds the clouds, then shows his globe of light
At such a distance from our eyes, as though
He knew what harm his hasty beams would do.
But your full majesty at once breaks forth
In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,
Your youth, and all the splendour of your state,
(Wrapp'd up, till now, in clouds of adverse fate!)
With such a flood of light invade our eyes,
And our spread hearts with so great joy surprise,
That, if your grace incline that we should live,
You must not, sir! too hastily forgive.
Our guilt preserves us from th' excess of joy,
Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy.

All are obnoxious! and this faulty Land,
Like fainting Esther, does before you stand,
Watching your sceptre: the revolted Sea
Trembles, to think she did your foes obey.
Great Britain, like blind Polypheme, of late,
In a wild rage, became the scorn and hate
Of her proud neighbours, who began to think,
She with the weight of her own force would sink.
But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;
This Giant Isle has got her eye again.
Now, she might spare the ocean, and oppose
Your conduct to the fiercest of her foes.
Naked, the Graces guarded you from all
Dangers abroad; and now, your thunders shall.
Princes that saw you different passions prove,
For now they dread the object of their love,
Nor without envy can behold his height,
Whose conversation was their late delight.
So Semele, contented with the rape
Of Jove, disguised in a mortal shape,
When she beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,
And his bright rays, was with amazement kill'd.
And though it be our sorrow and our crime,
To have accepted life so long a time
Without you here; yet does this absence gain
No small advantage to your present reign:
For, having view'd the persons and the things,
The councils, state, and strength, of Europe's kings,
You know your work; ambition to restrain,
And set them bounds, as Heaven does to the main.
We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,
Not such as books, but such as practice, taught.
So the lost Sun, while least by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night for our concerns employ'd:
He ripens spices, fruit, and precious gums,
Which from remotest regions hither comes.
This seat of yours (from th' other world remov'd)
Had Archimedes known, he might have prov'd
His engine's force, fix'd here; your power and skill
Make the world's motion wait upon your will.
Much suffering monarch! the first English-born,
That has the crown of these three nations worn!
How has your patience with the barbarous rage
Of your own soil contended half an age?
Till (your try'd virtue and your sacred word
At last preventing your unwilling sword)
Armies and fleets, which kept you out so long,
Own'd their great sovereign, and redress'd his wrong.
When strait the people, by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclination held,
Break forth at once, like powder set on fire,
And, with a noble rage their king require.
So th' injur'd Sea, which from her wonted course,
To gain some acres, avarice did force,
If the new banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old channel stay;
Raging, the late-got land she overflows,
And all that's built upon't to ruin goes.
Offenders now, the chiefest, do begin
To strive for grace, and expiate their sin:
All winds blow fair, that did the world embroil;
Your vipers treacle yield, and scorpions oil.
If then such praise the Macedonian [1] got,
For having rudely cut the Gordian knot;
What glory's due to him, that could divide
Such ravell'd interests? has the knot unty'd,
And, without stroke, so smooth a passage made,
Where craft and malice such impeachments laid?

[1] Alexander.

But while we praise you, you ascribe it all
To his high hand, which threw the untouch'd wall
Of self-demolish'd Jericho so low:
His angel 'twas; that did before you go,
Tam'd savage hearts, and made affections yield,
Like ears of corn when wind salutes the field.
Thus, patience-crown'd, like Job's, your trouble ends,
Having your foes to pardon, and your friends:
For, though your courage were so firm a rock,
What private virtue could endure the shock?
Like your great master, you the storm withstood,
And pity'd those who love with frailty show'd.
Rude Indians, torturing all the royal race,
Him with the throne and dear-bought sceptre grace
That suffers best: what region could be found,
Where your heroic head had not been crown'd?
The next experience of your mighty mind
Is, how you combat Fortune now she's kind:
And this way too you are victorious found;
She flatters with the same success she frown'd.
While, to yourself severe, to others kind,
With power unbounded, and a will confin'd,
Of this vast empire you possess the care,
The softer parts fall to the people's share.
Safety and equal government are things,
Which subjects make as happy, as their kings.
Faith, Law, and Piety (that banish'd train!)
Justice and Truth, with you return again:
The city's trade, and country's easy life,
Once more shall flourish, without fraud or strife.
Your reign no less assures the ploughman's peace,
Than the warm sun advances his increase;
And does the shepherds as securely keep,
From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.
But above all, the muse-inspired train
Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again:
Kind Heaven at once has, in your person, sent
Their sacred judge, their guard, and argument.

Nec magis expressi vultus per ahenea signa,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent..... Horat.

ON ST. JAMES'S PARK,

AS LATELY IMPROVED BY HIS MAJESTY [2].

Of the first Paradise there's nothing found,
Plants set by Heaven are vanish'd, and the ground;
Yet the description lasts: who knows the fate
Of lines that shall this Paradise relate?
Instead of rivers rolling by the side
Of Eden's garden, here flows in the tide:
The sea, which always serv'd his empire, now
Pays tribute to our prince's pleasure too.
Of famous cities we the founders know;
But rivers, old as seas to which they go,
Are Nature's bounty: 'tis of more renown
To make a river, than to build a town.
For future shade, young trees upon the banks
Of the new stream appear in even ranks:
The voice of Orpheus, or Amphion's hand,
In better order could not make them stand.
May they increase as fast, and spread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great owner grows!
May he live long enough to see them all
Dark shadows cast, and as his palace tall!

[2] First printed in folio, 1661.

Methinks I see the love that shall be made,
The lovers walking in that amorous shade:
The gallants dancing by the river side;
They bathe in summer, and in winter slide.
Methinks I hear the music in the boats,
And the loud Echo which returns the notes:
While, overhead, a flock of newsprung fowl
Hangs in the air, and does the Sun controul;
Dark'ning the sky, they hover o'er [3], and shrowd
The wanton sailors with a feather'd cloud.
Beneath, a shoal of silver fishes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges' sides:
The ladies angling in the crystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take:
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
They make the fishes and the men their prize.
A thousand Cupids on the billows ride,
And sea-nymphs enter with the swelling tide:
From Thetis sent as spies, to make report,
And tell the wonders of her sov'reign's court.
All that can, living, feed the greedy eye,
Or dead, the palate, here you may descry;
The choicest things that furnish'd Noah's ark,
Or Peter's sheet, inhabiting this Park:
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
Such various ways the spacious alleys lead,
My doubtful Muse knows not what path to tread.
Yonder, the harvest of cold months laid up,
Gives a fresh coolness to the royal cup:
There ice, like crystal, firm, and never lost,
Tempers hot July with December's frost;
Winter's dark prison, whence he cannot fly,
Though the warm Spring, his enemy, draws nigh.
Strange! that extremes should thus preserve the [snow,
High on the Alps, and in deep caves below.

Here a well-polish'd Mall gives us the joy,
To see our prince his matchless force employ;
His manly posture, and his graceful mien,
Vigour and youth in all his motions seen;
His shape so lovely, and his limbs so strong,
Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long.
No sooner has he touch'd the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall:
And such a fury from his arm has got,
As from a smoking culverin 'twere shot.
May that ill fate his enemies befall,
To stand before his anger or his ball!

Near this my Muse, what most delights her, sees
A living gallery of aged trees;
Bold sons of Earth, that thrust their arms so high,
As if once more they would invade the sky.
In such green palaces the first kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades, and angels entertain'd;
With such old counsellors they did advise,
And, by frequenting sacred groves, grew wise.
Free from th' impediments of light and noise,
Man, thus retir'd, his nobler thoughts employs.
Here Charles contrives the ordering of his states,
Here he resolves his neighbouring princes' fates:
What nation shall have peace, where war be made,
Determin'd is in this oraculous shade;
The world, from India to the frozen North,
Concern'd in what this solitude brings forth.
His fancy objects from his view receives;
The prospect thought and contemplation gives.
That seat of empire here salutes his eye,
To which three kingdoms do themselves apply;
The structure by a prelate [4] rais'd, Whitehall,
Built with the fortune of Rome's capitol:
Both, disproportion'd to the present state
Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate.
From hence he does that antique pile [5] behold,
Where royal heads receive the sacred gold:
It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep;
There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep:
Making the circle of their reign complete,
Those suns of empire! where they rise, they set.
When others fell, this, standing, did presage
The crown should triumph over pop'lar rage:
Hard by that house [6], where all our ills were shap'd,
Th' auspicious temple stood, and yet escap'd.
So, snow on Ætna does unmelted lie,
Whence rolling flames and scatter'd cinders fly;
The distant country in the ruin shares,
What falls from Heaven the burning mountain spares.
Next, that capacious hall [7] he sees, the room
Where the whole nation does for justice come;
Under whose large roof flourishes the gown,
And judges grave on high tribunals frown.
Here, like the people's pastor, he does go,
His flock subjected to his view below:
On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
No private passion does indulgence find:
The pleasures of his youth suspended are,
And made a sacrifice to public care.
Here, free from court compliances, he walks,
And with himself, his best adviser, talks:
How peaceful olive may his temples shade,
For mending laws, and for restoring trade:
Or, how his brows may be with laurel charg'd,
For nations conquer'd, and our bounds enlarg'd.
Of ancient prudence here he ruminates,
Of rising kingdoms, and of falling states:
What ruling arts gave great Augustus fame,
And how Alcides purchas'd such a name.
His eyes, upon his native palace [8] bent,
Close by, suggest a greater argument:
His thoughts rise higher, when he does reflect
On what the world may from that star expect,
Which at his birth appear'd; to let us see,
Day, for his sake, could with the night agree:
A prince, on whom such different lights did smile,
Born the divided world to reconcile!
Whatever Heaven, or high-extracted blood,
Could promise, or foretell, he will make good:
Reform these nations, and improve them more,
Than this fair Park, from what it was before.

OF THE

INVASION AND DEFEAT OF THE TURKS,

IN THE YEAR 1683.

The modern Nimrod, with a safe delight
Pursuing beasts, that save themselves by flight;
Grown proud, and weary of his wonted game,
Would Christians chase, and sacrifice to Fame.

A prince, with eunuchs and the softer sex
Shut up so long, would warlike nations vex,
Provoke the German, and, neglecting Heaven,
Forget the truce for which his oath was given.

[3] In fol. edit. 'the air they hoyer,' &c.

[4] Cardinal Wolsey.
[5] Westminster Abbey.
[6] House of Commons.
[7] Westminster Hall.
[8] St. James's.

His grand visier, presuming to invest
The chief imperial city of the West [9],
With the first charge compell'd in haste to rise,
His treasure, tents, and cannon, left a prize:
The standard lost, and janizaries slain,
Render the hopes he gave his master vain.
The flying Turks, that bring the tidings home,
Renew the memory of his father's doom;
And his guard murmurs, that so often brings
Down from the throne their unsuccessful kings.
The trembling sultan's forc'd to expiate
His own ill conduct by another's fate:
The grand visier, a tyrant, though a slave,
A fair example to his master gave;
He bassas' heads, to save his own, made fly,
And now, the sultan, to preserve, must die.
The fatal bowstring was not in his thought,
When, breaking truce, he so unjustly fought;
Made the world tremble with a numerous host,
And of undoubted victory did boast.
Strangled he lies! yet seems to cry aloud,
To warn the mighty, and instruct the proud,
That of the great, neglecting to be just,
Heaven in a moment makes an heap of dust.
The Turks so low, why should the Christians lose
Such an advantage of their barb'rous foes?
Neglect their present ruin to complete,
Before another Solyman they get?
Too late they would with shame, repenting, dread
That numerous herd, by such a lion led.
He Rhodes and Buda from the Christians tore,
Which timely union might again restore.
But, sparing Turks, as if with rage possest,
The Christians perish, by themselves oppress:
Cities and provinces so dearly won,
That the victorious people are undone!
What angel shall descend, to reconcile
The Christian states, and end their guilty toil?
A prince more fit from Heaven we cannot ask,
Than Britain's king, for such a glorious task:
His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind,
Gives him the fear and favour of mankind.
His warrant does the Christian faith defend;
On that relying, all their quarrels end.
The peace is sign'd, and Britain does obtain
What Rome had sought from her fierce sons in vain.
In battles won, Fortune a part doth claim,
And soldiers have their portion in the fame:
In this successful union we find
Only the triumph of a worthy mind.
'Tis all accomplish'd by his royal word,
Without unsheathing the destructive sword;
Without a tax upon his subjects laid,
Their peace disturb'd, their plenty, or their trade.
And what can they to such a prince deny,
With whose desires the greatest kings comply?
The arts of peace are not to him unknown,
This happy way he march'd into the throne;
And we owe more to Heaven, than to the sword;
The wish'd return of so benign a lord.
Charles, by old Greece with a new freedom grac'd,
Above her antique heroes shall be plac'd.
What Theseus did, or Theban Hercules,
Holds no compare with this victorious peace,
Which on the Turks shall greater honour gain,
Than all their giants and their monsters slain.
Those are bold tales, in fabulous ages told;
This glorious act the living do behold.

[9] Vienna.

TO THE QUEEN,

UPON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, AFTER HER HAPPY RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS SICKNESS.

Farewell the year, which threaten'd so
The fairest light the world can show.
Welcome the new! whose every day,
Restoring what was snatch'd away
By pining sickness from the fair,
That matchless beauty does repair
So fast, that the approaching Spring
(Which does to flow'ry meadows bring
What the rude Winter from them tore)
Shall give her all she had before.
But we recover not so fast
The sense of such a danger past;
We, that esteem'd you sent from Heaven,
A pattern to this island given,
To shew us what the bless'd do there,
And what alive they practis'd here,
When that which we immortal thought,
We saw so near destruction brought,
Felt all which you did then endure,
And tremble yet, as not secure.
So, though the Sun victorious be,
And from a dark eclipse set free,
The influence, which we fondly fear,
Afflicts our thoughts the following year.
But that which may relieve our care
Is, that you have a help so near
For all the evil you can prove;
The kindness of your royal love.
He, that was never known to mourn
So many kingdoms from him torn,
His tears reserv'd for you, more dear,
More priz'd, than all those kingdoms were!
For, when no healing art prevail'd,
When cordials and elixirs fail'd,
On your pale cheek he dropt the shower,
Reviv'd you like a dying flower.

SUNG BY MRS. KNIGHT TO HER MAJESTY, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

This happy day two lights are seen,
A glorious saint, a matchless queen;
Both nam'd alike, both crown'd appear,
The saint above, th' infanta here.
May all those years, which Catharine
The martyr did for Heaven resign,
Be added to the line
Of your blest life among us here!
For all the pains that she did feel,
And all the torments of her wheel,
May you as many pleasures share!
May Heaven itself content
With Catharine the saint!
Without appearing old,
An hundred times may you,
With eyes as bright as now,
This welcome day behold!

OF HER MAJESTY,

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY 1683.

What revolutions in the world have been!
How are we chang'd, since we first saw the queen!
She, like the Sun, does still the same appear,
Bright as she was at her arrival here!

Time has commission mortals to impair,
But things celestial is oblig'd to spare.
May every new year find her still the same
In health and beauty, as she hither came!
When lords and commons, with united voice,
Th' infanta nam'd, approv'd the royal choice:
First of our queens, whom not the king alone,
But the whole nation, lifted to the throne.
With like consent, and like desert, was crown'd
The glorious prince [1], that does the Turk confound.
Victorious both! His conduct wins the day,
And her example chases vice away.
Though louder fame attend the martial rage,
'Tis greater glory to reform the age.

OF TEA,

COMMENDED BY HER MAJESTY.

Venus her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays;
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.
The best of queens, and best of herbs, we owe
To that bold nation, which the way did show
To the fair region, where the Sun does rise,
Whose rich productions we so justly prize.
The Muse's friend, tea, does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapours which the head invade,
And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
Fit, on her birth-day, to salute the queen.

PROLOGUE FOR THE LADY-ACTORS:

SPOKEN BEFORE KING CHARLES II.

Amaze us not with that majestic frown,
But lay aside the greatness of your crown!
And for that look, which does your people awe,
When in your throne and robes you give them law,
Lay it by here, and give a gentler smile,
Such as we see great Jove's in picture, while
He listens to Apollo's charming lyre,
Or judges of the songs he does inspire.
Comedians on the stage show all their skill,
And after do as Love and Fortune will:
We are less careful, hid in this disguise;
In our own clothes more serious, and more wise.
Modest at home, upon the stage more bold,
We seem warm lovers, though our breasts be cold:
A fault committed here deserves no scorn,
If we act well the parts to which we're born.

OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

MOTHER TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE:

AND OF HER PORTRAIT, WRITTEN BY THE LATE DUTCHESS OF YORK WHILE SHE LIVED WITH HER.

Heroic nymph! in tempests the support,
In peace the glory, of the British court!
Into whose arms, the church, the state, and all
That precious is, or sacred here, did fall.
Ages to come, that shall your bounty hear,
Will think you mistress of the Indies were:
Though straiter bounds your fortune did confine,
In your large heart was found a wealthy mine:
Like the blest oil, the widow's lasting feast,
Your treasure, as you pour'd it out, increas'd.

[1] John Sobieski, king of Poland.

While some your beauty, some your bounty sing,
Your native isle does with your praises ring:
But above all, a nymph [2] of your own train
Gives us your character in such a strain
As none but she, who in that court did dwell,
Could know such worth, or worth describe so well.
So, while we mortals here at Heaven do guess,
And more our weakness than the place express,
Some angel, a domestic there, comes down,
And tells the wonders he hath seen and known.

TO THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS,

WHEN SHE WAS TAKING LEAVE OF THE COURT AT DOVER.

That sun of beauty did among us rise,
England first saw the light of your fair eyes.
In English too your early wit was shown:
Favour that language, which was then your own,
When, though a child, through guards you made your way:
What fleet, or army, could an angel stay?
Thrice happy Britain! if she could retain,
Whom she first bred, within her ambient main.
Our late-burnt London, in apparel new,
Shook off her ashes to have treated you:
But we must see our glory snatch'd away,
And with warm tears increase the guilty sea:
No wind can favour us; howe'er it blows,
We must be wreck'd, and our dear treasure lose!
Sighs will not let us half our sorrows tell——
Fair, lovely, great, and best of nymphs, farewell!

UPON

HER MAJESTY'S [3] NEW BUILDINGS

AT SOMERSET-HOUSE.

Great queen! that does our island bless
With princes and with palaces:
Treated so ill, chas'd from your throne,
Returning, you adorn the town,
And, with a brave revenge, do shew
Their glory went and came with you.
While Peace from hence, and you, were gone,
Your houses in that storm o'erthrown,
Those wounds which civil rage did give,
At once you pardon and relieve.
Constant to England in your love,
As birds are to their wonted grove;
Though by rude hands their nests are spoil'd,
There, the next spring, again they build.
Accusing some malignant star,
Not Britain, for that fatal war,
Your kindness banishes your fear,
Resolv'd to fix for ever here.
But what new mine this work supplies?
Can such a pile from ruin rise?
This like the first creation shows,
As if at your command it rose.
Frugality and bounty too,
(Those diff'ring virtues) meet in you;
From a confin'd, well-manag'd, store,
You both employ and feed the poor.
Let foreign princes vainly boast
The rude effects of pride and cost;
Of vaster fabrics, to which they
Contribute nothing, but the pay:

[2] Lady Anne Hyde. [3] Henrietta Maria, queen dowager of king Charles I.

This, by the queen herself design'd,
Gives us a pattern of her mind:
The state and order does proclaim
The genius of that royal dame.
Each part with just proportion grac'd,
And all to such advantage plac'd,
That the fair view her window yields,
The town, the river, and the fields,
Entering, beneath us we descry,
And wonder how we came so high.
She needs no weary steps ascend;
All seems before her feet to bend:
And here, as she was born, she lies;
High, without taking pains to rise.

OF A TREE CUT IN PAPER.

Fair hand! that can on virgin-paper write,
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white;
Whose travel o'er that silver field does show,
Like track of leverets in morning snow.
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot, or blemish, to the thought.
Strange, that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours, or of oil!
For, though a painter boughs and leaves can make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake;
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove,
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the forest dance; but you
Can make the motion, and the forest too.

TO A LADY,

FROM WHOM HE RECEIVED THE FOREGOING COPY, WHICH FOR MANY YEARS HAD BEEN LOST.

Nothing lies hid from radiant eyes;
All they subdue become their spies:
Secrets, as choicest jewels, are
Presented to oblige the fair:
No wonder then, that a lost thought
Should there be found, where souls are caught.

The picture of fair Venus (that
For which men say the Goddess sat)
Was lost, till Lely from your look
Again that glorious image took.

If Virtue's self were lost, we might
From your fair mind new copies write:
All things, but one, you can restore;
The heart you get returns no more.

OF THE LADY MARY,

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

As once the lion honey gave,
Out of the strong such sweetness came;
A royal hero, no less brave,
Produc'd this sweet, this lovely dame.

To her, the prince that did oppose
Such mighty armies in the field,
And Holland from prevailing foes
Could so well free, himself does yield.

Not Belgia's fleet, (his high command)
Which triumphs where the Sun does rise;
Nor all the force he leads by land,
Could guard him from her conquering eyes.

Orange, with youth, experience has;
In action young, in council old:
Orange is what Augustus was,
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree, which bears his name,
Blossoms and fruit at once are found:
In him we all admire the same,
His flow'ry youth with wisdom crown'd!

Empire and freedom reconcil'd
In Holland are, by great Nassau:
Like those he sprung from, just and mild,
To willing people he gives law.

Thrice-happy pair! so near ally'd,
In royal blood, and virtue too!
Now Love has you together ty'd,
May none this triple knot undo!

The church shall be the happy place
Where streams which from the same source run,
Though divers lands awhile they grace,
Unite again, and are made one.

A thousand thanks the nation owes
To him that does protect us all,
For, while he thus his niece bestows,
About our isle he builds a wall;

A wall! like that which Athens had,
By th' oracle's advice, of wood:
Had theirs been such as Charles has made,
That mighty state till now had stood.

TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE,

1677.

Welcome, great prince, unto this land,
Skill'd in the arts of war and peace;
Your birth does call you to command,
Your nature does incline to peace.

When Holland, by her foes oppress,
No longer could sustain their weight;
To a native prince they thought it best
To recommend their dying state.

Your very name did France expel;
Those conquer'd towns which lately cost
So little blood, unto you fell
With the same ease they once were lost.

'Twas not your force did them defeat;
They neither felt your sword nor fire;
But seemed willing to retreat,
And to your greatness did conspire.

Nor have you since ingrateful been,
When at Seneff you did expose,
And at Mount Cassal, your own men,
Whereby you might secure your foes.

Let Maestricht's siege enlarge your name,
And your retreat at Charleroy;
Warriors by flying may gain fame,
And, Parthian-like, their foes destroy.

Thus Fabius gain'd repute of old,
When Roman glory gasping lay;
In council slow, in action cold,
His country sav'd, running away.

What better method could you take?
When you by beauty's charms must move,
And must at once a progress make
I' th' stratagems of war and love.

He, that a princess' heart would gain,
Must learn submissively to yield;
The stubborn ne'er their ends obtain;
The vanquish'd masters are o' th' field.

Go on, brave prince, with like success,
Still to increase your hop'd renown;
Till to your conduct and address,
Not to your birth, you owe a crown.

Proud Alva with the power of Spain
Could not the noble Dutch enslave;
And wiser Parma strove in vain,
For to reduce a race so brave.

They now those very armies pay
By which they were forc'd to yield to you;
Their ancient birthright they betray,
By their own votes you them subdue.

Who can then liberty maintain
When by such arts it is withstood?
Freedom to princes is a chain,
To all that spring from royal blood.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

Poets may boast, as safely vain,
Their works shall with the world remain:
Both bound together, live or die,
The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line should long
Last, in a daily-changing tongue?
While they are new, envy prevails;
And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art:
Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets, that lasting marble seek,
Must carve in Latin or in Greek:
We write in sand, our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast,
The glory of his numbers lost!
Years have defac'd his matchless strain,
And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties, which adorn'd that age,
The shining subjects of his rage,
Hoping they should immortal prove,
Rewarded with success his love.

This was the gen'rous poet's scope;
And all an English pen can hope;
To make the fair approve his flame,
That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty, if it prove
But as long-liv'd as present love.

UPON THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON'S

TRANSLATION OF HORACE, DE ARTE POETICA: AND OF THE USE OF POETRY.

Rome was not better by her Horace taught,
Than we are here to comprehend his thought:
The poet writ to noble Piso there;
A noble Piso does instruct us here;
Gives us a pattern in his flowing style,
And with rich precepts does oblige our isle:
Britain! whose genius is in verse express'd,
Bold and sublime, but negligently dress'd.
Horace will our superfluous branches prune,
Give us new rules, and set our harp in tune;
Direct us how to back the winged horse,
Favour his flight, and moderate his force.
Though poets may of inspiration boast,
Their rage, ill govern'd, in the clouds is lost.
He, that proportion'd wonders can disclose,
At once his fancy and his judgment shows.
Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence;
Neglect of which no wit can recompense.
The fountain, which from Helicon proceeds,
That sacred stream! should never water weeds,
Nor make the crop of thorns and thistles grow,
Which envy or perverted nature sow.
Well-sounding verses are the charm we use,
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse:
Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold,
But they move more in lofty numbers told:
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn, that sound, as well as sense, persuades.
The Muses' friend, unto himself severe,
With silent pity looks on all that err:
But where a brave, a public action shines,
That he rewards with his immortal lines.
Whether it be in council or in fight,
His country's honour is his chief delight;
Praise of great acts he scatters as a seed,
Which may the like in coming ages breed.
Here taught the fate of verses, (always priz'd
With admiration, or as much despis'd)
Men will be less indulgent to their faults,
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts.
Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot,
Finding new words, that to the ravish'd ear
May like the language of the gods appear,
Such, as of old, wise bards employ'd, to make
Unpolish'd men their wild retreats forsake:
Law-giving heroes, fam'd for taming brutes,
And raising cities with their charming lutes:
For rudest minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the Muses taught.
So, wandering bees would perish in the air,
Did not a sound, proportion'd to their ear,
Appease their rage, invite them to the hive,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive:
To rob the flowers, and to forbear the spoil;
Preserv'd in winter by their summer's toil:
They give us food, which may with nectar vie,
And wax, that does the absent Sun supply.

AD COMITEM MONUMETENSEM

DE RENTIVOGLIO SUO.

Florisus Angligenis non hanc tibi necto corollam,
Cùm satis indigenis te probet ipse liber:
Per me Roma sciet tibi se debere, quòd Anglo
Romanus didicit cultiùs ore loqui.
Ultima quæ tellus Aquilas duce Cæsare vidit,
Candida Romulidum te duce scripta videt.
Consilio ut quondam Patriam nil juveris esto!
Sed studio cives ingenioque juvas.
Namque dolis liber hic instructus, & arte Batava,
A Belga nobis ut caveamus, ait.
Horremus per te civilis dira furoris
Vulnera; discordes Flandria quassa monet.
Hic discat miles pugnare, orare senator;
Qui regnant, leni sceptra tenere manu.
Macte, Comes! virtute novâ; vestri ordinis ingens
Ornamentum, ævi deliciæque tui!
Dum stertunt alii somno vinoque sepulti,
Nobilis antiquo stemmate digna facis.

TO MR. KILLEGREW,

UPON HIS ALTERING HIS PLAY, PANDORA, FROM A TRAGEDY INTO A COMEDY, BECAUSE NOT APPROVED ON THE STAGE.

Sir, you should rather teach our age the way
Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your play:
You had oblig'd us by employing wit,
Not to reform Pandora, but the pit,
For, as the nightingale, without the throng
Of other birds, alone attends her song,
While the loud daw, his throat displaying, draws
The whole assembly of his fellow daws:
So must the writer, whose productions should
Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar mould;
Whilst nobler fancies make a flight too high
For common view, and lessen as they fly.

ON THE

DUKE OF MONMOUTH'S EXPEDITION

INTO SCOTLAND, IN THE SUMMER SOLSTICE.

Swift as Jove's messenger, (the winged god[6])
With sword as potent as his charming rod,
He flew to execute the king's command,
And in a moment reach'd that northern land,
Where day, contending with approaching night,
Assists the hero with continued light.
On foes surpris'd, and by no night conceal'd,
He might have rush'd; but noble pity held
His hand a while, and to their choice gave space,
Which they would prove, his valour or his grace.
This not well heard, his cannon louder spoke,
And then, like lightning, through that cloud he broke.
His fame, his conduct, and that martial look,
The guilty Scots with such a terrour strook,
That to his courage they resign the field,
Who to his bounty had refus'd to yield.
Glad that so little loyal blood it cost,
He grieves so many Britons should be lost:
Taking more pains, when he beheld them yield,
To save the flyers, than to win the field:
And at the court his interest does employ
That none, who 'scap'd his fatal sword, should die.
And now, these rash bold men their errour find,
Not trusting one, beyond his promise kind:
One! whose great mind, so bountiful and brave,
Had learn'd the art to conquer and to save.
In vulgar breasts no royal virtues dwell;
Such deeds as these his high extraction tell,
And give a secret joy to him[7] that reigns,
To see his blood triumph in Monmouth's veins;
To see a leader, whom he got and chose,
Firm to his friends, and fatal to his foes.
But seeing envy, like the Sun, does beat
With scorching rays, on all that's high and great:
This, ill-requited Monmouth! is the bough
The Muses send, to shade thy conquering brow.
Lampoons, like squibs, may make a present blaze;
But time and thunder pay respect to bays.
Achilles' arms dazzle our present view,
Kept by the Muse as radiant, and as new,
As from the forge of Vulcan first they came;
Thousands of years are past, and they the same:
Such care she takes to pay desert with fame!
Than which, no monarch, for his crown's defence,
Knows how to give a nobler recompense.

TO A

FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR,

A PERSON OF HONOUR, WHO LATELY WRIT A RELIGIOUS BOOK, ENTITULED, HISTORICAL APPLICATIONS, AND OCCASIONAL MEDITATIONS UPON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

Bold is the man that dares engage
For piety, in such an age!
Who can presume to find a guard
From scorn, when Heaven's so little spar'd?
Divines are pardon'd; they defend
Altars on which their lives depend:
But the profane impatient are,
When nobler pens make this their care:
For why should these let in a beam
Of divine light to trouble them;
And call in doubt their pleasing thought,
That none believes what we are taught?
High birth and fortune warrant give
That such men write what they believe,
And, feeling first what they indite,
New credit give to ancient light.
Amongst these few, our author brings
His well-known pedigree from kings.
This book, the image of his mind,
Will make his name not hard to find:
I wish the throng of great and good
Made it less easily understood!

TO A

PERSON OF HONOUR,

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE, INCOMPREHENSIBLE POEM, ENTITLED THE BRITISH PRINCES.

Sir! you've oblig'd the British nation more,
Than all their bards could ever do before;
And, at your own charge, monuments, as hard
As brass or marble, to your fame have rear'd.

[6] Mercury.

[7] King Charles II.

For, as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how their brave ancestors could fight,
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
And no less virtuously improv'd your own;
That 'twill be doubtful, whether you do write,
Or they have acted, at a nobler height.
You, of your ancient princes, have retriev'd
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd;
Explain'd their customs and their rights anew,
Better than all their druids ever knew;
Unriddled those dark oracles as well
As those that made them could themselves foretell.
For, as the Britons long have hop'd in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again,
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
And in your poem plac'd him on his throne.
Such magic power has your prodigious pen,
To raise the dead, and give new life to men,
Make rival princes meet in arms and love,
Whom distant ages did so far remove.
For, as eternity has neither past
Nor future, authors say, nor first nor last,
But is all instant, your eternal Muse
All ages can to any one reduce.
Then why should you, whose miracles of art
Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better-busied head,
To observe what times they liv'd in, or were dead?
For, since you have such arbitrary power,
It were defect in judgment to go lower,
Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,
As use to take the vulgar latitude.
For no man's fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not some proportion with your wit:
As light can no way but by light appear,
He must bring sense, that understands it here.

TO MR. CREECH,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIUS.

What all men wish'd, though few could hope to [see,
We are now blest with, and oblig'd by thee.
Thou! from the ancient learned Latin store,
Giv'st us one author, and we hope for more.
May they enjoy thy thoughts!—Let not the stage
The idlest moment of thy hours engage.
Each year that place some wondrous monster breeds,
And the wits' garden is o'er-run with weeds.
There farce is comedy; bombast call'd strong;
Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.
'Tis hard to say they steal them now-a-days;
For sure the ancients never wrote such plays.
These scribbling insects have what they deserve,
Not plenty, nor the glory for to starve.
That Spenser knew, that Tasso felt before,
And Death found surly Ben exceeding poor.
Heaven turn the omen from their image here!
May he with joy the well-plac'd laurel wear!
Great Virgil's happier fortune may he find,
And be our Cæsar, like Augustus, kind!
But let not this disturb thy tuneful head;
Thou writ'st for thy delight, and not for bread:
Thou art not curst to write thy verse with care,
But art above what other poets fear.
What may we not expect from such a hand,
That has, with books, himself at free command?
Thou know'st in youth, what age has sought in vain,
And bring'st forth sons without a mother's pain.
So easy is thy sense, thy verse so sweet,
Thy words so proper, and thy phrase so fit,
We read, and read again, and still admire [fire!
Whence came this youth, and whence this wondrous
Pardon this rapture, sir! But who can be
Cold and unmov'd, yet have his thoughts on thee?
Thy goodness may my several faults forgive,
And by your help these wretched lines may live.
But if, when view'd by your severer sight,
They seem unworthy to behold the light,
Let them with speed in deserv'd flames be thrown!
They'll send no sighs, nor murmur out a groan,
But, dying silently, your justice own.

THE TRIPLE COMBAT.

When through the world fair Mazarine had run,
Bright as her fellow-traveller, the Sun,
Hither at length the Roman eagle flies,
As the last triumph of her conquering eyes.
As heir to Julius, she may pretend
A second time to make this island bend;
But Portsmouth, springing from the ancient race
Of Britons, which the Saxon here did chase,
As they great Cæsar did oppose, makes head,
And does against this new invader lead.
That goodly nymph, the taller of the two,
Careless and fearless to the field does go.
Becoming blushes on the other wait,
And her young look excuses want of height.
Beauty gives courage; for she knows the day
Must not be won the Amazonian way.
Legions of Cupids to the battle come,
For little Britain these, and those for Rome.
Dress'd to advantage, this illustrious pair
Arriv'd, for combat in the list appear.
What may the Fates design! for never yet
From distant regions two such beauties met.
Venus had been an equal friend to both,
And Vict'ry to declare herself seems loath;
Over the camp with doubtful wings she flies,
Till Chloris shining in the field she spies.
The lovely Chloris well-attended came,
A thousand graces waited on the dame:
Her matchless form made all the English glad,
And foreign beauties less assurance had.
Yet, like the three on Ida's top, they all
Pretend alike, contesting for the ball:
Which to determine, Love himself declin'd,
Lest the neglected should become less kind.
Such killing looks! so thick the arrows fly!
That 'tis unsafe to be a stander-by.
Poets, approaching to describe the fight,
Are by their wounds instructed how to write
They with less hazard might look on, and draw
The ruder combats in Alsatia;
And, with that foil of violence and rage,
Set off the splendour of our golden age:
Where Love gives law, Beauty the sceptre sways,
And, uncompell'd, the happy world obeys.

OF AN

ELEGY MADE BY MRS. WHARTON

ON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Thus mourn the Muses! on the hearse
Not strowing tears, but lasting verse;

Which so preserves the hero's name,
They make him live again in fame.
Chloris, in lines so like his own,
Gives him so just and high renown,
That she th' afflicted world relieves,
And shows, that still in her he lives:
Her wit as graceful, great, and good;
Ally'd in genius, as in blood.
His loss supply'd, now all our fears
Are, that the nymph should melt in tears,
Then, fairest Chloris! comfort take,
For his, your own, and for our sake;
Lest his fair soul, that lives in you,
Should from the world for ever go.

TO CHLORIS.

Chloris! what's eminent, we know,
Must for some cause be valued so:
Things without use, though they be good,
Are not by us so understood.
The early Rose, made to display
Her blushes to the youthful May,
Doth yield her sweets, since he is fair,
And courts her with a gentle air.
Our stars do show their excellence,
Not by their light, but influence:
When brighter comets, since still known,
Fatal to all, are lik'd by none.
So, your admired beauty still
Is, by effects, made good or ill.

UPON OUR LATE LOSS OF

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

The failing blossoms, which a young plant bears,
Engage our hope for the succeeding years:
And hope is all which Art or Nature brings,
At the first trial, to accomplish things.
Mankind was first created an essay;
That ruder draught the deluge wash'd away.
How many ages pass'd, what blood and toil,
Before we made one kingdom of this isle!
How long in vain had Nature striv'd to frame
A perfect princess, ere her highness came?
For joys so great we must with patience wait,
'Tis the set price of happiness complete.
As a first-fruit, Heaven claim'd that lovely boy:
The next shall live, and be the nation's joy.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER,

FOR THE DRAWING OF THE POSTURE AND PROGRESS OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES AT SEA, UNDER THE COMMAND OF HIS HIGHNESS-ROYAL: TOGETHER WITH THE BATTLE AND VICTORY OBTAINED OVER THE DUTCH, JUNE 3, 1665.

First draw the sea; that portion, which between
The greater world, and this of ours, is seen:
Here place the British, there the Holland fleet,
Vast floating armies! both prepar'd to meet.
Draw the whole world, expecting who should reign,
After this combat, o'er the conquer'd main.
Make Heaven concern'd, and an unusual star
Declare th' importance of th' approaching war,
Make the sea shine with gallantry, and all
The English youth flock to their admiral,
The valiant duke! whose early deeds abroad
Such rage in fight, and art in conduct show'd.
His bright sword now a dearer interest draws,
His brother's glory, and his country's cause.
Let thy bold pencil, hope and courage spread
Through the whole navy, by that hero led:
Make all appear, where such a prince is by,
Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die.
With his extraction, and his glorious mind,
Make the proud sails swell, more than with the wind:
Preventing cannon, make his louder fame
Check the Batavians, and their fury tame.
So hungry wolves, though greedy of their prey,
Stop, when they find a lion in their way.
Make him bestride the ocean, and mankind
Ask his consent to use the sea and wind:
While his tall ships in the barr'd channel stand,
He grasps the Indies in his armed hand.
Paint an east-wind, and make it blow away
Th' excuse of Holland for their navy's stay:
Make them look pale, and, the bold prince to shun,
Through the cold north, and rocky regions run,
To find the coast where morning first appears,
By the dark pole the wary Belgian steers;
Confessing now, he dreads the English more
Than all the dangers of a frozen shore;
While from our arms, security to find,
They fly so far, they leave the day behind.
Describe their fleet abandoning the sea,
And all their merchants left a wealthy prey;
Our first success in war make Bacchus crown,
And half the vintage of the year our own.
The Dutch their wine and all their brandy lose,
Disarm'd of that, from which their courage grows;
While the glad English, to relieve their toil,
In healths to their great leader drink the spoil.
His high commands to Afric's coast extend,
And make the Moors before the English bend;
Those barbarous pirates willingly receive
Conditions such as we are pleas'd to give.
Deserted by the Dutch, let nations know,
We can our own and their great business do;
False friends chastise, and common foes restrain,
Which, worse than tempests, did infest the main.
Within those straits, make Holland's Smyrna fleet
With a small squadron of the English meet;
Like falcons these, those like a numerous flock
Of fowl, which scatter to avoid the shock.
There paint confusion in a various shape,
Some sink, some yield, and, flying, some escape.
Europe and Africa, from either shore,
Spectators are, and hear our cannon roar;
While the divided world in this agree,
Men that fight so, deserve to rule the sea.
But, nearer home, thy pencil use once more,
And place our navy by the Holland shore;
The world they compass'd while they fought with Spain,
But here already they resign the main:
Those greedy mariners, out of whose way
Diffusive Nature could no region lay,
At home, preserv'd from rocks and tempests, lie,
Compell'd, like others, in their beds to die.
Their single towns th' Iberian armies prest;
We all their provinces at once invest,
And in a month ruin their traffic more,
Than that long war could in an age before.
But who can always on the billows lie?
The wat'ry wilderness yields no supply.

Spreading our sails, to Harwich we resort,
And meet the beauties of the British court.
Th' illustrious dutchess, and her glorious train,
(Like Thetis with her nymphs) adorn the main.
The gazing sea-gods, since the Paphian queen [6]
Sprung from among them, no such sight had seen.
Charm'd with the graces of a troop so fair,
Those deathless powers for us themselves declare,
Resolv'd the aid of Neptune's court to bring,
And help the nation where such beauties spring:
The soldier here his wasted store supplies,
And takes new valour from the ladies' eyes.
Meanwhile, like bees when stormy winter's gone,
The Dutch (as if the sea were all their own)
Desert their ports, and, falling in their way,
Our Hamburgh merchants are become their prey.
Thus flourish they, before th' approaching fight,
As dying tapers give a blazing light.
To check their pride, our fleet half victual'd goes,
Enough to serve us till we reach our foes;
Who now appear so numerous and bold,
The action worthy of our arms we hold.
A greater force than that which here we find
Ne'er press'd the ocean, nor employ'd the wind.
Restrain'd awhile by the unwelcome night,
Th' impatient English scarce attend the light.
But now the morning (heaven severely clear!)
To the fierce work indulgent does appear;
And Phœbus lifts above the waves his light,
That he might see, and thus record, the fight.
As when loud winds from different quarters rush,
Vast clouds encount'ring one another crush:
With swelling sails, so, from their sev'ral coasts,
Join the Batavian and the British hosts.
For a less prize, with less concern and rage,
The Roman fleets at Actium did engage:
They, for the empire of the world they knew,
These, for the old contend, and for the new.
At the first shock, with blood and powder stain'd,
Nor heaven nor sea their former face retain'd:
Fury and art produce effects so strange,
They trouble Nature, and her visage change.
Where burning ships the banish'd Sun supply,
And no light shines, but that by which men die,
There York appears; so prodigal is he
Of royal blood, as ancient as the sea!
Which down to him, so many ages told,
Has through the veins of mighty monarchs roll'd!
The great Achilles march'd not to the field,
Till Vulcan that impenetrable shield
And arms had wrought: yet there no bullets flew;
But shafts, and darts, which the weak Phrygians threw.
Our bolder hero on the deck does stand
Expos'd, the bulwark of his native land;
Defensive arms laid by as useless here,
Where massy balls the neighbouring rocks do tear.
Some pow'r unseen those princes does protect,
Who for their country thus themselves neglect.
Against him first Opdam his squadron leads,
Proud of his late success against the Swedes,
Made by that action, and his high command,
Worthy to perish by a prince's hand.
The tall Batavian in a vast ship rides,
Bearing an army in her hollow sides;
Yet, not inclin'd the English ship to board,
More on his guns relies, than on his sword;
From whence a fatal volley we receiv'd,
It miss'd the duke, but his great heart it griev'd:
Three worthy persons [7] from his side it tore,
And dy'd his garment with their scatter'd gore.
Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives,
More to be valued than a thousand lives!
On such a theatre as this to die,
For such a cause, and such a witness by!
Who would not thus a sacrifice be made,
To have his blood on such an altar laid?
The rest about him stood with horrour stood,
To see their leader cover'd o'er with blood.
So trembled Jacob, when he thought the stains
Of his son's coat had issued from his veins.
He feels no wound, but in his troubled thought;
Before for honour, now revenge, he fought:
His friends in pieces torn (the bitter news
Not brought by Fame) with his own eyes he views.
His mind at once reflecting on their youth,
Their worth, their love, their valour, and their truth,
The joys of court, their mothers, and their wives,
To follow him, abandon'd—and their lives!
He storms, and shoots: but flying bullets now,
To execute his rage, appear too slow:
They miss, or sweep but common souls away;
For such a loss, Opdam his life must pay.
Encouraging his men, he gives the word,
With fierce intent that hated ship to board,
And make the guilty Dutch, with his own arm,
Wait on his friends, while yet their blood is warm.
His winged vessel like an eagle shows,
When through the clouds to truss a swan she goes:
The Belgian ship unmov'd, like some huge rock
Inhabiting the sea, expects the shock.
From both the fleets men's eyes are bent this way,
Neglecting all the bus'ness of the day:
Bullets their flight, and guns their noise suspend;
The silent ocean does th' event attend,
Which leader shall the doubtful vict'ry bless,
And give an earnest of the war's success,
When Heaven itself, for England to declare,
Turns ship, and men, and tackle into air.
Their new commander from his charge is tost,
Which that young prince [8] had so unjustly lost,
Whose great progenitors, with better fate,
And better conduct, sway'd their infant state.
His flight tow'rds Heaven th' aspiring Belgian took;
But fell, like Phaëton, with thunder strook:
From vaster hopes than his, he seem'd to fall,
That durst attempt the British admiral:
From her broadsides a ruder flame is thrown,
Than from the fiery chariot of the Sun:
That bears the radiant ensign of the day,
And she, the flag that governs in the sea.
The duke (ill-pleas'd that fire should thus prevent
The work, which for his brighter sword he meant)
Anger still burning in his valiant breast,
Goes to complete revenge upon the rest.
So, on the guardless herd, their keeper slain,
Rushes a tiger in the Lybian plain.
The Dutch, accustom'd to the raging sea,
And in black storms the frowns of Heaven to see,
Never met tempest which more urg'd their fears,
Than that which in the prince's look appears.
Fierce, goodly, young! Mars he resembles, when
Jove sends him down to scourge perfidious men;
Such as with foul ingratitude have paid,
Both those that led, and those that gave them aid.

[6] Venus.

[7] Earl of Falmouth, lord Muskerry, and Mr. Boyle.

[8] Prince of Orange.

Where he gives on, disposing of their fates,
Terrour, and death, on his loud cannon waits,
With which he pleads his brother's cause so well,
He shakes the throne to which he does appeal.
The sea with spoils his angry bullets strow,
Widows and orphans making as they go:
Before his ship, fragments of vessels torn,
Flags, arms, and Belgian carcasses, are borne,
And his despairing foes, to flight inclin'd,
Spread all their canvass to invite the wind.
So the rude Boreas, where he lists to blow,
Makes clouds above, and billows fly below,
Beating the shore; and with a boisterous rage,
Does Heaven at once, and Earth, and sea, engage.
The Dutch, elsewhere, did through the wat'ry field
Perform enough to have made others yield;
But English courage, growing as they fight,
In danger, noise, and slaughter takes delight:
Their bloody task, unweary'd still, they ply,
Only restrain'd by death or victory.
Iron and lead, from Earth's dark entrails torn,
Like showers of hail, from either side are borne:
So high the rage of wretched mortals goes,
Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes!
Ingenious to their ruin, every age
Improves the arts and instruments of rage:
Death-hastening ills Nature enough has sent,
And yet men still a thousand more invent!
But Bacchus now, which led the Belgians on
So fierce at first, to favour us begun:
Brandy and wine (their wonted friends) at length
Render them useless, and betray their strength.
So corn in fields, and in the garden flow'rs,
Revive, and raise themselves, with moderate showers;
But, overcharg'd with never-ceasing rain,
Become too moist, and bend their heads again.
Their reeling ships on one another fall,
Without a foe, enough to ruin all.
Of this disorder, and the favouring wind,
The watchful English such advantage find,
Ships fraught with fire among the heap they throw,
And up the so-intangled Belgians blow.
The flame invades the powder-rooms; and then
Their guns shoot bullets, and their vessels men.
The scorch'd Batavians on the billows float;
Sent from their own, to pass in Charon's, boat.
And now our royal admiral success
(With all the marks of victory) does bless:
The burning ships, the taken, and the slain,
Proclaim his triumph o'er the conquer'd main.
Nearer to Holland as their hasty flight
Carries the noise and tumult of the fight,
His cannons' roar, forerunner of his fame,
Makes their Hague tremble, and their Amsterdam:
The British thunder does their houses rock,
And the duke seems at every door to knock.
His dreadful streamer (like a comet's hair,
Threatening destruction) hastens their despair;
Makes them deplore their scatter'd fleet as lost,
And fear our present landing on their coast.
The trembling Dutch th' approaching prince be-
As sheep a lion, leaping tow'rds their fold: [hold,
Those piles, which serve them to repel the main,
They think too weak his fury to restrain.
"What wonders may not English valour work,
Led by th' example of victorious York?
Or what defence against him can they make,
Who, at such distance, does their country shake?
His fatal hand their bulwarks will o'erthrow;
And let in both the ocean and the foe."
Thus cry the people;—and, their land to keep,
Allow our title to command the deep:
Blaming their States' ill conduct, to provoke
Those arms, which freed them from the Spanish yoke.
Painter! excuse me, if I have awhile
Forgot thy art, and us'd another style:
For, though you draw arm'd heroes as they sit,
The task in battle does the Muses fit:
They, in the dark confusion of a fight,
Discover all, instruct us how to write,
And light and honour to brave actions yield,
Hid in the smoke and tumult of the field.
Ages to come shall know that leader's toil,
And his great name, on whom the Muses smile:
Their dictates here let thy fam'd pencil trace,
And this relation with thy colours grace.
Then draw the parliament, the nobles met;
And our great monarch [9] high above them set:
Like young Augustus let his image be,
Triumphing for that victory at sea,
Where Egypt's queen [10], and eastern kings, o'er-
Made the possession of the world his own. [thrown,
Last draw the commons at his royal feet,
Pouring out treasure to supply his fleet:
They vow with lives and fortune to maintain
Their king's eternal title to the main:
And, with a present to the duke, approve
His valour, conduct, and his country's love.

TO THE KING [1].

Great sir! disdain not in this piece to stand
Supreme commander both of sea and land:
Those which inhabit the celestial bower
Painters express with emblems of their power;
His club Alcides, Phœbus has his bow,
Jove has his thunder, and your navy you.
But your great providence no colours here
Can represent, nor pencil draw that care,
Which keeps you waking to secure our peace,
The nation's glory, and our trade's increase:
You, for these ends, whole days in council sit;
And the diversions of your youth forget.
Small were the worth of valour and of force,
If your high wisdom govern'd not their course:
You as the soul, as the first mover, you
Vigour and life on every part bestow:
How to build ships, and dreadful ordnance cast,
Instruct the artists, and reward their haste.
So Jove himself, when Typhon Heaven does brave,
Descends to visit Vulcan's smoky cave,
Teaching the brawny Cyclops how to frame
His thunder, mix'd with terrour, wrath, and flame.
Had the old Greeks discover'd your abode,
Crete had not been the cradle of their god:
On that small island they had look'd with scorn;
And in Great Britain thought the thunderer born.

A PRESAGE OF THE

RUIN OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE:

PRESENTED TO HIS MAJESTY KING JAMES II. ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

Since James the Second grac'd the British throne,
Truce, well-observ'd, has been infring'd by none:

[9] King Charles II. [10] Cleopatra.
[1] King Charles II.

Christians to him their present union owe,
And late success against the common foe:
While neighb'ring princes, loath to urge their fate,
Court his assistance, and suspend their hate.
So angry bulls the combat do forbear,
When from the wood a lion does appear.
This happy day peace to our island sent,
As now he gives it to the continent.
A prince more fit for such a glorious task,
Than England's king, from Heaven we cannot ask:
He (great and good!) proportion'd to the work,
Their ill-drawn swords shall turn against the Turk.
Such kings, like stars with influence unconfin'd,
Shine with aspect propitious to mankind,
Favour the innocent, repress the bold,
And, while they flourish, make an Age of Gold.
Bred in the camp, fam'd for his valour young;
At sea successful, vigorous, and strong;
His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind,
Esteem and reverence through the world do find.
A prince, with such advantages as these,
Where he persuades not, may command a peace.
Britain declaring for the juster side,
The most ambitious will forget their pride:
They that complain will their endeavours cease,
Advis'd by him, inclin'd to present peace,
Join to the Turk's destruction, and then bring
All their pretences to so just a king.
If the successful troublers of mankind,
With laurel crown'd, so great applause do find;
Shall the vex'd world less honour yield to those
That stop their progress, and their rage oppose?
Next to that power which does the ocean awe,
Is, to set bounds, and give ambition law.
The British monarch shall the glory have,
That famous Greece remains no longer slave:
That source of art, and cultivated thought!
Which they to Rome, and Romans hither, brought.
The banish'd Muses shall no longer mourn;
But may with liberty to Greece return:
Though slaves (like birds that sing not in a cage)
They lost their genius and poetic rage;
Homers again, and Pindars, may be found;
And his great actions with their numbers crown'd.
The Turk's vast empire does united stand:
Christians, divided under the command
Of jarring princes, would be soon undone,
Did not this hero make their interest one:
Peace to embrace, ruin the common foe,
Exalt the cross, and lay the crescent low.
Thus may the gospel to the rising Sun
Be spread, and flourish where it first begun:
And this great day (so justly honour'd here!)
Known to the East, and celebrated there!)

Hæc ego longævus cecini tibi, maxime regum!
Ausus et ipse manu juvenum tentare laborem.
Virg.

TO THE DUTCHESS,

WHEN HE PRESENTED THIS BOOK TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

Madam! I here present you with the rage,
And with the beauties of a former age,
Wishing you may with as great pleasure view
This, as we take in gazing upon you.
Thus we writ then: your brighter eyes inspire
A nobler flame, and raise our genius high'r.
While we your wit and early knowledge fear,
To our productions we become severe:
Your matchless beauty gives our fancy wing;
Your judgment makes us careful how we sing.
Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haste,
Polish'd like marble, shall like marble last,
And make you through as many ages shine,
As Tasso has the heroes of your line.
Though other names our wary writers use,
You are the subject of the British Muse:
Dilating mischief to yourself unknown,
Men write, and die of wounds they dare not own.
So the bright sun burns all our grass away,
While it means nothing but to give us day.

THESE VERSES WERE WRIT IN THE TASSO OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

Tasso knew how the fairer sex to grace;
But in no one durst all perfection place:
In her alone that owns this book, is seen
Clorinda's spirit, and her lofty mien,
Sophronia's piety, Erminia's truth,
Armida's charms, her beauty, and her youth.
Our princess here, as in a glass, does dress
Her well-taught mind, and every grace express.
More to our wonder than Rinaldo fought,
The hero's race excels the poet's thought.

ON

MRS. HIGGONS.

Ingenious Higgons never sought
To hide the candour of her thought;
And now her clothes are lost, we find
The nymph as naked as her mind:
Like Eve while yet she was untaught
To hide herself or know a fault.
For a snatch'd ribbon she would frown,
But cares too little for her gown;
It makes her laugh, and all her grief
Is lest it should undo the thief.
Already she begins to stretch
Her wit, to save the guilty wretch,
And says, she was of goods bereft
By her own bounty, not by theft.
She thought not fit to keep her clothes
Till they were eaten up with moths,
But made a nobler use of store,
To cloth the naked and the poor.
Should all that do approve the fair
Her loss contribute to repair,
Of London she would have the fate,
And rise (undone) in greater state,
In points, and hoods, and Indian gown,
As glorious as the new-built town.

OF

DIVINE LOVE.

A POEM IN SIX CANTOS.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant;
Sic nos Scripturæ depascimur aurea dicta;
Aurea! perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ!.....
Nam Divinus Amor cùm cæpit vociferari,
Diffugiunt animi terrores.....

Lucret. Lib. iii.

Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non fama, petita est,
Mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis: .....
Namque ubi mota calent sacrâ mea pectora Musâ,
Altior humano spiritus ille malo est.

Ovid. de Trist. Lib. iv. El. 1.

THE ARGUMENTS.

I. Asserting the authority of the Scripture, in which this love is revealed.

II. The preference and love of God to man in the creation.

III. The same love more amply declared in our redemption.

IV. How necessary this love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in itself.

V. Showing how happy the world would be, if this love were universally embraced.

VI. Of preserving this love in our memory; and how useful the contemplation thereof is.

CANTO I.

The Grecian Muse has all their gods surviv'd,
Nor Jove at us, nor Phœbus, is arriv'd:
Frail deities! which first the poets made,
And then invok'd, to give their fancies aid.
Yet, if they still divert us with their rage,
What may be hop'd for in a better age,
When, not from Helicon's imagin'd spring,
But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we sing?
This with the fabric of the world begun,
Elder than light, and shall out-last the sun.
Before this oracle, like Dagon, all
The false pretenders, Delphos, Ammon, fall:
Long since despis'd and silent, they afford
Honour and triumph to th' Eternal Word.
As late philosophy our globe has grac'd,
And rolling Earth among the planets plac'd,
So has this book entitled us to Heaven,
And rules, to guide us to that mansion, given:
Tells the conditions how our peace was made,
And is our pledge for the great author's aid.
His power in Nature's ample book we find;
But the less volume does express his mind.
This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught,
That his blest gods vouchsafe us not a thought,
But unconcern'd let all below them slide,
As fortune does, or human wisdom, guide.
Religion thus remov'd, the sacred yoke,
And band of all society, is broke.
What use of oaths, of promise, or of test,
Where men regard no god but interest?
What endless war would jealous nations tear,
If none above did witness what they swear!
Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet just,
Among themselves to find so little trust!
Were Scripture silent, Nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falsehood and our shame.
To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,
Is the first step tow'rds being good or wise;
For though with judgment we on things reflect,
Our will determines, not our intellect:
Slaves to their passion, reason men employ
Only to compass what they would enjoy.
His fear, to guard us from ourselves, we need;
And Sacred Writ our reason does exceed.
For though Heaven shows the glory of the Lord,
Yet something shines more glorious in his word:
His mercy this (which all his work excels!)
His tender kindness and compassion tells:
While we, inform'd by that celestial book,
Into the bowels of our maker look.
Love there reveal'd (which never shall have end,
Nor had beginning) shall our song commend;
Describe itself, and warm us with that flame,
Which first from Heaven, to make us happy, came.

CANTO II.

The fear of Hell, or aiming to be blest,
Savours too much of private interest.
This mov'd not Moses, nor the zealous Paul,
Who for their friends abandon'd soul and all:
A greater yet from Heaven to Hell descends,
To save, and make his enemies his friends.
What line of praise can fathom such a love,
Which reach'd the lowest bottom from above?
The royal prophet[2], that extended grace
From Heaven to Earth, measur'd but half that space.
The Law was regnant, and confin'd his thought;
Hell was not conquer'd when that poet wrote:
Heaven was scarce heard of, until He came down
To make the region where love triumphs known.
That early love of creatures yet unmade,
To frame the world th' Almighty did persuade;
For love it was that first created light,
Mov'd on the waters, chas'd away the night
From the rude chaos, and bestow'd new grace
On things dispos'd of to their proper place;
Some to rest here, and some to shine above:
Earth, sea, and Heaven, were all th' effects of love.
And love would be return'd. But there was none
That to themselves or others yet were known:
The world a palace was, without a guest,
Till one appears, that must excel the rest:
One! like the author, whose capacious mind
Might, by the glorious work, the maker find;
Might measure Heaven, and give each star a name;
With art and courage the rough ocean tame;
Over the globe with swelling sails might go,
And that 'tis round by his experience know;
Make strongest beasts obedient to his will,
And serve his use the fertile earth to till.
When, by his word, God had accomplish'd all,
Man to create he did a council call:
Employ'd his hand, to give the dust he took
A graceful figure and majestic look:
With his own breath, convey'd into his breast
Life, and a soul fit to command the rest.
Worthy alone to celebrate his name
For such a gift, and tell from whence it came.
Birds sing his praises in a wilder note;
But not with lasting numbers, and with thought,

[2] David.

Man's great prerogative! But above all
His grace abounds in his new fav'rite's fall.
If he create, it is a world he makes;
If he be angry, the creation shakes:
From his just wrath our guilty parents fled;
He curst the Earth, but bruis'd the serpent's head.
Amidst the storm, his bounty did exceed,
In the rich promise of the Virgin's seed:
Though justice death, as satisfaction, craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

CANTO III.

Nor willing terrour should his image move,
He gives a pattern of eternal love;
His Son descends, to treat a peace with those
Which were, and must have ever been, his foes.
Poor he became, and left his glorious seat,
To make us humble, and to make us great:
His business here was happiness to give
To those, whose malice could not let him live.
Legions of angels, which he might have us'd,
(For us resolv'd to perish) he refus'd:
While they stood ready to prevent his loss,
Love took him up, and nail'd him to the cross.
Immortal love! which in his bowels reign'd,
That we might be by such great love constrain'd
To make return of love: upon this pole
Our duty does, and our religion, roll.
To love is to believe, to hope, to know;
'Tis an essay, a taste of Heaven below!
He to proud potentates would not be known;
Of those that lov'd him, he was hid from none.
Till love appear, we live in anxious doubt;
But smoke will vanish when that flame breaks out;
This is the fire that would consume our dross,
Refine, and make us richer by the loss.
Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree, as angels do above.
Where love presides, not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues stay behind:
Both faith and hope, and all the meaner train
Of moral virtues, at the door remain.
Love only enters as a native there;
For, born in Heaven, it does but sojourn here.
He that alone would wise and mighty be,
Commands that others love as well as he.
Love as he lov'd!—How can we soar so high?—
He can add wings, when he commands to fly.
Nor should we be with this command dismay'd;
He that examples gives, will give his aid:
For he took flesh, that, where his precepts fail,
His practice, as a pattern, may prevail.
His love at once, and dread instruct our thought;
As man he suffer'd, and as God he taught.
Will for the deed he takes: we may with ease
Obedient be, for if we love, we please.
Weak though we are, to love is no hard task,
And love for love is all that Heaven does ask.
Love! that would all men just and temp'rate make,
Kind to themselves and others for his sake.
'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground,
Wanting this love, they must with weeds abound,
(Unruly passions) whose effects are worse
Than thorns and thistles, springing from the curse.

CANTO IV.

To glory man, or misery, is born,
Of his proud foe the envy or the scorn:
Wretched he is, or happy, in extreme;
Base in himself, but great in Heaven's esteem:
With love, of all created things the best;
Without it, more pernicious than the rest.
For greedy wolves unguarded sheep devour
But while their hunger lasts, and then give o'er:
Man's boundless avarice his want exceeds,
And on his neighbours round about him feeds.
His pride and vain ambition are so vast,
That, deluge-like, they lay whole nations waste:
Debauches and excess (though with less noise)
As great a portion of mankind destroys.
The beasts and monsters Hercules opprest
Might, in that age, some provinces infest:
These more destructive monsters are the bane
Of ev'ry age, and in all nations reign,
But soon would vanish, if the world were bless'd
With sacred love, by which they are repress'd.
Impendent death, and guilt that threatens Hell,
Are dreadful guests, which here with mortals dwell;
And a vex'd conscience, mingling with their joy
Thoughts of despair, does their whole life annoy:
But, love appearing, all those terrours fly;
We live contented, and contented die.
They, in whose breast this sacred love has place,
Death, as a passage to their joy, embrace.
Clouds and thick vapours, which obscure the day,
The Sun's victorious beams may chase away;
Those which our life corrupt and darken, Love
(The nobler star!) must from the soul remove.
Spots are observ'd in that which bounds the year;
This brighter Sun moves in a boundless sphere:
Of Heaven the joy, the glory, and the light;
Shines among angels, and admits no night.

CANTO V.

This Iron Age (so fraudulent and bold!)
Touch'd with this love, would be an Age of Gold:
Not, as they feign'd, that oaks should honey drop,
Or land neglected bear an unsown crop:
Love would make all things easy, safe, and cheap;
None for himself would either sow or reap:
Our ready help and mutual love would yield
A nobler harvest than the richest field.
Famine and death, confin'd to certain parts,
Extended are by barrenness of hearts.
Some pine for want, where others surfeit now;
But then we should the use of plenty know.
Love would betwixt the rich and needy stand,
And spread Heaven's bounty with an equal hand;
At once the givers and receivers bless,
Increase their joy, and make their suff'ring less.
Who for himself no miracle would make,
Dispens'd with sev'ral for the people's sake:
He that, long-fasting, would no wonder show,
Made loaves and fishes, as they ate them, grow.
Of all his pow'r, which boundless was above,
Here he us'd none, but to express his love:
And such a love would make our joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other mouths, we feed.
Laws would be useless, which rude nature awe;
Love, changing nature, would prevent the law:
Tigers and lions into dens we thrust,
But milder creatures with their freedom trust.
Devils are chain'd and tremble; but the Spouse
No force but love, nor bond but bounty, knows.
Men (whom we now so fierce and dangerous see)
Would guardian-angels to each other be:
Such wonders can this mighty love perform,
Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform!
Love what Isaiah prophesy'd can do,
Exalt the vallies, lay the mountains low,

Humble the lofty, the rejected raise, [ways.
Smooth and make straight our rough and crooked
Love, strong as death, and like it, levels all;
With that possess'd, the great in title fall,
Themselves esteem but equal to the least,
Whom Heaven with that high character has blest.
This love, the centre of our union, can
Alone bestow complete repose on man,
Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace,
And foreign strife among the nations cease.
No martial trumpet should disturb our rest,
Nor princes arm, though to subdue the East,
Where for the tomb so many heroes (taught
By those that guided their devotion) fought.
Thrice happy we, could we like ardour have
To gain his love, as they to win his grave!
Love as he lov'd! A love so unconfin'd,
With arms extended, would embrace mankind.
Self-love would cease, or be dilated, when
We should behold as many selfs as men,
All of one family, in blood ally'd,
His precious blood, that for our ransom dy'd!

CANTO VI.

Though the creation (so divinely taught!)
Prints such a lively image on our thought,
That the first spark of new-created light,
From chaos strook, affects our present sight,
Yet the first Christians did esteem more blest
The day of rising, than the day of rest,
That ev'ry week might new occasion give,
To make his triumph in their mem'ry live.
Then let our Muse compose a sacred charm,
To keep his blood among us ever warm,
And singing, as the blessed do above,
With our last breath dilate this flame of love.
But, on so vast a subject, who can find
Words that may reach th' ideas of his mind?
Our language fails: or, if it could supply,
What mortal thought can raise itself so high?
Despairing here, we might abandon art,
And only hope to have it in our heart.
But though we find this sacred task too hard,
Yet the design, th' endeavour, brings reward:
The contemplation does suspend our woe,
And make a truce with all the ills we know.
As Saul's afflicted spirit, from the sound
Of David's harp, a present solace found:
So on this theme while we our Muse engage,
No wounds are felt, of fortune or of age.
On divine love to meditate is peace,
And makes all care of meaner things to cease.
Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find
A boundless power so infinitely kind;
The soul contending to that light to fly
From her dark cell, we practise how to die:
Employing thus the poet's winged art,
To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.
Joy so complete, so solid, and severe,
Would leave no place for meaner pleasures there:
Pale they would look, as stars that must be gone,
When from the east the rising Sun comes on.

ELEGY BY MR. TALBOT,

OCCASIONED BY READING AND TRANSCRIBING MR. WALLER'S POEM OF DIVINE LOVE AFTER HIS DEATH.

Such were the last, the sweetest, notes that hung
Upon our dying swan's melodious tongue;
Notes, whose strong charms the dullest ear might move,
And melt the hardest heart in flames of love;
Notes, whose seraphic raptures speak a mind
From human thoughts and earthly dross refin'd;
So just their harmony, so high their flight,
With joy I read them, and with wonder write.
Sure, happy saint, this noble song was given
To fit thee for th' approaching joys of Heaven:
Love, wondrous love, whose conquest was thy theme,
Has taught thy soul the airy way to climb:
Love snatch'd thee, like Elijah, to the sky,
In flames that not consume, but purify:
There, with thy fellow-angels mix'd, and free
From the dull load of dim mortality,
Thou feel'st new joys, and feed'st thy ravish'd sight,
With unexhausted beams of love and light:
And sure, bless'd spirit, to complete thy bliss,
In Heaven thou sing'st this song, or one like this.

OF THE FEAR OF GOD.

IN TWO CANTOS.

CANTO I.

The fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace,
And makes all ills that vex us here to cease:
Though the word fear some men may ill endure,
'Tis such a fear as only makes secure.
Ask of no angel to reveal thy fate;
Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy state.
He that invites will not th' invited mock,
Op'ning to all that do in earnest knock.
Our hopes are all well-grounded on this fear;
All our assurance rolls upon that sphere.
This fear, that drives all other fears away,
Shall be my song, the morning of our day!
Where that fear is, there's nothing to be fear'd;
It brings from Heaven an angel for a guard:
Tranquillity and peace this fear does give;
Hell gapes for those that do without it live.
It is a beam, which he on man lets fall,
Of light, by which he made and governs all.
'Tis God alone should not offended be;
But we please others, as more great than he.
For a good cause, the sufferings of man
May well be borne: 'tis more than angels can.
Man, since his fall, in no mean station rests,
Above the angels, or below the beasts.
He with true joy their hearts does only fill,
That thirst and hunger to perform his will.
Others, though rich, shall in this world be vext,
And sadly live, in terrour of the next. [sue,
The world's[3] great conqu'ror would his point pur-
And wept because he could not find a new:
Which had he done, yet still he would have cry'd,
To make him work, until a third he spy'd.
Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe
To Heaven itself, unless it make them grow.
Though richly fed, man's care does still exceed:
Has but one mouth, yet would a thousand feed.
In wealth and honour, by such men possest,
If it increase not, there is found no rest.
All their delight is while their wish comes in;
Sad when it stops, as there had nothing been.
'Tis strange men should neglect their present store,
And take no joy, but in pursuing more;

[3] Alexander.

No! though arriv'd at all the world can aim,
This is the mark and glory of our frame.
A soul, capacious of the Deity,
Nothing, but he that made, can satisfy.
A thousand worlds, if we with him compare,
Less than so many drops of water are.
Men take no pleasure but in new designs,
And what they hope for, what they have outshines.
Our sheep and oxen seem no more to crave,
With full content feeding on what they have
Vex not themselves for an increase of store,
But think tomorrow we shall give them more.
What we from day to day receive from Heaven,
They do from us expect it should be given.
We made them not, yet they on us rely,
More than vain men upon the Deity:
More beasts than they! that will not understand,
That we are fed from his immediate hand.
Man, that in him has being, moves and lives,
What can he have or use but what he gives?
So that no bread can nourishment afford,
Or useful be, without his sacred word.

CANTO II.

Earth praises conquerors for shedding blood,
Heaven, those that love their foes, and do them [good.
It is terrestrial honour to be crown'd
For strowing men, like rushes, on the ground.
True glory 'tis to rise above them all,
Without th' advantage taken by their fall.
He, that in fight diminishes mankind,
Does no addition to his stature find:
But he, that does a noble nature show,
Obliging others, still does higher grow.
For virtue practis'd such an habit gives,
That among men he like an angel lives.
Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell,
Lov'd and admir'd by those he does excel.
Fools anger show, which politicians hide:
Blest with this fear, men let it not abide.
The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
Refers revenge to whom it doth belong,
Nor sees he reason why he should engage,
Or vex his spirit, for another's rage.
Plac'd on a rock, vain men he pities, tost
On raging waves, and in the tempest lost.
The rolling planets and the glorious Sun
Still keep that order which they first begun:
They their first lesson constantly repeat,
Which their Creator, as a law, did set.
Above, below, exactly all obey:
But wretched men have found another way;
Knowledge of good and evil, as at first,
(That vain persuasion!) keeps them still accurst!
The sacred word refusing as a guide,
Slaves they become to luxury and pride.
As clocks, remaining in the skilful hand
Of some great master, at the figure stand,
But when abroad, neglected they do go,
At random strike, and the false hour do show:
So from our Maker wandering, we stray,
Like birds that know not to their nests the way.
In him we dwelt before our exile here,
And may, returning, find contentment there;
True joy may find, perfection of delight,
Behold his face, and shun eternal night.
Silence, my Muse! make not these jewels cheap,
Exposing to the world too large an heap.
Of all we read, the Sacred Writ is best;
Where great truths are in fewest words exprest.
Wrestling with death, these lines I did indite;
No other theme could give my soul delight.
O that my youth had thus employ'd my pen!
Or that I now could write as well as then!
But 'tis of grace, if sickness, age, and pain,
Are felt as throes, when we are born again:
Timely they come to wean us from this Earth,
As pangs that wait upon a second birth.

OF DIVINE POESY.

IN TWO CANTOS.

OCCASIONED UPON SIGHT OF THE 53D CHAPTER OF ISAIAH, TURNED INTO VERSE BY MRS. WHARTON.

CANTO I.

Poets we prize, when in their verse we find
Some great employment of a worthy mind.
Angels have been inquisitive to know
The secret, which this oracle does show.
What was to come, Isaiah did declare,
Which she describes, as if she had been there;
Had seen the wounds, which to the reader's view
She draws so lively, that they bleed anew.
As ivy thrives, which on the oak takes hold,
So, with the prophet's, may her lines grow old!
If they should die, who can the world forgive,
(Such pious lines!) when wanton Sappho's live?
Who with his breath his image did inspire,
Expects it should foment a nobler fire:
Not love which brutes, as well as men may know;
But love like his, to whom that breath we owe.
Verse so design'd, on that high subject wrote,
Is the perfection of an ardent thought,
The smoke which we from burning incense raise,
When we complete the sacrifice of praise.
In boundless verse the fancy soars too high
For any object, but the Deity.
What mortal can with Heaven pretend to share
In the superlatives of wise and fair!
A meaner subject when with these we grace,
A giant's habit on a dwarf we place.
Sacred should be the product of our Muse,
Like that sweet oil, above all private use,
On pain of death forbidden to be made,
But when it should be on the altar laid.
Verse shows a rich inestimable vein,
When, dropp'd from Heaven, 'tis thither sent again.
Of bounty 'tis, that he admits our praise,
Which does not him, but us that yield it, raise:
For, as that angel up to Heaven did rise,
Borne on the flame of Manoah's sacrifice:
So, wing'd with praise, we penetrate the sky,
Teach clouds, and stars, to praise him as we fly;
The whole creation (by our fall made groan!)
His praise to echo, and suspend their moan.
For that he reigns, all creatures should rejoice,
And we with songs supply their want of voice.
The church triumphant, and the church below,
In songs of praise their present union show:
Their joys are full; our expectation long;
In life we differ, but we join in song:
Angels and we, assisted by this art,
May sing together, though we dwell apart.
Thus we reach Heaven, while vainer poems must
No higher rise, than winds may lift the dust.
From that they spring; this, from his breath that [gave
To the first dust th' immortal soul we have.

His praise well sung (our great endeavour here)
Shakes off the dust, and makes that breath appear.

CANTO II.

He[4], that did first this way of writing grace,
Convers'd with the Almighty face to face:
Wonders he did in sacred verse unfold,
When he had more than eighty winters told:
The writer feels no dire effect of age,
Nor verse, that flows from so divine a rage.
Eldest of poets, he beheld the light,
When first it triumph'd o'er eternal night:
Chaos he saw, and could distinctly tell
How that confusion into order fell:
As if consulted with, he has exprest
The work of the Creator, and his rest:
How the flood drown'd the first offending race,
Which might the figure of our globe deface.
For new-made earth, so even and so fair,
Less equal now, uncertain makes the air:
Surpris'd with heat and unexpected cold,
Early distempers make our youth look old:
Our days so evil, and so few, may tell
That on the ruins of that world we dwell.
Strong as the oaks that nourish'd them, and high,
That long-liv'd race did on their force rely,
Neglecting Heaven: but we, of shorter date!
Should be more mindful of impending fate.
To worms, that crawl upon this rubbish here,
This span of life may yet too long appear:
Enough to humble, and to make us great,
If it prepare us for a nobler seat.
Which well observing, he, in numerous lines,
Taught wretched man how fast his life declines:
In whom he dwelt, before the world was made,
And may again retire, when that shall fade.
The lasting Iliads have not liv'd so long,
As his and Deborah's triumphant song.
Delphos unknown, no Muse could them inspire,
But that which governs the celestial choir.
Heaven to the pious did this art reveal,
And from their store succeeding poets steal.
Homer's Scamander for the Trojans fought,
And swell'd so high, by her old Kishon taught:
His river scarce could fierce Achilles stay;
Her's, more successful, swept her foes away.
The host of Heaven, his Phœbus and his Mars,
He arms; instructed by her fighting stars,
She led them all against the common foe:
But he (misled by what he saw below!)
The powers above, like wretched men, divides,
And breaks their union into different sides.
The noblest parts which in his heroes shine
May be but copies of that heroine.
Homer himself and Agamemnon, she
The writer could, and the commander, be.
Truth she relates, in a sublimer strain
Than all the tales the boldest Greeks could feign:
For what she sung, that Spirit did indite,
Which gave her courage and success in fight.
A double garland crowns the matchless dame;
From Heaven her poem and her conquest came.
Though of the Jews she merit most esteem,
Yet here the Christian has the greater theme:
Her martial song describes how Sis'ra fell:
This sings our triumph over Death and Hell.
The rising light employ'd the sacred breath
Of the blest Virgin and Elizabeth.

[4] Moses.

In songs of joy the angels sung his birth:
Here, how he treated was upon the Earth,
Trembling we read! th' affliction and the scorn,
Which, for our guilt, so patiently was borne!
Conception, birth, and suffering, all belong
(Though various parts) to one celestial song:
And she, well using so divine an art,
Has, in this concert, sung the tragic part.
As Hannah's seed was vow'd to sacred use,
So here this lady consecrates her Muse;
With like reward may Heaven her bed adorn,
With fruit as fair, as by her Muse is born!

ON THE

PARAPHRASE ON THE LORD'S PRAYER,

WRITTEN BY MRS. WHARTON.

Silence, ye winds! listen ethereal lights!
While our Urania sings what Heaven indites:
The numbers are the nymph's; but from above
Descends the pledge of that eternal love.
Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,
But are instructed to approach his throne:
And how can he to miserable men
Deny requests, which his own hand did pen?
In the Evangelists we find the prose,
Which, paraphras'd by her, a poem grows;
A devout rapture! so divine a hymn,
It may become the highest seraphim!
For they, like her, in that celestial choir,
Sing only what the Spirit does inspire.
Taught by our Lord, and theirs, with us they may
For all, but pardon for offences, pray.

SOME REFLECTIONS OF HIS UPON THE SEVERAL PETITIONS IN THE SAME PRAYER.

I. His sacred name, with reverence profound,
Should mention'd be, and trembling at the sound!
It was Jehovah; 'tis our Father now;
So low to us does Heaven vouchsafe to bow[5]!
He brought it down, that taught us how to pray,
And did so dearly for our ransom pay.
II. *His kingdom come.* For this we pray in vain,
Unless he does in our affections reign:
Absurd it were to wish for such a King,
And not obedience to his sceptre bring,
Whose yoke is easy, and his burthen light,
His service freedom, and his judgments right.
III. *His will be done.* In fact 'tis always done;
But, as in Heaven, it must be made our own.
His will should all our inclinations sway,
Whom Nature and the universe obey.
Happy the man! whose wishes are confin'd
To what has been eternally design'd;
Referring all to his paternal care,
To whom more dear, than to ourselves, we are.
IV. It is not what our avarice hoards up;
'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup;
Like new-born babes, depending on the breast,
From day to day, we on his bounty feast.
Nor should the soul expect above a day,
To dwell in her frail tenement of clay:
The setting Sun should seem to bound our race,
And the new day a gift of special grace.
V. *That he should all our trespasses forgive,*
While we in hatred with our neighbours live;

[5] Psalm xviii. 9.

Though so to pray may seem an easy task,
We curse ourselves when thus inclin'd we ask.
This prayer to use, we ought with equal care
Our souls, as to the sacrament, prepare.
The noblest worship of the Power above,
Is to extol, and imitate, his love:
Not to forgive our enemies alone,
But use our bounty that they may be won.
VI. *Guard us from all temptations of the foe:*
And those we may in several stations know:
The rich and poor in slippery places stand:
Give us enough! but with a sparing hand!
Not ill-persuading want; nor wanting wealth;
But what proportion'd is to life and health.
For not the dead, but living, sing thy praise;
Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raise.

Favete linguis!.....
Virginibus puerisque canto. Horat.

ON THE

FOREGOING DIVINE POEMS[6].

When we for age could neither read nor write,
The subject made us able to indite:
The soul, with nobler resolutions deck'd,
The body stooping, does herself erect:
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her, that unbody'd can her Maker praise.
The seas are quiet, when the winds give o'er:
So, calm are we, when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness, which age descries.
The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light, through chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

..... Miratur limen Olympi. Virg.

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, AND FRAGMENTS.

EPIGRAM[7].

Sedibus emigrans solitis, comitatus inermi
Rex turbâ, simplex et diadema gerens,
Ecce redit bino Carolus diademate cinctus;
Hæc ubi nuda dedit pompa; quid arma dabunt?
Ed. Waller, Armiger, Coll. Regal.

UNDER A LADY'S PICTURE.

Such Helen was! and who can blame the boy[8]
That in so bright a flame consum'd his Troy?

But, had like virtue shin'd in that fair Greek,
The amorous shepherd had not dar'd to seek,
Or hope for pity, but, with silent moan,
And better fate, had perished alone.

OF A LADY WHO WRIT IN PRAISE OF MIRA.

While she pretends to make the graces known
Of matchless Mira, she reveals her own;
And, when she would another's praise indite,
Is by her glass instructed how to write.

TO ONE MARRIED TO AN OLD MAN.

Since thou wouldst needs (bewitch'd with some ill charms!)
Be bury'd in those monumental arms:
All we can wish, is—May that earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs! and so good night!

AN EPIGRAM ON A PAINTED LADY WITH ILL TEETH.

Were men so dull they could not see
That Lycé painted; should they flee,
Like simple birds, into a net,
So grossly woven, and ill set;
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that she had got.
Those teeth fair Lycé must not show,
If she would bite: her lovers, though
Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
Are disabus'd when first she gapes;
The rotten bones discover'd there
Show 'tis a painted sepulchre.

EPIGRAM UPON THE GOLDEN MEDAL.

Our guard upon the royal side!
On the reverse, our beauty's pride!
Here we discern the frown and smile;
The force and glory of our isle.
In the rich medal, both so like
Immortals stand, it seems antique;
Carv'd by some master, when the bold
Greeks made their Jove descend in gold;
And Danaë wondering at that shower,
Which, falling, storm'd her brazen tower.
Britannia there, the fort in vain
Had batter'd been with golden rain;
Thunder itself had fail'd to pass:
Virtue's a stronger guard than brass.

WRITTEN ON A CARD THAT HER MAJESTY[9] TORE AT OMBRE.

The cards you tear in value rise,
So do the wounded by your eyes.
Who to celestial things aspire,
Are by that passion rais'd the higher.

TO MR. GRANVILLE (AFTERWARDS LORD LANSDOWN) ON HIS VERSES TO KING JAMES II.

An early plant! which such a blossom bears,
And shows a genius so beyond his years;

[6] See, in Duke's Poems, an elegant compliment to Mr. Waller, on this his last production. *N.*

[7] From Rex Redux; being Cambridge verses on the return of Charles I. from Scotland, after his coronation there in 1633.

[8] Paris.

[9] Queen Catharine.

A judgment! that could make so fair a choice;
So high a subject, to employ his voice:
Still as it grows, how sweetly will he sing
The growing greatness of our matchless king!

LONG AND SHORT LIFE.

Circles are prais'd, not that abound
In largeness, but th' exactly round:
So life we praise, that does excel
Not in much time, but acting well.

TRANSLATED OUT OF SPANISH.

Though we may seem importunate,
While your compassion we implore:
They, whom you make too fortunate,
May with presumption vex you more.

TRANSLATED OUT OF FRENCH.

Fade, flowers, fade; Nature will have it so;
'Tis but what we must in our autumn do!
And, as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
The loss alone by those that lov'd them found:
So, in the grave, shall we as quiet lie,
Miss'd by some few that lov'd our company.
But some so like to thorns and nettles live,
That none for them can, when they perish, grieve.

SOME VERSES OF AN IMPERFECT COPY, DESIGNED FOR A FRIEND,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF OVID'S FASTI.

Rome's holy days you tell, as if a guest
With the old Romans you were wont to feast.
Numa's religion, by themselves believ'd,
Excels the true, only in show receiv'd.
They made the nations round about them bow,
With their dictators taken from the plough:
Such power has justice, faith, and honesty!
The world was conquer'd by morality.
Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,
That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave:
But, where religion does with virtue join,
It makes a hero like an angel shine.
.....

ON THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST, AT CHARING-CROSS.

IN THE YEAR 1674.

That the first Charles does here in triumph ride,
See his son reign, where he a martyr dy'd,
And people pay that reverence, as they pass,
(Which then he wanted!) to the sacred brass,
Is not th' effect of gratitude alone,
To which we owe the statue and the stone:
But Heaven this lasting monument has wrought,
That mortals may eternally be taught,
Rebellion, though successful, is but vain;
And kings so kill'd rise conquerors again.
This truth the royal image does proclaim,
Loud as the trumpet of surviving Fame.

PRIDE.

Not the brave Macedonian youth[1] alone,
But base Caligula, when on the throne,
Boundless in power, would make himself a god;
As if the world depended on his nod.
The Syrian king[2] to beasts was headlong thrown,
Ere to himself he could be mortal known.
The meanest wretch, if Heaven should give him line,
Would never stop, till he were thought divine:
All might within discern the serpent's pride,
If from ourselves nothing ourselves did hide.
Let the proud peacock his gay feathers spread,
And woo the female to his painted bed:
Let winds and seas together rage and swell:
This Nature teaches, and becomes them well.
Pride was not made for men[3]: a conscious sense
Of guilt and folly, and their consequence,
Destroys the claim: and to beholders tells,
Here nothing but the shape of manhood dwells.

EPITAPH ON SIR GEORGE SPEKE.

Under this stone lies virtue, youth,
Unblemish'd probity, and truth:
Just unto all relations known,
A worthy patriot, pious son:
Whom neighbouring towns so often sent,
To give their sense in parliament;
With lives and fortunes trusting one,
Who so discreetly us'd his own.
Sober he was, wise, temperate;
Contented with an old estate,
Which no foul avarice did increase,
Nor wanton luxury make less.
While yet but young, his father dy'd,
And left him to an happy guide:
Not Lemuel's mother with more care
Did counsel or instruct her heir;
Or teach with more success her son
The vices of the time to shun.
An heiress, she, while yet alive,
All that was hers to him did give:
And he just gratitude did show
To one that had oblig'd him so:
Nothing too much for her he thought,
By whom he was so bred and taught,
So (early made that path to tread,
Which did his youth to honour lead)
His short life did a pattern give,
How neighbours, husbands, friends, should live.
The virtues of a private life
Exceed the glorious noise and strife
Of battles won: in those we find
The solid interest of mankind.
Approv'd by all, and lov'd so well,
Though young, like fruit that's ripe, he fell.

EPITAPH ON COLONEL CHARLES CAVENDISH.

Here lies Charles Ca'ndish: let the marble stone,
That hides his ashes, make his virtue known.
Beauty and valour did his short life grace;
The grief and glory of his noble race!
Early abroad he did the world survey,
As if he knew he had not long to stay:

[1] Alexander. [2] Nebuchadnezzar. [3] Eccles. x. 18.

Saw what great Alexander in the East
And mighty Julius conquer'd in the West.
Then, with a mind as great as theirs, he came
To find at home occasion for his fame:
Where dark confusion did the nations hide,
And where the juster was the weaker side.
Two loyal brothers took their sovereign's part,
Employ'd their wealth, their courage, and their art:
The elder [4] did whole regiments afford;
The younger brought his conduct and his sword.
Born to command, a leader he begun,
And on the rebels lasting honour won:
The horse, instructed by their general's worth,
Still made the king victorious in the North:
Where Ca'ndish fought, the royalists prevail'd;
Neither his courage nor his judgment fail'd:
The current of his victories found no stop,
Till Cromwell came, his party's chiefest prop:
Equal success had set these champions high,
And both resolv'd to conquer or to die:
Virtue with rage, fury with valour, strove;
But that must fall which is decreed above!
Cromwell, with odds of number and of Fate,
Remov'd this bulwark of the church and state:
Which the sad issue of the war declar'd,
And made his task, to ruin both, less hard.
So when the bank, neglected, is o'erthrown,
The boundless torrent does the country drown.
Thus fell the young, the lovely, and the brave;
Strew bays and flowers upon his honour'd grave!

EPITAPH ON THE LADY SEDLEY.

Here lies the learned Savil's heir;
So early wise, and lasting fair!
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.
All that her father knew, or got,
His art, his wealth, fell to her lot:
And she so well improv'd that stock,
Both of his knowledge and his flock,
That Wit and Fortune, reconcil'd
In her, upon each other smil'd.
While she to every well-taught mind
Was so propitiously inclin'd,
And gave such title to her store,
That none, but th' ignorant, were poor.
The Muses daily found supplies,
Both from her hands and from her eyes;
Her bounty did at once engage,
And matchless beauty warm their rage.
Such was this dame in calmer days,
Her nation's ornament and praise!
But, when a storm disturb'd our rest,
The port and refuge of th' oppress.
This made her fortune understood,
And look'd on as some public good;
So that (her person and her state
Exempted from the common fate)
In all our civil fury she
Stood, like a sacred temple, free.
May here her monument stand so,
To credit this rude age! and show
To future times, that even we
Some patterns did of virtue see:
And one sublime example had
Of good, among so many bad.

[4] William earl of Devonshire.

EPITAPH TO BE WRITTEN UNDER THE LATIN INSCRIPTION UPON THE TOMB OF THE ONLY SON OF THE LORD ANDOVER.

'Tis fit the English reader should be told,
In our own language, what this tomb does hold.
'Tis not a noble corpse alone does lie
Under this stone, but a whole family:
His parents' pious care, their name, their joy,
And all their hope, lies buried with this boy:
This lovely youth! for whom we all made moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.
Had there been space and years enough allow'd,
His courage, wit, and breeding to have show'd,
We had not found, in all the numerous roll
Of his fam'd ancestors, a greater soul:
His early virtues to that ancient stock
Gave as much honour, as from thence he took.
Like buds appearing ere the frosts are past,
To become man he made such fatal haste,
And to perfection labour'd so to climb,
Preventing slow experience and time,
That 'tis no wonder Death our hopes beguil'd:
He's seldom old, that will not be a child.

EPITAPH, UNFINISHED.

Great soul! for whom Death will no longer stay,
But sends in haste to snatch our bliss away.
O cruel Death! to those you take more kind,
Than to the wretched mortals left behind!
Here beauty, youth, and noble virtue shin'd;
Free from the clouds of pride that shade the mind.
Inspir'd verse may on this marble live,
But can no honour to thy ashes give.
.....

EPITAPH ON HENRY DUNCH, ESQ.

IN NEWINGTON CHURCH IN OXFORDSHIRE, 1686.

Here lies the prop and glory of his race,
Who, that no time his memory may deface,
His grateful wife, under this speaking stone
His ashes hid, to make his merit known.
Sprung from an opulent and worthy line,
Whose well-us'd fortune made their virtues shine,
A rich example his fair life did give,
How others should with their relations live.
A pious son, a husband, and a friend,
To neighbours too his bounty did extend
So far, that they lamented when he died,
As if all to him had been near allied.
His curious youth would men and manners know,
Which made him to the southern nations go.
Nearer the Sun, though they more civil seem,
Revenge and luxury have their esteem;
Which well observing, he return'd with more
Value for England, than he had before;
Her true religion, and her statutes too,
He practised not less than seek'd to know;
And the whole country griev'd for their ill fate,
To lose so good, so just a magistrate.
To shed a tear may readers be inclin'd,
And pray for one he only left behind,
Till she, who does inherit his estate,
May virtue love like him, and vices hate.

REEDE

THE

EPITAPH

ON

MR. WALLER'S MONUMENT,

IN BECONSFIELD CHURCH-YARD, IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE;

WRITTEN BY MR. RYMER, LATE HISTORIOGRAPHER-ROYAL.

On the West end.

EDMUNDI WALLER HIC JACET ID QUANTUM MORTI CESSIT; QUI INTER POETAS SUI TEMPORIS FACILE PRINCEPS, LAUREAM, QUAM MERUIT ADOLESCENS, OCTOGENARIUS HAUD ABDICAVIT. HUIC DEBET PATRIA LINGUA QUOD CREDAS, SI GRÆCE LATINEQUE INTERMITTERENT, MUSÆ LOQUI AMARENT ANGLICE.

On the South side.

HEUS, VIATOR! TUMULATUM VIDES EDMUNDUM WALLER, QUI TANTI NOMINIS POETA, ET IDEM AVITIS OPIBUS, INTER PRIMOS SPECTABILIS, MUSIS SE DEDIT, ET PATRIÆ, NONDUM OCTODECENNALIS, INTER ARDUA REGNI TRACTANTES SEDEM HABUIT, A' BURGO DE AGMONDESHAM MISSUS. HIC VITÆ CURSUS; NEC ONERI DEFUIT SENEX; VIXITQUE SEMPER POPULO CHARUS, PRINCIPIBUS IN DELICIIS, ADMIRATIONI OMNIBUS. HIC CONDITUR TUMULO SUB EODEM RARA VIRTUTE ET MULTA PROLE NOBILIS UXOR, MARIA EX BRESSYORUM FAMILIA, CUM EDMUNDO WALLER, CONJUGE CHARISSIMO: QUEM TER ET DECIES LÆTUM FECIT PATREM, V FILIIS, FILIABUS VIII; QUOS MUNDO DEDIT, ET IN COELUM REDIIT.

On the East end.

EDMUNDUS WALLER CUI HOC MARMOR SACRUM EST, COLESHILL NASCENDI LOCUM HABUIT; CANTABRIGIAM STUDENDI; PATREM ROBERTUM ET EX HAMPDENA STIRPE MATREM: COEPIT VIVERE III° MARTII, A. D. MDCV. PRIMA UXOR ANNA EDWARDI BANKS FILIA UNICA HÆRES. EX PRIMA BIS PATER FACTUS; EX SECUNDA TREDECIES; CUI ET DUO LUSTRA SUPERSTES, OBIIT XXI OCTOB. A. D. MDCLXXXVII.

On the North side.

HOC MARMORE EDMUNDO WALLER MARIÆQUE EX SECUNDIS NUPTIIS CONJUGI, PIENTISSIMIS PARENTIBUS, PIISSIME' PARENTAVIT EDMUNDUS FILIUS HONORES BENE-MERENTIBUS EXTREMOS DEDIT QUOS IPSE FUGIT. EL. W. I. F. H. G. EX TESTAMENTO H. M. P. IN JUL. MDCC.

THE

POEMS

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE

LIFE OF BUTLER,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

OF the great author of Hudibras there is a life prefixed to the latter editions of his poem, by an unknown writer, and therefore of disputable authority; and some account is incidentally given by Wood, who confesses the uncertainty of his own narrative: more however than they knew cannot now be learned, and nothing remains but to compare and copy them.

SAMUEL BUTLER was born in the parish of Strensham in Worcestershire, according to his biographer, in 1612. This account Dr. Nash finds confirmed by the register. He was christened Feb. 14.

His father's condition is variously represented. Wood mentions him as competently wealthy; but Mr. Longueville, the son of Butler's principal friend, says he was an honest farmer with some small estate, who made a shift to educate his son at the grammar-school of Worcester, under Mr. Henry Bright [1], from whose care he removed for a

[1] These are the words of the author of the short account of Butler prefixed to Hudibras, which Dr. Johnson, notwithstanding what he says above, seems to have supposed was written by Mr. Longueville, the father; but the contrary is to be inferred from a subsequent passage, wherein the author laments, that he had neither such an acquaintance nor interest with Mr. Longueville, as to procure from him the golden remains of Butler there mentioned. He was probably led into the mistake by a note in the Biog. Brit. p. 1077, signifying, that the son of this gentleman was living in 1736.

Of this friend and generous patron of Butler, Mr. William Longueville, I find an account, written by a person who was well acquainted with him, to this effect; viz. that he was a conveyancing lawyer, and a bencher of the Inner Temple, and had raised himself from a low beginning to very great eminence in that profession; that he was eloquent and learned, of spotless integrity; that he supported an aged father, who had ruined his fortunes by extravagance, and by his industry and application re-edified a ruined family; that he supported Butler, who, but for him, must literally have starved; and received from him, as a recompense, the papers called his Remains. (Life of the Lord-keeper Guilford, p. 289.) These have since been given to the public by Mr. Thyer of Manchester; and the originals are now in the hands of the rev. Dr. Farmer, master of Emanuel College, Cambridge. *H.*

short time to Cambridge; but, for want of money, was never made a member of any college. Wood leaves us rather doubtful whether he went to Cambridge or Oxford; but at last makes him pass six or seven years at Cambridge, without knowing in what hall or college; yet it can hardly be imagined, that he lived so long in either university but as belonging to one house or another; and it is still less likely, that he could have so long inhabited a place of learning with so little distinction as to leave his residence uncertain. Dr. Nash has discovered, that his father was owner of a house and a little land, worth about eight pounds a year, still called *Butler's tenement*.

Wood has his information from his brother, whose narrative placed him at Cambridge, in opposition to that of his neighbours, which sent him to Oxford. The brother seems the best authority, till, by confessing his inability to tell his hall or college, he gives reason to suspect, that he was resolved to bestow on him an academical education, but durst not name a college, for fear of detection.

He was for some time, according to the author of his Life, clerk to Mr. Jefferys of Earl's Croomb in Worcestershire, an eminent justice of the peace. In his service he had not only leisure for study, but for recreation; his amusements were music and painting; and the reward of his pencil was the friendship of the celebrated Cooper. Some pictures, said to be his, were shown to Dr. Nash, at Earl's Croomb; but, when he inquired for them some years afterwards, he found them destroyed, to stop windows, and owns, that they hardly deserved a better fate.

He was afterward admitted into the family of the countess of Kent, where he had the use of a library; and so much recommended himself to Selden, that he was often employed by him in literary business. Selden, as is well known, was steward to the countess, and is supposed to have gained much of his wealth by managing her estate.

In what character Butler was admitted into that lady's service, how long he continued in it, and why he left it, is, like the other incidents of his life, utterly unknown.

The vicissitudes of his condition placed him afterward in the family of sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's officers. Here he observed so much of the character of the sectaries, that he is said to have written or begun his poem at this time; and it is likely, that such a design would be formed in a place, where he saw the principles and practices of the rebels, audacious and undisguised in the confidence of success.

At length the king returned, and the time came in which loyalty hoped for its reward. Butler, however, was only made secretary to the earl of Carbury, president of the principality of Wales; who conferred on him the stewardship of Ludlow Castle, when the Court of the Marches was revived.

In this part of his life, he married Mrs. Herbert, a gentlewoman of a good family; and lived, says Wood, upon her fortune, having studied the common law, but never practised it. A fortune she had, says his biographer, but it was lost by bad securities.

In 1663 was published the first part, containing three cantos, of the poem of Hudibras, which, as Prior relates, was made known at court by the taste and influence of the earl of Dorset. When it was known, it was necessarily admired: the king quoted, the courtiers studied, and the whole party of the royalists applauded it. Every eye watched for the golden shower which was to fall upon the author, who certainly was not without his part in the general expectation.

In 1664 the second part appeared; the curiosity of the nation was rekindled, and the writer was again praised and elated. But praise was his whole reward. Clarendon,

says Wood, gave him reason to hope for "places and employments of value and credit;" but no such advantages did he ever obtain. It is reported, that the king once gave him three hundred guineas; but of this temporary bounty I find no proof.

Wood relates, that he was secretary to Villiers duke of Buckingham, when he was chancellor of Cambridge: this is doubted by the other writer, who yet allows the duke to have been his frequent benefactor. That both these accounts are false, there is reason to suspect, from a story told by Packe, in his account of the Life of Wycherley; and from some verses which Mr. Thyer has published in the author's Remains.

"Mr. Wycherley," says Packe, "had always laid hold of an opportunity which offered of representing to the duke of Buckingham how well Mr. Butler had deserved of the royal family, by writing his inimitable Hudibras; and that it was a reproach to the court, that a person of his loyalty and wit should suffer in obscurity, and under the wants he did. The duke always seemed to hearken to him with attention enough; and after some time undertook to recommend his pretensions to his majesty. Mr. Wycherley, in hopes to keep him steady to his word, obtained of his grace to name a day, when he might introduce that modest and unfortunate poet to his new patron. At last an appointment was made, and the place of meeting was agreed to be the Roebuck. Mr. Butler and his friend attended accordingly; the duke joined them; but, as the D—l would have it, the door of the room where they sat was open, and his grace, who had seated himself near it, observing a pimp of his acquaintance (the creature too was a knight) trip by with a brace of ladies, immediately quitted his engagement to follow another kind of business, at which he was more ready than in doing good offices to men of desert, though no one was better qualified than he, both in regard to his fortune and understanding, to protect them; and, from that time to the day of his death, poor Butler never found the least effect of his promise!"

Such is the story. The verses are written with a degree of acrimony, such as neglect and disappointment might naturally excite, and such as it would be hard to imagine Butler capable of expressing against a man, who had any claim to his gratitude.

Notwithstanding this discouragement and neglect, he still prosecuted his design, and, in 1678, published the third part, which still leaves the poem imperfect and abrupt. How much more he originally intended, or with what events the action was to be concluded, it is vain to conjecture. Nor can it be thought strange, that he should stop here, however unexpectedly. To write without reward is sufficiently unpleasing. He had now arrived at an age, when he might think it proper to be in jest no longer, and perhaps his health might now begin to fail.

He died in 1680; and Mr. Longueville, having unsuccessfully solicited a subscription for his interment in Westminster Abbey, buried him, at his own cost, in the church-yard of Covent Garden[2]. Dr. Simon Patrick read the service.

Granger was informed by Dr. Pearce, who named for his authority Mr. Lowndes of the treasury, that Butler had a yearly pension of an hundred pounds. This is contradicted by all tradition, by the complaints of Oldham, and by the reproaches of Dryden; and I am afraid will never be confirmed.

About sixty years afterward, Mr. Barber, a printer, mayor of London, and a friend

[2] In a note in the Biographia Britannica, p. 1075, he is said, on the authority of the younger Mr. Longueville, to have lived for some years in Rose Street, Covent Garden, and also that he died there; the latter of these particulars is rendered highly probable, by his being interred in the cemetery of that parish. *H.*

to Butler's principles, bestowed on him a monument in Westminster Abbey, thus inscribed:

M. S.
SAMUELIS BUTLERI,
Qui Strenshamiæ in agro Vigorn. nat. 1612,
obiit Lond. 1680.
Vir doctus imprimis, acer, integer;
Operibus Ingenii, non item præmiis, fœlix
Satyrici apud nos Carminis Artifex egregius;
Quo simulatæ Religionis Larvam detraxit,
Et Perduellium scelera liberrimè exagitavit;
Scriptorum in suo genere, Primus et Postremus.
Ne, cui vivo deerant ferè omnia,
Deesset etiam mortuo Tumulus,
Hoc tandem posito marmore, curavit
JOHANNES BARBER, Civis Londinensis, 1721.

After his death were published three small volumes of his posthumous works, I know not by whom collected, or by what authority ascertained[3]; and, lately, two volumes more have been printed by Mr. Thyer of Manchester, indubitably genuine. From none of these pieces can his life be traced, or his character discovered. Some verses, in the last collection, show him to have been among those who ridiculed the institution of the Royal Society, of which the enemies were for some time very numerous and very acrimonious, for what reason it is hard to conceive, since the philosophers professed not to advance doctrines, but to produce facts; and the most zealous enemy of innovation must admit the gradual progress of experience, however he may oppose hypothetical temerity.

In this mist of obscurity passed the life of Butler, a man whose name can only perish with his language. The mode and place of his education are unknown; the events of his life are variously related; and all that can be told with certainty is, that he was poor.

THE poem of Hudibras is one of those compositions of which a nation may justly boast; as the images which it exhibits are domestic, the sentiments unborrowed and unexpected, and the strain of diction original and peculiar. We must not, however, suffer the pride, which we assume as the countrymen of Butler, to make any encroachment upon justice, nor appropriate those honours which others have a right to share. The poem of Hudibras is not wholly English; the original idea is to be found in the history of Don Quixote; a book to which a mind of the greatest powers may be indebted without disgrace.

Cervantes shows a man, who, having by the incessant perusal of incredible tales subjected his understanding to his imagination, and familiarised his mind by pertinacious meditation to trains of incredible events, and scenes of impossible existence, goes out in the pride of knighthood to redress wrongs, and defend virgins, to rescue captive princesses, and tumble usurpers from their thrones; attended by a squire, whose cunning, too low for the suspicion of a generous mind, enables him often to cheat his master.

The hero of Butler is a presbyterian justice, who, in the confidence of legal authority

[3] They were collected into one, and published in 12mo. 1732. *H.*

and the rage of zealous ignorance, ranges the country to repress superstition and correct abuses, accompanied by an independent clerk, disputatious and obstinate, with whom he often debates, but never conquers him.

Cervantes had so much kindness for Don Quixote, that, however he embarrasses him with absurd distresses, he gives him so much sense and virtue, as may preserve our esteem; wherever he is, or whatever he does, he is made by matchless dexterity commonly ridiculous, but never contemptible.

But for poor Hudibras, his poet had no tenderness; he chooses not that any pity should be shown or respect paid him: he gives him up at once to laughter and contempt, without any quality that can dignify or protect him.

In forming the character of Hudibras, and describing his person and habiliments, the author seems to labour with a tumultuous confusion of dissimilar ideas. He had read the history of the mock knights-errant; he knew the notions and manners of a presbyterian magistrate, and tried to unite the absurdities of both, however distant, in one personage. Thus he gives him that pedantic ostentation of knowledge, which has no relation to chivalry, and loads him with martial encumbrances, that can add nothing to his civil dignity. He sends him out a *colonelling*, and yet never brings him within sight of war.

If Hudibras be considered as the representative of the presbyterians, it is not easy to say why his weapons should be represented as ridiculous or useless; for, whatever judgment might be passed upon their knowledge or their arguments, experience had sufficiently shown, that their swords were not to be despised.

The hero, thus compounded of swaggerer and pedant, of knight and justice, is led forth to action, with his squire Ralpho, an independent enthusiast.

Of the contexture of events planned by the author, which is called the action of the poem, since it is left imperfect, no judgment can be made. It is probable, that the hero was to be led through many luckless adventures, which would give occasion, like his attack upon the *bear and fiddle*, to expose the ridiculous rigour of the sectaries; like his encounter with Sidrophel and Whacum, to make superstition and credulity contemptible; or, like his recourse to the low retailer of the law, discover the fraudulent practices of different professions.

What series of events he would have formed, or in what manner he would have rewarded or punished his hero, it is now vain to conjecture. His work must have had, as it seems, the defect which Dryden imputes to Spenser; the action could not have been one; there could only have been a succession of incidents, each of which might have happened without the rest, and which could not all co-operate to any single conclusion.

The discontinuity of the action might however have been easily forgiven, if there had been action enough: but I believe every reader regrets the paucity of events, and complains, that in the poem of Hudibras, as in the history of Thucydides, there is more said than done. The scenes are too seldom changed, and the attention is tired with long conversation.

It is indeed much more easy to form dialogues, than to contrive adventures. Every position makes way for an argument, and every objection dictates an answer. When two disputants are engaged upon a complicated and extensive question, the difficulty is not to continue, but to end the controversy. But whether it be, that we comprehend but few of the possibilities of life, or that life itself affords little variety, every man, who has tried, knows how much labour it will cost to form such a combination of cir-

contempt. In hazardous undertakings care was taken to begin under the influence of a propitious planet; and, when the king was prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, an astrologer was consulted what hour would be found most favourable to an escape.

What effect this poem had upon the public, whether it shamed imposture, or reclaimed credulity, is not easily determined. Cheats can seldom stand long against laughter. It is certain, that the credit of planetary intelligence wore fast away; though some men of knowledge, and Dryden among them, continued to believe, that conjunctions and oppositions had a great part in the distribution of good or evil, and in the government of sublunary things.

Poetical action ought to be probable upon certain suppositions; and such probability as burlesque requires is here violated only by one incident. Nothing can show more plainly the necessity of doing something, and the difficulty of finding something to do, than that Butler was reduced to transfer to his hero the flagellation of Sancho, not the most agreeable fiction of Cervantes; very suitable indeed to the manners of that age and nation, which ascribed wonderful efficacy to voluntary penances; but so remote from the practice and opinions of the Hudibrastic time, that judgment and imagination are alike offended.

The diction of this poem is grossly familiar, and the numbers purposely neglected, except in a few places, where the thoughts by their native excellence secure themselves from violation, being such as mean language cannot express. The mode of versification has been blamed by Dryden, who regrets, that the heroic measure was not rather chosen. To the critical sentence of Dryden the highest reverence would be due, were not his decisions often precipitate, and his opinions immature. When he wished to change the measure, he probably would have been willing to change more. If he intended, that, when the numbers were heroic, the diction should still remain vulgar, he planned a very heterogeneous and unnatural composition. If he preferred a general stateliness, both of sound and words, he can be only understood to wish Butler had undertaken a different work.

The measure is quick, sprightly, and colloquial, suitable to the vulgarity of the words, and the levity of the sentiments. But such numbers and such diction can gain regard only when they are used by a writer, whose vigour of fancy and copiousness of knowledge entitle him to contempt of ornaments, and who, in confidence of the novelty and justness of his conceptions, can afford to throw metaphors and epithets away. To another, that conveys common thoughts in careless versification, it will only be said, "Pauper videri Cinna vult, et est pauper." The meaning and diction will be worthy of each other, and criticism may justly doom them to perish together.

Nor even though another Butler should arise, would another Hudibras obtain the same regard. Burlesque consists in a disproportion between the style and the sentiments, or between the adventitious sentiments and the fundamental subject. It, therefore, like all bodies compounded of heterogeneous parts, contains in it a principle of corruption. All disproportion is unnatural; and from what is unnatural we can derive only the pleasure which novelty produces. We admire it awhile as a strange thing; but when it is no longer strange, we perceive its deformity. It is a kind of artifice, which by frequent repetition detects itself; and the reader, learning in time what he is to expect, lays down his book, as the spectator turns away from a second exhibition of those tricks, of which the only use is to show, that they can be played.

POEMS

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth,
His arms and equipage are shown,
His horse's virtues, and his own:
Th' adventure of the bear and fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle[1].

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For dame Religion, as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore;
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
Then did sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling[2].
A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder-blade;
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel[3] or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of war, as well as peace.
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water):
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise or stout:
Some hold the one, and some the other,
But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool,
That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.
For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would sir Hudibras:
(For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.)
But they're mistaken very much;
'Tis plain enough he was no such.
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it,
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,

[1] A ridicule on Ronsarde and Davenant.

[2] The knight (if sir Samuel Luke was Mr. Butler's hero) was not only a colonel in the parliament-army, but also scoutmaster-general in the counties of Bedford, Surry, &c.

[3] Chartel is a challenge to a duel.

Unless on holy-days, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty, as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd;
And truly so he was, perhaps,
Not as a proselyte, but for claps.
He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute:
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl;
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleas'd to show 't, his speech,
In loftiness of sound, was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect;
It was a party-colour'd dress
Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin;
It had an old promiscuous tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent,
As if his stock would ne'er be spent:
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large;
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
When he harangued, but known his phrase,
He would have us'd no other ways.

In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater[4];
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve, by sines and tangents, strait,
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell, what hour o'th' day
The clock does strike, by algebra.
Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read every text and gloss over;
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood b' implicit faith:
Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go;
All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion serv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts;
Where entity and quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;
Where truth in person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly:
In school-divinity as able,
As he that hight Irrefragable[5];
A second Thomas[6], or, at once
To name them all, another Dunce[7]:

[4] An eminent Danish mathematician; and William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times.

[5] Alexander Hales, so called; he was an Englishman, born in Gloucestershire, and flourished about the year 1236, at the time when what was called school-divinity was much in vogue; in which science he was so deeply read, that he was called *Doctor Irrefragabilis*, that is, the *invincible doctor*, whose arguments could not be resisted.

[6] Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican friar, was born in 1224, studied at Cologne and at Paris. He new-modelled the school-divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelic Doctor*, and *Eagle* of divines. The most illustrious persons of his time were ambitious of his friendship, and put a high value on his merits, so that they offered him bishoprics, which he refused with as much ardour as others seek after them. He died in the fiftieth year of his age, and was canonized by pope John XXII. We have his works in eighteen volumes, several times printed.

[7] Johannus Dunscotus was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth, and beginning of the fourteenth century. The English and Scots strive which of them shall have the honour of his birth. The English say he was born in Northumberland; the Scots allege he was born at Dunse in the Merse, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and hence was called *Dunscotus*: Moferl, Buchanan, and other Scotch historians, are of this opinion. He died at Cologne, Nov. 8, 1308.

Profound in all the Nominal
And Real ways beyond them all[8]:
For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as learned Sorbonist,
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull
That's empty when the Moon is full:
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve them in a trice;
As if Divinity had catch'd
The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to show with how small pain
The sores of Faith are cur'd again;
Although by woful proof we find
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies,
And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it
Below the Moon, or else above it;
What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
Came from her closet in his side;
Whether the Devil tempted her
By a High-Dutch interpreter;
If either of them had a navel;
Who first made music malleable;
Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all:
All this, without a gloss or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, such as men smatter
When they throw out and miss the matter.
For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit:
'Twas presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough reformation,
Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended:
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to:
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite:
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for:
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow:
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin:
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with mince'd pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linkt,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got th' advowson of his conscience.
Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward:
That next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen, sirs, it follows thus.
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part whereof was whey,
The nether orange, mix'd with grey.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government;
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the state's were made:
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfall:
It was monastic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow;
Of rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordeliere:
'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
And martyrdom, with resolution;
T' oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state,
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd;
Maugre all which 'twas to stand fast
As long as monarchy should last;
But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state,
Whose thread of life the Fatal Sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever,
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.
So learned Taliacotius[9], from
The brawny part of porter's bum,

[8] Gulielmus Occham was father of the Nominals, and Johannes Dunscotus of the Reals. These two lines not in the two first editions of 1664, but added in 1674.

[9] Gasper Taliacotius was born at Bononia, A. D. 1553, and was professor of physic and surgery there. He died 1599. His statue stands in the anatomy theatre, holding a nose in its hand. He wrote a treatise in Latin called Chirurgia Nota, in

Cut supplemental noses, which
Would last as long as parent breech,
But when the date of Nock was out,
Off dropt the sympathetic snout.
His back, or rather burthen, show'd
As if it stoop'd with its own load:
For as Æneas bore his sire
Upon his shoulders through the fire,
Our knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back;
Which now had almost got the upper-
Hand of his head for want of crupper:
To poise this equally, he bore
A paunch of the same bulk before,
Which still he had a special care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country-house affords;
With other victual, which anon
We farther shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.
His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old king Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own:
Through they were lin'd with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood:
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry vittle in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t' other magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood,
And till th' were storm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt:
And though knights-errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough deserts vast,
And regions desolate, they past,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their provision on record:
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs but to fight.
'Tis false; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd;
Though 'twas no table some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk hose,
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat,
When, laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digrest,
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come.
His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd,
With basket-hilt that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter to any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack:
The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not show its face.
In many desperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than serjeant Bum invading shoulder:
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And prisoners too, or made them run.
This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age,
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do:
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabb'd or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.
In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
Two aged pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get:
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent,
And sometimes catch them with a snap,
As cleverly as th' ablest trap:
They were upon hard duty still,
And every night stood centinel,
To guard the magazine i'th' hose
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.
Thus clad and fortify'd, sir Knight,
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
But first with nimble active force
He got on th' outside of his horse:
For having but one stirrup ty'd
T' his saddle on the further side,
It was so short, h' had much ado
To reach it with his desperate toe;
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle-eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat
With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

which he teaches the art of ingrafting noses, ears, lips, &c. with the proper instruments and bandages. This book has passed through two editions.

But now we talk of mounting steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant bumkin.
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his gait
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state;
At spur or switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt;
And yet so fiery, he would bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the ground:
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft;
And as that beast would kneel and stoop
(Some write) to take his rider up;
So Hudibras's ('tis well known)
Would often do to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back;
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of knight gall'd full as bad:
His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
Like furrows he himself had plough'd;
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a channel.
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flirt,
Still as his tender side he prickt
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kickt:
For Hudibras wore but one spur,
As wisely knowing could he stir
To active trot one side of's horse,
The other would not hang an arse.
A squire he had whose name was Ralph [10],
That in th' adventure went his half,
Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one;
And when we can, with metre safe,
We'll call him so; if not, plain Ralph;
(For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.)
An equal stock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
The mighty Tyrian queen, that gain'd
With subtle shreds a tract of land,
Did leave it, with a castle fair,
To his great ancestor, her heir;
From him descended cross-legg'd knights,
Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights
Against the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy squire, he had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, seen Hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace:
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't;
Some call it gifts, and some new-light;
A liberal art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken;
Like commendation nine-pence crookt
With—"To and from my love"—it lookt.
He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horse in the mouth,
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth;
But, as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too:
For saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle:
For as of vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'er beside their way,
Whate'er men speak by this new-light,
Still they are sure to be i'th' right.
'Tis a dark-lantern of the spirit,
Which none see by but those that bear it;
A light that falls down from on high,
For spiritual trades to cozen by;
An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip themselves, and sound
For Christendom in dirty pond;
To dive, like wild-fowl, for salvation,
And fish to catch regeneration.
This light inspires and plays upon
The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,
And speaks, through hollow empty soul,
As through a trunk, or whispering-hole,
Such language, as no mortal ear
But spirit'al eaves-droppers can hear:
So Phœbus, or some friendly Muse,
Into small poets song infuse,
Which they at second-hand rehearse,
Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.
Thus Ralph became infallible
As three or four-legg'd oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair;
Spoke truth point blank, though unaware.
For mystic learning, wondrous able
In magic, talisman, and cabal,
Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches;
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, could say;
A deep occult philosopher,
As learn'd as the wild Irish are,
Or sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renown'd:
He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen, understood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm;
In Rosicrucian lore as learned,
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned:
He understood the speech of birds
As well, as they themselves do words;

[10] Sir Roger L'Estrange (Key to Hudibras) says, This famous squire was one Isaac Robinson, a zealous butcher in Moorfields, who was always contriving some new querpo cut in church-government: but, in a Key at the end of a burlesque poem of Mr. Butler's, 1706, in folio, p. 12, it is observed, "That Hudibras's squire was one Pemble a tailor, and one of the Committee of Sequestrators."

Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry "Rope," and "Walk, knave, walk."
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glass, like water,
Of sovereign power to make men wise;
For, dropt in blear thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like owls, though purblind in the light.
By help of these (as he profest)
He had First Matter seen undrest:
He took her naked, all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.
The Chaos, too, he had descry'd,
And seen quite through, or else he ly'd;
Not that of Pasteboard, which men shew
For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew;
But its great grandsire, first o' th' name,
Whence that and Reformation came,
Both cousin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the rabble:
But Reformation was, some say,
O' th' younger house to Puppet-play.
He could foretel whats'ever was
By consequence to come to pass:
As death of great men, alterations,
Diseases, battles, inundations:
All this without th' eclipse of th' Sun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done
By inward light, a way as good,
And easy to be understood:
But with more lucky hit than those
That use to make the stars depose,
Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge
Upon themselves what others forge;
As if they were consenting to
All mischiefs in the world men do:
Or, like the Devil, did tempt and sway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll search a planet's house, to know
Who broke and robb'd a house below;
Examine Venus, and the Moon,
Who stole a thimble or a spoon;
And though they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very looks can guess,
And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods:
They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloke;
Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
Those thieves which he himself did teach.
They'll find, i' th' physiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's destinies;
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill,
Cast the nativity o' th' question,
And from positions to be guest on,
As sure as if they knew the moment
Of Native's birth, tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs,
And tell what crisis does divine
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine;
In men, what gives or cures the itch,
What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich;
What gains or loses, hangs or saves;
What makes men great, what fools or knaves:
But not what wise, for only 'f those
The stars (they say) cannot dispose,
No more than can the astrologians:
There they say right, and like true Trojans.
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other course, of which we spoke.
Thus was th' accomplish'd squire endued
With gifts and knowledge perilous shrewd:
Never did trusty squire with knight,
Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit:
Their valours, too, were of a rate,
And out they sally'd at the gate.
Few miles on horseback had they jogged
But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged;
For they a sad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat:
But ere we venture to unfold
Achievements so resolv'd and bold,
We should, as learned poets use,
Invoke th' assistance of some Muse;
However critics count it sillier
Than jugglers talking to familiar;
We think 'tis no great matter which,
They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus do we accost.
"Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars,
And force them, though it was in spite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write;
Who, (as we find in sullen writs,
And cross-grain'd works of modern wits,)
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,
The praises of the author, penn'd
B' himself, or wit-insuring friend;
The itch of picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon 't,
All that is left o' th' Forked hill
To make men scribble without skill;
Canst make a poet, spite of Fate,
And teach all people to translate,
Though out of languages in which
They understand no part of speech;
Assist me but this once, I 'mplore,
And I shall trouble thee no more."
In western clime there is a town[11],
To those that dwell therein well known,
Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our reader;
For brevity is very good,
When w' are, or are not understood.
To this town people did repair
On days of market or of fair,
And to crack'd fiddle and hoarse tabor,
In merriment did drudge and labour:
But now a sport more formidable
Had rak'd together village rabble;
'Twas an old way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call bear-baiting;
A bold adventurous exercise,
With ancient heroes in high prize;
For authors do affirm it came
From Isthmian or Nemæan game;
Others derive it from the Bear
That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,

[11] Brentford, which is eight miles west from London, is here probably meant.

And round about the pole does make
A circle, like a bear at stake,
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble-rout:
For after solemn proclamation
In the bear's name, (as is the fashion
According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms)
That none presume to come so near
As forty foot of stake of bear,
If any yet be so fool-hardy,
T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No honour's got by such a maim,
Although the bear gain much, being bound
In honour to make good his ground
When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis,
But lets them know, at their own cost,
That he intends to keep his post.
This to prevent, and other harms,
Which always wait on feats of arms,
(For in the hurry of a fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way;)
Thither the knight his course did steer,
To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear,
As he believ'd h' was bound to do
In conscience and commission too;
And therefore thus bespoke the squire:
"We, that are wisely mounted higher
Than constables in curule wit,
When on tribunal bench we sit,
Like speculators should foresee,
From Pharos of authority,
Portended mischiefs farther than
Low Proletarian tything-men;
And therefore, being inform'd by bruit
That dog and bear are to dispute,
For so of late men fighting name,
Because they often prove the same,
(For where the first does hap to be,
The last does *coincidere*)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good
To save th' expense of Christian blood,
And try if we, by mediation
Of treaty and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compose
The bloody duel without blows.
Are not our liberties, our lives,
The laws, religion, and our wives,
Enough at once to lie at stake
For covenant and the cause's sake?
But in that quarrel dogs and bears,
As well as we, must venture theirs?
This feud, by Jesuits invented,
By evil counsel is fomented;
There is a Machiavilian plot,
(Though every nare olfact it not)
And deep design in 't to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By setting brother against brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
That *cane et angue pejus* hate us?
And shall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our own selves without cause?
That some occult design doth lie
In bloody cynarctomachy,
Is plain enough to him that knows
How saints lead brothers by the nose.
I wish myself a pseudo-prophet,
But sure some mischief will come of it,
Unless by providential wit,
Or force, we averruncate it.
For what design, what interest,
Can beast have to encounter beast?
They fight for no espoused cause,
Frail privilege, fundamental laws,
Nor for a thorough reformation,
Nor covenant nor protestation,
Nor liberty of consciences,
Nor lords and commons' ordinances;
Nor for the church, nor for church-lands,
To get them in their own no-hands;
Nor evil counsellors to bring
To justice, that seduce the king;
Nor for the worship of us men,
Though we have done as much for them.
Th' Egyptians worship'd dogs, and for
Their faith made internecine war.
Others ador'd a rat, and some
For that church suffer'd martyrdom.
The Indians fought for the truth
Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth:
And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out *mordicus* to death;
But no beast ever was so slight,
For man, as for his God, to fight.
They have more wit, alas! and know
Themselves and us better than so:
But we, who only do infuse
The rage in them, like *boute-feus*,
'Tis our example that instils
In them th' infection of our ills.
For, as some late philosophers
Have well observ'd, beasts that converse
With man take after him, as hogs
Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs.
Just so, by our example, cattle
Learn to give one another battle.
We read in Nero's time, the heathen,
When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
They sew'd them in the skins of bears,
And then set dogs about their ears;
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd antichristian game"
To this, quoth Ralpho, "Verily
The point seems very plain to me:
It is an antichristian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
First, for the name; the word bear-baiting
Is carnal, and of man's creating;
For certainly there's no such word
In all the scripture on record;
Therefore unlawful, and a sin;
And so is (secondly) The thing:
A vile assembly 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by scripture, than
Provincial, classic, national,
Mere human creature-cobwebs all.
Thirdly, It is idolatrous;
For when men run a-whoring thus
With their inventions, whatsoe'er
The thing be, whether dog or bear,
It is idolatrous and pagan,
No less than worshiping of Dagon."
Quoth Hudibras, "I smell a rat;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate:
For though the thesis which thou lay'st
Be true *ad amussim*, as thou say'st;

(For that bear-baiting should appear
Jure divino lawfuller
Than synods are, thou dost deny
Totidem verbis, so do I)
Yet there's a fallacy in this;
For if by sly *homœosis*,
Tussis pro crepitu, an art
Under a cough to slur a f—t,
Thou would sophistically imply
Both are unlawful, I deny."
" And I," quoth Ralpho, " do not doubt
But bear-baiting may be made out,
In gospel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial or parochial classis;
And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all, as well as sin,
That, put them in a bag, and shake them,
Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake them,
And not know which is which, unless
You measure by their wickedness;
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worst, though I name neither."
Quoth Hudibras, " Thou offer'st much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage;
Thou wilt at best but suck a bull,
Or shear swine, all cry, and no wool;
For what can synods have at all,
With bear that's analogical?
Or what relation has debating
Of church affairs with bear-baiting?
A just comparison still is
Of things *ejusdem generis:*
And then what *genus* rightly doth
Include and comprehend them both?
If animal, both of us may
As justly pass for bears as they;
For we are animals no less,
Although of different specieses.
But Ralpho, this is no fit place,
Nor time, to argue out the case:
For now the field is not far off,
Where we must give the world a proof
Of deeds, not words, and such as suit
Another manner of dispute:
A controversy that affords
Actions for arguments, not words;
Which we must manage at a rate
Of prowess and conduct adequate
To what our place and fame doth promise,
And all the Godly expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
We're slurr'd and outed by success;
Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit:
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, w' are steer'd by Fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
Great actions are not always true sons
Of great and mighty resolutions;
Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth;
But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and cowardice succeed.
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
Our actions still have borne us out;
Which, though they're known to be so ample,
We need not copy from example;
We're not the only person durst
Attempt this province, nor the first.
In northern clime a valorous knight
Did whilom kill his bear in fight,
And wound a fiddler: we have both
Of these the objects of our wroth,
And equal fame and glory from
Th' attempt, or victory to come.
'Tis sung there is a valiant Mamaluke,
In foreign land yclep'd ———;
To whom we have been oft compar'd
For person, parts, address, and beard;
Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same cause both have fought;
He oft in such attempts as these
Came off with glory and success:
Nor will we fall in th' execution,
For want of equal resolution.
Honour is like a widow, won
With brisk attempt and putting on;
With entering manfully, and urging,
Not slow approaches, like a virgin."
This said, as erst the Phrygian knight,
So our's, with rusty steel did smite
His Trojan horse, and just as much
He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty stomach groan'd,
Just as that hollow beast did sound,
And, angry, answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.
So have I seen, with armed heel,
A wight bestride a Commonweal,
While still, the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
The less the sullen jade has stirr'd.

PART I. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies best men of war,
Whom, in a bold harangue, the knight
Defies, and challenges to fight:
H' encounters Talgol, routs the bear,
And takes the fiddler prisoner,
Conveys him to enchanted castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.

There was an ancient sage philosopher,
That had read Alexander Ross over,
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love.
Just so romances are, for what else
Is in them all, but love and battles?
O' th' first of these w' have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' the latter,
In which to do the injur'd right,
We mean, in what concerns just fight.
Certes our authors are to blame,
For, to make some well-sounding name
A pattern fit for modern knights
To copy out in frays and fights,
(Like those that a whole street do raze,
To build a palace in the place,)
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,

Or wives, or children, so they can
Make up some fierce, dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
Just like the manhood of nine tailors:
So a wild Tartar, when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit:
As if just so much he enjoy'd,
As in another is destroy'd:
For when a giant's slain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy case, no doubt,
A man should have his brains beat out,
Because he's tall, and has large bones,
As men kill beavers for their stones.
But as for our part, we shall tell
The naked truth of what befell,
And as an equal friend to both
The knight and bear, but more to troth,
With neither faction shall take part,
But give to each his due desert,
And never coin a formal lie on't,
To make the knight o'ercome the giant.
This b'ing profest, we've hopes enough,
And now go on where we left off.
They rode, but authors having not
Determin'd whether pace or trot,
(That is to say, whether tollutation,
As they do term't, or succussation)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppose they did, no matter how;
Yet some, from subtle hints, have got
Mysterious light it was a trot.
But let that pass: they now begun
To spur their living engines on:
For as whipp'd tops and bandy'd balls,
The learned hold, are animals;
So horses they affirm to be
Mere engines made by geometry,
And were invented first from engines,
As Indian Britains were from penguins.
So let them be, and, as I was saying,
They their live engines ply'd, not staying
Until they reach'd the fatal champaign
Which th' enemy did then encamp on;
The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle
And fierce auxiliary men,
That came to aid their brethren;
Who now began to take the field,
As knight from ridge of steed beheld.
For as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the old,
Much further off, much further he,
Rais'd on his aged beast, could see;
Yet not sufficient to descry
All postures of the enemy:
Wherefore he bids the squire ride further,
T' observe their numbers and their order,
That when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Meanwhile he stopp'd his willing steed,
To fit himself for martial deed:
Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
Either to give blows or to ward;
Courage and steel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better or for worse.
His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preserving vittle.
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free's sword from retentive scabbard;
And after many a painful pluck,
From rusty durance he bail'd tuck:
Then shook himself, to see that prowess
In scabbard of his arms sat loose;
And, rais'd upon his desperate foot,
On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,
Portending blood, like blazing star,
The beacon of approaching war.
Ralpho rode on with no less speed
Than Hugo in the forest did;
But far more in returning made;
For now the foe he had survey'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With van, main-battle, wings, and rear.
I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero[1] march'd, expert and able.
Instead of trumpet and of drum,
That makes the warrior's stomach come,
Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer
By thunder turn'd to vinegar,
(For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
Who has not a mouth's mind to combat?)
A squeaking engine he apply'd
Unto his neck, on north-east side,
Just where the hangman does dispose,
To special friends, the knot of noose:
For 'tis great grace, when statesmen straight
Dispatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped ear hung o'er the strings,
Which was but souse to chitterlings:
For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
Are fit for music or for pudden;
From whence men borrow every kind
Of minstrelsy by string or wind.
His grisly beard was long and thick,
With which he strung his fiddle-stick;
For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe
For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both
A beard and tail of his own growth;
And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,
He made use only of his beard.
In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth
Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth,
Where bulls do choose the boldest king
And ruler o'er the men of string,
(As once in Persia, 'tis said,
Kings were proclaim'd by a horse that neigh'd,)
He, bravely venturing at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down,
And wounded sore: his leg, then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak;
For when a shin in fight is cropt,
The knee with one of timber's propt,
Esteem'd more honourable than the other,
And takes place, though the younger brother.
Next march'd brave Orsin[2], famous for
Wise conduct, and success in war;
A skilful leader, stout, severe,
Now marshal to the champion bear.
With truncheon tipp'd with iron head,
The warrior to the lists he led;
With solemn march, and stately pace,
But far more grave and solemn face;

[1] So called from *crowd*, a fiddle.

[2] Joshua Gosling, who kept bears at Paris Garden in Southwark.

Grave as the emperor of Pegu,
Or Spanish potentate, don Diego.
This leader was of knowledge great,
Either for charge or for retreat:
He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
To fall back, and retreat as well.
So lawyers, lest the Bear defendant,
And plaintiff Dog, should make an end on't,
Do stave and tail with writs of error,
Reverse of judgment, and demurrer,
To let them breathe a while, and then
Cry "Whoop," and set them on agen.
As Romulus a wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
Bred up, where discipline most rare is,
In military Garden Paris:
For soldiers, heretofore, did grow
In gardens just as weeds do now,
Until some splay-foot politicians
T' Apollo offered up petitions
For licensing a new invention
They 'ad found out of an antique engine,
To root out all the weeds, that grow
In public gardens, at a blow,
And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth sir Sun,
"My friends, that is not to be done."
"Not done!" quoth Statesman; "yes, an't please [ye,
When 'tis once known, you'll say 'tis easy."
"Why then let's know it," quoth Apollo:
"We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow."
"A drum!" quoth Phœbus, "Troth that's true,
A pretty invention, quaint and new:
But though of voice and instrument
We are th' undoubted president,
We such loud music do not profess,
The Devil's master of that office,
Where it must pass; if 't be a drum,
He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*;
To him apply yourselves, and he
Will soon dispatch you for his fee."
They did so; but it prov'd so ill,
They'd better let them grow there still.
But to resume what we discoursing
Were on before, that is, stout Orsin;
That which so oft by sundry writers
Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,
More justly may be ascrib'd to this
Than any other warrior, (viz.)
None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a chieftain and a soldier.
He was of great descent, and high
For splendour and antiquity,
And from celestial origine
Deriv'd himself in a right line;
Not as the ancient heroes did,
Who, that their base-births might be hid
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore)
Made Jupiter himself, and others
O'th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions,
(Of which old Homer first made lampoons)
Arctophylax, in northern sphere,
Was his undoubted ancestor;
From him his great forefathers came,
And in all ages bore his name:
Learn'd he was in med'cinal lore,
For by his side a pouch he wore,
Replete with strange hermetic powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank with solder;
By skilful chymist, with great cost,
Extracted from a rotten post;
But of a heavenlier influence
Than that which mountebanks dispense;
Though by Promethean fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For as when slovens do amiss
At others' doors, by stool or piss,
The learned write, a red-hot spit
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey mischief from the dung
Unto the part that did the wrong;
So this did healing, and as sure
As that did mischief, this would cure.
Thus virtuous Orsin was endued
With learning, conduct, fortitude,
Incomparable; and as the prince
Of poets, Homer, sung long since,
A skilful leech is better far
Than half a hundred men of war;
So he appear'd, and by his skill,
No less than dint of sword, could kill.
The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
With visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,
Clad in a mantle *della guerre*
Of rough impenetrable fur;
And in his nose, like Indian king,
He wore, for ornament, a ring;
About his neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target;
Armed, as heralds cant, and langued,
Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged:
For as the teeth in beasts of prey
Are swords, with which they fight in fray,
So swords, in men of war, are teeth
Which they do eat their vittle with.
He was by birth, some authors write,
A Russian, some a Muscovite,
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in diurnals read,
That serve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin;
And when these fail'd, he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws:
And though his countrymen, the Huns,
Did stew their meat between their bums
And th' horses' backs o'er which they straddle,
And every man ate up his saddle;
He was not half so nice as they,
But ate it raw when 't came in's way.
He 'ad trac'd the countries far and near,
More than Le Blanc the traveller,
Who writes, he spous'd in India,
Of noble house, a lady gay,
And got on her a race of worthies,
As stout as any upon Earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and Orsin oft had been,
Each striving to deserve the crown
Of a sav'd citizen; the one
To guard his bear, the other fought
To aid his dog; both made more stout
By several spurs of neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood;

But Talgol, mortal foe to cows,
Never got aught of him but blows;
Blows, hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repaid with usury.
Yet Talgol[3] was of courage stout,
And vanquish'd oftener than he fought;
Inur'd to labour, sweat, and toil,
And, like a champion, shone with oil:
Right many a widow his keen blade,
And many fatherless, had made;
He many a boar and huge dun-cow
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow;
But Guy, with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd:
With greater troops of sheep h' had fought
Than Ajax or bold Don Quixote;
And many a serpent of fell kind,
With wings before and stings behind,
Subdued; as poets say, long agone,
Bold sir George, saint George, did the dragon.
Nor engine, nor device polemic,
Disease, nor doctor epidemic,
Though stor'd with deletery med'cines,
(Which whosoever took is dead since)
E'er sent so vast a colony
To both the under worlds as he;
For he was of that noble trade,
That demi-gods and heroes made,
Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
The trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base, if mean:
The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So sacred with vile bungling.
Next these the brave Magnano[4] came,
Magnano, great in martial fame;
Yet when with Orsin he wag'd fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by 't:
Yet he was fierce as forest-boar,
Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as Ajax' seven-fold shield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held;
But brass was feeble to resist
The fury of his armed fist;
Nor could the hardest ir'n hold out
Against his blows, but they would through 't,
In magic he was deeply read,
As he that made the brazen head;
Profoundly skill'd in the black art,
As English Merlin for his heart;
But far more skilful in the spheres,
Than he was at the sieve and shears.
He could transform himself in colour,
As like the Devil as a collier;
As like as hypocrites, in show,
Are to true saints, or crow to crow.
Of warlike engines he was author,
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter:
The cannon, blunderbuss, and saker,
He was th' inventor of, and maker:
The trumpet and the kettle-drum
Did both from his invention come.
He was the first that e'er did teach
To make, and how to stop a breach.
A lance he bore with iron pike,
Th' one half would thrust, the other strike;
And when their forces he had join'd,
He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.
He Trulla[5] lov'd, Trulla, more bright
Than burnish'd armour of her knight;
A bold virago, stout and tall,
As Joan of France, or English Mall[6]:
Through perils both of wind and limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him
In every adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forsook:
At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,
She shar'd i' th' hazard and the prize;
At beating quarters up, or forage,
Behav'd herself with matchless courage,
And laid about in fight more busily
Than th' Amazonian dame Penthesile.
And though some critics here cry shame,
And say our authors are to blame,
That (spite of all philosophers,
Who hold no females stout but bears,
And heretofore did so abhor
That women should pretend to war,
They would not suffer the stout'st dame
To swear by Hercules's name)
Make feeble ladies, in their works,
To fight like termagants and Turks;
To lay their native arms aside,
Their modesty, and ride astride;
To run a-tilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field;
As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
And she that would have been the mistress
Of Gundibert, but he had grace,
And rather took a country lass;
They say, 'tis false, without all sense,
But of pernicious consequence
To government, which they suppose
Can never be upheld in prose;
Strip Nature naked to the skin,
You'll find about her no such thing.
It may be so, yet what we tell
Of Trulla, that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by those have seen 't,
Or, what's as good, produc'd in print;
And if they will not take our word,
We'll prove it true upon record.
The upright Cerdon next advanc't,
Of all his race the valiant'st:
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,
Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak against the strongest side:

[3] A butcher in Newgate-market, who afterwards obtained a captain's commission for his rebellious bravery at Naseby.

[4] Simeon Wait a tinker, as famous an independent preacher as Burroughs; who, with equal blasphemy to his Lord of Hosts, would style Oliver Cromwell the Archangel giving battle to the Devil.

[5] The daughter of James Spenser, debauched by Magnano the tinker. So called, because the tinker's wife or mistress was commonly called his *trull*.

[6] Alluding, probably, to Mary Carlton, called Kentish Moll, but more commonly the German Princess; a person notorious at the time this First Part of Hudibras was published. She was transported to Jamaica 1671; but returning from transportation too soon, she was hanged at Tyburn Jan. 22, 1672-3.

Ill has he read, that never hit
On him in Muses' deathless writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a bull-hide shield would pierce,
And cut it in a thousand pieces,
Though tougher than the knight of Greece's,
With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor
Was comrade in the ten-years' war:
For when the restless Greeks sat down
So many years before Troy town,
And were renown'd, as Homer writes,
For well-sol'd boots no less than fights,
They ow'd that glory only to
His ancestor, that made them so.
Fast friend he was to reformation,
Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion:
Next rectifier of wry law,
And would make three to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote:
But preaching was his chiefest talent,
Or argument, in which being valiant,
He us'd to lay about and stickle,
Like ram or bull at conventicle:
For disputants, like rams and bulls,
Do fight with arms that spring from sculls.
Last Colon[7] came, bold man of war,
Destin'd to blows by fatal star;
Right expert in command of horse,
But cruel, and without remorse.
That which of Centaur long ago
Was said, and has been wrested to
Some other knights, was true of this,
He and his horse were of a piece;
One spirit did inform them both,
The self-same vigour, fury, wroth:
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart,
Although his horse had been of those
That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes:
Strange food for horse! and yet, alas!
It may be true, for flesh is grass.
Sturdy he was, and no less able
Than Hercules to clean a stable;
As great a drover, and as great
A critic too, in hog or neat.
He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,
Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fother,
And provender, wherewith to feed
Himself and his less cruel steed.
It was a question whether he
Or 's horse were of a family
More worshipful; till antiquaries
(After they 'ad almost por'd out their eyes)
Did very learnedly decide
The business on the horse's side,
And prov'd not only horse, but cows,
Nay pigs, were of the elder house:
For beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th' Earth possess.
These worthies were the chief that led
The combatants, each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage
Ready, and longing to engage.
The numerous rabble was drawn out
Of several counties round about,
From villages remote, and shires
Of east and western hemispheres.

[7] Ned Perry, an hostler.

From foreign parishes and regions,
Of different manners, speech, religions,
Came men and mastiffs; some to fight
For fame and honour, some for sight.
And now the field of death, the lists,
Were enter'd by antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broach'd,
When Hudibras in haste approach'd,
With squire and weapons to attack them;
But first thus from his horse bespake them.
"What rage, O citizens! what fury
Doth you to these dire actions hurry?
What œstrum, what phrenetic mood
Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
While the proud Vies your trophies boast,
And unreveng'd walks Waller's ghost?
What towns, what garrisons, might you,
With hazard of this blood, subdue,
Which now y' are bent to throw away
In vain untriumphable fray?
Shall saints in civil bloodshed wallow
Of saints, and let the cause lie fallow?
The cause, for which we fought and swore
So boldly, shall we now give o'er?
Then because quarrels still are seen
With oaths and swearings to begin,
The Solemn League and Covenant
Will seem a mere God-dam-me rant,
And we, that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as drunkards that fall out:
For as we make war for the king
Against himself, the self-same thing,
Some will not stick to swear, we do
For God and for religion too;
For if bear-baiting we allow,
What good can reformation do?
The blood and treasure that's laid out
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are these the fruits o' th' protestation,
The prototype of reformation,
Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,
Wore in their hats like wedding garters,
When 'twas resolv'd by either house
Six members' quarrel to espouse?
Did they, for this, draw down the rabble,
With zeal and noises formidable,
And make all cries about the town
Join throats to cry the bishops down?
Who, having round begirt the palace,
(As once a month they do the gallows)
As members gave the sign about,
Set up their throats with hideous shout.
When tinkers bawl'd aloud to settle
Church-discipline, for patching kettle;
No sow-gelder did blow his horn
To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform;
The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
And trudg'd away, to cry No Bishop;
The mousetrap-men laid savealls by,
And 'gainst Ev'l Counsellors did cry;
Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the Church;
Some cry'd The Covenant, instead
Of pudding-pies and gingerbread;
And some for brooms, old boots, and shoes,
Bawl'd out to Purge the Common-house:
Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
A Gospel-preaching Ministry;
And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
No Surplices nor Service-book:

A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to reformation.
And is this all? Is this the end
To which these carryings-on did tend?
Hath Public Faith, like a young heir,
For this tak'n up all sorts of ware,
And run int' every tradesman's book,
Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke?
Did saints, for this, bring in their plate,
And crowd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the cause had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flaggons,
Int' officers of horse and dragoons?
And into pikes and musqueteers
Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers?
A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,
Did start up living men, as soon
As in the furnace they were thrown,
Just like the dragon's teeth being sown.
Then was the cause of gold and plate,
The brethrens' offerings, consecrate,
Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it
The saints fell prostrate, to adore it:
So say the wicked—and will you
Make that sarcasmus scandal true,
By running after dogs and bears,
Beasts more unclean than calves or steers?
Have powerful preachers ply'd their tongues,
And laid themselves out and their lungs;
Us'd all means, both direct and sin'ster,
I' th' power of gospel-preaching min'ster?
Have they invented tones to win
The women, and make them draw in
The men, as Indians with a female
Tame elephant inveigle the male?
Have they told Prov'dence what it must do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?
Discover'd the enemy's design,
And which way best to countermine?
Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the kirk?
Told it the news o' th' last express,
And after good or bad success
Made prayers, not so like petitions
As overtures and propositions,
(Such as the army did present
To their creator, the parl'ament,)
In which they freely will confess,
They will not, cannot acquiesce,
Unless the work be carry'd on
In the same way they have begun,
By setting church and common-weal
All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
On which the saints were all agog,
And all this for a bear and dog?
The parl'ament drew up petitions
To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions,
To well-affected persons, down
In every city and great town,
With power to levy horse and men,
Only to bring them back agen?
For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in rank and file,
With papers in their hats, that show'd
As if they to the pillory rode?
Have all these courses, these efforts,
Been try'd by people of all sorts,
Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,
And all t' advance the cause's service,
And shall all now be thrown away
In petulant intestine fray?
Shall we, that in the covenant swore,
Each man of us, to run before
Another still in reformation,
Give dogs and bears a dispensation?
How will dissenting brethren relish it?
What will malignants say? *Videlicet,*
That each man swore to do his best
To damn and perjure all the rest?
And bid the Devil take the hin'most,
Which at this race is like to win most.
They'll say our business, to reform
The church and state, is but a worm;
For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,
T' an unknown church-discipline,
What is it else, but before-hand
T' engage, and after understand?
For when we swore to carry on
The present reformation,
According to the purest mode
Of churches best-reform'd abroad,
What did we else but make a vow
To do we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what churches these should be;
And is indeed the self-same case
With theirs that swore *et cæteras;*
Or the French league, in which men vow'd
To fight to the last drop of blood.
These slanders will be thrown upon
The cause and work we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong
T' exorbitances fit for Bedlam,
Rather than gospel-walking times,
When slightest sins are greatest crimes.
But we the matter so shall handle,
As to remove that odious scandal:
In name of king and parl'ament,
I charge you all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your brethren and your countrymen,
And to those places straight repair
Where your respective dwellings are.
But to that purpose first surrender
The fiddler, as the prime offender,
Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and engineer of mischief;
That makes division between friends,
For profane and malignant ends.
He and that engine of vile noise,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall *(dictum factum)* both be brought
To condign pun'shment, as they ought.
This must be done, and I would fain see
Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay;
For then I'll take another course,
And soon reduce you all by force."
This said, he clapt his hand on sword,
To show he meant to keep his word.
But Talgol, who had long suppress
Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus answer'd him: "Thou vermin wretched,
As e'er in measled pork was hatched;
Thou tail of worship, that dost grow
On rump of justice as of cow;
How dar'st thou with that sullen luggage
O' th'self, old ir'n, and other baggage,

With which thy steed of bones and leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither;
How durst th', I say, adventure thus
T' oppose thy lumber against us?
Could thine impertinence find out
No work t' employ itself about,
Where thou, secure from wooden blow,
Thy busy vanity might show?
Was no dispute a-foot between
The caterwauling brethren?
No subtle question rais'd among
Those out-o'-their wits, and those i' th' wrong?
No prize between those combatants
O' th' times, the land and water saints,
Where thou might's stickle, without hazard
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,
And not, for want of business, come
To us to be thus troublesome,
To interrupt our better sort
Of disputants, and spoil our sport?
Was there no felony, no bawd,
Cutpurse, or burglary abroad?
No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose,
To tie thee up from breaking loose?
No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
For which thou statute might'st allege,
To keep thee busy from foul evil,
And shame due to thee from the Devil?
Did no committee sit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee,
And set th' a task, with subornation,
To stitch up sale and sequestration,
To cheat, with holiness and zeal,
All parties and the commonweal?
Much better had it been for thee
He 'ad kept thee where th' art us'd to be,
Or sent th' on business any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither:
But if th' hast brain enough in scull
To keep itself in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of stones,
And cudgels to thy hide and bones,
Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st,
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st."
At this the knight grew high in wroth,
And lifting eyes and hands up both,
Three times he smote on stomach stout,
From whence, at length, these words broke out:
"Was I for this entitled Sir,
And girt with trusty sword and spur,
For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?
Not all that pride, that makes thee swell
As big as thou dost blown up veal,
Nor all thy tricks and sleights to cheat,
And sell thy carrion for good meat;
Not all thy magic to repair
Decay'd old-age in tough lean ware,
Make natural death appear thy work,
And stop the gangrene in stale pork;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Because by bullock ne'er withstood;
Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives,
And axes, made to hew down lives,
Shall save or help thee to evade
The hand of Justice, or this blade,
Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,
For civil deed and military:
Nor shall these words, of venom base,
Which thou hast from their native place,
Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreveng'd, though I am free;
Thou down the same throat shalt devour them,
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for them:
Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight
With gantlet blue and bases white,
And round blunt truncheon by his side,
So great a man at arms defy'd
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel."
This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
His gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd,
And bending cock, he level'd full
Against th' outside of Talgol's scull,
Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth cow or bullock murther:
But Pallas came in shape of Rust,
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust
Her gorgon shield, which made the cock
Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.
Meanwhile fierce Talgol, gathering might,
With rugged truncheon charg'd the knight;
But he with petronel up-heav'd,
Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd:
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
Drew out his sword; yet not so fast
But Talgol first, with hardy thwack,
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back;
But when his nut-brown sword was out,
With stomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon:
The trusty cudgel did oppose
Itself against dead-doing blows,
To guard his leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd itself again.
And though the sword (some understood)
In force had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing so; both sides were balanc't
So equal, none knew which was val'ant'st:
For wood, with honour being engag'd,
Is so implacably enrag'd,
Though iron hew and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both knights were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot pursuits of death,
Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still,
Expecting which should take or kill.
This Hudibras observ'd; and fretting
Conquest should be so long a-getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow;
But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning sleight; for had it hit
The upper part of him, the blow
Had slit, as sure as that below.
Meanwhile the incomparable Colon,
To aid his friend, began to fall on;
Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew
A dismal combat 'twixt them two;
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,
This fit for bruise, and that for blood.
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang,

While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline;
Until Magnano, who did envy
That two should with so many men vy,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thistles grew on barren ground,
In haste he drew his weapon out,
And having cropt them from the root,
He clapp'd them underneath the tail
Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail:
The angry beast did straight resent
The wrong done to his fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if he 'ad been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from thistle,
That gall'd him sorely under his tail;
Instead of which, he threw the pack,
Of squire and baggage, from his back;
And blundering still, with smarting rump,
He gave the knight's steed such a thump
As made him reel. The knight did stoop,
And sat on further side aslope.
This Talgol viewing, who had now
By sleight escap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to 't;
For, catching foe by nearer foot,
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out;
But Mars, that still protects the stout,
In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the bear convey'd;
The bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
The knight with all his weight fell down.
The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
And headlong knight, from bruise or wound:
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of cannon ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt, our's far'd as well
In body, though his mighty spirit,
Being heavy, did not so well bear it.
The bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down, and worsted by the knight;
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout:
His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam;
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more than ever herald drew him:
He tore the earth, which he had sav'd
From squelch of knight, and storm'd and rav'd,
And vex'd the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the law of arms:
For men he always took to be
His friends, and dogs the enemy;
Who never so much hurt had done him,
As his own side did falling on him:
It griev'd him to the guts, that they,
For whom he 'ad fought so many a fray,
And serv'd with loss of blood so long,
Should offer such inhuman wrong;
Wrong of unsoldier-like condition,
For which he flung down his commission;
And laid about him, till his nose
From thrall of ring and cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amazed crew;
Some he o'er-ran, and some o'erthrew,
But took none; for by hasty flight
He strove t' escape, pursuit of knight,
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread, as he the rabble chas'd;
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear a several way.

Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded sore
I' th' fiddle, and a leg that bore
One side of him, not that of bone,
But much its better, th' wooden one.
He spying Hudibras lie strow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, supposed wound,
And loss of urine, in a swound,
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb,
That, hurt i' th' ankle lay by him,
And, fitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the knight;
For getting up on stump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd, for breach
Of crowd and skin, upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
He and his fiddle underwent.

But Ralpho (who had now begun
T' adventure resurrection
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with sprained crup)
Looking about, beheld pernicion
Approaching knight from fell musician;
He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed,
(As rats do from a falling house)
To hide itself from rage of blows;
And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew
To rescue knight from black and blue;
Which ere he could achieve, his sconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once;
And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen,
When Ralpho thrust himself between;
He took the blow upon his arm,
To shield the knight from further harm,
And, joining wrath with force, bestow'd
On th' wooden member such a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
To him the squire right nimbly run,
And, setting conquering foot upon
His trunk, thus spoke: "What desperate frenzy
Made thee (thou whelp of Sin) to fancy
Thyself, and all that coward rabble,
T' encounter us in battle able?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy curship
'Gainst arms, authority, and worship,
And Hudibras or me provoke,
Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows, as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail,
With all its rhetoric, nor the gaol,
To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
And ancle free from iron gin?
Which now thou shalt—but first our care
Must see how Hudibras does fare."
This said, he gently rais'd the knight,
And set him on his bum upright.

To rouse him from lethargic dump,
He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump
Knock't on his breast, as if 't had been
To raise the Spirits lodg'd within:
They, waken'd with the noise, did fly
From inward room, to window eye,
And gently opening lid, the casement,
Look'd out, but yet with some amazement.
This gladded Ralpho much to see,
Who thus bespoke the knight. Quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, "You are, great sir,
A self-denying conqueror;
As high, victorious, and great,
As e'er fought for the churches yet,
If you will give yourself but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's victory. The foe, for dread
Of your nine-worthiness, is fled,
All save Crowdero, for whose sake
You did th' espous'd cause undertake;
And he lies prisoner at your feet,
To be dispos'd as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or sale,
The gallows, or perpetual jail;
For one wink of your powerful eye
Must sentence him to live or die.
His fiddle is your proper purchase,
Won in the service of the churches;
And by your doom must be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a crowd:
For though success did not confer
Just title on the conqueror;
Though dispensations were not strong
Conclusions, whether right or wrong;
Although out-goings did confirm,
And owning were but a mere term;
Yet as the wicked have no right
To th' creature, though usurp'd by might,
The property is in the saint,
From whom they' injuriously detain't;
Of him they hold their luxuries,
Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
Their riots, revels, masks, delights,
Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;
All which the saints have title to,
And ought t' enjoy, if they'd their due.
What we take from them is no more
Than what was ours by right before:
For we are their true landlords still,
And they our tenants but at will."
At this the knight began to rouze,
And by degrees grew valorous:
He star'd about, and seeing none
Of all his foes remain but one,
He snatch'd his weapon, that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him,
Vowing to make Crowdero pay
For all the rest, that ran away.
But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withstood:
"Great sir," quoth he, "your mighty spirit
Is rais'd too high: this slave does merit
To be the hangman's business, sooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his destruction; I that am
A nothingness in deed and name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcass,
Or ill entreat his fiddle or case:
Will you, great sir, that glory blot
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your conquering sword
To break a fiddle, and your word?
For though I fought and overcame,
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name:
For great commanders always own
What's prosperous by the soldier done.
To save, where you have power to kill,
Argues your power above your will;
And that your will and power have less
Than both might have of selfishness.
This power, which, now alive, with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,
Would no more keep the slave in awe,
Than if you were a knight of straw:
For Death would then be his conqueror
Not you, and free him from that terrour.
If danger from his life accrue,
Or honour from his death, to you,
'Twere policy and honour too
To do as you resolv'd to do:
But, sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,
To say it needs, or fears a crutch.
Great conquerors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led, than slain:
The laurels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes: the greatest fame
Of cripple slain can be but lame:
One half of him's already slain,
The other is not worth your pain;
Th' honour can but on one side light,
As worship did, when y' were dubb'd knight;
Wherefore I think it better far
To keep him prisoner of war,
And let him fast in bonds abide,
At court of justice to be try'd;
Where, if h' appear so bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his safety:
If any member there dislike
His face, or to his beard have pique;
Or if his death will save or yield
Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd,
Though he has quarter, ne'ertheless
Y' have power to hang him when you please;
This has been often done by some
Of our great conquerors, you know whom;
And has by most of us been held
Wise justice, and to some reveal'd:
For words and promises, that yoke
The conqueror, are quickly broke;
Like Samson's cuffs, though by his own
Direction and advice put on.
For if we should fight for the cause
By rules of military laws,
And only do what they call just,
The cause would quickly fall to dust.
This we among ourselves may speak;
But to the wicked or the weak,
We must be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, such as these are."
This said, the high outrageous mettle
Of knight began to cool and settle.
He lik'd the squire's advice, and soon
Resolv'd to see the business done;
And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and use
The wooden member to reduce,
But force it take an oath before,
Ne'er to bear arms against him more.

Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,
And having ty'd Crowdero fast,
He gave sir Knight the end of cord,
To lead the captive of his sword
In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,
And them to further service brought.
The squire, in state, rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
The trophee-fiddle and the case,
Leaning on shoulder[8] like a mace.
The knight himself did after ride,
Leading Crowdero by his side;
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like boat, against the tide and wind.
Thus grave and solemn they march on,
Until quite through the town they 'ad gone;
At further end of which there stands
An ancient castle, that commands
Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabric
You shall not see one stone, nor a brick,
But all of wood, by powerful spell
Of magic made impregnable:
There's neither iron-bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeon scarce three inches wide;
With roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie or sit;
And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
Is to the middle-leg in prison;
In circle magical confin'd,
With walls of subtle air and wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they're freed by head of borough.
Thither arriv'd, th' adventurous knight
And bold squire from their steeds alight
At th' outward wall, near which there stands
A Bastile, built t' imprison hands;
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts, and free the greater:
For though the body may creep through,
The hands in grate are fast enough:
And when a circle 'bout the wrist
Is made by beadle exorcist,
The body feels the spur and switch,
As if 't were ridden post by witch,
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a spire,
On which sir Knight first bids the squire
The fiddle, and its spoils, the case,
In manner of a trophee place.
That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat,
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in pensive place,
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the survivor of his feet;
But th' other, that had broke the peace,
And head of knighthood, they release,
Though a delinquent false and forged,
Yet being a stranger, he's enlarged,
While his comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapp'd up fast in prison for't:
So Justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

[8] Plac'd *on* his *shoulder*. Editions 1674, 1684, 1689, 1700. *Leaning on shoulder*, restored 1704.

PART I. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The scatter'd rout return and rally,
Surround the place; the knight does sally,
And is made prisoner: then they seize
Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
Crowdero, and put the squire in 's place;
I should have first said Hudibras.

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps!
For though dame Fortune seem to smile,
And leer upon him, for a while,
She'll after show him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
This any man may sing or say
I' th' ditty call'd, What if a Day?
For Hudibras, who thought he 'ad won
The field, as certain as a gun,
And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop,
Thinking he 'ad done enough to purchase
Thanksgiving-day among the churches,
Wherein his mettle and brave worth
Might be explain'd by holder-forth,
And register'd by fame eternal,
In deathless pages of diurnal,
Found in few minutes, to his cost,
He did but count without his host,
And that a turnstile is more certain
Than, in events of war, dame Fortune.
For now the late faint-hearted rout,
O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
Chas'd by the horror of their fear,
From bloody fray of knight and bear,
(All but the dogs, who in pursuit
Of the knight's victory stood to 't,
And most ignobly fought to get
The honour of his blood and sweat)
Seeing the coast was free and clear
O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to stand it out:
For by this time the routed bear,
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a safe retreat,
Like a bold chieftain fac'd about;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to Fortune, and with haste
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,
Retiring still, until he found
He 'ad got th' advantage of the ground,
And then as val'antly made head
To check the foe, and forthwith fled,
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
Of warrior stout and politic,
Until, in spite of hot pursuit,
He gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
On better terms, and stop the course
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole body to recoil;

But still their numbers so increas'd,
He found himself at length oppress'd,
And all evasions so uncertain,
To save himself for better fortune,
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And sell his hide and carcass at
A price as high and desperate
As e'er he could. This resolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
The enemy, i' th' greatest throng;
But what could single valour do,
Against so numerous a foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds were such;
But one against a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good:
For while one party he oppos'd,
His rear was suddenly enclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight, against a foe so great.
For now the mastiffs, charging home,
To blows and handy-gripes were come;
While manfully himself he bore,
And, setting his right foot before,
He rais'd himself to show how tall
His person was above them all.
This equal shame and envy stirr'd
In th' enemy, that one should beard
So many warriors, and so stout,
As he had done, and stav'd it out,
Disdaining to lay down his arms,
And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus, some in the rear
Attack'd him, and some every where,
Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
And, being down, still laid about;
As Widdrington, in doleful dumps,
Is said to fight upon his stumps.
But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
If Trulla' and Cerdon in the nick
To rescue him had not been quick:
For Trulla, who was light of foot,
As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,
(But not so light as to be borne
Upon the ears of standing corn,
Or trip it o'er the water quicker
Than witches, when their staves they liquor,
As some report) was got among
The foremost of the martial throng;
There pitying the vanquish'd bear,
She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near,
Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,
"Shall we," quoth she, "stand still hum-drum,
And see stout Bruin, all alone,
By numbers basely overthrown?
Such feats already he 'as achiev'd,
In story not to be believ'd,
And 'twould to us be shame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off."
"I would," quoth he, "venture a limb
To second thee, and rescue him;
But then we must about it straight,
Or else our aid will come too late;
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
And therefore cannot long hold out."
This said, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads to clear the ground,
And joining forces, laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
As if the Devil drove, to run.
Meanwhile th' approach'd the place where Bruin
Was now engag'd to mortal ruin:
The conquering foe they soon assail'd,
First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,
Until their mastiffs loos'd their hold:
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worsted bear came off with store
Of bloody wounds, but all before:
For as Achilles, dipt in pond,
Was anabaptiz'd free from wound,
Made proof against dead-doing steel
All over, but the pagan heel;
So did our champion's arms defend
All of him but the other end,
His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter lost a leathern parcel:
For as an Austrian archduke once
Had one ear (which in ducatoons
Is half the coin) in battle par'd
Close to his head, so Bruin far'd;
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,
Like scrivener newly crucify'd:
Or like the late-corrected leathern
Ears of the circumcised brethren.
But gentle Trulla into th' ring
He wore in 's nose convey'd a string,
With which she march'd before, and led
The warrior to a grassy bed,
As authors write, in a cool shade,
Which eglantine and roses made;
Close by a softly murmuring stream,
Where lovers us'd to loll and dream:
There leaving him to his repose,
Secured from pursuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a song,
And a well-tun'd theorbo hung
Upon a bough, to ease the pain
His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain
They both drew up, to march in quest
Of his great leader and the rest.
For Orsin (who was more renown'd
For stout maintaining of his ground,
In standing fight, than for pursuit,
As being not so quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that pursued the chase,
But found himself left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind;
Griev'd to behold his bear pursued
So basely by a multitude,
And like to fall, not by the prowess,
But numbers, of his coward foes.
He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;
Forcing the vallies to repeat
The accents of his sad regret:
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony bear,
That Echo, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
Than in small poets splay-foot rhymes,
That make her, in their ruthful stories,
To answer to int'rogatories,
And most unconscionably depose
To things of which she nothing knows;

And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, "O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled? to my"——Echo, "Ruin."
"I thought thou 'adst scorn'd to budge a step
For fear." Quoth Echo, "Marry guep."
"Am not I here to take thy part?
Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it
For thy dear sake." Quoth she, "Mum budget."
"Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish
Thou turn'st thy back?" Quoth Echo, "Pish."
"To run from those thou 'adst overcome,
Thus cowardly?" Quoth Echo, "Mum."
"But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or, if thou hast no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grutch to spend his blood in
His honour's cause?" Quoth she, "A puddin."
This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly stomach burn'd;
Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place
Of sorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the authors of his woe
Should equal vengeance undergo,
And with their bones and flesh pay dear
For what he suffer'd, and his bear.
This being resolv'd, with equal speed
And rage he hasted to proceed
To action straight; and giving o'er
To search for Bruin any more,
He went in quest of Hudibras,
To find him out where'er he was;
And, if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.
But scarce had he a furlong on
This resolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that crew
Whom Hudibras did late subdue.
Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame,
Did equally their breasts inflame.
'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,
And Talgol, foe to Hudibras;
Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout,
And resolute, as ever fought;
Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke:
"Shall we," quoth he, "thus basely brook
The vile affront that paltry ass,
And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras,
With that more paltry ragamuffin,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
As if they had routed us in battle?
For my part, it shall ne'er be said
I for the washing gave my head:
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O' th' rascals, but loss of my bear,
Which now I'm like to undergo;
For whether these fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my skill can foretel;
Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the pope of Rome:
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it, (as I shall no doubt,
Where'er they in hugger-mugger lurk)
I'll make them rue their handy work,
And wish that they had rather dar'd
To pull the Devil by the beard."
Quoth Cerdon, "Noble Orsin, th' hast
Great reason to do as thou say'st,
And so has every body here,
As well as thou hast, or thy bear:
Others may do as they see good;
But if this twig be made of wood,
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,
And th' other mungrel vermin, Ralph,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy bear is safe, and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;
Myself and Trulla made a shift
To help him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough:
There let him rest; for if we stay,
The slaves may hap to get away."
This said, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the same design,
And forthwith put themselves, in search
Of Hudibras, upon their march:
Where leave we them a while, to tell
What the victorious knight befel;
For such, Crowdero being fast
In dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow
No where so green as on his brow,
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conquering toil, he now retir'd
Unto a neighbouring castle by,
To rest his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise
He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues;
To mollify th' uneasy pang
Of every honourable bang,
Which being by skilful midwife drest,
He laid him down to take his rest.
But all in vain: he 'ad got a hurt
O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort,
By Cupid made, who took his stand
Upon a widow's jointure land,
(For he in all his am'rous battles,
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattles)
Drew home his bow, and, aiming right,
Let fly an arrow at the knight;
The shaft against a rib did glance,
And gall him in the purtenance;
But time had somewhat 'swag'd his pain,
After he found his suit in vain;
For that proud dame, for whom his soul
Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
(That belly that so oft did ake,
And suffer griping for her sake,
Till purging comfits and ants' eggs
Had almost brought him off his legs)
Us'd him so like a base rascallion,
That old Pyg—(what d' y' call him) malion,
That cut his mistress out of stone,
Had not so hard a hearted one.
She had a thousand jadish tricks,
Worse than a mule that flings and kicks;
'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
As insolent as strange, and mad;
She could love none but only such
As scorn'd and hated her as much;

'Twas a strange riddle of a lady:
Not love, if any lov'd her: hey-day!
So cowards never use their might,
But against such as will not fight.
So some diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the sound.
He that gets her by heart, must say her
The back way, like a witch's prayer.
Meanwhile the knight had no small task,
To compass what he durst not ask:
He loves, but dares not make the motion;
Her ignorance is his devotion:
Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed
Rides with his face to rump of steed,
Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move;
Or like a tumbler that does play
His game, and look another way;
Until he seize upon the coney,
Just so does he by matrimony.
But all in vain; her subtle snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;
Which she return'd with too much scorn,
To be by man of honour borne;
Yet much he bore, until the distress
He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress
Did stir his stomach, and the pain,
He had endur'd from her disdain,
Turn'd to regret so resolute,
That he resolv'd to wave his suit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play least in sight.
This resolution being put on,
He kept some months, and more had done,
But being brought so nigh by Fate,
The victory he achiev'd so late
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to discontinued hope,
That seem'd to promise he might win
His dame too, now his hand was in;
And that his valour, and the honour
He 'ad newly gain'd, might work upon her:
These reasons made his mouth to water
With amorous longings to be at her.
Quoth he, unto himself, "Who knows
But this brave conquest o'er my foes
May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
As I but now have forc'd the troop?
If nothing can oppugn love,
And virtue invious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do,
That brings both love and virtue too?
But thou bring'st valour too, and wit,
Two things that seldom fail to hit.
Valour's a mousetrap, wit a gin,
Which women oft are taken in:
Then, Hudibras, why should'st thou fear
To be, that art, a conqueror?
Fortune the audacious doth *juvare*,
But lets the timidous miscarry:
Then, while the honour thou hast got
Is spick-and-span new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,
And trust thy fortune with the rest."
Such thoughts as these the knight did keep,
More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep;
And as an owl, that in a barn
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes,
As if he slept, until he spies
The little beast within his reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch,
So from his couch the knight did start,
To seize upon the widow's heart,
Crying, with hasty tone, and hoarse,
"Ralpho, dispatch, to horse, to horse!"
And 'twas but time; for now the rout,
We left engag'd to seek him out,
By speedy marches were advanc'd
Up to the fort where he ensconc'd,
And all th' avenues had possest,
About the place, from east to west.
That done, a while they made a halt
To view the ground, and where t' assault:
Then call'd a council, which was best,
By siege or onslaught, to invest
The enemy; and 'twas agreed
By storm and onslaught to proceed.
This being resolv'd, in comely sort
They now drew up t' attack the fort;
When Hudibras, about to enter
Upon another gate's adventure,
To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching storm.
Whether dame Fortune, or the care
Of angel bad, or tutelar,
Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
To which he was an utter stranger,
That foresight might, or might not, blot
The glory he had newly got,
Or to his shame it might be said,
They took him napping in his bed,
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in sciences profound.
His courser scarce he had bestrid,
And Ralpho that on which he rid,
When setting ope the postern gate,
Which they thought best to sally at,
The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This somewhat startled the bold knight,
Surpris'd with th' unexpected sight:
The bruises of his bones and flesh
He thought began to smart afresh:
Till, recollecting wonted courage,
His fear was soon converted to rage,
And thus he spoke: "The coward foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,
Look, yonder 's rally'd, and appears
As if they had outrun their fears;
The glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat;
And to their wills we must succumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.
This is the same numeric crew
Which we so lately did subdue;
The self-same individuals that
Did run, as mice do from a cat,
When we courageously did wield
Our martial weapons in the field,
To tug for victory: and when
We shall our shining blades agen
Brandish in terrour o'er our heads,
They'll straight resume their wonted dreads.
Fear is an ague, that forsakes
And haunts, by fits, those whom it takes;
And they'll opine they feel the pain
And blows they felt to-day again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome."

This said, his courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his mistress' name,
His pistol next he cock'd anew,
And out his nut-brown whinyard drew;
And, placing Ralpho in the front,
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,
As expert warriors use; then ply'd,
With iron heel, his courser's side,
Conveying sympathetic speed
From heel of knight to heel of steed.
Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage
And speed, advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handy blows,
When Orsin first let fly a stone
At Ralpho; not so huge a one
As that which Diomed did maul
Æneas on the bum withal;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have sent him to another world,
Whether above ground, or below,
Which saints twice dipt are destin'd to.
The danger startled the bold squire,
And made him some few steps retire;
But Hudibras advanc'd to 's aid,
And rous'd his spirits, half dismay'd:
He, wisely doubting lest the shot
Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, press'd close,
To come pell-mell to handy-blows,
And, that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd still in an oblique line;
But prudently forebore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got nigher;
As expert warriors use to do,
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the adventurous knight,
Most soldier-like, observed in fight,
When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the foe began to stickle.
The more shame for her goodyship
To give so near a friend the slip.
For Colon, choosing out a stone,
Level'd so right, it thump'd upon
His manly paunch with such a force,
As almost beat him off his horse.
He loos'd his whinyard, and the rein,
But laying fast hold on the mane,
Preserv'd his seat: and as a goose
In death contracts his talons close,
So did the knight, and with one claw,
The tricker of his pistol draw.
The gun went off; and as it was
Still fatal to stout Hudibras,
In all his feats of arms, when least
He dreamt of it, to prosper best,
So now he far'd: the shot, let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,
Pierc'd Talgol's gabardine, and grazing
Upon his shoulder, in the passing
Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon,
Who straight, "A surgeon," cry'd, "A surgeon!"
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
Did "Murther, murther, murther!" yell.
This startled their whole body so,
That if the knight had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
He 'ad won (the second time) the fight;
As, if the squire had but fall'n on,
He had inevitably done.
But he, divetted with the care
Of Hudibras's hurt, forbare
To press th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the rest dishearten.
For he with Cerdon being engag'd
In close encounter, they both wag'd
The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day.
And now the busy work of Death
Had tir'd them so, they 'greed to breathe,
Preparing to renew the fight,
When the disaster of the knight,
And th' other party, did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon where Magnano was,
Each striving to confirm his party
With stout encouragements and hearty.
Quoth Ralpho, "Courage, valiant sir,
And let revenge and honour stir
Your spirits up; once more fall on,
The shatter'd foe begins to run:
For if but half so well you knew
To use your victory, as subdue,
They durst not, after such a blow
As you have given them, face us now;
But, from so formidable a soldier,
Had fled like crows when they smell powder.
Thrice have they seen your sword aloft
Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft;
But if you let them recollect
Their spirits, now dismay'd and checkt,
You'll have a harder game to play,
Than yet ye 'ave had, to get the day."
Thus spoke the stout squire, but was heard
By Hudibras with small regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than Ralph's harangue;
To which he answer'd, "Cruel Fate
Tells me thy counsel comes too late.
The clotted blood within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit.
Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.
I am not apt, upon a wound,
Or trivial basting, to despond;
Yet I'd be loth my days to curtail;
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that we 'ad time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,
'Twere the best course; but if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind,
For them to seize on, the dishonour,
And danger too, is such, I'll sooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them see I am no starter.
In all the trade of war no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat:
For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least o' th' enemy."
This said, the squire, with active speed,
Dismounted from his bony steed,
To seize the arms, which, by mischance,
Fell from the bold knight in a trance:
These being found out, and restor'd
To Hudibras, their natural lord,

As a man may say, with might and main
He hasted to get up again.
Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft,
But, by his weighty bum, as oft
He was pull'd back, till having found
Th' advantage of the rising ground,
Thither he led his warlike steed,
And having plac'd him right, with speed
Prepar'd again to scale the beast,
When Orsin, who had newly drest
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of Talgol, with Promethean powder,
And now was searching for the shot
That laid Magnano on the spot,
Beheld the sturdy squire aforesaid,
Preparing to climb up his horse-side;
He left his cure, and laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold
Cry'd out, "'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begin to rally;
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be 's dole."
This said, like to a thunderbolt,
He flew with fury to th' assault,
Striving th' enemy to attack
Before he reach'd his horse's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beast with active vau'ting,
Wriggling his body to recover
His seat, and cast his right leg over;
When Orsin, rushing in, bestow'd
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The beast was startled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough squire like a sack,
Or stout king Richard, on his back;
Till, stumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoon.
Meanwhile the knight began to rouse
The sparkles of his wonted prowess:
He thrust his hand into his hose,
And found, both by his eyes and nose,
'Twas only choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the squire,
Inflam'd him with despiteful ire;
Courageously he fac'd about,
And drew his other pistol out;
And now had half way bent the cock,
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm;
Then, stoutly pressing on with speed,
Assay'd to pull him off his steed.
The knight his sword had only left,
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the least crop'd off a limb,
But Orsin came, and rescued him.
He with his lance attack'd the knight
Upon his quarters opposite:
But as a bark, that in foul weather,
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to;
So far'd the knight between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppose;
Till Orsin, charging with his lance
At Hudibras, by spiteful chance
Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the knight began to cheer up,
And, raising up himself on stirrup,
Cry'd out, "*Victoria!* lie thou there,
And I shall straight dispatch another
To bear thee company in death;
But first I'll halt a while, and breathe:"
As well he might; for Orsin, griev'd
At th' wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he gave before.
Meanwhile the knight had wheel'd about
To breathe himself, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where best
He might the ruffled foe infest.
This being resolv'd, he spurr'd his steed,
To run at Orsin with full speed,
While he was busy in the care
Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware;
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy;
And, seeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and stood upon his guard:
Then, like a warrior right expert
And skilful in the martial art,
The subtle knight straight made a halt,
And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,
Until he had reliev'd the squire,
And then (in order) to retire;
Or, as occasion should invite,
With forces join'd renew the fight.
Ralpho, by this time disentranc'd,
Upon his bum himself advanc'd,
Though sorely bruis'd; his limbs all o'er
With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore:
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone,
When Hudibras to aid him came.
Quoth he (and call'd him by his name)
"Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more, as conquerors,
Have both the field and honour won;
The foe is profligate and run:
I mean all such as can, for some
This hand hath sent to their long home;
And some lie sprawling on the ground,
With many a gash and bloody wound.
Cæsar himself could never say
He got two victories in a day,
As I have done, that can say, twice I
In one day *veni, vidi, vici.*
The foe's so numerous, that we
Cannot so often *vincere,*
And they *perire,* and yet enow
Be left to strike an after-blow;
Then, lest they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the business o'er,
Get up, and mount thy steed; dispatch,
And let us both their motions watch."
Quoth Ralph, "I should not, if I were
In case for action, now be here;
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An arse, for fear of being bang'd.
It was for you I got these harms,
Adventuring to fetch off your arms.
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
My limbs of strength: unless you stoop,
And reach your hands to pull me up,
I shall lie here, and be a prey
To those who now are run away."

"That thou shalt not," quoth Hudibras;
We read, the ancients held it was
More honourable far *servare*
Quam, than slay an adversary;
The one we oft to day have done,
The other shall dispatch anon:
And though thou'rt of a different church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch."
This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher,
And steer'd him gently towards the squire,
Then, bowing down his body, stretch'd
His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd;
When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like lightening behind.
She had been long in search about
Magnano's wound, to find it out,
But could find none, nor where the shot
That had so startled him was got:
But, having found the worst was past,
She fell to her own work at last,
The pillage of the prisoners,
Which in all feats of arms was her's;
And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
When Hudibras's hard fate drew
To succour him; for as he bow'd
To help him up, she laid a load
Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
On th' other side, that down he fell.
"Yield, scoundrel base," quoth she, "or die;
Thy life is mine, and liberty;
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And dar'st presume to be so hardy
To try thy fortune o'er afresh,
I'll wave my title to thy flesh,
Thy arms and baggage, now my right,
And, if thou hast the heart to try 't,
I'll lend thee back thyself a while,
And once more, for that carcass vile,
Fight upon tick."—Quoth Hudibras,
"Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,
And I shall take thee at thy word.
First let me rise and take my sword;
That sword, which has so oft this day
Through squadrons of my foes made way,
And some to other worlds dispatcht,
Now with a feeble spinster matcht,
Will blush, with blood ignoble stain'd,
By which no honour 's to be gain'd:
But if thou 'lt take m' advice in this,
Consider, whilst thou may'st, what 'tis
To interrupt a victor's course,
B' opposing such a trivial force:
For if with conquest I come off,
(And that I shall do sure enough)
Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace,
By law of arms, in such a case;
Both which I now do offer freely."
"I scorn," quoth she, "thou coxcomb silly,
(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To show how much she priz'd his speech)
Quarter or counsel from a foe;
If thou canst force me to it, do:
But lest it should again be said,
When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard."
This said, she to her tackle fell,
And on the knight let fall a peal
Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home,
That he retir'd, and follow'd 's bum.
"Stand to 't," quoth she, "or yield to mercy;
It is not fighting *arsie-versie*
Shall serve thy turn."—This stirr'd his spleen
More than the danger he was in,
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel;
Honour, despight, revenge, and shame,
At once into his stomach came;
Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm
Above his head, and rain'd a storm
Of blows so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to hash her quick:
But she upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diversion broke them,
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with usury,
Which long she fail'd not of; for now
The knight with one dead-doing blow
Resolving to decide the fight,
And she with quick and cunning sleight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was so great,
As almost sway'd him to the ground:
No sooner she th' advantage found,
But in she flew; and seconding,
With home-made thrust, the heavy swing,
She laid him flat upon his side,
And, mounting on his trunk astride,
Quoth she, "I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, base scum:
Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace and quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And stain thine honour, than thy sword?
A man of war to damn his soul,
In basely breaking his parole;
And when before the fight, th' had'st vow'd
To give no quarter in cold blood;
Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,
To make m' against my will take quarter,
Why dost not put me to the sword,
But cowardly fly from thy word?"
Quoth Hudibras, "The day 's thine own;
Thou and thy stars have cast me down:
My laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy conquering brow:
My loss of honour 's great enough,
Thou needst not brand it with a scoff:
Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,
But cannot blur my lost renown:
I am not now in Fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient heroes were illustrious
For being benign and not blustrous
Against a vanquish'd foe: their swords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courtesies about."
Quoth she, "Although thou hast deserv'd,
Base Slubberdegullion, to be serv'd
As thou didst vow to deal with me,
If thou hadst got the victory,
Yet I shall rather act a part
That suits my fame, than thy desert.
Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
All that's on th' outside of thy hide,
Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one straw;
The rest, thy life and limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I restore."

Quoth Hudibras, "It is too late
For me to treat or stipulate;
What thou command'st I must obey;
Yet those whom I expung'd to-day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too,
Both dogs and bear, upon their parole,
Whom I took prisoners in this quarrel."
Quoth Trulla, "Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was 't not thou
That gave Crowdero quarter too?
Crowdero whom, in irons bound,
Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound,
Where still he lies, and with regret
His generous bowels rage and fret:
But now thy carcass shall redeem,
And serve to be exchang'd for him."
This said, the knight did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he disrob'd his gabardine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and, forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said jesting,
"Take that, and wear it for my sake;"
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
And as the French, we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers,
Port-cannons, periwigs, and feathers,
Just so the proud insulting lass
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.
Meanwhile the other champions, yerst
In hurry of the fight disperst,
Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,
To share i' th' honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras's hide
With vengeance to be satisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden shower,
But Trulla thrust herself between,
And striding o'er his back again,
She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word;
She 'ad giv'n him quarter, and her blood,
Or theirs, should make that quarter good;
For she was bound, by law of arms,
To save him safe from further harms.
In dungeon deep Crowdero, cast
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast,
Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
His great heart made perpetual moans;
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place.
This stopp'd their fury, and the basting
Which towards Hudibras was hasting;
They thought it was but just and right
That what she had achiev'd in fight
She should dispose of how she pleas'd;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this she pitch'd upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in.
The knight and squire first they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid;
Then, mounted both upon their horses,
But with their faces to the arses,
Orsin led Hudibras's beast,
And Talgol that which Ralpho prest;
Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon, waited as a guard on;
All ushering Trulla in the rear,
With th' arms of either prisoner.
In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' enchanted castle,
Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.
Thither, with greater speed than shows
And triumph over conquer'd foes
Do use t' allow, or than the bears,
Or pageants borne before lord-mayors,
Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd,
In order soldier-like contriv'd,
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for battle as for muster.
The knight and squire they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst the fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the magical redoubt.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter:
For he was skilful in black art,
No less than he that built the fort,
And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which straight all enter'd at,
And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground:
Him they release from durance base,
Restor'd t' his fiddle and his case,
And liberty, his thirsty rage
With luscious vengeance to assuage;
For he no sooner was at large,
But Trulla straight brought on the charge,
And in the self-same limbo put
The knight and squire where he was shut;
Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted mansion to know sorrow,
In the same order and array
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away:
But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop
To Fortune, or be said to droop,
Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers.
Quoth he, "Th' one half of man, his mind,
Is *sui juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not restraint, or liberty,
That makes men prisoners or free;
But perturbations that possess
The mind, or equanimities.
The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander, when he cry'd,
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a paltry narrow tub to
Diogenes; who is not said
(For aught that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
Because he 'ad ne'er another tub.
The ancients make two several kinds
Of prowess in heroic minds,
The active and the passive val'ant,
Both which are *pari libra* gallant;
For both to give blows, and to carry,
In fights are equi-necessary:
But in defeats the passive stout
Are always found to stand it out

Most desperately, and to outdo
The active, 'gainst a conquering foe.
Though we with blacks and blues are suggill'd,
Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgell'd,
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by 't.
Honour's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant: 'tis a chattle
Not to be forfeited in battle.
If he, that in the field is slain,
Be in the bed of Honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in Honour's truckle-bed.
For as we see th' eclipsed Sun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon,
Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
He shines in serene sky most bright,
So valour, in a low estate,
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at."
Quoth Ralph, "How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;
But none, that see how here we sit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit.
As gifted brethren, preaching by
A carnal hour-glass, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to say,
But not how much; so well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off:
For who, without a cap and bauble,
Having subdued a bear and rabble,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a second proof?
A politic exploit, right fit
For presbyterian zeal and wit."
Quoth Hudibras, "That cuckoo's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon:
When thou at any thing wouldst rail,
Thou mak'st presbytery thy scale,
To take the height on't, and explain
To what degree it is profane;
Whats'ever will not with (thy what-d'ye call)
Thy light jump right, thou call'st synodical:
As if presbytery were a standard
To size whatsoever's to be slander'd.
Dost not remember how this day
Thou to my beard wast bold to say,
That thou couldst prove bear-baiting equal
With synods, orthodox and legal?
Do, if thou can'st, for I deny't,
And dare thee to't with all thy light."
Quoth Ralpho, "Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do,
That has but any guts in's brains,
And could believe it worth his pains:
But since you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.
"Synods are mystical bear-gardens,
Where elders, deputies, churchwardens,
And other members of the court,
Manage the Babylonish sport;
For prolocutor, scribe, and bear-ward,
Do differ only in a mere word.
Both are but several synagogues
Of carnal men, and bears and dogs:
Both antichristian assemblies,
To mischief bent, as far's in them lies:
Both stave and tail, with fierce contests,
The one with men, the other beasts.
The difference is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;
And that they bait but bears in this,
In th' other souls and consciences;
Where saints themselves are brought to stake
For gospel-light and conscience' sake;
Expos'd to scribes and presbyters,
Instead of mastive dogs and curs;
Than whom they've less humanity,
For these at souls of men will fly.
This to the Prophet did appear,
Who in a vision saw a bear,
Prefiguring the beastly rage
Of church-rule, in this latter age;
As is demonstrated at full
By him that baited the pope's bull.
Bears naturally are beasts of prey,
That live by rapine; so do they.
What are their orders, constitutions,
Church-censures, curses, absolutions,
But several mystic chains they make,
To tie poor Christians to the stake?
And then set heathen officers,
Instead of dogs, about their ears.
For to prohibit and dispense,
To find out, or to make offence;
Of Hell and Heaven to dispose,
To play with souls at fast and loose;
To set what characters they please,
And mulcts, on sin and godliness;
Reduce the church to gospel-order,
By rapine, sacrilege, and murther;
To make presbytery supreme,
And kings themselves submit to them;
And force all people, though against
Their consciences, to turn saints;
Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
When saints monopolists are made:
When pious frauds and holy shifts
Are dispensations and gifts,
There godliness becomes mere ware,
And every synod but a fair.
Synods are whelps o' th' Inquisition,
A mongrel breed of like pernicion,
And growing up, became the sires
Of scribes, commissioners, and triers;
Whose business is, by cunning sleight,
To cast a figure for men's light,
To find, in lines of beard and face,
The physiognomy of Grace;
And by the sound and twang of nose,
If all be sound within disclose,
Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
As men try pipkins by the ringing;
By black caps underlaid with white,
Give certain guess at inward light;
Which serjeants at the Gospel wear,
To make the sp'ritual calling clear.
The handkerchief about the neck
(Canonical cravat of Smeck,
From whom the institution came,
When church and state they set on flame,
And worn by them as badges then
Of spiritual warfaring-men)
Judge rightly if regeneration
Be of the newest cut-in fashion:
Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
That grace is founded in dominion.
Great piety consists in pride;
To rule is to be sanctify'd:

To domineer, and to controul,
Both o'er the body and the soul,
Is the most perfect discipline
Of church-rule, and by right divine.
Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were
More moderate than these by far:
For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,
To get their wives and children meat;
But these will not be fobb'd off so,
They must have wealth and power too;
Or else with blood and desolation
They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.
" Sure these themselves from primitive
And heathen priesthood do derive,
When butchers were the only clerks,
Elders and presbyters of kirks;
Whose directory was to kill,
And some believe it is so still.
The only difference is, that then
They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.
For then to sacrifice a bullock,
Or, now and then, a child, to Moloch,
They count a vile abomination,
But not to slaughter a whole nation.
Presbytery does but translate
The papacy to a free state,
A commonwealth of popery,
Where every village is a see
As well as Rome, and must maintain
A tithe-pig metropolitan;
Where every presbyter and deacon
Commands the keys for cheese and bacon,
And every hamlet's governed
By 's Holiness, the church's head,
More haughty and severe in 's place,
Than Gregory and Boniface.
Such church must, surely, be a monster
With many heads: for if we conster
What in th' Apocalypse we find,
According to th' apostle's mind,
'Tis that the whore of Babylon
With many heads did ride upon,
Which heads denote the sinful tribe
Of deacon, priest, lay-elder, scribe.
" Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
Whose little finger is as heavy
As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
And bishop-secular: this zealot
Is of a mongrel, diverse kind,
Cleric before, and lay behind;
A lawless linsy-woolsey brother,
Half of one order, half another;
A creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beast, a fish in water;
That always preys on grace or sin;
A sheep without, a wolf within.
This fierce inquisitor has chief
Dominion over men's belief
And manners; can pronounce a saint
Idolatrous or ignorant,
When superciliously he sifts
Through coarsest boulter others' gifts:
For all men live and judge amiss,
Whose talents jump not just with his;
He'll lay on gifts with hands, and place
On dullest noddle light and grace,
The manufacture of the kirk.
Those pastors are but th' handy-work
Of his mechanic paws, instilling
Divinity in them by feeling:
From whence they start up chosen vessels,
Made by contact, as men get measles.
So cardinals, they say, do grope
At th' other end the new-made pope."
" Hold, hold," quoth Hudibras, " soft fire,
They say, does make sweet malt. Good squire,
Festina lente, not too fast,
For haste (the proverb says) makes waste.
The quirks and cavils thou dost make
Are false, and built upon mistake:
And I shall bring you with your pack
Of fallacies, t' Elenchi back;
And put your arguments in mood
And figure to be understood.
I'll force you, by right ratiocination,
To leave your vitilitigation,
And make you keep to th' question close,
And argue *dialecticus*.
" The question then, to state it first,
Is, Which is better or which worst,
Synods or bears? Bears I avow
To be the worst, and synods thou;
But, to make good th' assertion,
Thou say'st they're really all one.
If so, not worse; for if they're *idem*,
Why then *tantundem dat tantidem*.
For if they are the same, by course
Neither is better, neither worse.
But I deny they are the same,
More than a maggot and I am.
That both are *animalia*
I grant, but not *rationalia*:
For though they do agree in kind,
Specific difference we find;
And can no more make bears of these,
Than prove my horse is Socrates.
That synods are bear-gardens, too,
Thou dost affirm; but I say, No:
And thus I prove it, in a word;
Whats'ever assembly's not impower'd
To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,
Can be no synod: but bear-garden
Has no such power; *ergo*, 'tis none,
And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.
" But yet we are beside the quest'on
Which thou didst raise the first contest on;
For that was, Whether bears are better
Than synod-men? I say, *Negatur*.
That bears are beasts, and synods men,
Is held by all: they're better then;
For bears and dogs on four legs go,
As beasts; but synod-men on two.
'Tis true they all have teeth and nails;
But prove that synod-men have tails;
Or that a rugged shaggy fur
Grows o'er the hide of Presbyter;
Or that his snout and spacious ears
Do hold proportion with a bear's.
A bear's a savage beast, of all
Most ugly and unnatural;
Whelp'd without form, until the dam
Has lickt it into shape and frame:
But all thy light can ne'er evict,
That ever synod-man was lickt,
Or brought to any other fashion
Than his own will and inclination.
" But thou dost further yet in this
Oppugn thyself and sense; that is,
Thou wouldst have presbyters to go
For bears and dogs, and bear-wards too;

A strange chimera of beasts and men,
Made up of pieces heterogene;
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem subjecto yet.
"Thy other arguments are all
Supposures hypothetical,
That do but beg; and we may choose
Either to grant them, or refuse.
Much thou hast said, which I know when
And where thou stol'st from other men,
(Whereby 'tis plain thy light and gifts
Are all but plagiary shifts)
And is the same that Ranter said,
Who, arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handful of my beard;
The self-same cavils then I heard,
When, being in hot dispute about
This controversy, we fell out;
And what thou know'st I answer'd then,
Will serve to answer thee again."
Quoth Ralpho, "Nothing but th' abuse
Of human learning you produce;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;
A trade of knowledge, as replete
As others are with fraud and cheat;
An art t' incumber gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes light unactive, dull, and troubled,
Like little David in Saul's doublet:
A cheat that scholars put upon
Other men's reason and their own;
A fort of errour to ensconce
Absurdity and ignorance,
That renders all the avenues
To truth impervious and abstruse,
By making plain things, in debate,
By art perplext and intricate:
For nothing goes for sense or light,
That will not with old rules jump right;
As if rules were not in the schools
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.
This pagan, heathenish invention
Is good for nothing but contention:
For as, in sword and buckler fight,
All blows do on the target light;
So when men argue, the great'st part
O' th' contest falls on terms of art,
Until the fustian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to th' argument."
Quoth Hudibras, "Friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the constable at last:
For thou art fallen on a new
Dispute, as senseless as untrue,
But to the former opposite,
And contrary as black to white;
Mere *disparata;* that concerning
Presbytery, this human learning;
Two things s' averse, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I shall take a fit occasion
T' evince thee by' ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this we're in; therefore let's stop here,
And rest our weary'd bones a while,
Already tir'd with other toil."

REES
UN
CA

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The knight, by damnable magician,
Being cast illegally in prison,
Love brings his action on the case,
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the lady's visit,
And cunningly solicits his suit,
Which she defers; yet, on parole,
Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.

But now, t' observe romantic method,
Let bloody steel a while be sheathed;
And all those harsh and rugged sounds
Of bastinados, cuts, and wounds,
Exchang'd to Love's more gentle style,
To let our reader breathe a while:
In which, that we may be as brief as
Is possible, by way of preface,
Is't not enough to make one strange,
That some men's fancies should ne'er change,
But make all people do and say
The same things still the self-same way?
Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
And knights pursuing like a whirlwind:
Others make all their knights, in fits
Of jealousy, to lose their wits;
Till, drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
They're forthwith cur'd of their capriches.
Some always thrive in their amours,
By pulling plaisters off their sores;
As cripples do to get an alms,
Just so do they, and win their dames.
Some force whole regions, in despite
O' geography, to change their site;
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before come after.
But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for th' other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think 's sufficient at one time.
  But we forget in what sad plight
We whilom left the captive knight
And pensive squire, both bruis'd in body,
And conjur'd into safe custody.
Tir'd with dispute, and speaking Latin,
As well as basting and bear-baiting,
And desperate of any course,
To free himself by wit or force,
His only solace was, that now
His dog-bolt fortune was so low,
That either it must quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend,
In which he found th' event, no less
Than other times, beside his guess.
  There is a tall long-sided dame,
(But wonderous light) ycleped Fame,
That like a thin cameleon boards
Herself on air, and eats her words;
Upon her shoulders wings she wears
Like hanging sleeves, lin'd through with ears,
And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
Made good by deep mythologist:
With these she through the welkin flies,
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies;
With letters hung, like eastern pigeons,
And Mercuries of furthest regions;
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of lying, to inform the nation,
And by their public use to bring down
The rate of whetstones in the kingdom.
About her neck a pacquet-mail,
Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,
Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
And cows of monsters brought to bed;
Of hailstones big as pullets' eggs,
And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs;
A blazing-star seen in the west,
By six or seven men at least.
Two trumpets she does sound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones;
But whether both with the same wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell,
The one sounds vilely, th' other well,
And therefore vulgar authors name
Th' one Good, th' other Evil Fame.
  This tattling gossip knew too well
What mischief Hudibras befel,
And straight the spiteful tidings bears
Of all, to th' unkind Widow's ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,
To see bawds carted through the crowd,
Or funerals, with stately pomp,
March slowly on in solemn dump,
As she laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as sides, was like to crack.
She vow'd she would go see the sight,
And visit the distressed knight;
To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a gossip at his labour;
And from his wooden gaol, the stocks,
To set at large his fetter-locks;

And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
To free him from th' enchanted mansion.
This being resolv'd, she call'd for hood
And usher, implements abroad
Which ladies wear, beside a slender
Young waiting-damsel to attend her.
All which appearing, on she went
To find the knight, in limbo pent:
And 'twas not long before she found
Him and his stout squire in the pound;
Both coupled in enchanted tether,
By further leg behind together:
For as he sat upon his rump,
His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either side,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl:
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the sudden,
As spirits do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.
No sooner did the knight perceive her,
But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
To be seen by' her in such a place:
Which made him hang his head and scoul,
And wink and goggle like an owl;
He felt his brains begin to swim,
When thus the dame accosted him.
"This place," quoth she, "they say's enchanted,
And with delinquent spirits haunted,
That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd,
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like persons I have seen somewhere.
Some have mistaken blocks and posts
For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,
With saucer-eyes and horns; and some
Have heard the Devil beat a drum;
But if our eyes are not false glasses,
That give a wrong account of faces,
That beard and I should be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted;
For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,
As if 't had lately been in combat,
It did belong to a worthy knight,
Howe'er this goblin is come by't."
When Hudibras the lady heard
Discoursing thus upon his beard,
And speak with such respect and honour
Both of the beard and the beard's owner,
He thought it best to act as good
A face upon it as he cou'd;
And thus he spoke: "Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right;
The beard's th' identic beard you knew,
The same numerically true;
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himself."
"O Heavens!" quoth she, "can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
Not by your individual whiskers,
But by your dialect and discourse,
That never spoke to man or beast
In notions vulgarly exprest:
But what malignant star, alas!
Has brought you both to this sad pass?"
Quoth he, "The fortune of the war,
Which I am less afflicted for,
Than to be seen with beard and face
By you in such a homely case."
Quoth she, "Those need not be asham'd
For being honourably maim'd;
If he that is in battle conquer'd
Have any title to his own beard,
Though your's be sorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your visage more adorn,
Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd,
And cut square by the Russian standard.
A torn beard 's like a tatter'd ensign,
That's bravest which there are most rents in.
That petticoat about your shoulders,
Does not so well become a soldier's;
And I'm afraid they are worse handled,
Although i' th' rear, your beard the van led;
And those uneasy bruises make
My heart for company to ache,
To see so worshipful a friend
I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end."
Quoth Hudibras, "This thing call'd pain
Is (as the learned Stoics maintain)
Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good,
But merely as 'tis understood.
Sense is deceitful, and may feign
As well in counterfeiting pain
As other gross *phænomenas*,
In which it oft mistakes the case.
But since th' immortal intellect
(That's free from errour and defect,
Whose objects still persist the same)
Is free from outward bruise or maim,
Which nought external can expose
To gross material bangs or blows,
It follows, we can ne'er be sure
Whether we pain or not endure,
And just so far are sore and griev'd
As by the fancy is believ'd.
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of mere opinion straight;
Others, though wounded sore in reason,
Felt no contusion, nor discretion.
A Saxon duke did grow so fat,
That mice (as histories relate)
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His postique parts, without his feeling;
Then how's it possible a kick
Shou'd e'er reach that way to the quick?"
Quoth she, "I grant it is in vain
For one that's basted to feel pain,
Because the pangs his bones endure
Contribute nothing to the cure;
Yet Honour hurt is wont to rage
With pain no med'cine can assuage."
Quoth he, "That Honour's very squeamish,
That takes a basting for a blemish:
For what's more honourable than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars?
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by the blow:
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather;
And yet have met, after long running,
With some whom they have taught that cunning,
The furthest way about, to o'ercome,
In th' end does prove the nearest home.
By laws of learned duellists,
They that are bruis'd with wood or fists,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and poltroons;

But if they dare engage t' a second,
They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd."
"Th' old Romans freedom did bestow,
Our princes worship, with a blow.
King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetic
And testy courtiers with a kick.
The Negus, when some mighty lord
Or potentate's to be restor'd,
And pardon'd for some great offence,
With which he's willing to dispense,
First has him laid upon his belly,
Then beaten back and side t' a jelly;
That done, he rises, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the princely blows;
Departs not meanly proud, and boasting
Of his magnificent rib-roasting.
The beaten soldier proves most manful,
That, like his sword, endures the anvil,
And justly's held more formidable,
The more his valour's malleable:
But he that fears a bastinado,
Will run away from his own shadow:
And though I'm now in durance fast,
By our own party basely cast,
Ransom, exchange, parole, refus'd,
And worse than by th' enemy us'd;
In close *catasta* shut, past hope
Of wit or valour to elope;
As beards, the nearer that they tend
To th' earth, still grow more reverend;
And cannons shoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches;
I'll make this low dejected fate
Advance me to a greater height."
Quoth she, "You 'ave almost made me' in love
With that which did my pity move.
Great wits and valours, like great states,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights:
Th' extremes of glory and of shame,
Like east and west, become the same.
No Indian prince has to his palace
More followers than a thief to the gallows.
But if a beating seem so brave,
What glories must a whipping have?
Such great achievements cannot fail
To cast salt on a woman's tail:
For if I thought your natural talent
Of passive courage were so gallant,
As you strain hard to have it thought,
I could grow amorous, and doat."
When Hudibras this language heard,
He prick'd up 's ears, and strok'd his beard.
Thought he, this is the lucky hour,
Wines work when vines are in the flower:
This crisis then I'll set my rest on,
And put her boldly to the quest'on.
"Madam, what you would seem to doubt,
Shall be to all the world made out;
How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit
And magnanimity I bear it;
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll stake myself down against you;
And if I fail in love or troth,
Be you the winner, and take both."
Quoth she, "I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers;
And though I prais'd your valour, yet
I did not mean to baulk your wit;
Which if you have, you must needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' experiment have prov'd,
I cannot love where I'm belov'd."
Quoth Hudibras, "'Tis a caprich
Beyond th' infliction of a witch;
So cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the game.
Love in your heart as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns
To warm the dead, and vainly light
Those only that see nothing by't.
Have you not power to entertain,
And render love for love again;
As no man can draw in his breath
At once, and force out air beneath?
Or do you love yourself so much,
To bear all rivals else a grutch?
What Fate can lay a greater curse
Than you upon yourself would force?
For wedlock without love, some say,
Is but a lock without a key.
It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:
For what does make it ravishment
But being against the mind's consent?
A rape that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair, but to entice us
To love you, that you may despise us?
But though you cannot love, you say,
Out of your own fanatic way,
Why should you not at least allow
Those that love you to do so too?
For, as you fly me, and pursue
Love more averse, so I do you;
And am by your own doctrine taught
To practise what you call a fault."
Quoth she, "If what you say is true,
You must fly me as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do, but say,
In love and preaching, that must sway."
Quoth he, "To bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my pulse to move,
My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hiccup.
Command me to piss out the Moon,
And 'twill as easily be done.
Love's power's too great to be withstood
By feeble human flesh and blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The hectoring kill-cow Hercules;
Transform'd his leager-lion's skin
T' a petticoat, and made him spin;
Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble distaff and a spindle.
'Twas he that made emp'rors gallants
To their own sisters and their aunts;
Set popes and cardinals agog,
To play with pages at leap-frog:
'Twas he that gave our senate purges,
And fluxt the house of many a burgess;
Made those that represent the nation
Submit, and suffer amputation;
And all the grandees o' th' cabal
Adjourn to tubs at spring and fall.
He mounted synod-men, and rode them
To Dirty Lane and Little Sodom;
Made them curvet like Spanish Jenets,
And take the ring at madame —— 's[1].

[1] Stennet, a bawd.

'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
More than the Devil could tempt him to,
In cold and frosty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of snow;
And, though she were of rigid temper,
With melting flames accost and tempt her,
Which after in enjoyment quenching,
He hung a garland on his engine."
Quoth she, "If love have these effects,
Why is it not forbid our sex?
Why is 't not damn'd and interdicted,
For diabolical and wicked?
And sung, as out of tune, against,
As Turk and pope are by the saints?
I find I've greater reason for it,
Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it."
Quoth Hudibras, "These sad effects
Spring from your heathenish neglects
Of Love's great power, which he returns
Upon yourselves with equal scorns,
And those, who worthy lovers slight,
Plagues with preposterous appetite:
This made the beauteous queen of Crete
To take a town-bull for her sweet;
And from her greatness stoop so low,
To be the rival of a cow:
Others to prostitute their great hearts,
To be baboons' and monkeys' sweethearts:
Some with the Devil himself in league grow,
By 's representative a Negro.
'Twas this made vestal maid love-sick,
And venture to be buried quick:
Some by their fathers and their brothers
To be made mistresses and mothers.
'Tis this that proudest dames enamours
On lacquies and *valets de chambres;*
Their haughty stomachs overcomes,
And makes them stoop to dirty grooms;
To slight the world, and to disparage
Claps, issue, infamy, and marriage."
Quoth she, "These judgments are severe,
Yet such as I should rather bear
Than trust men with their oaths, or prove
Their faith and secresy in love."
Says he, "There is as weighty reason
For secresy in love, as treason.
Love is a burglarer, a felon,
That at the windore eye does steal in,
To rob the heart; and with his prey
Steals out again a closer way;
Which whosoever can discover,
He 's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
In men, as nat'rally as in charcoals,
Which sooty chymists stop in holes,
When out of wood they extract coals;
So lovers should their passions choke,
That though they burn they may not smoke.
'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole
And dragg'd beasts backwards into 's hole;
So Love does lovers, and us men
Draws by the tails into his den,
That no impression may discover,
And trace t' his cave the wary lover.
But if you doubt I should reveal
What you intrust me under seal,
I'll prove myself as close and virtuous
As your own secretary Albertus."
Quoth she, "I grant you may be close
In hiding what your aims propose:
Love-passions are like parables,
By which men still mean something else:
Though love be all the world's pretence,
Money's the mythologic sense,
The real substance of the shadow,
Which all address and courtship's made to."
Thought he, I understand your play,
And how to quit you your own way;
He that will win his dame, must do
As Love does, when he bends his bow;
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
"I grant," quoth he, "wealth is a great
Provocative to amorous heat:
It is all philtres and high diet,
That makes love rampart and to fly out:
'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and blossoms at fourscore:
'Tis that by which the Sun and Moon,
At their own weapons, are outdone:
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
And lay about them in romances:
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and sacred call:
For what is worth in any thing,
But so much money as 'twill bring?
Or what but riches is there known,
Which man can solely call his own,
In which no creature goes his half,
Unless it be to squint and laugh?
I do confess, with goods and land,
I'd have a wife at second hand;
And such you are: nor is 't your person
My stomach 's set so sharp and fierce on;
But 'tis (your better part) your riches,
That my enamour'd heart bewitches:
Let me your fortune but possess,
And settle your person how you please,
Or make it o'er in trust to the Devil,
You'll find me reasonable and civil."
Quoth she, "I like this plainness better
Than false mock passion, speech, or letter,
Or any feat of qualm or sowning,
But hanging of yourself or drowning;
Your only way with me to break
Your mind, is breaking of your neck:
For as, when merchants break, o'erthrown
Like nine-pins, they strike others down;
So that would break my heart; which done,
My tempting fortune is your own.
These are but trifles; every lover
Will damn himself over and over,
And greater matters undertake
For a less worthy mistress' sake:
Yet they 're the only ways to prove
Th' unfeign'd realities of love;
For he that hangs or beats out 's brains,
The Devil's in him if he feigns."
Quoth Hudibras, "This way's too rough
For mere experiment and proof;
It is no jesting, trivial matter,
To swing i' th' air, or douce in water,
And like a water-witch try love;
That's to destroy, and not to prove:
As if a man should be dissected,
To find what part is disaffected;
Your better way is to make over,
In trust, your fortune to your lover:
Trust is a trial; if it break,
'Tis not so desperate as a neck:

Beside, th' experiment's more certain:
Men venture necks to gain a fortune:
The soldier does it every day
(Eight to the week) for sixpence pay;
Your pettifoggers damn their souls,
To share with knaves, in cheating fools;
And merchants, vent'ring through the main,
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain:
This is the way I advise you to;
Trust me, and see what I will do."
Quoth she, "I should be loth to run
Myself all th' hazard, and you none;
Which must be done, unless some deed
Of your's aforesaid do precede:
Give but yourself one gentle swing,
For trial, and I'll cut the string;
Or give that reverend head a maul,
Or two, or three, against a wall,
To show you are a man of mettle,
And I'll engage myself to settle."
Quoth he, "My head's not made of brass,
As Friar Bacon's noddle was,
Nor (like the Indian's scull) so tough,
That, authors say, 'twas musket-proof:
As it had need to be, to enter,
As yet, on any new adventure:
You see what bangs it has endur'd,
That would, before new feats, be cur'd:
But if that's all you stand upon,
Here strike me, Luck, it shall be done."
Quoth she, "The matter's not so far gone
As you suppose; two words t' a bargain:
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof;
And yet 'tis no fantastic pique
I have to love, nor coy dislike;
'Tis no implicit, nice aversion
T' your conversation, mien, or person;
But a just fear, lest you should prove
False and perfidious in love:
For, if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you."
Quoth he, "My faith, as adamantin
As chains of Destiny, I'll maintain:
True as Apollo ever spoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak;
And if you'll give my flame but vent,
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
And shine upon me but benignly,
With that one and that other pigsney,
The Sun and day shall sooner part,
Than love or you shake off my heart;
The Sun, that shall no more dispense
His own, but your bright influence.
I'll carve your name on barks of trees,
With true-loves-knots and flourishes,
That shall infuse eternal spring,
And everlasting flourishing;
Drink every letter on 't in stum,
And make it brisk champaign become.
Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
The primrose and the violet;
All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
Shall borrow from your breath their odours;
Nature her charter shall renew,
And take all lives of things from you;
The world depend upon your eye,
And when you frown upon it, die:
Only our loves shall still survive,
New worlds and natures to outlive,
And, like to heralds' moons, remain
All crescents, without change or wane."
"Hold, hold," quoth she, "no more of this,
Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss;
For you will find it a hard chapter,
To catch me with poetic rapture,
In which your mastery of art
Doth show itself, and not your heart:
Nor will you raise in mine combustion,
By dint of high heroic fustian.
She that with poetry is won,
Is but a desk to write upon;
And what men say of her, they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.
Some with Arabian spices strive
T' embalm her cruelly alive:
Or season her, as French cooks use
Their *haut-gousts*, *boullies*, or *ragousts*:
Use her so barbarously ill,
To grind her lips upon a mill,
Until the *facet doublet* doth
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth:
Her mouth, compar'd t' an oyster's, with
A row of pearl in 't, 'stead of teeth.
Others make posies of her cheeks,
Where red and whitest colours mix;
In which the lily and the rose,
For Indian lake and ceruse goes.
The Sun and Moon, by her bright eyes,
Eclips'd, and darken'd in the skies,
Are but black patches, that she wears,
Cut into suns, and moons, and stars;
By which astrologers, as well
As those in Heaven above, can tell
What strange events they do foresbow
Unto her under-world below.
Her voice, the music of the spheres,
So loud, it deafens mortals' ears,
As wise philosophers have thought,
And that 's the cause we hear it not.
This has been done by some, who those
Th' ador'd in rhyme would kick in prose;
And in those ribbons would have hung,
Of which melodiously they sung,
That have the hard fate to write best
Of those still that deserve it least;
It matters not how false or forc'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst;
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
Only the arrow's drawn to 'th' head,
Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at: so shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their sound and rotten sheep:
For wits that carry low or wide
Must be aim'd higher, or beside
The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,
But when they take their aim awry.
But I do wonder you should choose
This way t' attack me, with your Muse,
As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
With Fulhams[2] of poetic fiction:
I rather hop'd I should no more
Hear from you o' th' gallanting score;
For hard dry-bastings us'd to prove
The readiest remedies of love,
Next a dry-diet; but if those fail,
Yet this uneasy loop-hol'd gaol,

[2] A cant word for false dice.

In which ye 're hamper'd by the fetlock,
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock;
Wedlock, that 's worse than any hole here,
If that may serve you for a cooler
T' allay your mettle, all agog
Upon a wife, the heavier clog:
Nor rather thank your gentler Fate,
That for a bruis'd or broken pate
Has freed you from those knobs that grow
Much harder on the marry'd brow:
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From venturing on that dragon, marriage,
Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puissance;
Level at Beauty and at Wit;
The fairest mark is easiest hit."
Quoth Hudibras, "I am beforehand
In that already, with your command;
For where does Beauty and high Wit,
But in your constellation, meet?"
Quoth she, "What does a match imply,
But likeness and equality?
I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' yoke-fellow of your wit;
Nor take one of so mean deserts,
To be the partner of your parts;
A grace which, if I could believe,
I've not the conscience to receive."
"That conscience," quoth Hudibras,
"Is misinform'd; I'll state the case.
A man may be a legal donor
Of any thing whereof he's owner,
And may confer it where he lists,
I' th' judgment of all casuists:
Then wit, and parts, and valour, may
Be ali'nated, and made away,
By those that are proprietors,
As I may give or sell my horse."
Quoth she, "I grant the case is true,
And proper 'twixt your horse and you;
But whether I may take, as well
As you may give away or sell?
Buyers, you know, are bid beware;
And worse than thieves receivers are.
How shall I answer Hue and Cry,
For a roan-gelding, twelve hands high,
All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on 's hoof,
A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,
And in the open market toll'd for?
Or, should I take you for a stray,
You must be kept a year and day,
(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
Where, if ye 're sought, you may be found;
And in the mean time I must pay
For all your provender and hay."
Quoth he, "It stands me much upon
T' enervate this objection,
And prove myself, by topic clear,
No gelding, as you would infer.
Loss of virility's averr'd
To be the cause of loss of beard,
That does (like embryo in the womb)
Abortive on the chin become:
This first a woman did invent,
In envy of man's ornament,
Semiramis of Babylon,
Who first of all cut men o' th' stone,
To mar their beards, and laid foundation
Of sow-geldering operation:
Look on this beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either?
Next it appears I am no horse,
That I can argue and discourse,
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail."
Quoth she, "That nothing will avail;
For some philosophers of late here,
Write men have four legs by Nature,
And that 'tis custom makes them go
Erroneously upon but two;
As 'twas in Germany made good,
B' a boy that lost himself in a wood,
And growing down t' a man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reasons drawn from tails,
We cannot say they 're true or false,
Till you explain yourself, and show
B' experiment 'tis so or no."
Quoth he, "If you'll join issue on 't,
I'll give you satisfactory account;
So you will promise, if you lose,
To settle all, and be my spouse."
"That never shall be done," quoth she,
To one that wants a tail, by me;
For tails by Nature sure were meant,
As well as beards, for ornament;
And though the vulgar count them homely,
In men or beast they are so comely,
So gentee, alamode, and handsome,
I'll never marry man that wants one:
And till you can demonstrate plain,
You have one equal to your mane,
I'll be torn piecemeal by a horse,
Ere I'll take you for better or worse.
The prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,
Which makes him have so strong a breath,
Each night he stinks a queen to death;
Yet I shall rather lie in 's arms
Than your's on any other terms."
Quoth he, "What Nature can afford
I shall produce, upon my word;
And if she ever gave that boon
To man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean by postulate illation,
When you shall offer just occasion;
But since ye 'ave yet deny'd to give
My heart, your prisoner, a reprieve,
But made it sink down to my heel,
Let that at least your pity feel;
And for the sufferings of your martyr,
Give its poor entertainer quarter;
And by discharge, or mainprize, grant
Delivery from this base restraint."
Quoth she, "I grieve to see your leg
Stuck in a hole here like a peg,
And if I knew which way to do 't,
(Your honour safe) I'd let you out.
That dames by gaol-delivery
Of errant knights have been set free,
When by enchantment they have been,
And sometimes for it, too, laid in,
Is that which knights are bound to do
By order, oath, and honour too;
For what are they renown'd and famous else,
But aiding of distressed damosels?
But for a lady, no ways errant,
To free a knight, we have no warrant
In any authentical romance,
Or classic author yet of France;

And I'd be loth to have you break
An ancient custom for a freak,
Or innovation introduce
In place of things of antique use,
To free your heels by any course
That might be unwholesome to your spurs:
Which, if I should consent unto,
It is not in my power to do;
For 'tis a service must be done ye
With solemn previous ceremony;
Which always has been us'd t' untie
The charms of those who here do lie:
For as the ancients heretofore
To Honour's temple had no door
But that which thorough Virtue's lay;
So from this dungeon there 's no way
To honour'd Freedom, but by passing
That other virtuous school of Lashing,
Where knights are kept in narrow lists,
With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists;
In which they for a while are tenants,
And for their ladies suffer penance:
Whipping, that's Virtue's governess,
Tutress of arts and sciences;
That mends the gross mistakes of Nature,
And puts new life into dull matter;
That lays foundation for renown,
And all the honours of the gown:
This suffer'd, they are set at large,
And freed with honourable discharge;
Then, in their robes, the penitentials
Are straight presented with credentials,
And in their way attended on
By magistrates of every town;
And, all respect and charges paid,
They're to their ancient seats convey'd.
Now if you'll venture, for my sake,
To try the toughness of your back,
And suffer (as the rest have done)
The laying of a whipping-on,
(And may you prosper in your suit
As you with equal vigour do't)
I here engage myself to loose ye,
And free your heels from caperdewsie.
But since our sex's modesty
Will not allow I should be by,
Bring me on oath a fair account,
And honour too, when you have don 't;
And I'll admit you to the place
You claim as due in my good grace.
If matrimony and hanging go
By destiny, why not whipping too?
What med'cine else can cure the fits
Of lovers when they lose their wits?
Love is a boy, by poets styl'd,
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.
"A Persian emperor whipp'd his grannam,
The Sea, his mother Venus came on;
And hence some reverend men approve
Of rosemary in making love.
As skilful coopers hoop their tubs
With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs,
Why may not whipping have as good
A grace? perform'd in time and mood,
With comely movement, and by art,
Raise passion in a lady's heart?
It is an easier way to make
Love by, than that which many take.
Who would not rather suffer whipping,
Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbin?
Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,
And spell names over, with beer-glasses?
Be under vows to hang and die
Love's sacrifice, and all a lie?
With China-oranges and tarts,
And whining plays, lay baits for hearts?
Bribe chamber-maids with love and money,
To break no roguish jests upon ye?
For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roses,
With painted perfumes, hazard noses?
Or, venturing to be brisk and wanton,
Do penance in a paper lantern?
All this you may compound for now,
By suffering what I offer you;
Which is no more than has been done
By knights for ladies long agone.
Did not the great La Mancha do so
For the infanta Del Toboso?
Did not th' illustrious Bassa make
Himself a slave for Misse's sake,
And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
Was taw'd as gentle as a glove?
Was not young Florio sent (to cool
His flame for Biancafiore) to school,
Where pedant made his pathic bum
For her sake suffer martyrdom?
Did not a certain lady whip,
Of late, her husband's own lordship?
And though a grandee of the house,
Claw'd him with fundamental blows;
Ty'd him stark-naked to a bed-post,
And firk'd his hide, as if she 'ad rid post;
And after in the sessions court,
Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for't?
This swear you will perform, and then
I'll set you from th' enchanted den,
And the magician's circle, clear."
Quoth he, "I do profess and swear,
And will perform what you enjoin,
Or may I never see you mine."
"Amen!" quoth she; then turn'd about,
And bid her squire let him out.
But ere an artist could be found
T' undo the charms another bound,
The Sun grew low, and left the skies,
Put down (some write) by ladies' eyes.
The Moon pull'd off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from sight,
(Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
That's both her lustre and her shade!)
And in the lantern of the night,
With shining horns hung out her light;
For darkness is the proper sphere
Where all false glories use t' appear.
The twinkling stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd lustre,
While Sleep the weary'd world reliev'd,
By counterfeiting Death reviv'd.
His whipping penance, till the morn,
Our votary thought it best t' adjourn,
And not to carry on a work
Of such importance in the dark,
With erring haste, but rather stay,
And do't in th' open face of day;
And in the mean time go in quest
Of next retreat to take his rest.

PART II. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The knight and squire in hot dispute,
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange alarm, and stranger sight;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They're sent away in nasty pickle.

'Tis strange how some men's tempers suit
(Like bawd and brandy) with dispute,
That for their own opinions stand fast
Only to have them claw'd and canvast;
That keep their consciences in cases,
As fiddlers do their crowds and bases;
Ne'er to be us'd, but when they're bent
To play a fit for argument:
Make true and false, unjust and just,
Of no use but to be discust;
Dispute, and set a paradox,
Like a strait boot, upon the stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully
Than Helmot, Montaigne, White, or Tully.
So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch,
With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,
Beat out their brains in fight and study,
To prove that virtue is a body,
That *bonum* is an animal,
Made good with stout polemic brawl;
In which some hundreds on the place
Were slain outright, and many a face
Retrench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,
To maintain what their sect averr'd.
All which the knight and squire, in wrath,
Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith;
Each striving to make good his own,
As by the sequel shall be shown.
The Sun had long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boil'd, the Morn
From black to red began to turn;
When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aching
'Twixt sleeping kept, all night, and waking,
Began to rub his drowsy eyes,
And from his couch prepar'd to rise,
Resolving to dispatch the deed
He vow'd to do, with trusty speed:
But first with knocking loud, and bawling,
He rouz'd the squire, in truckle lolling:
And after many circumstances,
Which vulgar authors in romances
Do use to spend their time and wits on,
To make impertinent description,
They got (with much ado) to horse,
And to the castle bent their course,
In which he to the dame before
To suffer whipping-duty swore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
To carry on the work in earnest,
He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,
And, with a serious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new scruple in his head,
Which first he scratch'd, and after said;
"Whether it be direct infringing
An oath, if I should wave this swinging,
And what I've sworn to bear forbear,
And so b' equivocation swear,
Or whether 't be a lesser sin
To be foresworn, than act the thing,
Are deep and subtle points, which must,
T' inform my conscience, be discust;
In which to err a tittle may
To errours infinite make way:
And therefore I desire to know
Thy judgment, ere we further go."
Quoth Ralpho, "Since you do injoin 't,
I shall enlarge upon the point;
And, for my own part, do not doubt
Th' affirmative may be made out.
But first, to state the case aright,
For best advantage of our light:
And thus 'tis; whether 't be a sin
To claw and curry your own skin,
Greater or less, than to forbear,
And that you are forsworn forswear.
But first, o' th' first: The inward man,
And outward, like a clan and clan,
Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing;
Not that they really cuff or fence,
But in a spiritual mystic sense;
Which to mistake, and make them squabble
In literal fray, 's abominable:
'Tis heathenish, in frequent use
With Pagans and apostate Jews,
To offer sacrifice of Bridewells,
Like modern Indians to their idols;
And mongrel Christians of our times,
That expiate less with greater crimes,
And call the foul abomination
Contrition and mortification.
Is 't not enough we 're bruis'd and kicked,
With sinful members of the wicked;
Our vessels, that are sanctify'd,
Profan'd, and curry'd back and side;
But we must claw ourselves with shameful
And heathen stripes, by their example?
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is impious, because they did it:
This, therefore, may be justly reckon'd
A heinous sin. Now to the second;
That saints may claim a dispensation
To swear and forswear on occasion,
I doubt not but it will appear
With pregnant light: the point is clear.
Oaths are but words, and words but wind:
Too-feeble implements to bind;
And hold with deeds proportion, so
As shadows to a substance do.
Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
The weaker vessel should submit.
Although your church be opposite
To ours, as black friars are to white,
In rule and order, yet I grant
You are a reformado saint;
And what the saints do claim as due,
You may pretend a title to:
But saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
Know little of their privilege;
Further (I mean) than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own:
For if the Devil, to serve his turn,
Can tell truth, why the saints should scorn,
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,
I think there's little reason why:

Else he 'as a greater power than they,
Which 'twere impiety to say.
We 're not commanded to forbear,
Indefinitely, at all to swear;
But to swear idly, and in vain,
Without self-interest or gain:
For breaking of an oath and lying
Is but a kind of self-denying,
A saint-like virtue; and from hence
Some have broke oaths by Providence:
Some, to the glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word:
And this the constant rule and practice
Of all our late Apostles' acts is.
Was not the cause at first begun
With perjury, and carry'd on?
Was there an oath the godly took,
But in due time and place they broke?
Did we not bring our oaths in first,
Before our plate, to have them burst,
And cast in fitter models, for
The present use of church and war?
Did not our worthies of the house,
Before they broke the peace, break vows?
For, having freed us first from both
Th' allegiance and suprem'cy oath,
Did they not next compel the nation
To take, and break the protestation?
To swear, and after to recant,
The solemn league and covenant?
To take th' engagement, and disclaim it,
Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?
Did they not swear at first, to fight
For the king's safety and his right?
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with horse and foot;
But yet still had the confidence
To swear, it was in his defence?
Did they not swear to live and die
With Essex, and straight laid him by?
If that were all, for some have swore
As false as they, if they did no more.
Did they not swear to maintain law,
In which that swearing made a flaw?
For protestant religion vow,
That did that vowing disallow?
For privilege of parliament,
In which that swearing made a rent?
And since, of all the three, not one
Is left in being, 'tis well known.
Did they not swear, in express words,
To prop and back the house of lords?
And after turn'd out the whole houseful
Of peers, as dangerous and unuseful.
So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
Swore all the commons out o' th' house;
Vow'd that the red-coats would disband,
Ay, marry would they, at their command;
And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore,
Till th' army turn'd them out of door.
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That oaths and swearing go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant
To serve for an expedient.
What was the public faith found out for,
But to slur men of what they fought for?
The public faith, which every one
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why
Should private faith have such a tie?
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,
To keep the good and just in awe,
But to confine the bad and sinful,
Like mortal cattle in a pinfold.
A saint 's of th' heav'nly realm a peer;
And as no peer is bound to swear,
But on the gospel of his honour,
Of which he may dispose, as owner,
It follows, though the thing be forgery,
And false, t' affirm it is no perjury,
But a mere ceremony, and a breach
Of nothing but a form of speech,
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
Than mere saluting of the book.
Suppose the Scriptures are of force,
They 're but commissions of course;
And saints have freedom to digress,
And vary from them as they please;
Or misinterpret them by private
Instructions, to all aims they drive at
Then why should we ourselves abridge,
And curtail our own privilege?
Quakers (that, like to lanterns, bear
Their light within them) will not swear;
Their gospel is an Accidence,
By which they construe conscience,
And hold no sin so deeply red,
As that of breaking Priscian's head,
(The head and founder of their order,
That stirring hats held worse than murder)
These, thinking they 're oblig'd to troth
In swearing, will not take an oath:
Like mules, who, if they 've not their will
To keep their own pace, stand stock still:
But they are weak, and little know
What free-born consciences may do.
'Tis the temptation of the Devil
That makes all human actions evil;
For saints may do the same things by
The spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the Devil's instance do,
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the saints and wicked vary.
For as on land there is no beast
But in some fish at sea 's exprest;
So in the wicked there's no vice
Of which the saints have not a spice;
And yet that thing that 's pious in
The one, in th' other is a sin.
Is 't not ridiculous and nonsense,
A saint should be a slave to Conscience,
That ought to be above such fancies,
As far as above ordinances?
She 's of the wicked, as I guess,
B' her looks, her language, and her dress:
And though, like constables, we search
For false wares one another's church;
Yet all of us hold this for true,
No faith is to the wicked due.
For truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine."
Quoth Hudibras, "All this is true;
Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
Those mysteries and revelations;
And therefore topical evasions
Of subtle turns and shifts of sense
Serve best with th' wicked for pretence;
Such as the learned Jesuits use,
And presbyterians, for excuse

Against the protestants, when th' happen
To find their churches taken napping:
As thus: A breach of oath is duple,
And either way admits a scruple,
And may be *ex parte* of the maker,
More criminal than th' injur'd taker;
For he that strains too far a vow,
Will break it, like an o'er-bent bow:
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
Not he that for convenience took it.
A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,
As sound t' all purposes of troth;
As broken laws are ne'er the worse,
Nay, till they 're broken have no force.
What 's Justice to a man, or Laws,
That never comes within their claws?
They have no power, but to admonish;
Cannot controul, coerce, or punish,
Until they 're broken, and then touch
Those only that do make them such.
Beside, no engagement is allow'd,
By men in prison made, for good;
For when they 're set at liberty,
They 're from th' engagement too set free.
The rabbins write, When any Jew
Did make to God or man a vow,
Which afterward he found untoward,
And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,
Any three other Jews o' th' nation
Might free him from the obligation:
And have not two saints power to use
A greater privilege than three Jews?
The court of Conscience, which in man
Should be supreme and soveran,
Is 't fit should be subordinate
To ev'ry petty court in th' state,
And have less power than the lesser,
To deal with perjury at pleasure?
Have its proceedings disallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of pye-powder?
Tell all it does, or does not know,
For swearing *ex officio*?
Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
And pigs uuring'd at *vis. franc.* pledge?
Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,
Priests, witches, eaves-droppers, and nusance;
Tell who did play at games unlawful,
And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full;
And have no power at all, nor shift,
To help itself at a dead lift?
Why should not Conscience have vacation
As well as other courts o' th' nation;
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return;
And make as nice distinction serve
To split a case, as those that carve,
Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints?
Why should not tricks as slight do points?
Is not th' high-court of Justice sworn
To judge that law that serves their turn?
Make their own jealousies high-treason,
And fix them whomsoe'er they please on?
Cannot the learned counsel there
Make laws in any shape appear?
Mould them as witches do their clay,
When they make pictures to destroy,
And vex them into any form
That fits their purpose to do harm?
Rack them until they do confess,
Impeach of treason whom they please,
And most perfidiously condemn
Those that engag'd their lives for them?
And yet do nothing in their own sense,
But what they ought by oath and conscience.
Can they not juggle, and with slight
Conveyance play with wrong and right;
And sell their blasts of wind as dear
As Lapland witches bottled air?
Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe, and Grudge,
The same case several ways adjudge?
As seamen, with the self-same gale,
Will several different courses sail.
As, when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds,
Those banks and dams, that, like a screen,
Did keep it out, now keep it in;
So when tyrannical usurpation
Invades the freedom of a nation,
The laws o' th' land, that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Does not in Chancery every man swear
What makes best for him in his answer?
Is not the winding-up witnesses,
And nicking, more than half the business?
For witnesses, like watches, go
Just as they 're set, too fast or slow;
And where in conscience they 're straight-lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
Do not your juries give their verdict
As if they felt the cause, not heard it?
And as they please, make matter o' fact
Run all on one side, as they 're packt?
Nature has made man's breast no windores,
To publish what he does within doors;
Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash folly blab it.
If oaths can do a man no good
In his own business, why they shou'd,
In other matters, do him hurt,
I think there 's little reason for 't.
He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made?
These reasons may perhaps look oddly
To th' wicked, though they evince the godly;
But if they will not serve to clear
My honour, I am ne'er the near.
Honour is like that glassy bubble,
That finds philosophers such trouble,
Whose least part crackt, the whole does fly,
And wits are crackt to find out why."
Quoth Ralpho, "Honour 's but a word
To swear by only, in a lord:
In other men 'tis but a huff
To vapour with, instead of proof,
That, like a wen, looks big and swells,
Insenseless, and just nothing else."
"Let it," quoth he, "be what it will,
It has the world's opinion still.
But as men are not wise that run
The slightest hazard they may shun,
There may a medium be found out
To clear to all the world the doubt;
And that is, if a man may do 't,
By proxy whipt, or substitute."
"Though nice and dark the point appear,"
Quoth Ralph, "it may hold up and clear.
That sinners may supply the place
Of suffering saints, is a plain case;

Justice gives sentence many times,
On one man for another's crimes.
Our brethren of New-England use
Choice malefactors to excuse,
And hang the guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the churches have less need;
As lately 't happen'd: In a town
There liv'd a cobbler, and but one,
That out of doctrine could cut use,
And mend men's lives as well as shoes.
This precious brother having slain,
In times of peace, an Indian,
Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
(Because he was an infidel)
The mighty Tottipottymoy
Sent to our elders an envoy,
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league held forth by brother Patch,
Against the articles in force
Between both churches, his and ours,
For which he crav'd the saints to render
Into his hands, or hang th' offender;
But they, maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' trade,
(A man that serv'd them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble)
Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do
The Indian Hoghan Moghan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid:
Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,
And in your room another whipp'd?
For all philosophers, but the sceptic,
Hold whipping may be sympathetic."
"It is enough," quoth Hudibras,
"Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case;
And canst, in conscience, not refuse,
From thy own doctrine, to raise use:
I know thou wilt not (for my sake)
Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back:
Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
And give thy outward-fellow a ferking;
For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,
All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd."
Quoth Ralpho, "You mistake the matter;
For, in all scruples of this nature,
No man includes himself, nor turns
The point upon his own concerns.
As no man of his own self catches
The itch, or amorous French aches:
So no man does himself convince,
By his own doctrine, of his sins:
And though all cry down self, none means
His own self in a literal sense:
Besides, it is not only foppish,
But vile, idolatrous, and popish,
For one man out of his own skin
To frisk and whip another's sin;
As pedants out of school-boys' breeches
Do claw and curry their own itches.
But in this case it is profane,
And sinful too, because in vain;
For we must take our oaths upon it
You did the deed, when I have done it."
Quoth Hudibras, "That 's answer'd soon;
Give us the whip, we 'll lay it on."
Quoth Ralpho, "That we may swear true,
Twere properer that I whipp'd you;
For when with your consent 'tis done,
The act is really your own."
Quoth Hudibras, "It is in vain,
I see, to argue 'gainst the grain,
Or, like the stars, incline men to
What they 're averse themselves to do:
For, when disputes are weary'd out,
'Tis interest still resolves the doubt:
But since no reason can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your duty;
For so it is, howe'er you mince it,
As, ere we part, I shall evince it;
And curry, (if you stand out) whether
You will or no, your stubborn leather.
Canst thou refuse to bear thy part
I' th' public work, base as thou art?
To higgle thus, for a few blows,
To gain thy knight an opulent spouse,
Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,
Merely for th' interest of the churches?
And when he has it in his claws
Will not be hide-bound to the cause:
Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgin,
If thou dispatch it without grudging:
If not, resolve, before we go,
That you and I must pull a crow."
"Ye 'ad best," quoth Ralpho, "as the ancients
Say wisely, 'have a care o' th' main chance,'
And 'look before you ere you leap;'
For 'as you sow, ye 're like to reap:'
And were y' as good as George-a-Green,
I should make bold to turn again;
Nor am I doubtful of the issue
In a just quarrel, and mine is so.
Is 't fitting for a man of honour
To whip the saints, like bishop Bonner?
A knight t' usurp the beadle's office,
For which y' are like to raise brave trophies?
But I advise you (not for fear,
But for your own sake) to forbear,
And for the churches, which may chance,
From hence, to spring a variance,
And raise among themselves new scruples,
When common danger hardly couples.
Remember how in arms and politics
We still have worsted all your holy tricks:
Trepann'd your party with intrigue,
And took your grandees down a peg;
New-model'd th' army, and cashier'd
All that to Legion Smec adher'd;
Made a mere utensil o' your church,
And after left it in the lurch;
A scaffold to build up our own,
And when we 'ad done with 't pull'd it down;
Capoch'd your rabbins of the synod,
And snapp'd their canons with a Why-not:
(Grave synod-men, that were rever'd
For solid face, and depth of beard)
Their classic model prov'd a maggot,
Their direct'ry an Indian pagod;
And drown'd their discipline like a kitten,
On which they 'ad been so long a sitting;
Decry'd it as a holy cheat,
Grown out of date and obsolete,
And all the saints of the first grass,
As castling foals of Balaam's ass."
At this the knight grew high in chafe,
And, staring furiously on Ralph,
He trembled and look'd pale with ire,
Like ashes first, then red as fire.
"Have I," quoth he, "been ta'en in fight,
And for so many moons lain by't,

And when all other means did fail,
Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale?
Not but they thought me worth a ransom
Much more considerable and handsome,
But for their own sakes, and for fear,
They were not safe when I was there;
Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,
An upstart sectary, and mongrel,
Such as breed out of peccant humours
Of our own church, like wens or tumours,
And, like a maggot in a sore,
Would that which gave it life devour:
It never shall be done or said:"
With that he seiz'd upon his blade;
And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,
With equal readiness prepar'd,
To draw and stand upon his guard;
When both were parted on the sudden,
With hideous clamour, and a loud one,
As if all sorts of noise had been
Contracted into one loud din;
Or that some member to be chosen
Had got the odds above a thousand;
And by the greatness of his noise,
Prov'd fittest for his country's choice.
This strange surprisal put the knight
And wrathful squire into a fright;
And though they stood prepar'd with fatal
Impetuous rancour, to join battle,
Both thought it was the wisest course
To wave the fight, and mount to horse,
And to secure, by swift retreating,
Themselves from danger of worse beating.
Yet neither of them would disparage,
By uttering of his mind, his courage;
Which made them stoutly keep their ground,
With horrour and disdain wind-bound.
And now the cause of all their fear
By slow degrees approach'd so near,
They might distinguish different noise
Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,
And kettle-drums, whose sullen dub
Sounds like the hooping of a tub.
But when the sight appear'd in view,
They found it was an antique shew;
A triumph that, for pomp and state,
Did proudest Romans' emulate:
For as the aldermen of Rome
Their foes at training overcome,
And not enlarging territory,
(As some, mistaken, write in story)
Being mounted in their best array,
Upon a carre, and who but they?
And follow'd with a world of tall-lads,
That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,
Did ride with many a Good-morrow,
Crying, "Hey for our town," through the Borough;
So when this triumph drew so nigh,
They might particulars descry,
They never saw two things so pat,
In all respects, as this and that.
First he that led the cavalcate
Wore a sow-gelder's flagellate,
On which he blew as strong a levet,
As well-fee'd lawyer on his brev'ate,
When over one another's heads
They charge (three ranks at once) like Sweads.
Next pans and kettles of all keys,
From trebles down to double base;
And after them, upon a nag,
That might pass for a forehand stag,
A cornet rode, and on his staff
A smock display'd did proudly wave;
Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,
With snuffling, broken-winded tones,
Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,
Sound filthier than from the gut,
And make a viler noise than swine
In windy weather, when they whine.
Next one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that, which, for good-manners,
Shall here be nameless, mixt with grains,
Which he dispens'd among the swains,
And busily upon the crowd
At random round about bestow'd.
Then, mounted on a horned horse,
One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
Ty'd to the pummel of a long sword
He held reverst, the point turn'd downward:
Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,
The conqueror's standard-bearer rid,
And bore aloft before the champion
A petticoat display'd, and rampant;
Near whom the Amazon triumphant
Bestrid her beast; and on the rump on't
Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,
The warrior whilom overcome,
Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff,
Which as he rode she made him twist off;
And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
Chastiz'd the reformado soldier.
Before the dame, and round about,
March'd whifflers and staffiers on foot,
With lackies, grooms, valets, and pages,
In fit and proper equipages;
Of whom some torches bore, some links,
Before the proud virago minx,
That was both madam and a don,
Like Nero's Sporus or pope Joan;
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clamorous shout.
The knight transported, and the squire,
Put up their weapons and their ire;
And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder
On such sights with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His animadversions, for his heart.
Quoth he, "In all my life, till now,
I ne'er saw so profane a show;
It is a paganish invention,
Which heathen writers often mention:
And he who made it had read Goodwin,
Or Ross, or Cælius Rhodogine,
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,
That best describe those ancient shows;
And has observ'd all fit decorums
We find describ'd by old historians:
For as the Roman conqueror,
That put an end to foreign war,
Entering the town in triumph for it,
Bore a slave with him in his chariot;
So this insulting female brave
Carries, behind her here, a slave:
And as the ancients long ago,
When they in field defy'd the foe,
Hung out their mantles *della guerre*,
So her proud standard-bearer here,
Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner,
A Tyrian petticoat for banner.

Next links and torches heretofore
Still borne before the emperor:
And as in antique triumph eggs
Were borne for mystical intrigues,
There 's one, in truncheon like a ladle,
That carries eggs too, fresh or addle;
And still at random, as he goes,
Among the rabble-rout bestows."
Quoth Ralpho, "You mistake the matter:
For all th' antiquity you smatter
Is but a riding us'd of course,
When 'the grey mare 's the better horse;'
When o'er the breeches greedy women
Fight, to extend their vast dominion,
And in the cause impatient Grizel
Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,
And brought him under covert-baron,
To turn her vassal with a murrain;
When wives their sexes shift, like hares,
And ride their husbands, like night-mares,
And they, in mortal battle vanquish'd,
Are of their charter disenfranchis'd,
And by the right of war, like gills,
Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels:
For when men by their wives are cow'd,
Their horns of course are understood."
Quoth Hudibras, "Thou still giv'st sentence
Impertinently, and against sense:
'Tis not the least disparagement
To be defeated by th' event,
Nor to be beaten by main force;
That does not make a man the worse,
Although his shoulders with battoon
Be claw'd and cudgel'd to some tune.
A tailor's 'prentice has no hard
Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard;
But to turn tail, or run away,
And without blows give up the day,
Or to surrender ere th' assault,
That 's no man's fortune, but his fault;
And renders men of honour less
Than all th' adversity of success;
And only unto such this shew
Of horns and petticoats is due.
There is a lesser profanation,
Like that the Romans call'd ovation:
For as ovation was allow'd
For conquest purchas'd without blood;
So men decree those lesser shows
For victory gotten without blows,
By dint of sharp hard words, which some
Give battle with, and overcome;
These, mounted in a chair-curule,
Which moderns call a cuckling-stool,
March proudly to the river's side,
And o'er the waves in triumph ride:
Like dukes of Venice, who are said
The Adriatic sea to wed;
And have a gentler wife than those
For whom the state decrees those shows.
But both are heathenish, and come
From th' whores of Babylon and Rome,
And by the saints should be withstood,
As antichristian and lewd;
And we, as such, should now contribute
Our utmost strugglings to prohibit."
This said, they both advanc'd, and rode
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd
T' attack the leader, and still prest,
Till they approach'd him breast to breast:
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made signs for silence; which obtain'd,
"What means," quoth he, "this Devil's procession
With men of orthodox profession?
'Tis ethnique and idolatrous,
From heathenism deriv'd to us.
Does not the Whore of Babylon ride
Upon her horned beast astride,
Like this proud dame, who either is
A type of her, or she of this?
Are things of superstitious function
Fit to be us'd in gospel sunshine?
It is an antichristian opera,
Much us'd in midnight times of popery;
Of running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions;
To scandalize that sex for scolding,
To whom the saints are so beholding.
Women, who were our first apostles,
Without whose aid we 'd all been lost else;
Women, that left no stone unturn'd
In which the cause might be concern'd;
Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols;
Their husbands, cullies, and sweethearts,
To take the saints' and churches' parts;
Drew several gifted brethren in,
That for the bishops would have been,
And fix'd them constant to the party,
With motives powerful and hearty:
Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts
T' administer unto their gifts
All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
To scraps and ends of gold and silver;
Rubb'd down the teachers, tir'd and spent
With holding forth for parliament;
Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
With marrow-puddings many a meal:
Enabled them, with store of meat,
On controverted points, to eat:
And cramm'd them, till their guts did ache,
With caudle, custard, and plumb-cake.
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the cause at London?
March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,
T' intrench the city for defence in;
Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,
To put the enemy to stands;
From ladies down to oyster-wenches
Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
Fall'n to their pick-axes and tools,
And help the men to dig like moles.
Have not the handmaids of the city
Chose of their members a committee,
For raising of a common purse,
Out of their wages, to raise horse?
And do they not as tryers sit,
To judge what officers are fit?
Have they"—At that an egg let fly
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And, running down his cheek, besmear'd
With orange-tawny slime his beard;
But beard and slime being of one hue,
The wound the less appear'd in view.
Then he that on the pannier rode,
Let fly on th' other side a load,
And, quickly charg'd again, gave fully,
In Ralpho's face, another volley.
The knight was startled with the smell,
And for his sword began to feel;

And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,
Grasp'd his, when one that bore a link
O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole;
And straight another, with his flambeau,
Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.
The beasts began to kick and fling,
And forc'd the rout to make a ring;
Through which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from further fray;
And, though disorder'd in retreat,
Each of them stoutly kept his seat:
For, quitting both their swords and reins,
They grasp'd with all their strength the manes;
And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,
With spurring put their cattle to 't,
And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
After they 'd paus'd awhile, supplying
Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,
And Hudibras recruited force
Of lungs, for action or discourse;
Quoth he, "That man is sure to lose
That fouls his hands with dirty foes;
For where no honour 's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd:
'Twas ill for us we had to do
With so dishonourable a foe:
For though the law of arms doth bar
The use of venom'd shot in war,
Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisome,
Their case-shot savour strong of poison,
And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth
Of some that had a stinking breath;
Else, when we put it to the push,
They had not given us such a brush:
But as those poltroons that fling dirt
Do but defile, but cannot hurt;
So all the honour they have won,
Or we have lost, is much at one.
'Twas well we made so resolute
A brave retreat, without pursuit;
For if we had not, we had sped
Much worse, to be in triumph led;
Than which the ancients held no state
Of man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold adventure e'er
Do chance to reach the widow's ear,
It may, being destin'd to assert
Her sex's honour, reach her heart:
And as such homely treats (they say)
Portend good fortune, so this may.
Vespasian being daub'd with dirt,
Was destin'd to the empire for 't;
And from a scavenger did come
To be a mighty prince in Rome:
And why may not this foul address
Presage in love the same success?
Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,
Advance in quest of nearest ponds;
And after (as we first design'd)
Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd."

PART II. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The knight, with various doubts possest,
To win the lady goes in quest
Of Sidrophel, the Rosycrucian,
To know the Dest'nies' resolution;
With whom being met, they both chop logic
About the science astrologic;
Till falling from dispute to fight,
The conjurer's worsted by the knight.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat;
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a juggler's sleight,
And, still the less they understand,
The more th' admire his sleight of hand.
Some with a noise and greasy light
Are snapt, as men catch larks by night,
Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the soul,
As nooses by the legs catch fowl.
Some with a med'cine and receipt
Are drawn to nibble at the bait;
And though it be a two-foot trout,
'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.
Others believe no voice t' an organ
So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,
Until with subtle cobweb-cheats
They 're catch'd in knotted law, like nets;
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they stir, the more they 're tangled;
And while their purses can dispute,
There 's no end of th' immortal suit.
Others still gape t' anticipate
The cabinet designs of Fate,
Apply to wizards, to foresee
What shall, and what shall never be;
And, as those vultures do forebode,
Believe events prove bad or good;
A flam more senseless than the roguery
Of old auruspicy and augury,
That out of garbages of cattle
Presag'd th' events of truce or battle;
From flight of birds, or chicken's pecking,
Success of great'st attempts would reckon:
Though cheats, yet more intelligible,
Than those that with the stars do fribble.
This Hudibras by proof found true,
As in due time and place we 'll shew:
For he, with beard and face made clean,
Being mounted on his steed again,
(And Ralpho got a cock-horse too,
Upon his beast, with much ado)
Advanc'd on for the widow's house,
T' acquit himself, and pay his vows;
When various thoughts began to bustle,
And with his inward man to justle.
He thought what danger might accrue,
If she should find he swore untrue;
Or, if his squire or he should fail,
And not be punctual in their tale,
It might at once the ruin prove
Both of his honour, faith, and love:
But if he should forbear to go,
She might conclude he 'ad broke his vow;

And that he durst not now, for shame,
Appear in court to try his claim.
This was the pen'worth of his thought,
To pass time, and uneasy trot.
Quoth he, "In all my past adventures
I ne'er was set so on the tenters,
Or taken tardy with dilemma,
That every way I turn does hem me,
And with inextricable doubt
Besets my puzzled wits about:
For though the dame has been my bail,
To free me from enchanted gaol,
Yet as a dog, committed close
For some offence, by chance breaks loose,
And quits his clog; but all in vain,
He still draws after him his chain:
So, though my ankle she has quitted,
My heart continues still committed;
And, like a bail'd and mainpriz'd lover,
Although at large, I am bound over:
And when I shall appear in court
To plead my cause, and answer for 't,
Unless the judge do partial prove,
What will become of me and love?
For if in our account we vary,
Or but in circumstance miscarry;
Or if she put me to strict proof,
And make me pull my doublet off,
To show, by evident record,
Writ on my skin, 'I 've kept my word,'
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd unto her favour?
But faith, and love, and honour lost,
Shall be reduc'd t' a knight o' th' post?
Beside, that stripping may prevent
What I 'm to prove by argument,
And justify I have a tail,
And that way, too, my proof may fail.
Oh! that I could enucleate,
And solve the problems of my fate;
Or find, by necromantic art,
How far the Dest'nies take my part;
For if I were not more than certain
To win and wear her and her fortune,
I'd go no further in this courtship,
To hazard soul, estate, and worship:
For though an oath obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
(As thou hast prov'd) yet 'tis profane,
And sinful, when men swear in vain."
Quoth Ralph, "Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel[1],
That deals in Destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the Moon sells;
To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair;
When brass and pewter hap to stray,
And linen slinks out o' the way;
When geese and pullen are seduc'd,
And sows of sucking pigs are chows'd;
When cattle feel indisposition,
And need th' opinion of physician;
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
And chickens languish of the pip;
When yest and outward means do fail,
And have no power to work on ale;
When butter does refuse to come,
And Love proves cross and humorsome;
To him with questions, and with urine,
They for discovery flock, or curing."
Quoth Hudibras, "This Sidrophel
I 've heard of, and should like it well,
If thou canst prove the saints have freedom
To go to sorcerers when they need them."
Says Ralpho, "There 's no doubt of that;
Those principles I quoted late
Prove, that the godly may allege
For any thing their privilege,
And to the Devil himself may go,
If they have motives thereunto:
For, as there is a war between
The Devil and them, it is no sin,
If they by subtle stratagem
Make use of him, as he does them.
Has not this present parliament
A ledger to the Devil sent,
Fully empower'd to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has not he, within a year,
Hang'd threescore of them in one shire?
Some only for not being drown'd,
And some for sitting above ground,
Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;
And some for putting knavish tricks
Upon green geese and turkey-chicks,
Or pigs that suddenly deceast
Of griefs unnatural, as he guest;
Who after prov'd himself a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech.
Did not the Devil appear to Martin
Luther in Germany, for certain?
And would have gull'd him with a trick,
But Mart. was too, too politic.
Did he not help the Dutch to purge,
At Antwerp, their cathedral church?
Sing catches to the saints at Mascon,
And tell them all they came to ask him?
Appear in divers shapes to Kelly,
And speak i' th' Nun of Loudon's belly?
Meet with the parliament's committee,
At Woodstock, on a personal treaty?
At Sarum take a cavalier,
I' th' cause's service, prisoner?
As Withers[2] in immortal rhyme
Has register'd to after-time.
Do not our great reformers use
This Sidrophel to forebode news;
To write of victories next year,
And castles taken yet i' th' air?
Of battles fought at sea, and ships
Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse?
A total o'erthrow given the king
In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring?
And has he not point-blank foretold
Whatsoe'er the close committee would?
Made Mars and Saturn for the cause,
The Moon for fundamental laws?
The Ram, the Bull, and Goat, declare
Against the book of Common-Prayer?
The Scorpion take the protestation,
And Bear engage for reformation?

[1] William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times.

[2] This Withers was a puritanical officer in the parliament army, and a great pretender to poetry, as appears from his poems enumerated by A. Wood.

Made all the royal stars recant,
Compound, and take the covenant?"
Quoth Hudibras, "The case is clear
The saints may' employ a conjurer,
As thou hast prov'd it by their practice;
No argument like matter of fact is:
And we are best of all led to
Men's principles by what they do.
Then let us straight advance in quest
Of this profound gymnosophist,
And, as the Fates and he advise,
Pursue or wave this enterprise."
This said, he turn'd about his steed,
And eftsoons on th' adventure rid;
Where leave we him and Ralph awhile,
And to the conjurer turn our style,
To let our reader understand
What 's useful of him beforehand.
He had been long towards mathematics,
Optics, philosophy, and statics,
Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
And was old dog at physiology;
But as a dog that turns the spit
Bestirs himself, and plies his feet
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again,
And still he 's in the self-same place
Where at his setting out he was;
So in the circle of the arts
Did he advance his natural parts,
Till falling back still, for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:
For as those fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but smatter;
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His understanding still was clear;
Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
Since old Hodge Bacon[3], and Bob Grosted[4],
Th' intelligible world he knew,
And all men dream on 't to be true,
That in this world there 's not a wart
That has not there a counterpart;
Nor can there on the face of ground
An individual beard be found,
That has not, in that foreign nation,
A fellow of the self-same fashion;
So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,
As those are in th' inferior world.
He 'ad read Dee's[5] prefaces before,
The Devil, and Euclid, o'er and o'er;
And all th' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,
Lescus[6] and th' emperor, would tell ye:
But with the Moon was more familiar
Than e'er was almanac well-willer;
Her secrets understood so clear,
That some believ'd he had been there;
Knew when she was in fittest mood
For cutting corns, or letting blood;
When for anointing scabs or itches,
Or to the bum applying leeches;
When sows and bitches may be spay'd,
And in what sign best cyder 's made;
Whether the wane be, or increase,
Best to set garlic, or sow pease;
Who first found out the man i' th' Moon,
That to the ancients was unknown;
How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
Are in the planetary spheres;
Their airy empire and command,
Their several strengths by sea and land;
What factions they 'ave, and what they drive at
In public vogue, or what in private:
With what designs and interests
Each party manages contests.
He made an instrument to know
If the Moon shine at full or no:
That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate;
Tell what her diameter to an inch is,
And prove, that she 's not made of green cheese.
It would demonstrate, that the man in
The Moon 's a sea Mediterranean;
And that it is no dog nor bitch
That stands behind him at his breech,
But a huge Caspian sea, or lake,
With arms, which men for legs mistake;
How large a gulf his tail composes,
And what a goodly bay his nose is;
How many German leagues by th' scale
Cape Snout 's from Promontory Tail.
He made a planetary gin,
Which rats would run their own heads in,
And come on purpose to be taken,
Without th' expense of cheese or bacon.
With lute-strings he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on dish of meat;
Quote moles and spots on any place
O' th' body, by the index face;
Detect lost maidenheads by sneezing,
Or breaking wind of dames, or pissing;
Cure warts and corns, with application
Of med'cines to th' imagination;
Fright agues into dogs, and scare,
With rhymes, the toothach and catarrh;
Chase evil spirits away by dint
Of sickle, horse-shoe, hollow-flint;
Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,
Which made the Roman slaves rebel;
And fire a mine in China here,
With sympathetic gunpowder.
He knew whatsoever 's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own.
What med'cine 'twas that Paracelsus
Could make a man with, as he tells us;

[3] Roger Bacon, commonly called Friar Bacon, lived in the reign of our Edward I. and for some little skill he had in the mathematics was by the rabble accounted a conjurer, and had the sottish story of the Brazen Head fathered upon him by the ignorant monks of those days.

[4] Bishop Grosted was bishop of Lincoln, 20th Henry III. *A. D.* 1235. "He was suspected by the clergy to be a conjurer; for which crime he was deprived by pope Innocent IV. and summoned to appear at Rome." But this is a mistake; for the pope's antipathy to him was occasioned by his frankly expostulating with him (both personally and by letter) on his encroachments upon the English church and monarchy. He was persecuted by pope Innocent, but it is not certain that he was deprived, though Bale thinks he was.

[5] Dee was a Welshman, and educated at Oxford, where he commenced doctor, and afterwards travelled into foreign parts, in quest of chymistry, &c.

[6] Albertus Lascus, Lasky, or Alasco, prince palatine of Poland, concerned with Dee and Kelly.

What figur'd slates are best to make,
On watery surface, duck or drake;
What bowling-stones, in running race
Upon a board, have swiftest pace;
Whether a pulse beat in the black
List of a dappled louse's back;
If systole or diastole move
Quickest, when he 's in wrath or love;
When two of them do run a race,
Whether they gallop, trot, or pace;
How many scores a flea will jump,
Of his own length, from head to rump,
Which Socrates and Chærephon
In vain assay'd so long agone:
Whether a snout a perfect nose is,
And not an elephant's proboscis;
How many different specieses
Of maggots breed in rotten cheeses;
And which are next of kin to those
Engender'd in a chandler's nose;
Or those not seen, but understood,
That live in vinegar and wood.
A paltry wretch he had, half-starv'd,
That him in place of zany serv'd,
Hight Whachum[7], bred to dash and draw,
Not wine, but more unwholesome law:
To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
Wide as meridians in maps;
To squander paper, and spare ink,
Or cheat men of their words, some think.
From this, by merited degrees,
He 'd to more high advancement rise,
To be an under-conjurer,
Or journeyman astrologer:
His business was to pump and wheedle,
And men with their own keys unriddle:
To make them to themselves give answers,
For which they pay the necromancers;
To fetch and carry intelligence
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
And all discoveries disperse
Among th' whole pack of conjurers;
What cut-purses have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem,
And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themselves and th' art repute;
Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,
Of thieves ascendant in the cart,
And find out all by rules of art;
Which way a serving-man, that's run
With clothes or money away, is gone;
Who pick'd a fob at holding forth,
And where a watch, for half the worth,
May be redeem'd; or stolen plate
Restor'd at conscionable rate.
Beside all this, he serv'd his master
In quality of poetaster,
And rhymes appropriate could make
To every month i' th' almanac;
When terms begin and end could tell,
With their returns, in doggerel;
When the Exchequer opes and shuts,
And sowgelder with safety cuts;
When men may eat and drink their fill;
And when be temperate, if they will;
When use, and when abstain from vice,
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.
And as in prison mean rogues beat
Hemp for the service of the great,
So Whachum beat his dirty brains
T' advance his master's fame and gains,
And, like the Devil's oracles,
Put into doggerel rhymes his spells;
Which, over every month's blank page
I' th' almanac, strange bilks presage.
He would an elegy compose
On maggots squeez'd out of his nose;
In lyric numbers write an ode on
His mistress, eating a black-pudden;
And, when imprison'd air escap'd her,
It puft him with poetic rapture.
His sonnets charm'd th' attentive crowd,
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long-ear'd guests,
Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts:
A carman's horse could not pass by
But stood ty'd up to poetry;
No porter's burthen pass'd along,
But serv'd for burthen to his song:
Each window like a pillory appears,
With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears;
All trades run in as to the sight
Of monsters, or their dear delight
The gallow-tree, when cutting purse
Breeds business for heroic verse;
Which none does hear but would have hung
T' have been the theme of such a song.
Those two together long had liv'd,
In mansion prudently contriv'd,
Where neither tree nor house could bar
The free detection of a star;
And nigh an ancient obelisk
Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk[8],
On which was written, not in words,
But hieroglyphic mute of birds,
Many rare pithy saws, concerning
The worth of astrologic learning:
From top of this there hung a rope,
To which he fasten'd telescope,
The spectacles with which the stars
He reads in smallest characters.
It happen'd as a boy, one night,
Did fly his tarsel of a kite,
The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies,
That, like a bird of Paradise,
Or herald's martlet, has no legs,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs;
His train was six yards long, milk-white,
At th' end of which there hung a light,
Enclos'd in lantern made of paper,
That far off like a star did appear:

[7] Journeyman to Sidrophel, who was one Tom Jones, a foolish Welshman. In a Key to a poem of Mr. Butler's, Whachum is said to be one Richard Green, who published a pamphlet of about five sheets of base ribaldry, and called, Hudibras in a Snare. It was printed about the year 1667.

[8] Mr. Butler alludes to one Fisk, of whom Lilly observes, that he was a licentiate in physic, and born near Framlingham in Suffolk; was bred at a country school, and designed for the university, but went not thither, studying physic and astrology at home, which afterwards he practised at Colchester; after which he came to London, and practised there.

This Sidrophel by chance espy'd,
And with amazement staring wide,
"Bless us!" quoth he, "what dreadful wonder
Is that appears in Heaven yonder?
A comet, and without a beard!
Or star that ne'er before appear'd?
I'm certain 'tis not in the scrowl
Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl,
With which, like Indian plantations,
The learned stock the constellations;
Nor those that drawn for signs have been
To th' houses where the planets inn.
It must be supernatural,
Unless it be that cannon-ball
That, shot i' th' air point-blank upright,
Was borne to that prodigious height
That, learn'd philosophers maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again,
But in the airy region yet
Hangs, like the body of Mahomet:
For if it be above the shade
That by the Earth's round bulk is made,
'Tis probable it may, from far,
Appear no bullet, but a star."
This said, he to his engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
And rais'd it till it levell'd right
Against the glow-worm tail of kite:
Then peeping through, "Bless us!" quoth he,
"It is a planet, now, I see;
And, if I err not, by this proper
Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,
It should be Saturn: yes, 'tis clear
'Tis Saturn; but what makes him there?
He's got between the Dragon's tail
And further leg behind o' th' Whale;
Pray Heaven divert the fatal omen,
For 'tis a prodigy not common,
And can no less than the world's end,
Or Nature's funeral, portend."
With that he fell again to pry,
Through perspective, more wistfully,
When, by mischance, the fatal string,
That kept the towering fowl on wing,
Breaking, down feel the star. "Well shot,"
Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought
He 'ad levell'd at a star, and hit it;
But Sidrophel, more subtle-witted,
Cry'd out, "What horrible and fearful
Portent is this, to see a star fall?
It threatens Nature, and the doom
Will not be long before it come!
When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough
The day of judgment 's not far off;
As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick[9],
And some of us find out by magic;
Then, since the time we have to live
In this world 's shorten'd, let us strive
To make our best advantage of it,
And pay our losses with our profit."
This feat fell out not long before
The knight, upon the forenam'd score,
In quest of Sidrophel advancing,
Was now in prospect of the mansion;
Whom he discovering, turn'd his glass,
And found far off 'twas Hudibras.
"Whachum," quoth he, "look yonder, some
To try or use our art are come:
The one's the learned knight:—seek out,
And pump them what they come about."
Whachum advanc'd, with all submiss'ness
T' accost them, but much more their business:
He held a stirrup, while the knight
From leathern Barebones did alight;
And, taking from his hand the bridle,
Approach'd, the dark squire to unriddle.
He gave him first the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him, as he might say:
He ask'd him whence they came, and whither
Their business lay? Quoth Ralpho, "Hither."
"Did you not lose?"—Quoth Ralpho, "Nay."
Quoth Whachum, "Sir, I meant your way!
Your knight—" Quoth Ralpho, "Is a lover,
And pains intolerable doth suffer;
For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards."
"What time?"—Quoth Ralpho, "Sir, too long,
Three years it off and on has hung."
Quoth he, "I meant what time o' the day 'tis."
Quoth Ralpho, "Between seven and eight 'tis."
"Why then," quoth Whachum, "my small art
Tells me the dame has a hard heart,
Or great estate." Quoth Ralpho, "A jointer,
Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her."
Meanwhile the knight was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter;
Which having done, the wizard steps in,
To give him suitable reception;
But kept his business at a bay,
Till Whachum put him in the way;
Who having now, by Ralpho's light,
Expounded th' errand of the knight,
And what he came to know, drew near,
To whisper in the conjurer's ear;
Which he prevented thus: "What was 't,"
Quoth he, "that I was saying last,
Before these gentlemen arriv'd?"
Quoth Whachum, "Venus you retriev'd,
In opposition with Mars,
And no benign and friendly stars
T' allay the effect." Quoth wizard, "So!
In Virgo? Ha!" Quoth Whachum, "No."
"Has Saturn nothing to do in it?"
"One tenth of 's circle to a minute!"
"'Tis well," quoth he.—"Sir, you'll excuse
This rudeness I am forc'd to use;
It is a scheme and face of heaven,
As th' aspects are dispos'd this even,
I was contemplating upon
When you arriv'd; but now I've done."
Quoth Hudibras, "If I appear
Unseasonable in coming here
At such a time, to interrupt
Your speculations, which I hop'd

[9] William Sedgwick, a whimsical enthusiast, sometimes a presbyterian, sometimes an independent, and at other times an anabaptist; sometimes a prophet, and pretended to foretel things, out of the pulpit, to the destruction of ignorant people; at other times pretended to revelations; and, upon pretence of a vision that doomsday was at hand, he retired to the house of sir Francis Russel in Cambridgeshire; and, finding several gentlemen at bowls, called upon them to prepare for their dissolution; telling them, that he had lately received a revelation that doomsday would be some day the week following. Upon which they ever after called him Doomsday Sedgwick.

Assistance from, and come to use,
'Tis fit that I ask your excuse."
"By no means, sir," quoth Sidrophel:
"The stars your coming did foretel;
I did expect you here, and knew,
Before you spake, your business too."
Quoth Hudibras, "Make that appear,
And I shall credit whatsoe'er
You tell me after, on your word,
Howe'er unlikely or absurd.
"You are in love, sir, with a widow,"
Quoth he, "that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years has rid your wit
And passion, without drawing bit;
And now your business is to know,
If you shall carry her or no."
Quoth Hudibras, "You're in the right,
But how the Devil you came by't
I can't imagine; for the stars,
I'm sure, can tell no more than a horse;
Nor can their aspects (though you pore
Your eyes out on them) tell you more
Than th' oracle of sieve and sheers,
That turns as certain as the spheres:
But if the Devil's of your counsel,
Much may be done, my noble Donzel;
And 'tis on his account I come,
To know from you my fatal doom."
Quoth Sidrophel, "If you suppose,
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,
I might suspect, and take th' alarm,
Your business is but to inform;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a wrong sow by the ear;
For I assure you, for my part,
I only deal by rules of art;
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conclusions of astrology;
But for the Devil know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defy him."
Quoth he, "Whatever others deem ye,
I understand your metonymy;
Your words of second-hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention;
The mystic sense of all your terms,
That are indeed but magic charms
To raise the Devil, and mean one thing,
And that is downright conjuring;
And in itself more warrantable
Than cheat, or canting to a rabble,
Or putting tricks upon the Moon,
Which by confederacy are done.
Your ancient conjurers were wont
To make her from her sphere dismount,
And to their incantation stoop;
They scorn'd to pore through telescope,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy or fair weather,
Which every almanac can tell,
Perhaps as learnedly and well
As you yourself.—Then, friend, I doubt
You go the furthest way about:
Your modern Indian magician
Makes but a hole in th' earth to piss in,
And straight resolves all questions by 't,
And seldom fails to be i' th' right.
The Rosycrucian way 's more sure
To bring the Devil to the lure;
Each of them has a several gin,
To catch Intelligences in.
Some by the nose, with fumes, trapan them,
As Dunstan [10] did the Devil's grannam;
Others with characters and words
Catch them, as men in nets do birds;
And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,
Engrav'd in planetary nicks,
With their own influences will fetch them
Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch them;
Make them depose and answer to
All questions, ere they let them go.
Bumbastus kept a Devil's bird
Shut in the pummel of his sword,
That taught him all the cunning pranks
Of past and future mountebanks.
Kelly [11] did all his feats upon
The Devil's looking-glass, a stone,
Where, playing with him at bo-peep,
He solv'd all problems ne'er so deep.
Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,
I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
That was his tutor, and the cur
Read to th' occult philosopher,
And taught him subt'ly to maintain
All other sciences are vain."
To this, quoth Sidrophello, "Sir,
Agrippa was no conjurer,
Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen;
Nor was the dog a cacodæmon,
But a true dog, that would show tricks
For th' emperor, and leap o'er sticks;
Would fetch and carry, was more civil
Than other dogs, but yet no Devil;
And whatsoe'er he's said to do,
He went the self-same way we go.
As for the Rosycross philosophers,
Whom you will have to be but sorcerers,
What they pretend to is no more
Than Trismegistus did before,
Pythagoras, old Zoroaster,
And Apollonius their master,
To whom they do confess they owe
All that they do, and all they know."
Quoth Hudibras, "Alas! what is 't t' us
Whether 'twas said by Trismegistus,

[10] St. Dunstan was made archbishop of Canterbury, anno 961. His skill in the liberal arts and sciences (qualifications much above the genius of the age he lived in) gained him first the name of a conjurer, and then of a saint; he is revered as such by the Romanists, who keep a holiday in honour of him, yearly, on the 19th of May.

[11] This Kelly was chief seer, or, as Lilly calls him, speculator to Dr. Dee; was born at Worcester, and bred an apothecary, and was a good proficient in chymistry, and pretended to have the grand elixir, or philosopher's stone, which Lilly tells us he made, or at least received ready-made, from a friar in Germany, on the confines of the emperor's dominions. He pretended to see apparitions in a crystal or beryl looking-glass (or a round stone like a crystal.) Alasco, palatine of Poland, Pucel, a learned Florentine, and prince Rosemberg of Germany, the emperor's viceroy in Bohemia, were long of the society with him and Dr. Dee, and often present at their apparitions, as was once the king of Poland himself: but Lilly observes, that he was so wicked, that the angels would not appear to him willingly, nor be obedient to him.

If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,
Or not intelligible, or sophistic?
'Tis not antiquity, nor author,
That makes truth Truth, although Time's daughter;
'Twas he that put her in the pit,
Before he pull'd her out of it;
And as he eats his sons, just so
He feeds upon his daughters too.
Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald
Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old,
To be descended of a race
Of ancient kings in a small space,
That we should all opinions hold
Authentic, that we can make old."
Quoth Sidrophel, "It is no part
Of prudence to cry down an art,
And what it may perform deny,
Because you understand not why;
(As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick,
To damn our whole art for eccentric)
For who knows all that knowledge contains?
Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
But on their sides, or risings, seat;
So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.
Do not the histories of all ages
Relate miraculous presages
Of strange turns, in the world's affairs,
Foreseen by' astrologers, soothsayers,
Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacs,
And some that have writ almanacs?
The Median emperor dreamt his daughter
Had pist all Asia under water,
And that a vine, sprung from her haunches,
O'erspread his empire with its branches;
And did not soothsayers expound it,
As after by th' event he found it?
When Cæsar in the senate fell,
Did not the Sun eclips'd foretel,
And, in resentment of his slaughter,
Look'd pale for almost a year after?
Augustus having, by' oversight,
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that day,
By soldiers mutin'ing for pay.
Are there not myriads of this sort,
Which stories of all times report?
Is it not ominous in all countries,
When crows and ravens croak upon trees?
The Roman senate, when within
The city walls an owl was seen,
Did cause their clergy, with lustrations,
(Our synod calls humiliations)
The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert
From doing town or country hurt.
And if an owl have so much power,
Why should not planets have much more,
That in a region far above
Inferior fowls of the air move,
And should see further, and foreknow
More than their augury below?
Though that once serv'd the polity
Of mighty states to govern by;
And this is what we take in hand
By powerful Art to understand;
Which, how we have perform'd, all ages
Can speak th' events of our presages.
Have we not lately, in the Moon,
Found a new world, to th' old unknown?
Discover'd sea and land, Columbus
And Magellan could never compass?
Made mountains with our tubes appear,
And cattle grazing on them there?"
Quoth Hudibras, "You lie so ope,
That I, without a telescope,
Can find your tricks out, and descry
Where you tell truth, and where you lie:
For Anaxagoras, long agone,
Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' Moon,
And held the Sun was but a piece
Of red-hot iron as big as Greece;
Believ'd the Heavens were made of stone,
Because the Sun had voided one;
And, rather than he would recant
Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.
"But what, alas! is it to us,
Whether i' th' Moon men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
Or whether they have tails or horns?
What trade from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France?
What can our travellers bring home,
That is not to be learnt at Rome?
What politics, or strange opinions,
That are not in our own dominions?
What science can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native regions?
Are sweating lanterns, or screen-fans,
Made better there than they're in France?
Or do they teach to sing and play
O' th' guitar there a newer way?
Can they make plays there, that shall fit
The public humour with less wit?
Write wittier dances, quainter shows,
Or fight with more ingenious blows?
Or does the man i' th' Moon look big,
And wear a huger periwig?
Show in his gait, or face, more tricks
Than our own native lunatics?
But if w' outdo him here at home,
What good of your design can come?
As wind, i' th' hypocondres pent,
Is but a blast if downward sent,
But if it upward chance to fly,
Becomes new-light and prophecy,
So when your speculations tend
Above their just and useful end,
Although they promise strange and great
Discoveries of things far fet,
They are but idle dreams and fancies,
And savour strongly of the ganzas.
Tell me but what 's the natural cause,
Why on a sign no painter draws
The full Moon ever, but the half?
Resolve that with your Jacob's staff;
Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,
And dogs howl when she shines in water?
And I shall freely give my vote,
You may know something more remote."
At this deep Sidrophel look'd wise,
And, staring round with owl-like eyes,
He put his face into a posture
Of sapience, and began to bluster;
For, having three times shook his head
To stir his wit up, thus he said:
"Art has no mortal enemies
Next Ignorance, but owls and geese;
Those consecrated geese in orders,
That to the Capitol were warders,

And being then upon patrol,
With noise alone beat off the Gaul;
Or those Athenian sceptic owls,
That will not credit their own souls,
Or any science understand,
Beyond the reach of eye or hand,
But, measuring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing 's to be known;
Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-
Houses cry down all philosophy,
And will not know upon what ground
In Nature we our doctrine found,
Although with pregnant evidence
We can demonstrate it to sense,
As I just now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know.
Were the stars only made to light
Robbers and burglarers by night?
To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,
And lovers solacing behind doors,
Or giving one another pledges
Of matrimony under hedges?
Or witches simpling, and on gibbets
Cutting from malefactors snippets?
Or from the pillory tips of ears
Of rebel-saints and perjurers?
Only to stand by, and look on,
But not know what is said or done?
Is there a constellation there,
That was not born and bred up here;
And therefore cannot be to learn
In any inferior concern?
Were they not, during all their lives,
Most of them pirates, whores, and thieves?
And is it like they have not still
In their old practices some skill?
Is there a planet that by birth
Does not derive its house from Earth;
And therefore probably must know
What is and hath been done below?
Who made the Balance, or whence came
The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
Did not we here the Argo rig,
Make Berenice's periwig?
Whose livery does the Coachman wear?
Or who made Cassiopeia's chair?
And therefore, as they came from hence,
With us may hold intelligence.
Plato deny'd the world can be
Govern'd without geometry,
(For money being the common scale
Of things, by measure, weight, and tale,
In all th' affairs of church and state,
'Tis both the balance and the weight)
Then much less can it be without
Divine Astrology made out;
That puts the other down in worth,
As far as Heaven 's above the Earth."
"These reasons," quoth the knight, "I grant
Are something more significant
Than any that the learned use
Upon this subject to produce:
And yet they 're far from satifactory,
T' establish and keep up your factory.
Th' Egyptians say, the Sun has twice
Shifted his setting and his rise;
Twice has he risen in the west,
As many times set in the east;
But whether that be true or no,
The Devil any of you know.
Some hold the Heavens, like a top,
Are kept by circulation up,
And, were 't not for their wheeling round,
They 'd instantly fall to the ground;
As sage Empedocles of old,
And from him modern authors, hold.
Plato believ'd the Sun and Moon
Below all other planets run.
Some Mercury, some Venus, seat
Above the Sun himself in height.
The learned Scaliger complain'd
'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,
That, in twelve hundred years and odd,
The Sun had left its ancient road,
And nearer to the Earth is come,
'Bove fifty thousand miles from home;
Swore 'twas a most notorious flam,
And he that had so little shame
To vent such fopperies abroad,
Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd;
Which monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
That he deserv'd the rod much more,
That durst upon a truth give doom,
He knew less than the pope of Rome.
Cardan believ'd great states depend
Upon the tip o' th' Bear's-tail's end,
That, as she whisk'd it towards the Sun,
Strow'd mighty empires up and down;
Which others say must needs be false,
Because your true bears have no tails.
Some say the Zodiac constellations
Have long since chang'd their antique stations
Above a sign, and prove the same
In Taurus now, once in the Ram;
Affirm'd the Trigons chopp'd and chang'd,
The watery with the fiery rang'd;
Then how can their effects still hold
To be the same they were of old?
This, though the art were true, would make
Our modern soothsayers mistake;
And is one cause they tell more lies,
In figures and nativities,
Than th' old Chaldean conjurers,
In so many hundred thousand years;
Beside their nonsense in translating,
For want of Accidence and Latin,
Like Idus, and Calendæ, Englisht
The quarter-days, by skilful linguist;
And yet, with canting, sleight, and cheat,
'Twill serve their turn to do the feat;
Make fools believe in their foreseeing
Of things before they are in being;
To swallow gudgeons ere they 're catch'd,
And count their chickens ere they 're hatch'd;
Make them the constellations prompt,
And give them back their own accompt;
But still the best to him that gives
The best price for 't, or best believes.
Some towns, some cities, some, for brevity,
Have cast the versal world's nativity,
And made the infant-stars confess,
Like fools or children, what they please.
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats;
Some running-nags, and fighting-cocks;
Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox:
Some take a measure of the lives
Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives;
Make opposition, trine, and quartile,
Tell who is barren and who fertile;

As if the planets' first aspect
The tender infant did infect
In soul and body, and instil
All future good and future ill;
Which in their dark fatal'ties lurking,
At destin'd periods fall a-working,
And break out, like the hidden seeds
Of long diseases, into deeds,
In friendships, enmities, and strife,
And all th' emergencies of life:
No sooner does he peep into
The world, but he has done his do,
Catch'd all diseases, took all physic,
That cures or kills a man that is sick:
Marry'd his punctual dose of wives,
Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
There 's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war;
A thief and justice, fool and knave,
A buffing officer and a slave;
A crafty lawyer and pick-pocket,
A great philosopher and a blockhead;
A formal preacher and a player,
A learn'd physician and manslayer:
As if men from the stars did suck
Old-age, diseases, and ill-luck,
Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice,
And draw, with the first air they breathe,
Battle and murder, sudden death.
Are not these fine commodities
To be imported from the skies,
And vended here among the rabble,
For staple goods and warrantable?
Like money by the Druids borrow'd,
In th' other world to be restored."
Quoth Sidrophel, "To let you know
You wrong the art, and artists too,
Since arguments are lost on those
That do our principles oppose,
I will (although I 've done 't before)
Demonstrate to your sense once more,
And draw a figure that shall tell you
What you, perhaps, forget befell you,
By way of horary inspection,
Which some account our worst erection."
With that he circles draws, and squares,
With cyphers, astral characters,
Then looks them o'er to understand them,
Although set down hab-nab, at random.
Quoth he, "This scheme of th' Heavens set,
Discovers how in fight you met,
At Kingston, with a May-pole idol,
And that y' were bang'd both back and side well;
And, though you overcame the bear,
The dogs beat you at Brentford fair;
Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,
And handled you like a fop-doodle."
Quoth Hudibras, "I now perceive
You are no conjurer, by your leave:
That paltry story is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you."
"Not true!" quoth he; "howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;
Whachum shall justify it t' your face,
And prove he was upon the place:
He play'd the saltinbancho's part,
Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art;
He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
Chows'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead;
And what you lost I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' house."
Quoth Hudibras, "I do believe;
That argument 's demonstrative;
Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us
A constable to seize the wretches;
For though they 're both false knaves and cheats,
Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,
I'll make them serve for perpendiculars,
As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers.
They 're guilty, by their own confessions,
Of felony; and at the sessions,
Upon the bench, I will so handle them,
That the vibration of this pendulum
Shall make all tailor's yards of one
Unanimous opinion;
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now shall make it out by proof."
Quoth Sidrophel, "I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out;
Nor have I hazarded my art,
And neck, so long on the state's part,
To be expos'd, i' th' end, to suffer
By such a braggadocio huffer."
"Huffer!" quoth Hudibras, "this sword
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.
Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
To apprehend this Stygian sophister;
Meanwhile I 'll hold them at a bay,
Lest he and Whachum run away."
But Sidrophel, who, from th' aspect
Of Hudibras, did now erect
A figure worse portending far
Than that of most malignant star,
Believ'd it now the fittest moment
To shun the danger that might come on 't,
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum, two to one.
This being resolv'd, he spy'd, by chance,
Behind the door, an iron lance,
That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd;
He snatch'd it up, and made a pass,
To make his way through Hudibras.
Whachum had got a fire-fork,
With which he vow'd to do his work;
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
And stoutly stood upon his guard:
He put by Sidrophello's thrust,
And in right manfully he rusht;
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.
Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,
And basely turn'd his back to fly;
But Hudibras gave him a twitch,
As quick as lightning, in the breech,
Just in the place where Honour 's lodg'd,
As wise philosophers have judg'd,
Because a kick in that place more
Hurts Honour, than deep wounds before.
Quoth Hudibras, "The stars determine
You are my prisoners, base vermin:
Could they not tell you so, as well,
As what I came to know foretel?
By this what cheats you are we find,
That in your own concerns are blind.
Your lives are now at my dispose,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows:
But who his honour would defile,
To take, or sell, two lives so vile?

I'll give you quarter; but your pillage,
The conquering warrior's crop and tillage,
Which with his sword he reaps and ploughs,
That 's mine, the law of arms allows."
This said in haste, in haste he fell
To rummaging of Sidrophel.
First he expounded both his pockets,
And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
Which had been left with him t' erect
A figure for, and so detect;
A copper-plate, with almanacs
Engrav'd upon 't, with other knacks
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers'[12],
And blank-schemes to discover nimmers;
A moon-dial, with Napier's bones,
And several constellation stones,
Engrav'd in planetary hours,
That over mortals had strange powers
To make them thrive in law or trade,
And stab or poison to evade;
In wit or wisdom to improve,
And be victorious in love.
Whachum had neither cross nor pile,
His plunder was not worth the while;
All which the conqueror did discompt,
To pay for curing of his rump.
But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
As Rota-men of politics,
Straight cast about to over-reach
Th' unwary conqueror with a fetch,
And make him glad, at least, to quit
His victory, and fly the pit,
Before the secular prince of darkness
Arriv'd to seize upon his carcass:
And as a fox, with hot pursuit
Chas'd through a warren, casts about
To save his credit, and among
Dead vermin on a gallows hung,
And while the dogs run underneath,
Escap'd (by counterfeiting death)
Not out of cunning, but a train
Of atoms justling in his brain,
As learn'd philosophers give out;
So Sidrophello cast about,
And fell to 's wonted trade again,
To feign himself in earnest slain:
First stretch'd out one leg, then another,
And, seeming in his breast to smother
A broken sigh; quoth he, "Where am I?
Alive, or dead? or which way came I
Through so immense a space so soon?
But now I thought myself i' th' Moon,
And that a monster, with huge whiskers,
More formidable than a Switzer's,
My body through and through had drill'd,
And Whachum by my side had kill'd;
Had cross-examin'd both our hose,
And plunder'd all we had to lose:
Look, there he is! I see him now,
And feel the place I am run through:
And there lies Whachum by my side
Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd.
Oh! oh!"—With that he fetch'd a groan,
And fell again into a swoon,
Shut both his eyes, and stopt his breath,
And to the life out-acted death,
That Hudibras, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as herring.
He held it now no longer safe
To tarry the return of Ralph,
But rather leave him in the lurch:
Thought he, "He has abus'd our church,
Refus'd to give himself one firk
To carry on the public work;
Despis'd our synod-men like dirt,
And made their discipline his sport;
Divulg'd the secrets of their classes,
And their conventions prov'd high-places;
Disparag'd their tythe-pigs, as pagan,
And set at nought their cheese and bacon;
Rail'd at their covenant, and jeer'd
Their reverend parsons. to my beard;
For all which scandals to be quit
At once, this juncture falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my fury if he dare:
He must at least hold up his hand,
By twelve freeholders to be scann'd,
Who, by their skill in palmistry,
Will quickly read his destiny,
And make him glad to read his lesson,
Or take a turn for 't at the session,
Unless his light and gifts prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I 'm sure;
For if he 'scape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do;
And that will disengage my conscience
Of th' obligation, in his own sense:
I 'll make him now by force abide
What he by gentle means deny'd,
To give my honour satisfaction,
And right the brethren in the action."
This being resolv'd, with equal speed
And conduct he approach'd his steed,
And, with activity unwont,
Assay'd the lofty beast to mount;
Which once achiev'd, he spurr'd his palfry,
To get from th' enemy and Ralph free;
Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
And beat, at least three lengths, the wind.

AN

HEROICAL EPISTLE[1]

OF

HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.....

WELL, Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain,

[12] John Booker was born in Manchester, and was a famous astrologer in the time of the Civil wars. He was a great acquaintance of Lilly's; and so was this Sarah Jimmers, whom Lilly calls Sarah Shelhorn, a great speculatrix. He owns he was very familiar with her *(quod nota;)* so that it is no wonder that the knight found several of their knick-knacks in Sidrophel's cabinet.

[1] This Epistle was published ten years after the Third Canto of this Second Part, to which it is now annexed, namely, in the year 1674; and is said, in a Key to a burlesque poem of Mr. Butler's, published 1706, p. 13, to have been occasioned by sir Paul Neal, a conceited virtuoso, and member of

Without trepanning of your skull,
As often as the Moon's at full,
'Tis not amiss, ere ye 're giv'n o'er,
To try one desp'rate med'cine more;
For, where your case can be no worse,
The desperat'st is the wisest course.
Is 't possible that you, whose ears
Are of the tribe of Issachar's,
And might (with equal reason) either
For merit, or extent of leather,
With William Pryn's, before they were
Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,
Should yet be deaf against a noise
So roaring as the public voice?
That speaks your virtues free and loud,
And openly in every crowd,
As loud as one that sings his part
T' a wheel-barrow or turnip-cart,
Or your new nick'd-nam'd old invention
To cry green-hastings with an engine;
(As if the vehemence had stunn'd,
And torn your drum-heads with the sound)
And, 'cause your folly's now no news,
But overgrown, and out of use,
Persuade yourself there's no such matter,
But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature;
When Folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears;
For who but you could be possest
With so much ignorance and beast,
That neither all men's scorn and hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd so often in a mortar,
Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture;
But (like a reprobate) what course
Soever us'd, grow worse and worse?
Can no transfusion of the blood,
That makes fools cattle, do you good?
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
To turn them into mongrel-curs,
Put you into a way, at least,
To make yourself a better beast?
Can all your critical intrigues,
Of trying sound from rotten eggs,
Your several new-found remedies,
Of curing wounds and scabs in trees,
Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
And purging their infected saps,
Recovering shankers, crystallines,
And nodes and botches in their rinds,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller block, your pate?
But still it must be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due punishment;
And, like your whimsy'd chariots, draw
The boys to course you without law;
As if the art you have so long
Profess'd, of making old dogs young,
In you had virtue to renew
Not only youth, but childhood too.
Can you, that understand all books,
By judging only with your looks,
Resolve all problems with your face,
As others do with B's and A's;
Unriddle all that mankind knows
With solid bending of your brows;
All arts and sciences advance,
With screwing of your countenance,
And with a penetrating eye
Into th' abstrusest learning pry;
Know more of any trade b' a hint,
Than those that have been bred up in 't,
And yet have no art, true or false,
To help your own bad naturals?
But still, the more you strive t' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder:
For fools are known by looking wise,
As men find woodcocks by their eyes,
Hence 'tis, that 'cause ye 'ave gain'd o' th' college
A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent repute,
Y' assume a power as absolute
To judge, and censure, and controul,
As if you were the sole sir Poll,
And saucily pretend to know
More than your dividend comes to:
You 'll find the thing will not be done
With ignorance and face alone:
No, though ye 've purchas'd to your name,
In history, so great a fame;
That now your talent 's so well known
For having all belief outgrown,
That every strange prodigious tale
Is measur'd by your German scale—
By which the virtuosi try
The magnitude of every lie,
Cast up to what it does amount,
And place the bigg'st to your account;
That all those stories, that are laid
Too truly to you, and those made,
Are now still charg'd upon your score,
And lesser authors nam'd no more.
Alas! that faculty betrays
Those soonest it designs to raise;
And all your vain renown will spoil,
As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil;
Though he, that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence;
And, put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim:
Though you have try'd that nothing 's borne
With greater ease than public scorn,
That all affronts do still give place
To your impenetrable face;
That makes your way through all affairs,
As pigs through hedges creep with theirs:
Yet, as 'tis counterfeit and brass,
You must not think 'twill always pass;
For all impostors, when they 're known,
Are past all labour, and undone:
And all the best that can befall
An artificial natural,
Is that which madmen find, as soon
As once they 're broke loose from the Moon,
And, proof against her influence,
Relapse to e'er so little sense,
To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
For sport of boys and rabble-wit.

the Royal Society, who constantly affirmed that Mr. Butler was not the author of Hudibras, which gave rise to this epistle; and by some he has been taken for the real Sidrophel of the poem. This was the gentleman who, it is said, made a great discovery of an elephant in the Moon, which, upon examination, proved to be no other than a mouse, which had mistaken its way, and got into his telescope.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The knight and squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce;
They both approach the lady's bower,
The squire t' inform, the knight to woo her.
She treats them with a masquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made;
From which the squire conveys the knight,
And steals him from himself by night.

'Tis true, no lover has that power
T' enforce a desperate amour,
As he that has two strings t' his bow,
And burns for love and money too;
For then he 's brave and resolute,
Disdains to render in his suit;
Has all his flames and raptures double,
And hangs, or drowns, with half the trouble;
While those, who sillily pursue
The simple downright way, and true,
Make as unlucky applications,
And steer against the stream their passions.
Some forge their mistresses of stars,
And, when the ladies prove averse,
And more untoward to be won
Than by Caligula the Moon,
Cry out upon the stars for doing
Ill offices, to cross their wooing,
When only by themselves they 're hindered,
For trusting those they made her kindred,
And still, the harsher and hide-bounder
The damsels prove, become the fonder;
For what mad lover ever dy'd
To gain a soft and gentle bride?
Or for a lady tender-hearted,
In purling streams or hemp departed?
Leap'd headlong int' Elysium,
Through th' windows of a dazzling room?
But for some cross ill-natur'd dame,
The amorous fly burnt in his flame.
This to the knight could be no news,
With all mankind so much in use,
Who therefore took the wiser course,
To make the most of his amours,
Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways,
As follows in due time and place.
No sooner was the bloody fight
Between the wizard and the knight,
With all th' appurtenances, over,
But he relaps'd again t' a lover,
As he was always wont to do,
When he 'ad discomfited a foe,
And us'd the only antique philters
Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.
But now, triumphant and victorious,
He held th' achievement was too glorious
For such a conqueror, to meddle
With petty constable or beadle,
Or fly for refuge to the hostess
Of th' inns of court and chancery, Justice;
Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause
To th' ordeal trial of the laws,
Where none escape, but such as, branded
With red-hot irons, have past bare-handed;
And if they cannot read one verse
I' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that 's worse.
He, therefore, judging it below him
To tempt a shame the Devil might owe him,
Resolv'd to leave the squire for bail
And mainprize for him to the gaol,
To answer, with his vessel, all
That might disastrously befall,
And thought it now the fittest juncture
To give the lady a rencounter,
T' acquaint her with his expedition,
And conquest o'er the fierce magician;
Describe the manner of the fray,
And show the spoils he brought away;
His bloody scourging aggravate,
The number of the blows, and weight;
All which might probably succeed,
And gain belief he 'ad done the deed:
Which he resolv'd to enforce, and spare
No pawning of his soul to swear;
But, rather than produce his back,
To set his conscience on the rack:
And, in pursuance of his urging
Of articles perform'd, and scourging,
And all things else, upon his part,
Demand delivery of her heart,
Her goods and chattles, and good graces,
And person, up to his embraces.
Thought he, "The ancient errant knights
Won all their ladies' hearts in fights,
And cut whole giants into fritters,
To put them into amorous twitters;
Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,
Until their gallants were half kill'd;
But when their bones were drubb'd so sore,
They durst not woo one combat more,
The ladies' hearts began to melt,
Subdued by blows their lovers felt.

So Spanish heroes, with their lances,
At once wound bulls, and ladies' fancies;
And he acquires the noblest spouse
That widows greatest herds of cows;
Then what may I expect to do,
Who 've quell'd so vast a buffalo?"
Meanwhile the squire was on his way,
The knight's late orders to obey;
Who sent him for a strong detachment
Of beadles, constables, and watchmen,
T' attack the cunning-man, for plunder
Committed falsely on his lumber;
When he, who had so lately sack'd
The enemy, had done the fact,
Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own inventions father'd;
And when they should, at gaol-delivery,
Unriddle one another's thievery,
Both might have evidence enough
To render neither halter-proof:
He thought it desperate to tarry,
And venture to be accessary;
But rather wisely slip his fetters,
And leave them for the knight, his betters.
He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
He would have offer'd him that day,
To make him curry his own hide,
Which no beast ever did beside,
Without all possible evasion,
But of the riding dispensation:
And therefore, much about the hour
The knight (for reasons told before)
Resolv'd to leave him to the fury
Of Justice and an unpack'd jury,
The squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same trim;
T' acquaint the lady what he 'ad done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What project 'twas he went about,
When Sidrophel and he fell out;
His firm and stedfast resolution,
To swear her to an execution;
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
And bribe the Devil himself to carry her;
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their party-saints to represent,
Who never fail'd, upon their sharing
In any prosperous arms-bearing,
To lay themselves out to supplant
Each other cousin-german saint.
But ere the knight could do his part,
The squire had got so much the start,
He 'ad to the lady done his errand,
And told her all his tricks aforehand.
Just as he finish'd his report,
The knight alighted in the court,
And, having ty'd his beast t' a pale,
And taking time for both to stale,
He put his band and beard in order,
The sprucer to accost and board her:
And now began t' approach the door,
When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' informer out of sight,
And went to entertain the knight;
With whom encountering, after longees
Of humble and submissive congees,
And all due ceremonies paid,
He stroak'd his beard, and thus he said:

"Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie;
And now am come to bring your ear
A present, you 'll be glad to hear;
At least I hope so: the thing 's done,
Or may I never see the Sun;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your gentle hand;
And that you 'd please to do your part,
As I have done mine, to my smart."
With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back,
As if he felt his shoulders ache:
But she, who well enough knew what
(Before he spoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The mystery of what he mean'd;
And therefore wish'd him to expound
His dark expressions less profound.
"Madam," quoth he, "I come to prove
How much I 've suffer'd for your love,
Which (like your votary) to win,
I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin;
And, for those meritorious lashes,
To claim your favour and good graces."
Quoth she, "I do remember once
I freed you from th' enchanted sconce,
And that you promis'd, for that favour,
To bind your back to th' good behaviour,
And for my sake and service vow'd,
To lay upon 't a heavy load.
And what 'twould bear t' a scruple prove,
As other knights do oft make love;
Which whether you have done or no
Concerns yourself, not me, to know;
But if you have, I shall confess
Y' are honester than I could guess."
Quoth he, "If you suspect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by oath;
And if you make a question on 't,
I 'll pawn my soul that I have done 't,
And he that makes his soul his surety,
I think, does give the best security."
Quoth she, "Some say the soul 's secure
Against distress and forfeiture;
Is free from action, and exempt
From execution and contempt;
And to be summon'd to appear
In th' other world 's illegal here;
And therefore few make any account
Int' what encumbrances they run 't:
For most men carry things so even,
Between this world, and Hell, and Heaven,
Without the least offence to either,
They freely deal in all together,
And equally abhor to quit
This world for both, or both for it;
And when they pawn and damn their souls,
They are but prisoners on paroles."
"For that," quoth he, "tis rational
They may be accountable in all:
For when there is that intercourse
Between divine and human powers,
That all that we determine here
Commands obedience every where;
When penalties may be commuted
For fines, or ears, and executed;
It follows, nothing binds so fast
As souls in pawn and mortgage past:
For oaths are th' only tests and seals
Of right and wrong, and true and false;

And there 's no other way to try
The doubts of Law and Justice by."
Quoth she, "What is it you would swear?
There 's no believing till I hear:
For, till they 're understood, all tales
(Like nonsense) are not true nor false."
Quoth he, "When I resolv'd t' obey
What you commanded th' other day,
And to perform my exercise,
(As schools are wont) for your fair eyes,
T' avoid all scruples in the case,
I went to do 't upon the place;
But as the castle is enchanted
By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted
With evil spirits, as you know,
Who took my squire and me for two,
Before I 'ad hardly time to lay
My weapons by, and disarray,
I heard a formidable noise,
Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,
That roar'd far off, 'Dispatch, and strip,
I 'm ready with th' infernal whip,
That shall divest thy ribs of skin,
To expiate thy lingering sin;
Thou 'ast broke perfidiously thy oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted troth,
But spar'd thy renegado back,
Where thou 'adst so great a prize at stake;
Which now the Fates have order'd me,
For penance and revenge, to flea,
Unless thou presently make haste;
Time is, time was:' and there it ceast.
With which, though startled, I confess,
Yet th' horrour of the thing was less
Than th' other dismal apprehension
Of interruption or prevention;
And therefore, snatching up the rod,
I laid upon my back a load,
Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,
To make my word and honour good;
Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,
For new recruits of breath and strength,
I felt the blows still ply'd as fast,
As if they 'ad been by lovers plac'd,
In raptures of Platonic lashing,
And chaste contemplative bardashing;
When, facing hastily about,
To stand upon my guard and scout,
I found th' infernal cunning-man,
And th' under-witch, his Caliban,
With scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
That on my outward quarters storm'd.
In haste I snatch'd my weapon up,
And gave their hellish rage a stop;
Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
Courageously on Sidrophel,
Who now, transform'd himself t' a bear,
Began to roar aloud and tear;
When I as furiously press'd on,
My weapon down his throat to run,
Laid hold on him, but he broke loose,
And turn'd himself into a goose,
Div'd under water in a pond,
To hide himself from being found.
In vain I sought him; but as soon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd, with equal haste and rage,
His under-sorcerer to engage;
But, bravely scorning to defile
My sword with feeble blood, and vile,
I judg'd it better from a quick-
Set hedge to cut a knotted stick,
With which I furiously laid on,
Till in a harsh and doleful tone
It roar'd, 'O hold, for pity, sir;
I am too great a sufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,
But conjur'd int' a worse caprich,
Who sends me out on many a jaunt,
Old houses in the night to haunt,
For opportunities t' improve
Designs of thievery or love;
With drugs convey'd in drink or meat,
All feats of witches counterfeit,
Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,
And make it for enchantment pass;
With cow-itch meazle like a leper,
And choke with fumes of Guiney pepper;
Make lechers, and their punks, with dewtry,
Commit fantastical advowtry;
Bewitch Hermetic-men to run
Stark staring mad with manicon;
Believe mechanic virtuosi
Can raise them mountains in Potosi;
And, sillier than the antic fools,
Take treasure for a heap of coals;
Seek out for plants with signatures,
To quack off universal cures;
With figures, ground on panes of glass,
Make people on their heads to pass;
And mighty heaps of coin increase,
Reflected from a single piece;
To draw in fools, whose natural itches
Incline perpetually to witches,
And keep me in continual fears,
And danger of my neck and ears;
When less delinquents have been scourg'd,
And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd,
Which others for cravats have worn
About their necks, and took a turn.'
"I pity'd the sad punishment
The wretched caitiff underwent,
And held my drubbing of his bones
Too great an honour for poltrones;
For knights are bound to feel no blows
From paltry and unequal foes,
Who, when they slash, and cut to pieces,
Do all with civilest addresses:
Their horses never give a blow,
But when they make a leg and bow.
I therefore spar'd his flesh, and prest him
About the witch with many a question.
"Quoth he, 'For many years he drove
A kind of broking trade in love,
Employ'd in all th' intrigues and trust
Of feeble speculative Lust;
Procurer to th' extravagancy
And crazy ribaldry of Fancy,
By those the Devil had forsook,
As things below him, to provoke;
But being a virtuoso, able
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his talent most adroit,
For any mystical exploit,
As others of his tribe had done,
And rais'd their prices three to one;
For one predicting pimp has th' odds
Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds.
But, as an elf (the Devil's valet)
Is not so slight a thing to get;

For those that do his business best,
In Hell are us'd the ruggedest;
Before so meriting a person
Could get a grant, but in reversion,
He serv'd two 'prenticeships, and longer,
I' th' mystery of a lady-monger:
For (as some write) a witch's ghost,
As soon as from the body loost,
Becomes a puiney imp itself,
And is another witch's elf:
He, after searching far and near,
At length found one in Lancashire,
With whom he bargain'd before hand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd:
Since which he 'as play'd a thousand feats,
And practis'd all mechanic cheats;
Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes
Of wolves, and bears, baboons, and apes,
Which he has vary'd more than witches,
Or Pharaoh's wizards, could their switches;
And all with whom he 'as had to do,
Turn'd to as monstrous figures too:
Witness myself, whom he 'as abus'd,
And to this beastly shape reduc'd,
By feeding me on beans and pease
He crams in nasty crevices,
And turns to comfits by his arts,
To make me relish for deserts,
And one by one, with shame and fear,
Lick up the candy'd provender.
Beside'—" But as h' was running on,
To tell what other feats he 'ad done,
The lady stopt his full career,
And told him now 'twas time to hear.
" If half those things," said she, be true"—
" They 're all," quoth he, " I swear by you."
" Why then," said she, " that Sidrophel
Has damn'd himself to th' pit of Hell;
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
And hackney of a Lapland hag,
In quest of you came hither post,
Within an hour (I 'm sure) at most,
Who told me all you swear and say,
Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd that you came to him, to know
If you should carry me or no,
And would have hir'd him and his imps
To be your match-makers and pimps,
T' engage the Devil on your side,
And steal (like Proserpine) your bride;
But he disdaining to embrace
So filthy a design and base,
You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him like a ruffian;
Surpris'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before he 'ad time to mount his guard,
And left him dead upon the ground,
With many a bruise and desperate wound;
Swore you had broke and robb'd his house,
And stole his talismanique louse,
And all his new-found old inventions,
With flat felonious intentions,
Which he could bring out where he had,
And what he bought them for, and paid:
His flea, his morpion, and punese,
He 'ad gotten for his proper ease,
And all in perfect minutes made,
By th' ablest artist of the trade,
Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
He has been eaten up almost;
And altogether might amount
To many hundreds on account;
For which he 'ad got sufficient warrant
To seize the malefactors errant,
Without capacity of bail,
But of a cart's or horse's tail;
And did not doubt to bring the wretches
To serve for pendulums to watches,
Which, modern virtuosi say,
Incline to hanging every way.
Beside, he swore, and swore 'twas true,
That, ere he went in quest of you,
He set a figure to discover
If you were fled to Rye or Dover,
And found it clear, that, to betray
Yourselves and me, you fled this way,
And that he was upon pursuit,
To take you somewhere hereabout.
He vow'd he had intelligence
Of all that pass'd before and since,
And found, that, ere you came to him,
Y' had been engaging life and limb
About a case of tender conscience,
Where both abounded in your own sense,
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
Had clear'd all scruples in the case,
And prov'd, that you might swear and own
Whatever 's by the wicked done;
For which, most basely to requite
The service of his gifts and light,
You strove t' oblige him, by main force,
To scourge his ribs instead of your's,
But that he stood upon his guard,
And all your vapouring outdar'd;
For which, between you both, the feat
Has never been perform'd as yet."
While thus the lady talk'd, the knight
Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white;
(As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon 't)
He wonder'd how she came to know
What he had done, and meant to do;
Held up his affidavit-hand,
As if he 'ad been to be arraign'd;
Cast towards the door a ghastly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke:
" Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the wizard has told you,
Or but one single circumstance
In all th' apocryphal romance,
May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
This vessel, that is all your own!
Or may the Heavens fall, and cover
These relics of your constant lover!"
" You have provided well," quoth she,
" (I thank you) for yourself and me,
And shown your presbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jesuits;
A most compendious way, and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the Devil,
And Heaven and Hell, yourselves, and those
On whom you vainly think t' impose."
" Why then," quoth he, " may Hell surprise"—
" That trick," said she, " will not pass twice:
I 've learn'd how far I 'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve;
But there 's a better way of clearing
What you would prove, than downright swearing;
For, if you have perform'd the feat,
The blows are visible as yet,

Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of nicest scruples in the action;
And if you can produce those knobs,
Although they 're but the witch's drubs,
I 'll pass them all upon account,
As if your natural self had don't;
Provided that they pass th' opinion
Of able juries of old women,
Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts
For bellies, may do so for backs."
"Madam," quoth he, "your love 's a million,
To do is less than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my power,
T' obey what you command, and more;
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care,
To keep my wounds from taking air;
For wounds in those that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part."
"I find," quoth she, "my goods and chattles
Are like to prove but mere drawn battles;
For still the longer we contend,
We are but further off the end;
But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me?"
"Your plighted faith," quoth he, "and word
You past in Heaven on record,
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlastingly enroll'd;
And if 'tis counted treason here
To raze records, 'tis much more there."
Quoth she, "There are no bargains driven,
Nor marriages clapp'd up, in Heaven,
And that 's the reason, as some guess,
There is no heaven in marriages;
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly, to be at ease;
Their business there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve;
Love, that 's too generous t' abide
To be against its nature ty'd;
For, where 'tis of itself inclin'd,
It breaks loose when it is confin'd,
And like the soul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away:
And therefore never can comply
T' endure the matrimonial tie,
That binds the female and the male,
Where th' one is but the other's bail;
Like Roman gaolers, when they slept,
Chain'd to the prisoners they kept,
Of which the true and faithfullest lover
Gives best security to suffer.
Marriage is but a beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way,
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd;
A bargain, at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade,
(For what 's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold,
But something past away, and sold?)
That, as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low,
And at the best is but a mart
Between the one and th' other part,
That on the marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet is laid;
And all the rest of better or worse,
Both are but losers out of purse:
For when upon their ungot heirs
Th' entail themselves, and all that 's theirs,
What blinder bargain e'er was driven,
Or wager laid at six and seven?
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their children's tenants ere they 're born?
Beg one another idiot
To guardians, ere they are begot;
Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one
Who 's bound to vouch them for his own,
Though got b' implicit generation,
And general club of all the nation;
For which she 's fortify'd no less
Than all the island, with four seas;
Exacts the tribute of her dower,
In ready insolence and power,
And makes him pass away, to have
And hold, to her, himself, her slave,
More wretched than an ancient villain,
Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling;
While all he does upon the by,
She is not bound to justify,
Nor at her proper cost and charge
Maintain the feats he does at large.
Such hideous sots were those obedient
Old vassals to their ladies regent,
To give the cheats the eldest hand
In foul play by the laws o' th' land;
For which so many a legal cuckold
Has been run down in courts, and truckled:
A law that most unjustly yokes
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Noakes,
Without distinction of degree,
Condition, age, or quality;
Admits no power of revocation,
Nor valuable consideration,
Nor writ of errour, nor reverse
Of judgment past, for better or worse;
Will not allow the privileges
That beggars challenge under hedges,
Who, when they 're griev'd, can make dead horses
Their spiritual judges of divorces,
While nothing else but *rem* in *re*
Can set the proudest wretches free;
A slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring.
As spiders never seek the fly,
But leave him, of himself, t' apply;
So men are by themselves employ'd,
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their necks into a noose,
They'd break them after to break loose.
As some, whom Death would not depart,
Have done the feat themselves by art,
Like Indian widows, gone to bed,
In flaming curtains, to the dead;
And men as often dangled for 't,
And yet will never leave the sport.
Nor do the ladies want excuse
For all the stratagems they use,
To gain th' advantage of the set,
And lurch the amorous rook and cheat.
For, as the Pythagorean soul
Runs through all beasts, and fish, and fowl,
And has a smack of every one,
So love does, and has ever done;
And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,
Takes strangely to the vagabond.

'Tis but an ague that 's reverst,
Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
That after burns with cold as much,
As iron in Greenland does the touch;
Melts in the furnace of desire,
Like glass, that 's but the ice of fire;
And when his heat of fancy 's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a lover:
For, when he 's with love-powder laden,
And prim'd and cock'd by miss or madam,
The smallest sparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery,
And off the loud oaths go, but, while
They 're in the very act, recoil.
Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance
Without a separate maintenance;
And widows, who have try'd one lover,
Trust none again till they 've made over;
Or, if they do, before they marry,
The foxes weigh the geese they carry,
And, ere they venture o'er a stream,
Know how to size themselves and them.
Whence wittiest ladies always choose
To undertake the heaviest goose:
For now the world is grown so wary,
That few of either sex dare marry,
But rather trust, on tick, t' amours,
The cross and pile for better or worse;
A mode that is held honourable
As well as French, and fashionable:
For when it falls out for the best,
Where both are incommoded least,
In soul and body two unite
To make up one hermaphrodite,
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,
They 've more punctilios and capriches
Between the petticoat and breeches,
More petulant extravagances,
Than poets make them in romances;
Though, when their heroes 'spouse the dames,
We hear no more of charms and flames;
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd wine,
And all their caterwauling tricks,
In earnest to as jealous piques,
Which th' ancients wisely sign'fy'd
By th' yellow mantesus of the bride:
For jealousy is but a kind
Of clap and grincam of the mind,
The natural effects of love,
As other flames and aches prove:
But all the mischief is, the doubt
On whose account they first broke out.
For though Chineses go to bed,
And lie-in in their ladies' stead,
And, for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more,
Our green-men do it worse, when th' hap
To fall in labour of a clap;
Both lay the child to one another,
But who 's the father, who the mother,
'Tis hard to say in multitudes,
Or who imported the French goods.
But health and sickness being all one,
Which both engag'd before to own,
And are not with their bodies bound
To worship, only when they 're sound,
Both give and take their equal shares
Of all they suffer by false wares;
A fate no lover can divert
With all his caution, wit, and art:
For 'tis in vain to think to guess
At women by appearances,
That paint and patch their imperfections
Of intellectual complexions,
And daub their tempers o'er with washes,
As artificial as their faces;
Wear under vizard-masks their talents,
And mother-wits before their gallants;
Until they 're hamper'd in the noose,
Too fast to dream of breaking loose;
When all the flaws they strove to hide
Are made unready with the bride,
That with her wedding-clothes undresses
Her complaisance and gentilesses;
Tries all her arts to take upon her
The government, from th' easy owner;
Until the wretch is glad to wave
His lawful right, and turn her slave;
Find all his having and his holding
Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding;
The conjugal petard, that tears
Down all portcullices of ears,
And makes the volley of one tongue
For all their leathern shields too strong:
When only arm'd with noise and nails,
The female silk-worms ride the males,
Transform them into rams and goats,
Like Sirens, with their charming notes;
Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,
Or those enchanting murmurs made
By th' husband mandrake, and the wife,
Both bury'd (like themselves) alive."
Quoth he, "These reasons are but strains
Of wanton over-heated brains,
Which ralliers in their wit or drink
Do rather wheedle with than think.
Man was not man in Paradise,
Until he was created twice,
And had his better half, his bride,
Carv'd from th' original, his side,
T' amend his natural defects,
And perfect his recruiting sex;
Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen
The pains and labour of increasing,
By changing them for other cares,
As by his dry'd-up paps appears.
His body, that stupendous frame,
Of all the world the anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact,
In shape and symmetry exact,
Of which the left and female side
Is to the manly right a bride,
Both join'd together with such art,
That nothing else but Death can part.
Those heavenly attracts of your's, your eyes,
And face, that all the world surprise,
That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other ladies tawny;
Those ravishing and charming graces,
Are all made up of two half faces,
That, in a mathematic line,
Like those in other Heavens, join;
Of which, if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon:
And so would that sweet bud, your lip,
Without the other's fellowship.
Our noblest senses act by pairs,
Two eyes to see, to hear two ears;

Th' intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the soul design'd:
But those that serve the body alone
Are single and confin'd to one.
The world is but two parts, that meet
And close at th' equinoctial fit;
And so are all the works of Nature,
Stamp'd with her signature on matter;
Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
Or smallest blade of grass, receive.
All which sufficiently declare
How entirely marriage is her care,
The only method that she uses
In all the wonders she produces;
And those that take their rules from her
Can never be deceiv'd nor err:
For what secures the civil life,
But pawns of children, and a wife?
That lie, like hostages, at stake,
To pay for all men undertake;
To whom it is as necessary,
As to be born and breathe, to marry;
So universal, all mankind
In nothing else is of one mind:
For in what stupid age or nation
Was marriage ever out of fashion?
Unless among the Amazons,
Or cloister'd friars and Vestal nuns,
Or Stoics, who, to bar the freaks
And loose excesses of the sex,
Preposterously would have all women
Turn'd up to all the world in common;
Though men would find such mortal feuds
In sharing of their public goods,
'Twould put them to more charge of lives,
Than they 're supply'd with now by wives,
Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
As beasts do, of their native growths;
For simple wearing of their horns
Will not suffice to serve their turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unless the marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no right to lands or rents,
But for our parents' settlements;
Had been but younger sons o' th' Earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.
What honours, or estates of peers,
Could be preserv'd but by their heirs?
And what security maintains
Their right and title, but the banns?
What crowns could be hereditary,
If greatest monarchs did not marry,
And with their consorts consummate
Their weightiest interests of state?
For all th' amours of princes are
But guarantees of peace or war.
Or what but marriage has a charm,
The rage of empires to disarm?
Make blood and desolation cease,
And fire and sword unite in peace,
When all their fierce contests for forage
Conclude in articles of marriage?
Nor does the genial bed provide
Less for the interests of the bride,
Who else had not the least pretence
T' as much as due benevolence;
Could no more title take upon her
To virtue, quality, and honour,
Than ladies errant unconfin'd,
And feme-coverts to all mankind.
All women would be of one piece,
The virtuous matron, and the miss;
The nymphs of chaste Diana's train,
The same with those in Lewkner's Lane,
But for the difference marriage makes
'Twixt wives and ladies of the Lakes:
Besides the joys of place and birth,
The sex's Paradise on Earth,
A privilege so sacred held,
That none will to their mothers yield,
But, rather than not go before,
Abandon Heaven at the door:
And if th' indulgent law allows
A greater freedom to the spouse,
The reason is, because the wife
Runs greater hazards of her life;
Is trusted with the form and matter
Of all mankind, by careful Nature,
Where man brings nothing but the stuff
She frames the wondrous fabric of;
Who therefore, in a strait, may freely
Demand the clergy of her belly,
And make it save her the same way
It seldom misses to betray,
Unless both parties wisely enter
Into the Liturgy indenture.
And though some fits of small contest
Sometimes fall out among the best,
That is no more than every lover
Does from his hackney-lady suffer;
That makes no breach of faith and love,
But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve:
For as, in running, every pace
Is but between two legs a race,
In which both do their uttermost
To get before and win the post,
Yet when they 're at their race's ends,
They 're still as kind and constant friends,
And, to relieve their weariness,
By turns give one another ease;
So all those false alarms of strife
Between the husband and the wife,
And little quarrels, often prove
To be but new recruits of Love;
When those who 're always kind or coy,
In time must either tire or cloy.
Nor are the loudest clamours more
Than as they 're relish'd, sweet or sour;
Like music, that proves bad or good,
According as 'tis understood.
In all amours a lover burns
With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns;
And hearts have been as oft with sullen
As charming looks surpris'd and stolen:
Then why should more bewitching clamour
Some lovers not as much enamour?
For discords make the sweetest airs,
And curses are a kind of prayers;
Too slight alloys for all those grand
Felicities by marriage gain'd:
For nothing else has power to settle
The interests of love perpetual;
An act and deed that makes one heart
Become another's counterpart,
And passes fines on faith and love,
Enroll'd and register'd above,
To seal the slippery knots of vows,
Which nothing else but Death can loose.
And what security's too strong,
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,

That to its friend is glad to pass
Itself away, and all it has,
And, like an anchorite, gives over
This world, for the Heaven of a lover?"
"I grant," quoth she, "there are some few
Who take that course, and find it true;
But millions whom the same does sentence
To Heaven b' another way, repentance.
Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,
Though all they hit they turn to lovers;
And all the weighty consequents
Depend upon more blind events
Than gamesters, when they play a set
With greatest cunning at piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unsight, unseen.
For what do lovers, when they 're fast
In one another's arms embrac'd,
But strive to plunder, and convey
Each other, like a prize, away?
To change the property of selves,
As sucking children are by elves?
And, if they use their persons so,
What will they to their fortunes do?
Their fortunes! the perpetual aims
Of all their ecstasies and flames.
For when the money 's on the book,
And *All my worldly goods*—but spoke,
(The formal livery and seisin
That puts the lover in possession)
To that alone the bridegroom 's wedded,
The bride a flam, that 's superseded:
To that their faith is still made good,
And all the oaths to us they vow'd;
For when we once resign our powers,
We 've nothing left we can call ours:
Our money 's now become the Miss
Of all your lives and services,
And we, forsaken and postpon'd,
But bawds to what before we own'd;
Which, as it made y' at first gallant us,
So now hires others to supplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors
(As we had been) for new amours.
For what did ever heiress yet,
By being born to lordships, get?
When, the more lady she 's of manors,
She 's but expos'd to more trepanners,
Pays for their projects and designs,
And for her own destruction fines;
And does but tempt them with her riches,
To use her as the Devil does witches;
Who takes it for a special grace
To be their cully for a space,
That when the time 's expir'd, the drazels
For ever may become his vassals:
So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,
Betrays herself, and all sh' inherits;
Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,
By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds;
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the thief himself away.
These are the everlasting fruits
Of all your passionate lovesuits,
Th' effects of all your amorous fancies
To portions and inheritances;
Your lovesick rapture, for fruition
Of dowry, jointure, and tuition;
To which you make address and courtship,
And with your bodies strive to worship,
That th' infant's fortunes may partake
Of love too, for the mother's sake.
For these you play at purposes,
And love your loves with A's and B's;
For these at beste and l'ombre woo,
And play for love and money too:
Strive who shall be the ablest man
At right gallanting of a fan;
And who the most genteelly bred
At sucking of a vizard-beard;
How best t' accost us in all quarters,
T' our question-and-command new garters;
And solidly discourse upon
All sorts of dresses *pro* and *con*:
For there 's no mystery nor trade,
But in the art of love is made;
And when you have more debts to pay
Than Michaelmas and Lady-day,
And no way possible to do 't,
But love, and oaths, and restless suit,
To us y' apply, to pay the scores
Of all your cully'd past amours;
Act o'er your flames and darts again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain;
Which others' influences long since
Have charm'd your noses with, and shins;
For which the surgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid.
Lord! what an amorous thing is want!
How debts and mortgages enchant!
What graces must that lady have,
That can from executions save!
What charms, that can reverse extent,
And null decree and exigent!
What magical attracts and graces,
That can redeem from *Scire facias!*
From bonds and statutes can discharge,
And from contempts of courts enlarge!
These are the highest excellencies
Of all your true or false pretences;
And you would damn yourselves, and swear
As much t' an hostess dowager,
Grown fat and pursy by retail
Of pots of beer and bottled ale,
And find her fitter for your turn,
For fat is wondrous apt to burn;
Who at your flames would soon take fire,
Relent, and melt to your desire,
And, like a candle in the socket,
Dissolve her graces int' your pocket."
By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When th' heard a knocking at the gate,
Laid on in haste, with such a powder,
The blows grew louder still and louder;
Which Hudibras, as if they 'd been
Bestow'd as freely on his skin,
Expounding by his inward light,
Or rather more prophetic fright,
To be the wizard, come to search,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout,
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt;
For men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much or too little valour.
His heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a passage through his side,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait them,
But in a fury to fly at them;
And therefore beat and laid about
To find a cranny to creep out.

But she, who saw in what a taking
The knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cry'd, "Courage, sir Knight,
Know I 'm resolv'd to break no rite
Of hospitality to a stranger,
But, to secure you out of danger,
Will here myself stand centinel,
To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel:
Women, you know, do seldom fail
To make the stoutest men turn tail,
And bravely scorn to turn their backs
Upon the desperatest attacks."
At this the knight grew resolute
As Ironside, or Hardiknute[1];
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud to sally;
But she besought him to convey
His courage rather out o' th' way,
And lodge in ambush on the floor,
Or fortify'd behind a door,
That, if the enemy should enter,
He might relieve her in th' adventure.
Meanwhile, they knock'd against the door,
As fierce as at the gate before;
Which made the renegado knight
Relapse again t' his former fright.
He thought it desperate to stay
Till th' enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather post himself, to serve
The lady for a fresh reserve.
His duty was not to dispute,
But what she 'ad order'd execute:
Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,
And therefore stoutly march'd away,
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
Though in the dark, and all alone;
Till fear, that braver feats performs
Than ever courage dar'd in arms,
Had drawn him up before a pass,
To stand upon his guard, and face:
This he courageously invaded,
And, having enter'd, barricadoed;
Insconc'd himself as formidable
As could be underneath a table,
Where he lay down in ambush close,
T' expect th' arrival of his foes.
Few minutes he had lain *perdue*,
To guard his desperate avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful shout,
As loud as putting to the rout,
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd,
And, after entering, Sidrophel
Was fallen upon the guards pell-mell;
He therefore sent out all his senses
To bring him in intelligences,
Which vulgars, out of ignorance,
Mistake for falling in a trance;
But those that trade in geomancy,
Affirm to be the strength of fancy;
In which the Lapland magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Meanwhile the foe beat up his quarters,
And storm'd the outworks of his fortress;
And, as another of the same
Degree and party, in arms and fame,
That in the same cause had engag'd,
And war with equal conduct wag'd,
By venturing only but to thrust
His head a span beyond his post,
B' a general of the cavaliers
Was dragg'd through a window by the ears;
So he was serv'd in his redoubt,
And by the other end pull'd out.
Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they 'ad scorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter:
They stoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his scouts came in t' his aid:
For when a man is past his sense,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' ears or nose,
Or laying on of heavy blows,
And, if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot irons proceed.
No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his neck a sturdy elf
Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof:
"Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
B' our friend, thy evil genius;
Who for thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
The brethren's privilege (against
The wicked) on themselves, the saints,
Has here thy wretched carcass sent,
For just revenge and punishment;
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open, free confession;
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.
"What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the lady's heart away?
To spirit her to matrimony?"—
"That which contracts all matches,—money.
It was th' enchantment of her riches,
That made m' apply t' your crony witches;
That in return would pay th' expense,
The wear and tear of conscience;
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd,
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd."
"Didst thou not love her then? speak true."
"No more," quoth he, "than I love you."
"How wouldst thou 'ave us'd her and her money?"
"First turn'd her up to alimony,
And laid her dowry out in law,
To null her jointure with a flaw,
Which I beforehand had agreed
T' have put, on purpose, in the deed,
And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in trust, or private lover."
"What made thee pick and choose her out
T' employ their sorceries about?"
"That which makes gamesters play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose."
"But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us?"
"I see you take me for an ass:
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass
Upon a woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof;
Whose humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon;
For Love approves of all they do,
That stand for candidates, and woo."

[1] Two famous and valiant princes of this country, the one a Saxon, the other a Dane.

"Why didst thou forge those shameful lies
Of bears and witches in disguise?"
"That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe;
A trick of following their leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers:
And we have now no other way
Of passing all we do or say;
Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few,
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of sense."
"Why didst thou choose that cursed sin,
Hypocrisy, to set up in?"
"Because it is the thriving'st calling,
The only saints' bell that rings all in;
In which all churches are concern'd,
And is the easiest to be learn'd:
For no degrees, unless th' employ it,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy it:
A gift that is not only able
To domineer among the rabble,
But, by the laws, impower'd to rout
And awe the greatest that stand out;
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their hands should slip, and come too near;
For no sin else, among the saints,
Is taught so tenderly against."
"What made thee break thy plighted vows?"
"That which makes others break a house,
And hang, and scorn ye all, before
Endure the plague of being poor."
Quoth he, "I see you have more tricks
Than all our doating politics,
That are grown old, and out of fashion,
Compar'd with your new reformation;
That we must come to school to you,
To learn your more refin'd and new."
Quoth he, "If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You 'll find yourself an errant chouse,
If y' were but at a meeting-house."
"'Tis true," quoth he, "we ne'er come there,
Because w' have let 'em out by th' year."
"Truly," quoth he, "you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in;
That, as your fellow-fiends in Hell
Were angels all before they fell,
So are you like to be again,
Compar'd with th' angels of us men."
Quoth he, "I am resolv'd to be
Thy scholar in this mystery;
And therefore first desire to know
Some principles on which you go.—
What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?"—"A livelihood."
"What renders beating out of brains,
And murder, godliness?"—"Great gains."
"What 's tender conscience?"—"'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch;
But, breaking out, dispatches more
Than th' epidemical'st plague-sore."
"What makes y' encroach upon our trade,
And damn all others?"—"To be paid."
"What 's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience?"—"A good living."
"What makes rebelling against kings
A good old cause?"—"Administrings."
"What makes all doctrines plain and clear?"—
"About two hundred pounds a-year."
"And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again?"—"Two hundred more."
"What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?"—"Food and clothes."
"What, laws and freedom, persecution?"—
"Being out of power and contribution."
"What makes a church a den of thieves?"—
"A dean and chapter, and white sleeves."
"And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox?"—"Our own."
"What makes morality a crime,
The most notorious of the time;
Morality, which both the saints
And wicked too cry out against?"—
"'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true saint allows
They shall be suffer'd to espouse:
For saints can need no conscience,
That with morality dispense;
As virtue 's impious, when 'tis rooted
In nature only, and not imputed:
But why the wicked should do so,
We neither know, nor care to do."
"What 's liberty of conscience,
P' th' natural and genuine sense?"—
"'Tis to restore, with more security,
Rebellion to its ancient purity;
And Christian liberty reduce
To th' elder practice of the Jews;
For a large conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none."
"It is enough," quoth he, "for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones;
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
(Though he gave his name to our Old Nick)
But was below the least of these,
That pass i' th' world for holiness."
This said, the Furies and the light
In th' instant vanish'd out of sight,
And left him in the dark alone,
With stinks of brimstone and his own.
The queen of Night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land,
And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west,
To go to bed and take her rest,
When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
Deny'd his bones that soft repose,
Lay still, expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor;
And, though he shut his eyes as fast
As if he 'ad been to sleep his last,
Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards
Do make the Devil wear for vizards;
And, pricking up his ears, to hark
If he could hear, too, in the dark,
Was first invaded with a groan,
And after in a feeble tone,
These trembling words: "Unhappy wretch!
What hast thou gotten by this fetch,
Or all thy tricks, in this new trade,
Thy holy brotherhood o' th' blade?
By sauntering still on some adventure,
And growing to thy horse a Centaur?
To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs?
For still thou 'ast had the worst on 't yet,
As well in conquest as defeat:

Night is the sabbath of mankind,
To rest the body and the mind,
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd corpse with sleep."
The knight, who heard the words explain'd
As meant to him this reprimand,
Because the character did hit
Point-blank upon his case so fit,
Believ'd it was some drolling sprite
That staid upon the guard that night,
And one of those he 'ad seen, and felt
The drubs he had so freely dealt;
When, after a short pause and groan,
The doleful spirit thus went on;
"This 'tis t' engage with dogs and bears
Pell-mell together by the ears,
And, after painful bangs and knocks,
To lie in limbo in the stocks,
And from the pinnacle of glory
Fall headlong into purgatory:"
Thought he, "This Devil 's full of malice,
That on my late disasters rallies."
"Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more heroic-minded;
And at a riding handled worse,
With treats more slovenly and coarse;
Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars,
And hot disputes with conjurers;
And, when thou 'adst bravely won the day,
Wast fain to steal thyself away."
"I see," thought he, "this shameless elf
Would fain steal me, too, from myself,
That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for and done."
"And now, but venturing to betray,
Hast met with vengeance the same way."
Thought he, "How does the Devil know
What 't was that I design'd to do?
His office of intelligence,
His oracles, are ceas'd long since;
And he knows nothing of the saints,
But what some treacherous spy acquaints.
This is some pettifogging fiend,
Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,
That undertakes to understand,
And juggles at the second hand,
And now would pass for spirit Po,
And all men's dark concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for 't;
These rallying Devils do no hurt."
With that he rous'd his drooping heart,
And hastily cry'd out, "What art?"—
"A wretch," quoth he, "whom want of grace
Has brought to this unhappy place."
"I do believe thee," quoth the knight;
"Thus far I 'm sure thou 'rt in the right:
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou hast guess'd of me.
Thou art some paltry, blackguard sprite,
Condemn'd to drudgery in the night;
Thou hast no work to do in th' house,
Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes;
Without the raising of which sum
You dare not be so troublesome
To pinch the slatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their work to do.
This is your business, good Pug-Robin,
And your diversion dull dry-bobbing,
T' entice fanatics in the dirt,
And wash them clean in ditches for 't;
Of which conceit you are so proud,
At every jest you laugh aloud,
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your raillery."
"Sir," quoth the voice, "ye 're no such sophi,
As you would have the world judge of ye.
If you design to weigh our talents
I' th' standard of your own false balance,
Or think it possible to know
Us ghosts, as well as we do you;
We, who have been the everlasting
Companions of your drubs and basting,
And never left you in contest
With male or female, man or beast;
But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,
In all adventures, as your squire."
Quoth he, "That may be said as true
By th' idlest pug of all your crew:
For none could have betray'd us worse
Than those allies of ours and yours.
But I have sent him for a token
To your low-country Hogen-Mogen,
To whose infernal shores I hope
He 'll swing like skippers in a rope:
And, if ye 'ave been more just to me
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true,
What th' ill-affected say of you—
Ye 'ave 'spous'd the covenant and cause,
By holding up your cloven paws."
"Sir," quoth the voice, "'tis true, I grant,
We made, and took, the covenant;
But that no more concerns the cause,
Than other perjuries do the laws,
Which, when they 're prov'd in open court,
Wear wooden peccadillo's for 't:
And that 's the reason covenanters
Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars."
"I see," quoth Hudibras, "from whence
These scandals of the saints commence,
That are but natural effects
Of Satan's malice, and his sects',
Those spider-saints, that hang by threads
Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads."
"Sir," quoth the voice, "that may as true
And properly be said of you,
Whose talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together:
For all the independents do,
Is only what you forc'd them to;
You, who are not content alone
With tricks to put the Devil down,
But must have armies rais'd to back
The gospel-work you undertake:
As if artillery and edge-tools,
Were th' only engines to save souls:
While he, poor Devil, has no power
By force to run down and devour;
Has ne'er a classis, cannot sentence
To stools, or poundage of repentance;
Is ty'd up only to design
T' entice, and tempt, and undermine:
In which you all his arts outdo,
And prove yourselves his betters too.
Hence 'tis possessions do less evil
Than mere temptations of the Devil,
Which all the horrid'st actions done
Are charg'd in courts of law upon;
Because, unless they help the elf,
He can do little of himself;

And therefore, where he 's best possest,
Acts most against his interest;
Surprises none, but those who 'ave priests
To turn him out, and exorcists,
Supply'd with spiritual provision,
And magazines of ammunition;
With crosses, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;
The tools of working our salvation
By mere mechanic operation:
With holy water, like a sluice,
To overflow all avenues:
But those, who 're utterly unarm'd,
T' oppose his entrance if he storm'd,
He never offers to surprise,
Although his falsest enemies;
But is content to be their drudge,
And on their errands glad to trudge:
For where are all your forfeitures
Intrusted in safe hands, but ours?
Who are but gaolers of the holes
And dungeons where you clap up souls;
Like under-keepers, turn the keys,
T' your *mittimus anathemas*,
And never boggle to restore
The members you deliver o'er,
Upon demand, with fairer justice,
Than all your covenanting trustees;
Unless, to punish them the worse,
You put them in the secular powers,
And pass their souls, as some demise
The same estate in mortgage twice:
When to a legal utlegation
You turn your excommunication,
And, for a groat unpaid that 's due,
Distrain on soul and body too."
Thought he, "'Tis no mean part of civil
State-prudence to cajole the Devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When he 'as us in his cloven hoof.—
"'Tis true," quoth he, "that intercourse
Has pass'd between your friends and ours,
That, as you trust us, in our way,
To raise your members, and to lay,
We send you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themselves, or drown,
Or, frighted with our oratory,
To leap down headlong many a story;
Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty interests of state,
Laid out our spiritual gifts to further
Your great designs of rage and murther:
For if the saints are nam'd from blood,
We only 'ave made that title good;
And, if it were but in our power,
We should not scruple to do more,
And not be half a soul behind
Of all dissenters of mankind."
"Right," quoth the voice, "and, as I scorn
To be ungrateful, in return
Of all those kind good offices,
I 'll free you out of this distress,
And set you down in safety, where
It is no time to tell you here.
The cock crows, and the morn grows on,
When 'tis decreed I must be gone;
And, if I leave you here till day,
You 'll find it hard to get away."
With that the spirit grop'd about
To find th' enchanted hero out,
And try'd with haste to lift him up,
But found his forlorn hope, his crup,
Unserviceable with kicks and blows,
Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.
He thought to drag him by the heels,
Like Gresham-carts, with legs for wheels;
But Fear, that soonest cures those sores,
In danger of relapse to worse,
Came in t' assist him with its aid,
And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.
No sooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to dislodge;
The spirit hors'd him, like a sack,
Upon the vehicle his back,
And bore him headlong into th' hall,
With some few rubs against the wall;
Where, finding out the postern lock'd,
And th' avenues as strongly block'd,
H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
And in a moment gain'd the pass;
Through which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders,
And cautiously began to scout
To find their fellow cattle out;
Nor was it half a minute's quest,
Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,
Ty'd to a pale, instead of rack,
But ne'er a saddle on his back,
Nor pistols at the saddle-bow,
Convey'd away, the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to stay,
And let the night too steal away;
But, in a trice, advanc'd the knight
Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright,
And, groping out for Ralpho's jade,
He found the saddle, too, was stray'd,
And in the place a lump of soap,
On which he speedily leap'd up;
And, turning to the gate the rein,
He kick'd and cudgel'd on amain;
While Hudibras, with equal haste,
On both sides laid about as fast,
And spurr'd, as jockies use, to break,
Or padders to secure, a neck:
Where let us leave them for a time,
And to their churches turn our rhyme;
To hold forth their declining state,
Which now come near an even rate.

PART III. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The saints engage in fierce contests
About their carnal interests,
To share their sacrilegious preys,
According to their rates of grace:
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a storm;
Till, in th' effige of rumps, the rabble
Burn all their grandees of the cabal.

The learned write, an insect breeze
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,
That falls before a storm on cows,
And stings the founders of his house,

From whose corrupted flesh that breed
Of vermin did at first proceed:
So, ere the storm of war broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various rout
Of petulant capricious sects,
The maggots of corrupted texts,
That first run all religion down,
And after every swarm its own:
For as the Persian magi once
Upon their mothers got their sons,
That were incapable t' enjoy
That empire any other way,
So Presbyter begot the other
Upon the Good Old Cause, his mother,
Then bore them, like the Devil's dam,
Whose son and husband are the same;
And yet no natural tie of blood,
Nor interest for the common good,
Could, when their profits interfer'd,
Get quarter for each other's beard:
For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd,
But only by the ears engag'd;
Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
And play together when they 've none;
As by their truest characters,
Their constant actions, plainly appears.
Rebellion now began, for lack
Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack;
The cause and covenant to lessen,
And Providence to be out of season:
For now there was no more to purchase
O' th' king's revenue, and the church's,
But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the brethren on;
Which forc'd the stubborn'st for the cause,
To cross the cudgels to the laws,
That what by breaking them they 'ad gain'd,
By their support might be maintain'd;
Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,
Secur'd against the Hue-and-cry;
For Presbyter and Independent
Were now turn'd plaintiff and defendant;
Laid out their apostolic functions
On carnal orders and injunctions;
And all their precious gifts and graces
On outlawries and *Scire facias;*
At Michael's term had many trial,
Worse than the Dragon and St. Michael,
Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,
Into the bottomless abyss.
For when, like brethren, and like friends,
They came to share their dividends,
And every partner to possess
His church and state joint-purchases,
In which the ablest saint, and best,
Was nam'd in trust by all the rest
To pay their money, and, instead
Of every brother, pass the deed,
He straight converted all his gifts
To pious frauds and holy shifts,
And settled all the other shares
Upon his outward man and 's heirs;
Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And pass'd upon his conscience
By pre-entail of Providence;
Impeach'd the rest for reprobates,
That had no titles to estates,
But, by their spiritual attaints,
Degraded from the right of saints.
This being reveal'd, they now begun
With law and conscience to fall on,
And laid about as hot and brain-sick
As th' Utter barrister of Swanswick[1];
Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
As men with sand-bags did of old,
That brought the lawyers in more fees
Than all unsanctify'd trustees;
Till he who had no more to show
I' th' case, receiv'd the overthrow;
Or, both sides having had the worst,
They parted as they met at first.
Poor presbyter was now reduc'd,
Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd!
Turn'd out, and excommunicate
From all affairs of church and state,
Reform'd to a reformado saint,
And glad to turn itinerant,
To stroll and teach from town to town,
And those he had taught up teach down,
And make those uses serve again
Against the new-enlighten'd men,
As fit as when at first they were
Reveal'd against the cavalier;
Damn anabaptist and fanatic
As pat as popish and prelatic;
And with as little variation,
To serve for any sect i' th' nation.
The Good Old Cause, which some believe
To be the Devil that tempted Eve
With knowledge, and does still invite
The world to mischief with new light,
Had store of money in her purse,
When he took her for better or worse:
But now was grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of door.
The independents (whose first station
Was in the rear of reformation,
A mongrel kind of church-dragoons,
That serv'd for horse and foot at once,
And in the saddle of one steed
The Saracen and Christian rid,
Were free of every spiritual order,
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder)
No sooner got the start, to lurch
Both disciplines, of war and church,
And providence enough to run
The chief commanders of them down,
But carry'd on the war against
The common enemy o' th' saints,
And in a while prevail'd so far,
To win of them the game of war,
And be at liberty once more
T' attack themselves as they 'ad before.
For now there was no foe in arms
T' unite their factions with alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worst themselves at home,
Who 'ad compass'd all they pray'd, and swore,
And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
Subdued the nation, church, and state,
And all things but their laws and hate;
But when they came to treat and transact,
And share the spoil of all they 'ad ransackt,
To botch up what they 'ad torn and rent,
Religion and the government,
They met no sooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the war had spar'd;

[1] W. Prynne, a voluminous writer.

Agreed in nothing, but t' abolish,
Subvert, extirpate, and demolish:
For knaves and fools being near of kin,
As Dutch boors are t' a sooterkin,
Both parties join'd to do their best
To damn the public interest,
And herded only in consults,
To put by one another's bolts;
T' out-cant the Babylonian labourers,
At all their dialects of jabberers,
And tug at both ends of the saw,
To tear down government and law.
For as two cheats that play one game,
Are both defeated of their aim,
So those who play a game of state,
And only cavil in debate,
Although there 's nothing lost nor won,
The public business is undone;
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer way to ruin.
This, when the royalists perceiv'd,
(Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the right they had paid down
So dearly for, the church and crown)
Th' united constanter, and sided
The more, the more their foes divided;
For though outnumber'd, overthrown,
And by the fate of war run down,
Their duty never was defeated,
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;
For loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the Sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon.
But when these brethren in evil,
Their adversaries, and the Devil,
Began once more to show them play,
And hopes, at least, to have a day,
They rally'd in parades of woods,
And unfrequented solitudes;
Conven'd at midnight in outhouses,
T' appoint new-rising rendezvouses,
And, with a pertinacy unmatch'd,
For new recruits of danger watch'd.
No sooner was one blow diverted,
But up another party started!
And, as if Nature, too, in haste
To furnish out supplies as fast,
Before her time had turn'd destruction
T' a new and numerous production;
No sooner those were overcome,
But up rose others in their room,
That, like the Christian faith, increast
The more, the more they were suppreat;
Whom neither chains, nor transportation,
Proscription, sale, or confiscation,
Nor all the desperate events
Of former try'd experiments,
Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,
To leave off loyalty and dangling,
Nor Death (with all his bones) affright
From venturing to maintain the right,
From staking life and fortune down
'Gainst all together, for the crown;
But kept the title of their cause
From forfeiture, like claims in laws;
And prov'd no prosperous usurpation
Can ever settle on the nation;
Until, in spite of force and treason,
They put their loyalty in possession;
And, by their constancy and faith,
Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.
Toss'd in a furious hurricane,
Did Oliver give up his reign,
And was believ'd, as well by saints
As mortal men and miscreants,
To founder in the Stygian ferry,
Until he was retriev'd by Sterry;
Who, in a false erroneous dream,
Mistook the New Jerusalem
Profanely for th' apocryphal
False Heaven at the end o' th' hall;
Whither it was decreed by Fate
His precious relics to translate:
So Romulus was seen before
By as orthodox a senator,
From whose divine illumination
He stole the pagan revelation.
Next him his son and heir apparent
Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent,
Who first laid by the parliament,
The only crutch on which he leant,
And then sunk underneath the state,
That rode him above horseman's weight.
And now the saints began their reign,
For which they 'ad yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such bowel hankerings,
To see an empire all of kings,
Deliver'd from th' Egyptian awe
Of justice, government, and law,
And free t' erect what spiritual cantons
Should be reveal'd or gospel Hans-towns,
To edify upon the ruins
Of John of Leyden's old outgoings,
Who, for a weathercock hung up
Upon their mother-church's top,
Was made a type by Providence,
Of all their revelations since,
And now fulfill'd by his successors,
Who equally mistook their measures:
For, when they came to shape the model,
Not one could fit another's noddle;
But found their light and gifts more wide
From fadging, than th' unsanctify'd;
While every individual brother
Strove hand to fist against another,
And still the maddest, and most crackt,
Were found the busiest to transact;
For, though most hands dispatch apace
And make light work, (the proverb says)
Yet many different intellects
Are found t' have contrary effects;
And many heads t' obstruct intrigues,
As slowest insects have most legs.
Some were for setting up a king,
But all the rest for no such thing,
Unless king Jesus: others tamper'd
For Fleetwood, Desborough and Lambert:
Some for the rump; and some, more crafty,
For agitators, and the safety:
Some for the gospel, and massacres
Of spiritual affidavit-makers,
That swore to any human regence
Oaths of suprem'cy and allegiance;
Yea, though the ablest swearing saint,
That vouch'd the bulls o' th' covenant:

Others for pulling down th' high places
Of synods and provincial classes,
That us'd to make such hostile inroads
Upon the saints, like bloody Nimrods:
Some for fulfilling prophecies,
And th' extirpation of th' excise;
And some against th' Egyptian bondage
Of holy-days, and paying poundage:
Some for the cutting down of groves,
And rectifying bakers' loaves;
And some for finding out expedients
Against the slavery of obedience:
Some were for gospel ministers,
And some for red-coat seculars,
As men most fit t' hold forth the word,
And wield the one and th' other sword:
Some were for carrying on the work
Against the pope, and some the Turk:
Some for engaging to suppress
The camisado of surplices,
That gifts and dispensations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' outward man the inward;
More proper for the cloudy night
Of popery than gospel light:
Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a ring,
With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom
Is marry'd only to a thumb;
(As wise as ringing of a pig,
That us'd to break up ground, and dig)
The bride to nothing but her will,
That nulls her after-marriage still:
Some were for th' utter extirpation
Of linsey-woolsey in the nation;
And some against all idolizing
The cross in shop-books, or baptizing:
Others, to make all things recant
The Christian or surname of Saint,
And force all churches, streets, and towns,
The holy title to renounce:
Some 'gainst a third estate of souls,
And bringing down the price of coals:
Some for abolishing black-pudding,
And eating nothing with the blood in;
To abrogate them roots and branches;
While others were for eating haunches
Of warriors, and, now and then,
The flesh of kings and mighty men:
And some for breaking of their bones
With rods of iron, by secret ones;
For thrashing mountains, and with spells
For hallowing carriers' packs and bells;
Things that the legend never heard of,
But made the wicked sore afeard of.
The quacks of government (who sate
At th' unregarded helm of state,
And understood this wild confusion
Of fatal madness and delusion
Must, sooner than a prodigy,
Portend destruction to be nigh)
Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,
And save their windpipes from the law;
For one rencounter at the bar
Was worse than all they 'ad 'scap'd in war;
And therefore met in consultation
To cant and quack upon the nation;
Not for the sickly patient's sake,
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the purses of their fees,
More wise than fumbling arteries;
Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover—Gain.
'Mong these there was a politician [2]
With more heads than a beast in vision,
And more intrigues in every one
Than all the whores of Babylon;
So politic, as if one eye
Upon the other were a spy,
That, to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink;
And in his dark pragmatic way
As busy as a child at play.
He 'ad seen three governments run down,
And had a hand in every one;
Was for them, and against them all,
But barbarous when they came to fall:
For, by trepanning th' old to ruin,
He made his interest with the new one;
Play'd true and faithful, though against
His conscience, and was still advanc'd:
For, by the witchcraft of rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble state-camelion,
By giving aim from side to side,
He never fail'd to save his tide,
But got the start of every state,
And, at a change, ne'er came too late;
Could turn his word, and oath, and faith,
As many ways as in a lath;
By turning wriggle, like a screw,
Int' highest trust, and out, for new:
For when he 'ad happily incurr'd,
Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd,
And pass'd upon a government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went;
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,
Would strive to raise himself upon
The public ruin, and his own;
So little did he understand
The desperate feats he took in hand,
For, when he 'ad got himself a name
For frauds and tricks, he spoil'd his game;
Had forc'd his neck into a noose,
To show his play at fast and loose;
And, when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook,
For art and subtlety, his luck.
So right his judgment was cut fit,
And made a tally to his wit.
And both together most profound
At deeds of darkness under ground;
As th' earth is easiest undermin'd,
By vermin impotent and blind.
By all these arts, and many more
He 'ad practis'd long and much before,
Our state-artificer foresaw
Which way the world began to draw:
For, as old sinners have all points
O' th' compass in their bones and joints,
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind,
And, better than by Napier's bones,
Feel in their own the age of moons:

[2] This was sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, who complied with every change in those times.

So guilty sinners, in a state,
Can by their crimes prognosticate,
And in their consciences feel pain
Some days before a shower of rain:
He, therefore, wisely cast about
All ways he could, t' insure his throat,
And hither came, t' observe and smoke
What courses other riskers took,
And to the utmost do his best
To save himself, and hang the rest.
To match this saint there was another,
As busy and perverse a brother,
An haberdasher of small wares
In politics and state affairs;
More Jew than rabbi Achithophel,
And better gifted to rebel;
For when he 'ad taught his tribe to 'spouse
The cause, aloft upon one house,
He scorn'd to set his own in order,
But try'd another, and went further:
So suddenly addicted still
To 's only principle, his will,
That, whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
Nor force of argument could move,
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'born,
Could render half a grain less stubborn;
For he at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity t' harangue;
And rather on a gibbet dangle,
Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle;
In which his parts were so accomplisht,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplust;
But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease,
And, with its everlasting clack,
Set all men's ears upon the rack.
No sooner could a hint appear,
But up he started to picqueer,
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
When he engag'd in controversy:
Not by the force of carnal reason,
But indefatigable teasing;
With vollies of eternal babble,
And clamour, more unanswerable.
For though his topics, frail and weak,
Could ne'er amount above a freak,
He still maintain'd them, like his faults,
Against the desperat'st assaults,
And back'd their feeble want of sense
With greater heat and confidence;
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they 're cudgell'd, grow the stiffer.
Yet, when his profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated;
For nothing but his interest
Could lay his devil of contest:
It was his choice, or chance, or curse,
T' espouse the cause for better or worse,
And with his worldly goods and wit,
And soul and body, worshipp'd it:
But when he found the sullen trapes
Possess'd with th' Devil, worms, and claps,
The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks,
Not half so full of jadish tricks,
Though squeamish in her outward woman,
As loose and rampant as Dol Common,
He still resolv'd, to mend the matter,
" adhere and cleave the obstinater;
And still, the skittisher and looser
Her freaks appear'd, to sit the closer:
For fools are stubborn in their way,
As coins are harden'd by th' allay;
And obstinacy 's ne'er so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
These two, with others, being met,
And close in consultation set,
After a discontented pause,
And not without sufficient cause,
The orator we nam'd of late,
Less troubled with the pangs of state,
Than with his own impatience
To give himself first audience,
After he had a while look'd wise,
At last broke silence, and the ice.
Quoth he, " There 's nothing makes me doubt
Our last outgoings brought about,
More than to see the characters
Of real jealousies and fears,
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon every member's forehead;
Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of weather,
Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,
And revolutions in their corns;
And, since our workings-out are crost,
Throw up the cause before 'tis lost.
Was it to run away we meant
When, taking of the covenant,
The lamest cripples of the brothers
Took oaths to run before all others,
But, in their own sense, only swore
To strive to run away before,
And now would prove, that words and oath
Engage us to renounce them both?
'Tis true the cause is in the lurch,
Between a right and mongrel-church,
The presbyter and independent,
That stickle which shall make an end on 't;
As 'twas made out to us the last
Expedient,—(I mean Margaret's fast)
When Providence had been suborn'd
What answer was to be return'd:
Else why should tumults fright us now,
We have so many times gone through,
And understand as well to tame,
As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame?
Have prov'd how inconsiderable
Are all engagements of the rabble;
Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd
With drums and rattles, like a child,
But never prov'd so prosperous,
As when they were led on by us;
For all our scouring of religion
Began with tumults and sedition;
When hurricanes of fierce commotion
Became strong motives to devotion;
(As carnal seamen, in a storm,
Turn pious converts, and reform)
When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,
Maintain'd our feeble privileges,
And brown-bills, levy'd in the city,
Made bills to pass the grand committee;
When Zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,
Gave chase to rochets and white sleeves,
And made the church, and state, and laws,
Submit t' old iron, and the cause.
And as we thriv'd by tumults then,
So might we better now again,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To use them rightly in our need:

Tumults, by which the mutinous
Betray themselves instead of us;
The hollow-hearted, disaffected,
And close malignant are detected;
Who lay their lives and fortunes down,
For pledges to secure our own;
And freely sacrifice their ears
T' appease our jealousies and fears:
And yet for all these providences
W' are offer'd, if we had our senses,
We idly sit, like stupid blockheads,
Our hands committed to our pockets,
And nothing but our tongues at large,
To get the wretches a discharge:
Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts,
Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts;
Or fools besotted with their crimes,
That know not how to shift betimes,
That neither have the hearts to stay,
Nor wit enough to run away;
Who, if we could resolve on either,
Might stand or fall at least together;
No mean nor trivial solaces
To partners in extreme distress;
Who use to lessen their despairs
By parting them int' equal shares;
As if, the more they were to bear,
They felt the weight the easier;
And every one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among.
But 'tis not come to that, as yet,
If we had courage left, or wit,
Who, when our fate can be no worse,
Are fitted for the bravest course,
Have time to rally, and prepare
Our last and best defence, Despair:
Despair, by which the gallant'st feats
Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,
And horrid'st dangers safely wav'd,
By being courageously outbrav'd;
As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
And poisons by themselves expell'd:
And so they might be now again,
If we were, what we should be, men;
And not so dully desperate,
To side against ourselves with Fate:
As criminals, condemn'd to suffer,
Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
This comes of breaking covenants,
And setting up exauns of saints,
That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
To be excus'd the efficace:
For spiritual men are too transcendent,
That mount their banks for independent,
To hang, like Mahomet, in the air,
Or St. Ignatius, at his prayer,
By pure geometry, and hate
Dependence upon church or state:
Disdain the pedantry o' th' letter,
And, since obedience is better
(The Scripture says) than sacrifice,
Presume the less on 't will suffice;
And scorn to have the moderat'st stints
Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,
Or any opinion, true or false,
Declar'd as such, in doctrinals;
But left at large to make their best on,
Without being call'd t' account or question:
Interpret all the spleen reveals,
As Whittington explain'd the bells;
And bid themselves turn back again
Lord mayors of New Jerusalem;
But look so big and overgrown,
They scorn their edifiers to own,
Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,
Their tones, and sanctify'd expressions;
Bestow'd their gifts upon a saint,
Like charity, on those that want;
And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots
T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes;
For which they scorn and hate them worse,
Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders:
For who first bred them up to pray,
And teach the house of commons' way?
Where had they all their gifted phrases
But from our Calamies and Cases?
Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen?
Their dispensations had been stifled,
But for our Adoniram Byfield;
And, had they not begun the war,
They 'ad ne'er been sainted as they are:
For saints in peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to reprobate;
Their zeal corrupts, like standing water,
In th' intervals of war and slaughter;
Abates the sharpness of its edge,
Without the power of sacrilege:
And though they 've tricks to cast their sins,
As easy as serpents do their skins,
That in a while grow out again,
In peace they turn mere carnal men,
And, from the most refin'd of saints,
As naturally grow miscreants,
As barnacles turn soland geese
In th' islands of th' Orcades.
Their dispensation 's but a ticket
For their conforming to the wicked,
With whom the greatest difference
Lies more in words and show, than sense:
For as the pope, that keeps the gate
Of Heaven, wears three crowns of state,
So he that keeps the gate of Hell,
Proud Cerberus, wears three heads as well;
And, if the world has any troth,
Some have been canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greatest harm,
Their spiritual gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the overheated sots
In fever still, like other goats;
For though the whore bends heretics
With flames of fire, like crooked sticks,
Our schismatics so vastly differ,
Th' hotter they 're they grow the stiffer;
Still setting off their spiritual goods
With fierce and pertinacious feuds;
For Zeal's a dreadful termagant,
That teaches saints to tear and rant;
And independents to profess
The doctrine of dependences;
Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,
To Rawheads fierce and Bloodybones:
And, not content with endless quarrels
Against the wicked and their morals,
The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs,
Divert their rage upon themselves.
For, now the war is not between
The brethren and the men of sin,
But saint and saint, to spill the blood
Of one another's brotherhood,

Where neither side can lay pretence
To liberty of conscience,
Or zealous suffering for the cause,
To gain one groat's-worth of applause;
For, though endur'd with resolution,
'Twill ne'er amount to persecution.
Shall precious saints, and secret ones,
Break one another's outward bones,
And eat the flesh of brethren,
Instead of kings and mighty men?
When fiends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater elves?
When Bell 's at union with the Dragon,
And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon;
When savage bears agree with bears,
Shall secret ones lug saints by th' ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common danger threatens both?
Shall mastiffs, by the collars pull'd,
Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold?
And saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,
No notice of the danger take?
But though no power of Heaven or Hell
Can pacify fanatic zeal,
Who would not guess there might be hopes,
The fear of gallowses and ropes,
Before their eyes, might reconcile
Their animosities a while,
At least until they 'ad a clear stage,
And equal freedom to engage,
Without the danger of surprise
By both our common enemies?
"This none but we alone could doubt,
Who understand their workings-out,
And know them, both in soul and conscience,
Given up t' as reprobate a nonsense
As spiritual outlaws, whom the power
Of miracle can ne'er restore.
We, whom at first they set-up under,
In revelation only of plunder,
Who since have had so many trials
Of their incroaching self-denials,
That rook'd upon us with design
To out-reform and undermine;
Took all our interests and commands
Perfidiously out of our hands;
Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,
Without the motive-gains allow'd,
And made us serve as ministerial,
Like younger sons of father Belial:
And yet, for all th' inhuman wrong
They 'ad done us and the cause so long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The work still, as we had begun;
But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;
For troubled them to crop our ears,
Or hang us, like the cavaliers;
For put them to the charge of gaols,
To find us pillories and carts' tails,
Or hangman's wages, which the state
Was forc'd (before them) to be at;
That cut, like tallies to the stumps,
Our ears for keeping true accompts,
And burnt our vessels, like a new
Seal'd peck, or bushel, for being true;
Sat hand in hand, like faithful brothers,
Held for the cause against all others,
Disdaining equally to yield
One syllable of what we held.
And, though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward men,
Our inward men, and constant frame
Of spirit, still were near the same;
And till they first began to cant,
And sprinkle down the covenant,
We ne'er had call in any place,
Nor dream'd of teaching down free grace;
But join'd our gifts perpetually
Against the common enemy,
Although 'twas our and their opinion,
Each other's church was but a Rimmon;
And yet for all this gospel-union,
And outward show of church-communion,
They 'd ne'er admit us to our shares,
Of ruling church or state affairs,
Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
T' our own conditions of repentance;
But shar'd our dividend o' the crown
We had so painfully preach'd down,
And forc'd us, though against the grain,
T' have calls to teach it up again;
For 'twas but justice to restore
The wrongs we had receiv'd before;
And, when 'twas held forth in our way,
We 'ad been ungrateful not to pay;
Who, for the right we 've done the nation,
Have earn'd our temporal salvation,
And put our vessels in a way,
Once more, to come again in play:
For if the turning of us out
Has brought this providence about,
And that our only suffering
Is able to bring in the king,
What would our actions not have done,
Had we been suffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t' a share,
At least, in carrying on th' affair:
But whether that be so or not,
We 've done enough to have it thought,
And that 's as good as if we 'ad done 't,
And easier pass'd upon account:
For if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as justify'd.
The world is naturally averse
To all the truth it sees or hears,
But swallows nonsense, and a lie,
With greediness and gluttony;
And though it have the pique, and long,
'Tis still for something in the wrong;
As women long, when they 're with child,
For things extravagant and wild;
For meats ridiculous and fulsome,
But seldom any thing that 's wholesome;
And, like the world, men's jobbernoles
Turn round upon their ears, the poles,
And what they 're confidently told,
By no sense else can be control'd.
"And this, perhaps, may prove the means
Once more to hedge-in Providence.
For, as relapses make diseases
More desperate than their first accesses,
If we but get again in power,
Our work is easier than before,
And we more ready and expert
I' th' mystery, to do our part:
We, who did rather undertake
The first war to create than make;
And, when of nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd funds, as strange, to carry 't on;

Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down,
With plots and projects of our own;
And if we did such feats at first,
What can we, now we 're better verst?
Who have a freer latitude,
Than sinners give themselves, allow'd;
And therefore likeliest to bring in,
On fairest terms, our discipline;
To which, it was reveal'd long since,
We were ordain'd by Providence,
When three saints'[3] ears, our predecessors,
The cause's primitive confessors,
Being crucify'd, the nation stood
In just so many years of blood,
That, multiply'd by six, exprest
The perfect number of the beast,
And prov'd that we must be the men
To bring this work about again;
And those who laid the first foundation,
Complete the thorough reformation:
For who have gifts to carry on
So great a work, but we alone?
What churches have such able pastors,
And precious, powerful, preaching masters?
Possess'd with absolute dominions
O'er brethren's purses and opinions?
And trusted with the double keys
Of Heaven and their warehouses;
Who, when the cause is in distress,
Can furnish out what sums they please,
That brooding lie in banker's hands,
To be dispos'd at their commands,
And daily increase and multiply
With doctrine, use, and usury;
Can fetch-in parties (as, in war,
All other heads of cattle are)
From th' enemy of all religions,
As well as high and low conditions,
And share them, from blue ribbands, down
To all blue aprons in the town;
From ladies hurried in calleches,
With cornets at their footmens' breeches,
To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,
All guts and belly, like a crab.
Our party 's great, and better ty'd
With oaths, and trade, than any side;
Has one considerable improvement
To double fortify the covenant;
I mean our covenant to purchase
Delinquents' titles, and the church's,
That pass in sale, from hand to hand,
Among ourselves, for current land,
And rise or fall, like Indian actions,
According to the rate of factions;
Our best reserve for reformation,
When new outgoings give occasion;
That keeps the loins of brethren girt,
The covenant (their creed) t' assert;
And, when they 've pack'd a parliament,
Will once more try th' expedient:
Who can already muster friends
To serve for members to our ends,
That represent no part o' th' nation,
But Fisher's Folly congregation;
Are only tools to our intrigues,
And sit like geese to hatch our eggs;

[3] Burton, Prynne, and Bastwicke, three notorious ringleaders of the factions, just at the beginning of the late horrid rebellion.

Who, by their precedents of wit,
T' outfast, outloiter, and outsit,
Can order matters underhand,
To put all business to a stand;
Lay public bills aside for private,
And make them one another drive out;
Divert the great and necessary,
With trifles to contest and vary;
And make the nation represent,
And serve for us in parliament;
Cut out more work than can be done
In Plato's year, but finish none,
Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal[4],
That always pass'd for fundamental;
Can set up grandee against grandee,
To squander time away, and bandy;
Make lords and commoners lay sieges
To one another's privileges;
And, rather than compound the quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable peril
Of both their ruins, th' only scope
And consolation of our hope;
Who, though we do not play the game,
Assist as much by giving aim;
Can introduce our ancient arts,
For heads of factions, t' act their parts;
Know what a leading voice is worth,
A seconding, a third, or fourth;
How much a casting voice comes to,
That turns up trump of Aye or No;
And, by adjusting all at th' end,
Share every one his dividend:
An art that so much study cost,
And now 's in danger to be lost,
Unless our ancient virtuosis,
That found it out, get into th' houses.
These are the courses that we took
To carry things by hook or crook[5],
And practis'd down from forty-four,
Until they turn'd us out of door:
Besides the herds of boutefeus
We set on work without the house,
When every knight and citizen
Kept legislative journeymen,
To bring them in intelligence,
From all points, of the rabble's sense,
And fill the lobbies of both houses
With politic important buzzes;
Set up committees of cabals,
To pack designs without the walls;
Examine, and draw up all news,
And fit it to our present use:

[4] Mr. Lenthal was speaker to that house of commons which begun the rebellion, murdered the king, becoming then but the rump, or fag-end of a house, and was turned out by Oliver Cromwell; restored after Richard was outed, and at last dissolved themselves at general Monk's command: and as his name was set to the ordinances of this house, these ordinances are here called the bulls of Lenthal, in allusion to the pope's bulls, which are humorously described by the author of A Tale of a Tub.

[5] Judge Crook and Hutton were the two judges who dissented from their ten brethren in the case of ship-money, when it was argued in the exchequer; which occasioned the wags to say, that the king carried it by *Hook*, but not by *Crook*.

Agree upon the plot o' the farce,
And every one his part rehearse;
Make Q's of answers, to waylay
What th' other party 's like to say;
What repartees, and smart reflections,
Shall be return'd to all objections;
And who shall break the master-jest,
And what, and how, upon the rest:
Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,
Of proper slanders and seditions,
And treason for a token send,
By letter, to a country friend;
Disperse lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit,
With falser than a padder's face,
That all its owner does betrays,
Who therefore dares not trust it, when
He 's in his calling to be seen;
Disperse the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of discord forth;
Be sure to keep up congregations,
In spite of laws and proclamations:
For charlatans can do no good,
Until they 're mounted in a crowd;
And when they 're punish'd, all the hurt
Is but to fare the better for 't;
As long as confessors are sure
Of double pay for all th' endure,
And what they earn in persecution,
Are paid t' a groat in contribution:
Whence some tub-holders-forth have made
In powdering-tubs their richest trade;
And, while they kept their shops in prison,
Have found their prices strangely risen;
Disdain to own the least regret
For all the Christian blood we 've let;
'Twill save our credit, and maintain
Our title to do so again;
That needs not cost one dram of sense,
But pertinacious impudence.
Our constancy to our principles,
In time, will wear out all things else;
Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces
With gallantry of pilgrims' kisses;
While those who turn and wind their oaths
Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths;
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long
Before from world to world they swung,
As they had turn'd from side to side;
And, as the changelings liv'd, they dy'd."
This said, th' impatient statesmonger
Could now contain himself no longer,
Who had not spar'd to show his piques
Against th' haranguer's politics,
With smart remarks of leering faces,
And annotations of grimaces.
After he 'ad administer'd a dose
Of snuff mundungus to his nose,
And powder'd th' inside of his skull,
Instead of the outward jobbernol,
He shook it with a scornful look
On th' adversary, and thus he spoke:
"In dressing a calf's head, although
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep so great a distance here,
'Tis strange if ever they come near;
For who did ever play his gambols
With such insufferable rambles,
To make the bringing in the king,
And keeping of him out, one thing?
Which none could do, but those that swore
T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore;
That to defend was to invade,
And to assassinate, to aid:
Unless, because you drove him out,
(And that was never made a doubt)
No power is able to restore
And bring him in, but on your score:
A spiritual doctrine, that conduces
Most properly to all your uses.
'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said
To cure the wounds the vermin made;
And weapons dress'd with salves restore
And heal the hurts they gave before:
But whether presbyterians have
So much good-nature as the salve,
Or virtue in them as the vermin,
Those who have try'd them can determine.
Indeed 'tis pity you should miss
Th' arrears of all your services,
And, for th' eternal obligation
Y' laid upon th' ungrateful nation,
Be us'd so unconscionably hard,
As not to find a just reward
For letting Rapine loose, and Murther,
To rage just so far, but no further,
And, setting all the land on fire,
To burn t' a scantling, but no higher;
For venturing to assassinate
And cut the throats of Church and State,
And not be allow'd the fittest men
To take the charge of both again:
Especially that have the grace
Of self-denying gifted face;
Who, when your projects have miscarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
On those you painfully trepann'd,
And sprinkled in at second-hand,
As we have been, to share the guilt
Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt;
For so our ignorance was flamm'd,
To damn ourselves, t' avoid being damn'd;
Till, finding your old foe, the hangman,
Was like to lurch you at backgammon,
And win your necks upon the set,
As well as ours, who did but bet,
(For he had drawn your ears before,
And nick'd them on the self-same score)
We threw the box and dice away,
Before y' had lost us at foul play,
And brought you down to rooks, and lie,
And fancy only, on the by;
Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,
From perching upon lofty poles,
And rescued all your outward traitors
From hanging up, like aligators;
For which ingeniously ye 've shew'd
Your presbyterian gratitude;
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one rope behind.
Those were your motives to divide,
And scruple, on the other side;
To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
To fits of conscience and remorse;
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for new again:
For truth no more unveil'd your eyes,
Than maggots are convinc'd to flies;
And therefore all your lights and calls
Are but apocryphal and false,

To charge us with the consequences
Of all your native insolences,
That to your own imperious wills
Laid Law and Gospel neck and heels;
Corrupted the Old Testament,
To serve the New for precedent;
T' amend its errours and defects
With murder and rebellion texts;
Of which there is not any one
In all the book to sow upon;
And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews
Held Christian doctrine forth, and use;
As Mahomet (your chief) began
To mix them in the Alcoran;
Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
And bended elbows on the cushion;
Stole from the beggars all your tones,
And gifted mortifying groans;
Had lights where better eyes were blind,
As pigs are said to see the wind;
Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,
And Knightsbridge with illumination;
Made children, with your tones, to run for 't,
As bad as Bloodybones or Lunsford;
While women, great with child, miscarry'd,
For being to malignants marry'd:
Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs,
Whose husbands were not for the cause;
And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
Because they came not out to battle;
Made tailors' 'prentices turn heroes,
For fear of being transform'd to Meroz,
And rather forfeit their indentures,
Than not espouse the saints' adventures:
Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus;
Enchant the king's and church's lands,
T' obey and follow your commands,
And settle on a new freehold,
As Marcly-hill had done of old;
Could turn the covenant, and translate
The gospel into spoons and plate;
Expound upon all merchants' cashes,
And open th' intricatest places;
Could catechise a money-box,
And prove all pouches orthodox;
Until the Cause became a Damon,
And Pythias the wicked Mammon:
"And yet, in spite of all your charms
To conjure Legion up in arms,
And raise more devils in the rout,
Than e'er y' were able to cast out,
Y' have been reduc'd, and by those fools
Bred up (you say) in your own schools,
Who, though but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain they have more wit;
By whom you 've been so oft trepann'd,
And held forth out of all command;
Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
And out-reveal'd at carryings-on;
Of all your dispensations worm'd;
Out-providenc'd, and out-reform'd;
Ejected out of church and state,
And all things but the people's hate;
And spirited out of th' enjoyments
Of precious, edifying employments,
By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces,
Like better bowlers, in your places:
All which you bore with resolution,
Charg'd on th' account of persecution;
And though most righteously oppress'd,
Against your wills, still acquiesc'd;
And never humm'd and hah'd sedition,
Nor snuffled treason, nor misprision:
That is, because you never durst;
For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
Alas! you were no longer able
To raise your posse of the rabble:
One single red-coat centinel
Outcharm'd the magic of the spell,
And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse
Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verse.
We knew too well those tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your powers,
Or trust our safeties or undoings
To your disposing of outgoings,
Or to your ordering Providence,
One farthing's-worth of consequence.
"For had you power to undermine,
Or wit to carry a design,
Or correspondence to trepan,
Inveigle, or betray one man,
There 's nothing else that intervenes,
And bars your zeal to use the means;
And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in kings, or keep them out:
Brave undertakers to restore,
That could not keep yourselves in power;
T' advance the interests of the crown,
That wanted wit to keep your own.
"'Tis true ye have (for I'd be loth
To wrong you) done your parts in both,
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;
For 'twas your zealous want of sense,
And sanctify'd impertinence,
Your carrying business in a huddle,
That forc'd our rulers to new-model,
Oblig'd the state to tack about,
And turn you, root and branch, all out;
To reformado, one and all,
T' your great Croysado General:
Your greedy slavering to devour,
Before 'twas in your clutches, power;
That sprung the game you were to set,
Before ye 'ad time to draw the net:
Your spite to see the church's lands
Divided into other hands,
And all your sacrilegious ventures
Laid out in tickets and debentures:
Your envy to be sprinkled down,
By under-churches in the town,
And no course us'd to stop their mouths,
Nor th' independents' spreading growths:
All which consider'd, 'tis most true
None bring him in so much as you,
Who have prevail'd beyond their plots,
Their midnight juntos, and seal'd knots;
That thrive more by your zealous piques,
Than all their own rash politics.
And this way you may claim a share
In carrying (as you brag) th' affair;
Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews
From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns loose,
And flies and mange, that set them free
From task-masters and slavery,
Were likelier to do the feat,
In any indifferent man's conceit;
For who e'er heard of restoration,
Until your thorough reformation?

That is, the king's and church's lands
Were sequester'd int' other hands:
For only then, and not before,
Your eyes were open'd to restore;
And, when the work was carrying on,
Who cross'd it but yourselves alone?
As by a world of hints appears,
All plain, and extant, as your ears.
"But first, o' th' first: The Isle of Wight
Will rise up, if you should deny 't,
Where Henderson, and th' other masses,
Were sent to cap texts, and put cases:
To pass for deep and learned scholars,
Although but paltry Ob and Sollers:
As if th' unseasonable fools
Had been a coursing in the schools,
Until they 'ad prov'd the Devil author
O' th' Covenant, and the Cause his daughter:
For, when they charg'd him with the guilt
Of all the blood that had been spilt,
They did not mean he wrought th' effusion
In person, like sir Pride, or Hughson;
But only those who first begun
The quarrel were by him set on;
And who could those be but the saints,
Those reformation termagants?
But ere this pass'd, the wise debate
Spent so much time it grew too late;
For Oliver had gotten ground,
T' enclose him with his warriors round;
Had brought his providence about,
And turn'd th' untimely sophists out.
"Nor had the Uxbridge business less
Of nonsense in 't, or sottishness;
When from a scoundrel holder-forth,
The scum as well as son o' th' earth,
Your mighty senators took law,
At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,
And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation
To doctrine, use, and application.
So when the Scots, your constant cronies,
Th' espousers of your cause and monies,
Who had so often, in your aid,
So many ways been soundly paid,
Came in at last for better ends,
To prove themselves your trusty friends,
You basely left them, and the church
They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians
To fall before, as true Philistines.
This shows what utensils y' have been,
To bring the king's concernments in;
Which is so far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you;
And if he take you into trust,
Will find you most exactly just,
Such as will punctually repay
With double interest, and betray.
"Not that I think those pantomimes,
Who vary action with the times,
Are less ingenious in their art,
Than those who dully act one part;
Or those who turn from side to side,
More guilty than the wind and tide.
All countries are a wise man's home,
And so are governments to some,
Who change them for the same intrigues
That statesmen use in breaking leagues;
While others in old faiths and troths
Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd clothes,
And nastier in an old opinion,
Than those who never shift their linen.
"For true and faithful's sure to lose,
Which way soever the game goes;
And, whether parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in:
While power usurp'd, like stol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the right;
And, when the times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the halter.
"And so may we, if we 'ave but sense
To use the necessary means,
And not your usual stratagems
On one another—lights and dreams:
To stand on terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give;
Set up the covenant on crutches,
'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,
And dream of pulling churches down,
Before we 're sure to prop our own;
Your constant method of proceeding,
Without the carnal means of heeding,
Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,
Are worse, than if y' had none, accoutred.
"I grant all courses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again;
The only way that 's left us now,
But all the difficulty 's how.
'Tis true we 'ave money, th' only power
That all mankind falls down before;
Money, that, like the swords of kings,
Is the last reason of all things;
And therefore need not doubt our play
Has all advantages that way,
As long as men have faith to sell,
And meet with those that can pay well;
Whose half-starv'd pride, and avarice,
One church and state will not suffice,
T' expose to sale, besides the wages,
Of storing plagues to after ages.
Nor is our money less our own
Than 'twas before we laid it down;
For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
If we are brought in play upon 't,
Or but, by casting knaves, get in,
What power can hinder us to win?
We know the arts we us'd before,
In peace and war, and something more,
And by th' unfortunate events
Can mend our next experiments;
For when we 're taken into trust,
How easy are the wisest choust,
Who see but th' outsides of our feats,
And not their secret springs and weights,
And, while they 're busy at their ease,
Can carry what designs we please?
How easy is 't to serve for agents
To prosecute our old engagements?
To keep the good old cause on foot,
And present power from taking root;
Inflame them both with false alarms
Of plots, and parties taking arms;
To keep the nation's wounds too wide
From healing up of side to side;
Profess the passionat'st concerns
For both their interests by turns,
The only way t' improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none;
(As bowls run true, by being made
On purpose false, and to be sway'd)

For if we should be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together;
And therefore have no other means
To stand upon our own defence,
But keeping up our ancient party
In vigour, confident and hearty:
To reconcile our late dissenters,
Our brethren, though by other venters;
Unite them, and their different maggots,
As long and short sticks are in faggots,
And make them join again as close,
As when they first began t' espouse;
Erect them into separate
New Jewish tribes in church and state;
To join in marriage and commerce,
And only among themselves converse,
And all, that are not of their mind,
Make enemies to all mankind:
Take all religions in, and stickle
From conclave down to conventicle;
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
According to the light in being;
Sometimes for liberty of conscience,
And spiritual misrule, in one sense;
But in another quite contrary,
As dispensations chance to vary;
And stand for, as the times will bear it,
All contradictions of the spirit:
Protect their emissaries, empower'd
To preach sedition and the word;
And, when they 're hamper'd by the laws,
Release the labourers for the cause,
And turn the persecution back
On those that made the first attack,
To keep them equally in awe
From breaking or maintaining law:
And, when they have their fits too soon,
Before the full-tides of the Moon,
Put off their zeal t' a fitter season,
For sowing faction in and treason;
And keep them hooded, and their churches,
Like hawks, from baiting on their perches,
That, when the blessed time shall come
Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
They may be ready to restore
Their own fifth monarchy once more.
" Meanwhile be better arm'd to fence
Against revolts of Providence,
By watching narrowly, and snapping
All blind sides of it, as they happen:
For, if success could make us saints,
Our ruin turn'd us miscreants;
A scandal that would fall too hard
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.
" These are the courses we must run,
Spite of our hearts, or be undone,
And not to stand on terms and freaks,
Before we have secur'd our necks;
But do our work as out of sight,
As stars by day, and suns by night;
All licence of the people own,
In opposition to the crown;
And for the crown as fiercely side,
The head and body to divide:
The end of all we first design'd,
And all that yet remains behind.
Be sure to spare no public rapine,
On all emergencies that happen;
For 'tis as easy to supplant
Authority, as men in want;
As some of us, in trusts, have made
The one hand with the other trade;
Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,
The right a thief, the left receiver;
And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,
The other, by as sly, retail'd.
For gain has wonderful effects,
T' improve the factory of sects;
The rule of faith in all professions,
And great Diana of th' Ephesians;
Whence turning of religion 's made
The means to turn and wind a trade:
And though some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a course,
And draw in store of customers,
To thrive the better in commerce:
For all religions flock together,
Like tame and wild fowl of a feather;
To nab the itches of their sects,
As jades do one another's necks.
Hence 'tis, hypocrisy as well
Will serve t' improve a church, as zeal;
As persecution, or promotion,
Do equally advance devotion.
" Let business, like ill watches, go
Sometime too fast, sometime too slow;
For things in order are put out
So easy, ease itself will do 't:
But, when the feat 's design'd and meant,
What miracle can bar th' event?
For 'tis more easy to betray,
Than ruin any other way.
" All possible occasions start,
The weightiest matters to divert;
Obstruct, perplex, distract, entangle,
And lay perpetual trains to wraugle;
But in affairs of less import,
That neither do us good nor hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply,
And seem as scrupulously just,
To bait our hooks for greater trust.
But still be careful to cry down
All public actions, though our own;
The least miscarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the state:
Express the horrid'st detestation,
And pity the distracted nation;
Tell stories scandalous and false,
I' th' proper language of cabals,
Where all a subtle statesman says,
Is half in words, and half in face;
(As Spaniards talk in dialogues
Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs)
Intrust it under solemn vows
Of mum, and silence, and the rose,
To be retail'd again in whispers,
For th' easy credulous to disperse."
Thus far the statesman—When a shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out;
And straight another, all aghast,
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste,
Who star'd about, as pale as death,
And, for a while, as out of breath,
Till, having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits:
" That beastly rabble—that came down
From all the garrets—in the town,
And stalls, and shop-boards—in vast swarms,
With new-chalk'd bills, and rusty arms,

To cry the cause—up, heretofore,
And bawl the bishops—out of door,
Are now drawn up—in greater shoals,
To roast—and broil us on the coals,
And all the grandees—of our members
Are carbonading—on the embers;
Knights, citizens, and burgesses—
Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese.
That serve for characters—and badges
To represent their personages;
Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
In which they roast, and scorch, and broil,
And every representative
Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive.
" And 'tis a miracle we are not
Already sacrific'd incarnate;
For while we wrangle here, and jar,
We 're grillied all at Temple-bar;
Some, on the sign-post of an alehouse,
Hang in effigie, on the gallows,
Made up of rags to personate
Respective officers of state;
That, henceforth, they may stand reputed,
Proscrib'd in law, and executed,
And, while the work is carrying on,
Be ready listed under Dun,
That worthy patriot, once the bellows
And tinder-box of all his fellows;
The activ'st member of the five,
As well as the most primitive;
Who, for his faithful service then,
Is chosen for a fifth again [7]:
(For since the state has made a quint
Of generals, he 's listed in 't)
This worthy, as the world will say,
Is paid in specie his own way;
For, moulded to the life, in clouts
They 've pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,
He 's mounted on a hazel bavin,
A cropp'd malignant baker gave them;
And to the largest bonfire riding,
They 've roasted Cook already and Pride in;
On whom, in equipage and state,
His scarecrow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at thanksgivings th' us'd to do,
Each in a tatter'd talisman,
Like vermin in effigie slain.
" But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
Those rumps are but the tail o' th' beast,
Set up by popish engineers,
As by the crackers plainly appears;
For none, but Jesuits, have a mission
To preach the faith with ammunition,
And propagate the church with powder;
Their founder was a blown-up soldier.
These spiritual pioneers o' th' whore's,
That have the charge of all her stores,
Since first they fail'd in their designs,
To take-in Heaven by springing mines,
And with unanswerable barrels
Of gunpowder dispute their quarrels,
Now take a course more practicable,
By laying trains to fire the rabble,
And blow us up, in th' open streets,
Disguis'd in rumps, like sambenites,
More like to ruin and confound,
Than all their doctrines under ground.
" Nor have they chosen rumps amiss,
For symbols of state-mysteries,
Though some suppose 'twas but to shew
How much they scorn'd the saints, the few,
Who, 'cause they 're wasted to the stumps,
Are represented best by rumps.
But Jesuits have deeper reaches
In all their politic far-fetches,
And from the Coptic priest Kircherus [8],
Found out this mystic way to jeer us:
For as th' Egyptians us'd by bees
T' express their antique Ptolomies,
And by their stings, the swords they wore,
Held forth authority and power;
Because these subtle animals
Bear all their interests in their tails,
And when they 're once impair'd in that,
Are banish'd their well-order'd state;
They thought all governments were best
By hieroglyphic rumps exprest,
" For as, in bodies natural,
The rump 's the fundament of all;
So, in a commonwealth or realm,
The government is call'd the helm,
With which, like vessels under sail,
They 're turn'd and winded by the tail;
The tail, which birds and fishes steer
Their courses with through sea and air,
To whom the rudder of the rump is
The same thing with the stern and compass.
This shows how perfectly the rump
And commonwealth in Nature jump:
For as a fly, that goes to bed,
Rests with his tail above his head;
So, in this mongrel state of ours,
The rabble are the supreme powers,
That hors'd us on their backs, to show us
A jadish trick at last, and throw us.
" The learned rabbins of the Jews
Write, there 's a bone, which they call luez,
I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,
No force in Nature can do hurt to;
And therefore, at the last great day,
All th' other members shall, they say,
Spring out of this, as from a seed
All sorts of vegetals proceed;
From whence the learned sons of Art
Os sacrum justly style that part:
Then what can better represent,
Than this rump-bone, the parliament,
That, after several rude ejections,
And as prodigious resurrections,
With new reversions of nine lives,
Starts up, and, like a cat, revives?
But now, alas! they 're all expir'd,
And th' house, as well as members, fir'd:
Consum'd in kennels by the rout,
With which they other fires put out;
Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress,
And paltry, private wretchedness;

[7] Sir Arthur Hazlerig, one of the five members of the house of commons, was impeached 1641-2; was governor of Newcastle upon Tyne, had the bishop of Durham's house, park, and manor of Aukland, and 6500*l.* in money given him. He died in the Tower of London, Jan. 8, 1661.

[8] Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit, hath written largely on the Egyptian mystical learning. *Kirkerus*, in the two first editions.

Worse than the Devil to privation,
Beyond all hopes of restoration;
And parted, like the body and soul,
From all dominion and controul.
"We, who could lately, with a look,
Enact, establish, or revoke;
Whose arbitrary nods gave law,
And frowns kept multitudes in awe;
Before the bluster of whose huff,
All hats, as in a storm, flew off;
Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
Down to the footman and valet;
Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,
And prayers, than the crowns of hats;
Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,
For ruin 's just as low as high;
Which might be suffer'd, were it all
The horrour that attends our fall:
For some of us have scores more large
Than heads and quarters can discharge;
And others, who, by restless scraping,
With public frauds, and private rapine,
Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,
Would gladly lay down all at last;
And, to be but undone, entail
Their vessels on perpetual jail,
And bless the Devil to let them farms
Of forfeit soul, on no worse terms."
This said, a near and louder shout
Put all th' assembly to the rout;
Who now began to outrun their fear,
As horses do, from those they bear;
But crowded on with so much haste,
Until they 'ad block'd the passage fast,
And barricadoed it with haunches
Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,
And rather save a crippled piece
Of all their crush'd and broken members,
Than have them grillied on the embers;
Still pressing on with heavy packs
Of one another on their backs,
The vanguard could no longer bear
The charges of the forlorn rear,
But, borne down headlong by the rout,
Were trampled sorely under foot;
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable
As th' horrid cookery of the rabble;
And fear, that keeps all feeling out,
As lesser pains are by the gout,
Reliev'd them with a fresh supply
Of rallied force, enough to fly,
And beat a Tuscan running-horse,
Whose jockey-rider is all spurs.

PART III. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The knight and squire's prodigious flight
To quit th' enchanted bower by night.
He plods to turn his amorous suit
T' a plea in law, and prosecute:
Repairs to counsel, to advise
'Bout managing the enterprize;
But first resolves to try by letter,
And one more fair address, to get her.

Who would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself, of fears,
That spring, like fern, that insect weed,
Equivocally, without seed,
And have no possible foundation,
But merely in th' imagination?
And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats;
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their nurseries of elves.
For Fear does things so like a witch,
'Tis hard to unriddle which is which;
Sets up communities of senses,
To chop and change intelligences;
As Rosicrucian virtuosis
Can see with ears, and hear with noses;
And, when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supplied by fear,
That makes them in the dark see visions,
And hag themselves with apparitions,
And, when their eyes discover least,
Discern the subtlest objects best;
Do things not contrary alone
To th' course of Nature, but its own;
The courage of the bravest daunt,
And turn poltroons as valiant:
For men as resolute appear
With too much, as too little fear;
And, when they 're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from Death by dying;
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fled, like lions, rout.
This Hudibras had prov'd too true,
Who, by the Furies left *perdue*,
And haunted with detachments, sent
From marshal Legion's regiment,
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and rescued with a cheat;
When nothing but himself, and fear,
Was both the imps and conjurer;
As, by the rules o' th' virtuosi,
It follows in due form of poesie.
Disguis'd in all the masks of night,
We left our champion on his flight,
At blindman's buff, to grope his way,
In equal fear of night and day;
Who took his dark and desperate course,
He knew no better than his horse;
And, by an unknown Devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled:
He never was in greater need,
Nor less capacity of speed;
Disabled, both in man and beast,
To fly and run away, his best;
To keep the enemy, and fear,
From equal falling on his rear.
And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd
The further and the nearer side,
(As seamen ride with all their force,
And tug as if they row'd the horse,
And, when the hackney sails most swift,
Believe they lag, or run adrift);
So, though he posted e'er so fast,
His fear was greater than his haste:
For fear, though fleeter than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the Moon began t' appear,
And shift t' another scene his fear,
He found his new officious shade,
That came so timely to his aid,
And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,
Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,

So like in person, garb, and pitch,
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.
For Ralpho had no sooner told
The lady all he had t' unfold,
But she convey'd him out of sight,
To entertain the approaching knight;
And, while he gave himself diversion,
T' accommodate his beast and person,
And put his beard into a posture
At best advantage to accost her,
She order'd th' antimasquerade
(For his reception) aforesaid:
But, when the ceremony was done,
The lights put out, the Furies gone,
And Hudibras, among the rest,
Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd,
The wretched caitiff, all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his story to himself,
The knight mistook him for an elf;
And did so still, till he began
To scruple at Ralph's outward man,
And thought, because they oft agreed
T' appear in one another's stead,
And act the saint's and Devil's part,
With undistinguishable art,
They might have done so now, perhaps,
And put on one another's shapes;
And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,
"What art? My squire, or that bold sprite
That took his place and shape to-night?
Some busy independent pug,
Retainer to his synagogue?"
"Alas!" quoth he, "I 'm none of those
Your boh'n friends, as you suppose,
But Ralph himself, your trusty squire,
Who 'as dragg'd your Dunship out o' th' mire,
And from th' enchantments of a widow,
Who 'ad turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you;
And, though a prisoner of war,
Have brought you safe, where now you are;
Which you would gratefully repay
Your constant presbyterian way."
"That's stranger," quoth the knight, "and stranger;
Who gave thee notice of my danger?"
Quoth he, "Th' infernal conjurer
Pursu'd, and took me prisoner;
And, knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along, to find you out.
Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they said or did:
And, though they lay to him the pageant,
did not see him, nor his agent;
Who play'd their sorceries out of sight,
T' avoid a fiercer, second fight."
"But didst thou see no devils then?"
"Not one," quoth he, "but carnal men,
A little worse than fiends in Hell,
And that she-devil Jezabel,
That laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision,
To see them take your deposition."
"What then," quoth Hudibras, "was he
That play'd the Devil to examine me?"
A rallying weaver in the town,
That did it in a parson's gown;
Whom all the parish takes for gifted,
But for my part I ne'er believ'd it:
In which you told them all your feats,
Your conscientious frauds and cheats;
Deny'd your whipping, and confess'd
The naked truth of all the rest,
More plainly than the reverend writer
That to our churches veil'd his mitre;
All which they took in black and white,
And cudgell'd me to underwrite."
"What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone,
To act the Devil, and forbear
To rid me of my hellish fear?"
Quoth he, "I knew your constant rate,
And frame of spirit too obstinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon,
With any motives of my own;
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The Devil a while, to nick your wit;
The Devil, that is your constant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye;
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty drubs confuting."
The knight, who now began to find
They 'ad left the enemy behind,
And saw no further harm remain
But feeble weariness and pain,
Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,
They 'ad gain'd th' advantage of the day,
And, by declining of the road,
They had, by chance, their rear made good,
He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,
That partings wont to rant and tear,
And give the desperat'st attack
To danger still behind its back:
For, having paus'd to recollect,
And on his past success reflect;
T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly;
And, when no Devil had appear'd,
What else it could be said he fear'd:
It put him in so fierce a rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage;
Toss'd, like a foot-ball, back again
With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.
Quoth he, "It was thy cowardice
That made me from this leaguer rise,
And, when I 'ad half-reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamously base:
Was better cover'd by the new-
Arriv'd detachment, than I knew;
To slight my new acquests, and run,
Victoriously, from battles won;
And, reckoning all I gain'd or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost;
To make me put myself to flight,
And, conquering, run away by night;
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
Durst never have presum'd to do;
To mount me in the dark, by force,
Upon the bare ridge of my horse,
Expos'd in querpo to their rage,
Without my arms and equipage;
Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
I might th' unequal fight renew;
And, to preserve thy outward man,
Assum'd my place, and led the van."
"All this," quoth Ralph, "I did, 'tis true,
Not to preserve myself, but you:
You, who were damn'd to baser drubs
Than wretches feel in powdering-tubs;
To mount two-wheel'd caroches, worse
Than managing a wooden horse;

"For what bigot durst ever draw,
By inward light, a deed in law?
Or could hold forth, by revelation,
An answer to a declaration?
For those that meddle with their tools,
Will cut their fingers, if they 're fools:
And if you follow their advice,
In bills, and answers, and replies,
They 'll write a love-letter in chancery,
Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,
And soon reduce her to b' your wife,
Or make her weary of her life."
The knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts
To edify by Ralpho's gifts,
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better seem his own,
(All plagiaries' constant course
Of sinking, when they take a purse)
Resolv'd to follow his advice,
But kept it from him by disguise;
And, after stubborn contradiction,
To counterfeit his own conviction,
And, by transition, fall upon
The resolution, as his own,
Quoth he, "This gambol thou advisest
Is, of all others, the unwisest;
For, if I think by law to gain her,
There 's nothing sillier nor vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
Where nothing 's certain but th' expense;
To act against myself, and traverse
My suit and title to her favours;
And if she should, which Heaven forbid,
O'erthrow me, as the fiddler did,
What after-course have I to take,
'Gainst losing all I have at stake?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd,
Is sillier than a sottish chouse,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,
Applies himself to cunning-men,
To help him to his goods again;
When all he can expect to gain
Is but to squander more in vain:
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play:
For to reduce her by main force
Is now in vain; by fair means, worse;
But worst of all to give her over,
Till she 's as desperate to recover:
For bad games are thrown up too soon,
Until they 're never to be won.
But, since I have no other course,
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse,
He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still,
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known;
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For Sidrophel resolves to sue;
Whom I must answer, or begin,
Inevitably, first with him;
For I 've receiv'd advertisement,
By times enough, of his intent;
And, knowing he that first complains
Th' advantage of the business gains;
For courts of justice understand
The plaintiff to be eldest hand;
Who what he pleases may aver,
The other nothing till he swear;
Is freely admitted to all grace,
And lawful favour, by his place;
And, for his bringing custom in,
Has all advantages to win:
I, who resolve to oversee
No lucky opportunity,
Will go to counsel, to advise
Which way t' encounter or surprise;
And, after long consideration,
Have found out one to fit th' occasion,
Most apt for what I have to do,
As counsellor, and justice too."
And truly so, no doubt, he was,
A lawyer fit for such a case.
An old dull sot, who told the clock,
For many years, at Bridewell Dock,
At Westminster, and Hick's Hall,
And *hiccius doctius* play'd in all;
Where, in all governments and times,
He 'ad been both friend and foe to crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By hindering justice, or maintaining:
To many a whore gave privilege,
And whipp'd, for want of quarterage;
Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,
For being behind a fortnight's rent;
And many a trusty pimp and crony
To Puddle Dock, for want of money;
Engag'd the constable to seize
All those that would not break the peace;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though sometimes commoners or lords,
And kept them prisoners of course,
For being sober at ill hours;
That in the morning he might free,
Or bind them over, for his fee:
Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
For leave to practise in their ways;
Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share
With th' headborough and scavenger;
And made the dirt i' th' streets compound
For taking up the public ground;
The kennel, and the king's highway,
For being unmolested, pay;
Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,
And cage, to those that gave him most;
Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,
And, for false weights, on chandeleers;
Made victuallers and vintners fine
For arbitrary ale and wine;
But was a kind and constant friend
To all that regularly offend;
As residentiary bawds,
And brokers that receive stol'n goods;
That cheat in lawful mysteries,
And pay church-duties and his fees;
But was implacable and awkward
To all that interlop'd and hawker'd.
To this brave man the knight repairs
For counsel in his law affairs;
And found him mounted, in his pew,
With books and money plac'd for shew,
Like nest-eggs, to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay:
To whom the knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case;
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As th' other courteously strain'd;
And, to assure him 'twas not that
He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.

Quoth he, "There is one Sidrophel
Whom I have cudgel'd"—"Very well."
"And now he brags to have beaten me"—
"Better, and better still," quoth he.
"And vows to stick me to a wall,
Where'er he meets me"—"Best of all."
"'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath,
That I robb'd him"—"Well done, in troth."
"When he 'as confess'd he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took;
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my goods again"—"Marry, hang him."
"Now, whether I should beforehand,
Swear he robb'd me?"—"I understand."
"Or bring my action of conversion
And trover for my goods?"—"Ah, whoreson."
"Or, if 'tis better to indict,
And bring him to his trial?"—"Right."
"Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him?"—"True."
"Or whether he that is defendant,
In this case has the better end on 't;
Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse the action?"—"Better still."
"Then there 's a lady, too"—"Aye, marry."
"That 's easily prov'd accessary;
A widow, who, by solemn vows
Contracted to me, for my spouse,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all"—"Good Lord!"
"Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the Devil of Hell;
Who put m' into a horrid fear,
Fear of my life"—"Make that appear."
"Made an assault with fiends and men
Upon my body"—"Good again."
"And kept me in a deadly fright,
And false imprisonment, all night.
Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,
And stole my saddle"—"Worse and worse."
"And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage."
"Sir," quoth the lawyer, "not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim:
For if they 've us'd you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy;
I would it were my case, I 'd give
More than I 'll say, or you 'll believe:
I would so trounce her, and her purse,
I 'd make her kneel for better or worse;
For matrimony and hanging, here,
Both go by destiny so clear,
That you as sure may pick and choose,
As cross I win, and pile you lose:
And, if I durst, I would advance
As much in ready maintenance,
As upon any case I 've known;
But we that practise dare not own:
The law severely contrabands
Our taking business off men's hands;
'Tis common barratry, that bears
Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
And crops them till there is not leather,
To stick a pin in, left of either;
Or which some do the summer-sault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault:
But you may swear, at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the state;
For in all courts of justice here,
A witness is not said to swear,
But make oath; that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms."
"I thank you," quoth the knight, "for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose pat."—
"For Justice, though she 's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclin'd,
Like Charity; else right and wrong
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a sleight
Convey men's interest and right
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's,
As easily as *hocus pocus*;
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious;
And clear again, like *hiccius doctius*.
Then, whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife,
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters pass,
The business to the law 's alone,
The proof is all it looks upon;
And you can want no witnesses,
To swear to any thing you please,
That hardly get their mere expenses
By th' labour of their consciences,
Or letting out, to hire, their ears
To affidavit customers,
At inconsiderable values,
To serve for jurymen, or tales,
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters
Of trustees and administrators."
"For that," quoth he, "let me alone;
We 've store of such, and all our own,
Bred up and tutor'd by our teachers,
The ablest of conscience-stretchers."
"That 's well," quoth he; "but I should guess,
By weighing all advantages,
Your surest way is first to pitch
On Bongey[9] for a water-witch;
And when ye 've hang'd the conjurer,
Ye 've time enough to deal with her.
In th' interim spare for no trepans
To draw her neck into the banns;
Ply her with love-letters and billets,
And bait them well, for quirks and quillets,
With trains t' inveigle and surprise
Her heedless answers and replies;
And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
They 'll serve for other by-designs;
And make an artist understand
To copy out her seal, or hand;
Or find void places in the paper,
To steal in something to entrap her;
Till with her worldly goods, and body,
Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye:

[9] Bongey was a Franciscan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century; a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular acquaintance of friar Bacon's. In that ignorant age every thing that seemed extraordinary was reputed magic, and so both Bacon and Bongey went under the imputation of studying the black art. Bongey also, publishing a treatise of natural magic, confirmed some well-meaning credulous people in this opinion; but it was altogether groundless, for Bongey was chosen provincial of his order, being a person of most excellent parts and piety.

Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply i' th' Temples, under trees,
Or walk the round, with knights o' th' posts,
About the cross'd-legg'd knights, their hosts;
Or wait for customers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-inn;
Where vouches, forgers, common-bail,
And affidavit-men, ne'er fail
T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
According to their ears and clothes,
Their only necessary tools,
Besides the gospel, and their souls;
And, when ye 're furnish'd with all purveys,
I shall be ready at your service."
"I would not give," quoth Hudibras,
"A straw to understand a case,
Without the admirable skill
To wind and manage it at will;
To veer, and tack, and steer a cause,
Against the weather-gage of laws,
And ring the changes upon cases,
As plain as noses upon faces,
As you have well instructed me,
For which you 've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee.
I long to practise your advice,
And try the subtle artifice;
To bait a letter, as you bid."
As, not long after, thus he did;
For, having pump'd up all his wit,
And hum'd upon it, thus he writ.

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE

OF

HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

I, who was once as great as Cæsar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;
And, from as fam'd a conqueror
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exercise in battle,
By you turn'd out to grass with cattle:
For, since I am deny'd access
To all my earthly happiness,
Am fallen from the paradise
Of your good graces, and fair eyes;
Lost to the world and you, I 'm sent
To everlasting banishment,
Where all the hopes I had to 've won
Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own.
Yet, if you were not so severe
To pass your doom before you hear,
You 'd find, upon my just defence,
How much you 've wrong'd my innocence.
That once I made a vow to you,
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;
But not because it is unpaid,
'Tis violated, though delay'd:
Or, if it were, it is no fault,
So heinous as you 'd have it thought;
To undergo the loss of ears,
Like vulgar hackney perjurers:
For there 's a difference in the case,
Between the noble and the base;
Who always are observ'd to 've done 't
Upon as different an account;
The one for great and weighty cause,
To salve, in honour, ugly flaws;
For none are like to do it sooner,
Than those who 're nicest of their honours
The other, for base gain and pay,
Forswear and perjure by the day,
And make th' exposing and retailing
Their souls and consciences a calling.
It is no scandal nor aspersion,
Upon a great and noble person,
To say he naturally abhorr'd
Th' old-fashion'd trick to keep his word,
Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame,
In meaner men, to do the same:
For to be able to forget,
Is found more useful to the great,
Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,
To make them pass for wondrous wise.
But though the law, on perjurers,
Inflicts the forfeiture of ears,
It is not just, that does exempt
The guilty, and punish th' innocent;
To make the ears repair the wrong
Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue;
And, when one member is forsworn,
Another to be cropt or torn.
And if you should, as you design,
By course of law, recover mine,
You 're like, if you consider right,
To gain but little honour by 't.
For he, that for his lady's sake
Lays down his life, or limbs, at stake,
Does not so much deserve her favour,
As he that pawns his soul to have her.
This ye 've acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now disdain to own;
But sentence what you rather ought
T' esteem good service than a fault.
Besides, oaths are not bound to bear
That literal sense the words infer;
But, by the practice of the age,
Are to be judg'd how far they engage;
And, where the sense by custom 's checkt,
Are found void and of none effect;
For no man takes or keeps a vow,
But just as he sees others do;
Nor are they oblig'd to be so brittle,
As not to yield and bow a little:
For as best-temper'd blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round;
So truest oaths are still most tough,
And, though they bow, are breaking proof.
Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd
In love a greater latitude?
For, as the law of arms approves
All ways to conquest, so should love's;
And not be ty'd to true or false,
But make that justest that prevails:
For how can that which is above
All empire, high and mighty Love,
Submit its great prerogative
To any other power alive?
Shall Love, that to no crown gives place,
Become the subject of a case?
The fundamental law of Nature
Be over-rul'd by those made after?
Commit the censure of its cause
To any but its own great laws?
Love, that 's the world's preservative,
That keeps all souls of things alive;

ontrouls the mighty power of Fate,
nd gives mankind a longer date;
he life of Nature, that restores
s fast as Time and Death devours;
o whose free-gift the world does owe
ot only Earth, but Heaven too:
or love 's the only trade that 's driven,
he interest of state in Heaven,
Vhich nothing but the soul of man
capable to entertain,
or what can Earth produce, but love,
o represent the joys above?
r who, but lovers, can converse,
ike angels, by the eye-discourse?
ddress and compliment by vision,
Iake love and court by intuition?
nd burn in amorous flames as fierce
s those celestial ministers?
hen how can any thing offend,
n order to so great an end?
r Heaven itself a sin resent,
hat for its own supply was meant?
hat merits, in a kind mistake,
pardon for th' offence's sake?
r if it did not, but the cause
Vere left to th' injury of laws,
Vhat tyranny can disapprove
here should be equity in love?
or laws, that are inanimate,
nd feel no sense of love or hate,
hat have no passion of their own,
or pity to be wrought upon,
re only proper to inflict
evenge, on criminals, as strict:
ut to have power to forgive,
empire and prerogative;
nd 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
o grant a pardon than condemn.
hen, since so few do what they ought,
'is great t' indulge a well-meant fault;
or why should he who made address
ll humble ways, without success,
nd met with nothing in return
ut insolence, affronts, and scorn,
ot strive by wit to countermine,
nd bravely carry his design?
e who was us'd so unlike a soldier,
lown up with philtres of love-powder;
nd, after letting blood, and purging,
ondemn'd to voluntary scourging;
larm'd with many a horrid fright,
nd claw'd by goblins in the night;
nsulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,
Vith rude invasion of his beard;
nd, when your sex was foully scandal'd,
s foully by the rabble handled;
ttack'd by despicable foes,
nd drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows;
nd, after all, to be debarr'd
o much as standing on his guard;
Vhen horses, being spurr'd and prick'd,
lave leave to kick for being kick'd?
Or why should you, whose mother-wits
re furnish'd with all perquisites,
hat with your breeding teeth begin,
nd nursing babies that lie in,
' allow'd to put all tricks upon
ur cully sex, and we use none?
Ve, who have nothing but frail vows
gainst your stratagems t' oppose,
Or oaths more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down?
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating eye;
Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us into ambushes:
As pirates all false colours wear,
T' intrap th' unwary mariner;
So women, to surprise us, spread
The borrow'd flags of white and red;
Display them thicker on their cheeks,
Than their old grandmothers, the Picts;
And raise more devils with their looks,
Than conjurers' less subtle books:
Lay trains of amorous intrigues,
In towers, and curls, and periwigs,
With greater art and cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard;
Prepost'rously t' entice and gain
Those to adore them they disdain;
And only draw them in to clog,
With idle names, a catalogue.
A lover is, the more he 's brave,
T' his mistress but the more a slave,
And whatsoever she commands,
Becomes a favour from her hands,
Which he 's oblig'd t' obey, and must,
Whether it be unjust or just.
Then, when he is compell'd by her
T' adventures he would else forbear,
Who, with his honour, can withstand,
Since force is greater than command?
And when necessity 's obey'd,
Nothing can be unjust or bad:
And therefore when the mighty powers
Of Love, our great ally, and your's,
Join'd forces, not to be withstood
By frail enamour'd flesh and blood,
All I have done, unjust or ill,
Was in obedience to your will;
And all the blame, that can be due,
Falls to your cruelty and you.
Nor are those scandals I confest,
Against my will and interest,
More than is daily done, of course,
By all men, when they 're under force:
Whence some, upon the rack, confess
What th' hangman and their prompters please;
But are no sooner out of pain,
Than they deny it all again.
But when the Devil turns confessor,
Truth is a crime he takes no pleasure
To hear or pardon, like the founder
Of liars, whom they all claim under:
And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiser done.
Nor am I without precedent,
The first that on th' adventure went;
All mankind ever did of course,
And daily does, the same, or worse.
For what romance can show a lover,
That had a lady to recover,
And did not steer a nearer course,
To fall aboard in his amours?
And what at first was held a crime,
Has turn'd to honourable in time.
To what a height did infant Rome,
By ravishing of women, come?
When men upon their spouses seiz'd,
And freely marry'd where they pleas'd;

They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,
Nor, in the mind they were in, dy'd;
Nor took the pains t' address and sue,
Nor play'd the masquerade, to woo:
Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents,
Nor juggled about settlements;
Did need no licence, nor no priest,
Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist,
Nor lawyers, to join land and money
In th' holy state of matrimony,
Before they settled hands and hearts,
Till alimony or death departs;
Nor would endure to stay until
They 'ad got the very bride's good will,
But took a wise and shorter course
To win the ladies, downright force;
And justly made them prisoners then,
As they have, often since, us men,
With acting plays, and dancing jigs,
The luckiest of all Love's intrigues;
And, when they had them at their pleasure,
They talk'd of love and flames at leisure;
For, after matrimony 's over,
He that holds out but half a lover,
Deserves, for every minute, more
Than half a year of love before;
For which the dames, in contemplation
Of that best way of application,
Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known
By suit or treaty to be won;
And such as all posterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.
For women first were made for men,
Not men for them.—It follows, then,
That men have right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own;
And therefore men have power to choose,
But they no charter to refuse.
Hence 'tis apparent that, what course
Soe'er we take to your amours,
Though by the indirectest way,
'Tis no injustice nor foul play;
And that you ought to take that course,
As we take you, for better or worse,
And gratefully submit to those
Who you, before another, chose.
For why should every savage beast
Exceed his great lord's interest?
Have freer power than he, in Grace
And Nature, o'er the creature has?
Because the laws he since has made
Have cut off all the power he had;
Retrench'd the absolute dominion
That Nature gave him over women;
When all his power will not extend
One law of Nature to suspend;
And but to offer to repeal
The smallest clause, is to repel.
This, if men rightly understood
Their privilege, they would make good,
And not, like sots, permit their wives
T' encroach on their prerogatives;
For which sin they deserve to be
Kept, as they are, in slavery:
And this some precious gifted teachers,
Unreverently reputed leachers,
And disobey'd in making love,
Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
And make ye suffer, as you ought,
For that uncharitable fault:
But I forget myself, and rove
Beyond th' instructions of my love.
Forgive me, fair, and only blame
Th' extravagancy of my flame,
Since 'tis too much at once to show
Excess of love and temper too;
All I have said that 's bad and true,
Was never meant to aim at you,
Who have so sovereign a controul
O'er that poor slave of your's, my soul,
That, rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventured loss of Heaven too;
Both with an equal power possest,
To render all that serve you blest;
But none like him, who 's destin'd either
To have or lose you both together;
And, if you 'll but this fault release,
(For so it must be, since you please)
I 'll pay down all that vow, and more,
Which you commanded, and I swore,
And expiate, upon my skin,
Th' arrears in full of all my sin:
For 'tis but just that I should pay
Th' accruing penance for delay;
Which shall be done, until it move
Your equal pity and your love.—
The knight, perusing this epistle,
Believ'd he 'ad brought her to his whistle,
And read it, like a jocund lover,
With great applause, t' himself, twice over;
Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit
And humble distance, to his wit,
And dated it with wondrous art,
"Giv'n from the bottom of his heart;"
Then seal'd it with his coat of love,
A smoking faggot—and above,
Upon a scroll—"I burn and weep,"
And near it—"For her Ladyship,
Of all her sex most excellent,
These to her gentle hands present;"
Then gave it to his faithful squire,
With lessons how to observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the letter:
But, guessing that it might import,
Though nothing else, at least her sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a smile and leering flout;
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd.

THE LADY'S ANSWER

TO

THE KNIGHT.

That you 're a beast, and turn'd to grass,
Is no strange news, nor ever was,
At least to me, who once, you know,
Did from the pound replevin you,
When both your sword and spurs were won
In combat by an Amazon;
That sword, that did, like Fate, determine
Th' inevitable death of vermin,
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the throats of pigs and cows,

by Trulla was, in single fight,
Disarm'd and wrested from its knight;
'our heels degraded of your spurs,
nd in the stocks close prisoners,
Where still they 'ad lain, in base restraint,
f I, in pity of your complaint,
ad not, on honourable conditions,
eleas'd them from the worst of prisons;
nd what return that favour met
ou cannot (though you would) forget;
Then, being free, you strove t' evade
he oaths you had in prison made;
orswore yourself, and first deny'd it,
ut after own'd, and justify'd it;
nd, when ye 'ad falsely broke one vow,
beolv'd yourself by breaking two:
or, while you sneakingly submit,
nd beg for pardon at our feet,
iscourag'd by your guilty fears,
o hope for quarter for your ears,
nd doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
ou claim us boldly as your due;
eclare, that treachery and force,
o deal with us, is th' only course;
Ve have no title nor pretence
o body, soul, or conscience,
ot ought to fall to that man's share,
hat claims us for his proper ware:
hese are the motives which, t' induce,
r fright us into love, you use;
pretty new way of gallanting,
etween soliciting and ranting!
ike sturdy beggars, that entreat
or charity at once, and threat.
ut, since you undertake to prove
'our own propriety in love,
s if we were but lawful prize
a war between two enemies,
r forfeitures, which every lover,
hat would but sue for, might recover;
is not hard to understand
he mystery of this bold demand,
hat cannot at our persons aim,
ut something capable of claim.
'Tis not those paltry counterfeit
rench stones, which in our eyes you set,
ut our right diamonds, that inspire
nd set your amorous hearts on fire:
or can those false St. Martin's beads,
hich on our lips you lay for reds,
nd make us wear like Indian dames,
ld fuel to your scorching flames;
ut those two rubies of the rock,
hich in our cabinets we look.
'is not those orient pearls, our teeth,
hat you are so transported with;
ut those we wear about our necks,
roduce those amorous effects.
or is 't those threads of gold, our hair,
he periwigs you make us wear;
ut those bright guineas in our chests,
hat light the wildfire in your breasts.
hese love-tricks I 've been vers'd in so,
hat all their sly intrigues I know,
nd can unriddle, by their tones,
heir mystic cabals, and jargones;
an tell what passions, by their sounds,
ine for the beauties of my grounds;
hat raptures fond and amorous
' th' charms and graces of my house;
What ecstasy and scorching flame
Burns for my money in my name;
What, from th' unnatural desire
To beasts and cattle, takes its fire;
What tender sigh and trickling tear
Longs for a thousand pounds a year;
And languishing transports are fond
Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.
These are th' attracts which most men fall
Enamour'd, at first sight, withal;
To these th' address with serenades,
And court with balls and masquerades;
And yet, for all the yearning pain
Ye 'ave suffer'd for their loves in vain,
I fear they 'll prove so nice and coy,
To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy,
That, all your oaths and labour lost,
They 'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Post.
This is not meant to disapprove
Your judgment, in your choice of love,
Which is so wise, the greatest part
Of mankind study 't as an art;
For love should, like a deodand,
Still fall to th' owner of the land;
And, where there 's substance for its ground,
Cannot but be more firm and sound,
Than that which has the slighter basis
Of airy virtue, wit, and graces;
Which is of such thin subtlety,
It steals and creeps in at the eye,
And, as it can't endure to stay,
Steals out again as nice a way.
But love, that its extraction owns
From solid gold and precious stones,
Must, like its shining parents, prove
As solid, and as glorious love.
Hence 'tis you have no way t' express
Our charms and graces but by these;
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty invades and conquers with,
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which a philtre love commands?
This is the way all parents prove
In managing their children's love,
That force them t' intermarry and wed,
As if th' were burying of the dead;
Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
To join in wedlock all they have,
And, when the settlement 's in force,
Take all the rest for better or worse;
For money has a power above
The stars, and Fate, to manage Love,
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.
And, though some say the parents claims
To make love in their children's names;
Who, many times, at once provide
The nurse, the husband, and the bride,
Feel darts, and charms, attracts, and flames,
And woo and contract in their names,
And, as they christen, use to marry them,
And, like their gossips, answer for them;
Is not to give in matrimony,
But sell and prostitute for money;
'Tis better than their own betrothing,
Who often do 't for worse than nothing;
And, when they 're at their own dispose,
With greater disadvantage choose.
All this is right; but, for the course
You take to do 't, by fraud or force,

REESE

'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done,
No more than setters can betray,
That tell what tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at best, is but a vow,
Which all men either break or bow:
Then what will those forbear to do,
Who perjure when they do but woo?
Such as beforehand swear and lie,
For earnest to their treachery,
And, rather than a crime confess,
With greater strive to make it less?
Like thieves, who, after sentence past,
Maintain their innocence to the last;
And, when their crimes were made appear,
As plain as witnesses can swear,
Yet, when the wretches come to die,
Will take upon their death a lie.
Nor are the virtues you confess'd
T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd,
So slight as to be justify'd,
By being as shamefully deny'd;
As if you thought your word would pass,
Point-blank, on both sides of a case;
Or credit were not to be lost
B' a brave knight-errant of the Post,
That eats perfidiously his word,
And swears his ears through a two-inch board;
Can own the same thing, and disown,
And perjure booty, *pro* and *con*;
Can make the gospel serve his turn,
And help him out, to be forsworn;
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kist,
To be betray'd and sold, like Christ.
These are the virtues in whose name
A right to all the world you claim,
And boldly challenge a dominion,
In Grace and Nature, o'er all women;
Of whom no less will satisfy,
Than all the sex, your tyranny:
Although you 'll find it a hard province,
With all your crafty frauds and covins,
To govern such a numerous crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you;
For, if you all were Solomons,
And wise and great as he was once,
You 'll find they 're able to subdue
(As they did him) and baffle you.
And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own temptation done,
That with your ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the sleight;
For, when we find ye 're still more taken
With false attracts of our own making,
Swear that 's a rose, and that 's a stone,
Like sots, to us that laid it on,
And, what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in rhyme,
You force us, in our own defences,
To copy beams and influences;
To lay perfections on the graces,
And draw attracts upon our faces,
And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own false jewels counterfeit:
For by the practice of those arts
We gain a greater share of hearts;
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost:
For great perfections are, like Heaven,
Too rich a present to be given.
Nor are those master-strokes of beauty
To be perform'd without hard duty,
Which, when they 're nobly done, and well,
The simple natural excel.
How fair and sweet the planted rose
Beyond the wild in hedges grows!
For, without art, the noblest seeds
Of flowers degenerate into weeds:
How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground
And polish'd, looks a diamond?
Though Paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care.
The whole world, without art and dress,
Would be but one great wilderness;
And mankind but a savage herd,
For all that Nature has conferr'd:
This does but rough-hew and design,
Leaves Art to polish and refine.
Though women first were made for men,
Yet men were made for them again:
For when (out-witted by his wife)
Man first turn'd tenant but for life,
If women had not interven'd,
How soon had mankind had an end!
And that it is in being yet,
To us alone you are in debt.
And where 's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural no-voice?
Since all the privilege you boast,
And falsely usurp'd, or vainly lost,
Is now our right, to whose creation
You owe your happy restoration.
And if we had not weighty cause
To not appear, in making laws,
We could, in spite of all your tricks,
And shallow formal politics,
Force you our managements t' obey,
As we to yours (in show) give way.
Hence 'tis that, while you vainly strive
T' advance your high prerogative,
You basely, after all your braves,
Submit, and own yourselves our slaves;
And, 'cause we do not make it known,
Nor publicly our interests own,
Like sots, suppose we have no shares
In ordering you and your affairs,
When all your empire and command
You have from us, at second-hand;
As if a pilot, that appears
To sit still only, while he steers,
And does not make a noise and stir,
Like every common mariner,
Knew nothing of the card, nor star,
And did not guide the man of war:
Nor we, because we don't appear
In councils, do not govern there;
While, like the mighty Prester John,
Whose person none dares look upon,
But is preserv'd in close disguise,
From being made cheap to vulgar eyes,
W' enjoy as large a power unseen,
To govern him, as he does men;
And, in the right of our pope Joan,
Make emperors at our feet fall down;
Or Joan de Pucelle's braver name,
Our right to arms and conduct claim;
Who, though a spinster, yet was able
To serve France for a grand constable.
We make and execute all laws,
Can judge the judges, and the cause;

Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,
To th' long robe, and the longer tongue,
'Gainst which the world has no defence,
But our more powerful eloquence.
We manage things of greatest weight,
In all the world's affairs of state;
Are ministers of war and peace,
That sway all nations how we please.
We rule all churches, and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox,
And are the heavenly vehicles
O' th' spirits in all conventicles:
By us is all commerce and trade
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;
For nothing can go off so well,
Nor bears that price, as what we sell.
We rule in every public meeting,
And make men do what we judge fitting;
Are magistrates in all great towns,
Where men do nothing but wear gowns,
We make the man of war strike sail,
And to our braver conduct veil,
And, when he 'as chas'd his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.
Is there an officer of state,
Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,
That 's haughty and imperious?
He 's but a journeyman to us,
That, as he gives us cause to do 't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out.
We are your guardians, that increase,
Or waste your fortunes how we please;
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your matters, ill or well.
'Tis we that can dispose, alone,
Whether your heirs shall be your own,
To whose integrity you must,
In spite of all your caution, trust;
And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,
Can fit you with what heirs we please,
And force you t' own them, though begotten
By French valets, or Irish footmen.
Nor can the rigorousest course
Prevail, unless to make us worse;
Who still, the harsher we are us'd,
Are further off from being reduc'd,
And scorn t' abate, for any ills,
The least punctilios of our wills.
Force does but whet our wits to apply
Arts, born with us, for remedy,
Which all your politics, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat:
For, when ye 've try'd all sorts of ways,
What fools d' we make of you in plays?
While all the favours we afford,
Are but to girt you with the sword,
To fight our battles in our steads,
And have your brains beat out o' your heads;
Encounter, in despite of Nature,
And fight, at once, with fire and water,
With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,
Our pride and vanity t' appease;
Kill one another, and cut throats,
For our good graces, and best thoughts;
To do your exercise for honour,
And have your brains beat out the sooner;
Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known;
And still appear the more industrious,
The more your projects are preposterous;
To square the circle of the arts,
And run stark mad to show your parts;
Expound the oracle of laws,
And turn them which way we see cause;
Be our solicitors and agents,
And stand for us in all engagements.
And these are all the mighty powers
You vainly boast to cry down ours,
And, what in real value 's wanting,
Supply with vapouring and ranting:
Because yourselves are terrify'd,
And stoop to one another's pride,
Believe we have as little wit
To be out-hector'd, and submit:
By your example, lose that right
In treaties which we gain'd in fight;
And, terrified into an awe,
Pass on ourselves a Salique law;
Or, as some nations use, give place,
And truckle to your mighty race;
Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,
As if they were the better women.

THE

GENUINE REMAINS

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER.

PREFACE.

It would be very unjust to the memory of a writer so much and so justly esteemed as Butler, to suppose it necessary to make any formal apology for the publication of these Remains. Whatever is the genuine performance of a genius of his class cannot fail of recommending itself to every reader of taste; and all that can be required from the publisher is, to satisfy the world that it is not imposed upon by false and spurious pretensions.

This has already been attempted in the printed proposals for the subscription; but as the perishing form of a loose paper seems too frail a monument to preserve a testimony of so much importance, it cannot, I hope, be judged impertinent to repeat the substance of what I observed upon that occasion—That the manuscripts, from which this work is printed, are Butler's own handwriting, as evidently appears from some original letters of his found amongst them—That, upon his death, they fell into the hands of his good friend Mr. W. Longueville, of the Temple; who, as the writer of Butler's life informs us, was at the charge of burying him—That, upon Mr. Longueville's decease, they became the property of his son, the late Charles Longueville, esq. who bequeathed them, at his death, to John Clarke, esq. and that this gentleman has been prevailed upon to part with them, and favoured me with an authority to insert the following certificate of their authenticity.

> "I do hereby certify, that the papers now proposed to be published by Mr. Thyer are the *original manuscripts* of Mr. Samuel Butler, author of Hudibras, and were bequeathed to me by the late Charles Longueville, esq.
>
> JOHN CLARKE."
>
> *Walgherton, Cheshire, Nov.* 20, 1754.

Although, from evidence of such a nature, there cannot remain the least doubt about the genuineness of this work, and it be very certain, that every thing in it is the performance of Butler, yet it must be owned, at the same time, that there is not the same degree of perfection and exactness in all the compositions here printed. Some are finished with the utmost accuracy, and were fairly transcribed for the press, as far as can be judged from outward appearance; others, though finished, and wrote with the same spirit and peculiar vein of humour, which distinguishes him from all other writers, seem as if, upon a second review, he would have retouched and amended in some little particulars; and some few are left unfinished, or at least parts of them are lost or perished. This acknowledgment I think due to the poet's character and memory, and necessary to bespeak that candid allowance from the reader, which the posthumous works of every writer have a just claim to.

It is, I know, a common observation, that it is doing injustice to a departed genius to publish fragments, or such pieces as he had not given the last hand to.—Without controverting the justness of this remark in general, one may, I think, venture to affirm, that it is not to be extended to every particular case, and that a writer of so extraordinary and uncommon a turn as the author of Hudibras is not to be included under it. It would be a piece of foolish fondness to purchase at a great expense, or preserve with a particular care, the unfinished works of every tolerable painter; and yet it is esteemed a mark of fine taste to procure, at almost any price, the rough sketches and half-formed designs of a Raphael, a Rembrandt, or any celebrated master. If the elegant remains of a Greek or Roman statuary, though maimed and defective, are thought worthy of a place in the cabinets of the polite admirers of antiquity, and the learned world thinks itself obliged to laborious critics for handing down to us the half intelligible scraps of an ancient classic, no reason

can, I think, be assigned, why a genius of more modern date should not be entitled to the same privilege, except we will absurdly and enthusiastically fancy, that time gives a value to writings, as well as to coins and medals.—It may be added also, that as Butler is not only excellent, but almost singular too, in his manner of writing, every thing of his must acquire a proportionable degree of value and curiosity.

I shall not longer detain the reader from better entertainment, by indulging my own sentiments upon these Remains; and shall rather choose to wait for the judgment of the public, than impertinently to obtrude my own. It is enough for me, that I have faithfully discharged the office of an editor, and shall leave to future critics the pleasure of criticising and remarking, approving or condemning. The notes which I have given, the reader will find to be only such as were necessary to let him into the author's meaning, by reciting and explaining some circumstances, not generally known, to which he alludes; and he cannot but observe, that many more might have been added, had I given way to a fondness for scribbling, too common upon such occasions[1].

Although my author stands in need of no apology for the appearance he is going to make in the following sheets, the world may probably think, that the publisher does, for not permitting him to do it sooner.—All that I have to say, and to persons of candour I need to say no more, is, that the delay has been owing to a bad state of health, and a consequent indisposition for a work of this nature, and not to indolence, or any selfish narrow views of my own.

[1] In the present edition, such only are retained as are necessary to bring the reader acquainted with the several less-usual allusions.

THE

GENUINE REMAINS

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE

ELEPHANT IN THE MOON[1].

A learn'd society of late,
The glory of a foreign state,
Agreed upon a summer's night,
To search the Moon by her own light;
To take an inventory of all
Her real estate, and personal;
And make an accurate survey
Of all her lands, and how they lay,
As true as that of Ireland, where
The sly surveyors stole a shire:
To observe her country, how 'twas planted
With what sh' abounded most, or wanted,
And make the proper'st observations
For settling of new plantations,
If the society should incline
To attempt so glorious a design.
This was the purpose of their meeting,
For which they chose a time as fitting,
When, at the full, her radiant light
And influence too were at their height.
And now the lofty tube, the scale
With which they Heaven itself assail,
Was mounted full against the Moon,
And all stood ready to fall on,
Impatient who should have the honour
To plant an ensign first upon her,
When one, who for his deep belief
Was virtuoso then in chief,
Approv'd the most profound and wise,
To solve impossibilities,
Advancing gravely, to apply
To th' optic glass his judging eye,
Cry'd, "Strange!"—then reinforc'd his sight
Against the Moon with all his might,
And bent his penetrating brow,
As if he meant to gaze her through;
When all the rest began t' admire,
And, like a train, from him took fire,
Surpris'd with wonder, beforehand,
At what they did not understand,
Cry'd out, impatient to know what
The matter was they wonder'd at.
Quoth he, "Th' inhabitants o' th' Moon,
Who, when the Sun shines hot at noon,
Do live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and eighty round,
(In which at once they fortify
Against the Sun and th' enemy)
Which they count towns and cities there,
Because their people 's civiller
Than those rude peasants that are found
To live upon the upper ground,
Call'd Privolvans, with whom they are
Perpetually in open war;
And now both armies, highly enrag'd,
Are in a bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both sides slain,
As by the glass 'tis clear and plain,
Look quickly then, that every one
May see the fight before 'tis done."
With that a great philosopher,
Admir'd, and famous far and near,
As one of singular invention,
But universal comprehension,
Apply'd one eye, and half a nose,
Unto the optic engine close:
For he had lately undertook
To prove, and publish in a book,
That men, whose natural eyes are out,
May, by more powerful art, be brought
To see with th' empty holes, as plain
As if their eyes were in again;

[1] This poem was intended by the author for a satire upon the Royal Society, which, according to his opinion at least, ran too much, at that time, into the virtuosi taste, and a whimsical fondness for surprising and wonderful stories in natural history.

And if they chanc'd to fail of those,
To make an optic of a nose,
As clearly it may, by those that wear
But spectacles, be made appear,
By which both senses being united,
Does render them much better sighted,
This great man, having fix'd both sights
To view the formidable fights,
Observ'd his best, and then cry'd out,
"The battle's desperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvani rally,
And from their trenches make a sally
Upon the stubborn enemy,
Who now begin to rout and fly.
"These silly ranting Privolvans,
Have every summer their campaigns,
And muster, like the warlike sons
Of Rawhead and of Bloodybones,
As numerous as Soland geese
I' th' islands of the Orcades,
Courageously to make a stand,
And face their neighbours hand to hand,
Until the long'd-for winter 's come,
And then return in triumph home,
And spend the rest o' th' year in lies,
And vapouring of their victories.
From th' old Arcadians they 're believ'd
To be, before the Moon, deriv'd,
And when her orb was new created,
To people her were thence translated:
For as th' Arcadians were reputed
Of all the Grecians the most stupid,
Whom nothing in the world could bring
To civil life, but fiddling,
They still retain the antique course
And custom of their ancestors,
And always sing and fiddle to
Things of the greatest weight they do."
While thus the learn'd man entertains
Th' assembly with the Privolvans,
Another, of as great renown,
And solid judgment, in the Moon,
That understood her various soils,
And which produc'd best genet-moyles,
And in the register of fame
Had enter'd his long-living name,
After he had por'd long and hard
I' th' engine, gave a start and star'd—
Quoth he, "A stranger sight appears,
Than e'er was seen in all the spheres;
A wonder more unparallel'd,
Than ever mortal tube beheld;
An elephant from one of those
Two mighty armies is broke loose,
And with the horrour of the fight
Appears amaz'd, and in a fright:
Look quickly, lest the sight of us
Should cause the startled beast t' imboss.
It is a large one, far more great
Than e'er was bred in Afric yet,
From which we boldly may infer,
The Moon is much the fruitfuller.
And since the mighty Pyrrhus brought
Those living castles first, 'tis thought,
Against the Romans, in the field,
It may an argument be held
(Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of Greece)
To prove what this illustrious person
Has made so noble a discourse on,
And amply satisfy'd us all
Of the Privolvans' original.
That elephants are in the Moon,
Though we had now discover'd none,
Is easily made manifest,
Since from the greatest to the least,
All other stars and constellations
Have cattle of all sorts of nations,
And Heaven, like a Tartar's hord,
With great and numerous droves is stor'd:
And if the Moon produce by nature,
A people of so vast a stature,
'Tis consequent she should bring forth
Far greater beasts too, than the Earth;
(As by the best accounts appears
Of all our great'st discoverers)
And that those monstrous creatures there
Are not such rarities as here."
Meanwhile the rest had had a sight
Of all particulars o' th' fight,
And every man, with equal care,
Perus'd of th' elephant his share,
Proud of his interest in the glory
Of so miraculous a story;
When one, who for his excellence
In heightening words and shadowing sense,
And magnifying all he writ
With curious microscopic wit,
Was magnify'd himself no less
In home and foreign colleges,
Began, transported with the twang
Of his own trillo, thus t' harangue.
"Most excellent and virtuous friends,
This great discovery makes amends
For all our unsuccessful pains,
And lost expense of time and brains:
For, by this sole phenomenon,
We 've gotten ground upon the Moon,
And gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
With all the planets that stand out;
To carry this most virtuous war
Home to the door of every star,
And plant th' artillery of our tubes
Against their proudest magnitudes;
To stretch our victories beyond
Th' extent of planetary ground,
And fix our engines, and our ensigns,
Upon the fix'd stars' vast dimensions,
(Which Archimede, so long ago,
Durst not presume to wish to do)
And prove if they are other suns,
As some have held opinions,
Or windows in the Empyreum,
From whence those bright effluvias come
Like flames of fire, (as others guess)
That shine i' th' mouths of furnaces.
Nor is this all we have achiev'd,
But more, henceforth to be believ'd,
And have no more our best designs,
Because they 're ours, believ'd ill signs.
T' out-throw, and stretch, and to enlarge,
Shall now no more be laid t' our charge;
Nor shall our ablest virtuosis
Prove arguments for coffee-houses;
Nor those devices, that are laid
Too truly on us, nor those made
Hereafter, gain belief among
Our strictest judges, right or wrong;
Nor shall our past misfortunes more
Be charg'd upon the ancient score;

No more our making old dogs young
Make men suspect us still i' th' wrong;
Nor new-invented chariots draw
The boys to course us without law;
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
To turn them into mongrel curs,
Make them suspect our sculls are brittle,
And hold too much wit, or too little;
Nor shall our speculations, whether
An elder-stick will save the leather
Of schoolboys' breeches from the rod,
Make all we do appear as odd.
This one discovery 's enough
To take all former scandals off—
But since the world 's incredulous
Of all our scrutinies, and us,
And with a prejudice prevents
Our best and worst experiments,
(As if they were destin'd to miscarry,
In consort try'd, or solitary)
And since it is uncertain when
Such wonders will occur again,
Let us as cautiously contrive
To draw an exact narrative
Of what we every one can swear
Our eyes themselves have seen appear,
That, when we publish the account,
We all may take our oaths upon 't."
This said, they all with one consent
Agreed to draw up th' instrument,
And, for the general satisfaction,
To print it in the next Transaction.
But whilst the chiefs were drawing up
This strange memoir o' th' telescope,
One, peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the elephant advance,
And from the west side of the Moon
To th' east was in a moment gone.
This being related, gave a stop
To what the rest were drawing up;
And every man, amaz'd anew
How it could possibly be true,
That any beast should run a race
So monstrous, in so short a space,
Resolv'd, howe'er, to make it good,
At least as possible as he could,
And rather his own eyes condemn,
Than question what he 'ad seen with them.
While all were thus resolv'd, a man
Of great renown there thus began—
"'Tis strange, I grant! but who can say
What cannot be, what can, and may?
Especially at so hugely vast
A distance as this wonder 's plac'd,
Where the least errour of the sight
May show things false, but never right;
Nor can we try them, so far off,
By any sublunary proof:
For who can say, that Nature there
Has the same laws she goes by here?
Nor is it like she has infus'd,
In every species there produc'd,
The same efforts she does confer
Upon the same productions here,
Since those with us, of several nations,
Have such prodigious variations,
And she affects so much to use
Variety in all she does.
Hence may b' inferr'd, that, though I grant
We 'ave seen i' th' Moon an elephant,
That elephant may differ so
From those upon the Earth below,
Both in his bulk, and force, and speed,
As being of a different breed,
That though our own are but slow-pac'd,
Theirs there may fly, or run as fast,
And yet be elephants, no less
Than those of Indian pedigrees."
This said, another of great worth,
Fam'd for his learned works put forth,
Look'd wise, then said—"All this is true,
And learnedly observ'd by you:
But there 's another reason for 't,
That falls but very little short
Of mathematic demonstration,
Upon an accurate calculation,
And that is—As the Earth and Moon
Do both move contrary upon
Their axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot be
But so prodigiously fast,
That vaster spaces may be past
In less time than the beast has gone,
Though he 'ad no motion of his own,
Which we can take no measure of,
As you have clear'd by learned proof.
This granted, we may boldly thence
Lay claim t' a nobler inference,
And make this great phenomenon
(Were there no other) serve alone
To clear the grand hypothesis
Of th' motion of the Earth from this."
With this they all were satisfy'd,
As men are wont o' th' biass'd side,
Applauded the profound dispute,
And grew more gay and resolute,
By having overcome all doubt,
Than if it never had fall'n out;
And, to complete their narrative,
Agreed t' insert this strange retrieve.
But while they were diverted all
With wording the memorial,
The footboys, for diversion too,
As having nothing else to do,
Seeing the telescope at leisure,
Turn'd virtuosi for their pleasure;
Began to gaze upon the Moon,
As those they waited on had done.
With monkeys' ingenuity,
That love to practise what they see;
When one, whose turn it was to peep,
Saw something in the engine creep,
And, viewing well, discover'd more
Than all the learn'd had done before.
Quoth he, "A little thing is slunk
Into the long star-gazing trunk,
And now is gotten down so nigh,
I have him just against mine eye."
This being overheard by one
Who was not so far overgrown
In any virtuous speculation,
To judge with mere imagination,
Immediately he made a guess
At solving all appearances,
A way far more significant
Than all their hints of th' elephant,
And found, upon a second view,
His own hypothesis most true;
For he had scarce apply'd his eye
To th' engine, but immediately

He found a mouse was gotten in
The hollow tube, and, shut between
The two glass windows in restraint,
Was swell'd into an elephant,
And prov'd the virtuous occasion
Of all this learned dissertation:
And, as a mountain heretofore
Was great with child, they say, and bore
A silly mouse; this mouse, as strange,
Brought forth a mountain in exchange.
  Meanwhile the rest in consultation
Had penn'd the wonderful narration,
And set their hands, and seals, and wit,
T' attest the truth of what they 'ad writ,
When this accurs'd phenomenon
Confounded all they 'ad said or done:
For 'twas no sooner hinted at,
But they all were in a tumult strait,
More furiously enrag'd by far,
Than those that in the Moon made war,
To find so admirable a hint,
When they had all agreed t' have seen 't,
And were engag'd to make it out,
Obstructed with a paltry doubt:
When one, whose task was to determine,
And solve th' appearances of vermin,
Who 'ad made profound discoveries
In frogs, and toads, and rats, and mice,
(Though not so curious, 'tis true,
As many a wise rat-catcher knew)
After he had with signs made way
For something great he had to say;
  [a] "This disquisition
Is, half of it, in my discission [a];
For though the elephant, as beast,
Belongs of right to all the rest,
The mouse, being but a vermin, none
Has title to but I alone;
And therefore hope I may be heard,
In my own province, with regard.
  "It is no wonder we 're cry'd down,
And made the talk of all the town,
That rants and swears, for all our great
Attempts, we have done nothing yet,
If every one have leave to doubt,
When some great secret 's half made out;
And, 'cause perhaps it is not true,
Obstruct, and ruin all we do.
As no great act was ever done,
Nor ever can, with truth alone,
If nothing else but truth w' allow,
'Tis no great matter what we do:
For Truth is too reserv'd, and nice,
T' appear in mix'd societies;
Delights in solitary abodes,
And never shows herself in crowds;
A sullen little thing, below
All matters of pretence and show;
That deal in novelty and change,
Not of things true, but rare and strange,
To treat the world with what is fit
And proper to its natural wit;
The world, that never sets esteem
On what things are, but what they seem,
And, if they be not strange and new,
They 're ne'er the better for being true.
For what has mankind gain'd by knowing
His little truth, but his undoing,
Which wisely was by Nature hidden,
And only for his good forbidden?
And therefore with great prudence does
The world still strive to keep it close;
For if all secret truths were known,
Who would not be once more undone?
For truth has always danger in 't,
And here, perhaps, may cross some hint
We have already agreed upon,
And vainly frustrate all we 'ave done,
Only to make new work for Stubs,
And all the academic clubs.
How much, then, ought we have a care,
That no man know above his share,
Nor dare to understand, henceforth,
More than his contribution's worth?
That those who 'ave purchas'd of the college
A share, or half a share, of knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent repute,
Should not b' admitted to dispute,
Nor any man pretend to know
More than his dividend come to?
For partners have been always known
To cheat their public interest prone;
And if we do not look to ours,
'Tis sure to run the self-same course."
  This said, the whole assembly allow'd
The doctrine to be right and good,
And, from the truth of what they 'ad heard,
Resolv'd to give truth no regard,
But what was for their turn to vouch,
And either find or make it such:
That 't was more noble to create
Things like truth, out of strong conceit,
Than with vexatious pains and doubt
To find, or think t' have found, her out.
  This being resolv'd, they, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the mouse, and Moon;
But still the narrower they pry'd,
The more they were unsatisfy'd;
In no one thing they saw agreeing,
As if they 'ad several faiths of seeing.
Some swore, upon a second view,
That all they 'ad seen before was true,
And that they never would recant
One syllable of th' elephant;
Avow'd his snout could be no mouse's,
But a true elephant's proboscis.
Others began to doubt and waver,
Uncertain which o' th' two to favour,
And knew not whether to espouse
The cause of th' elephant or mouse.
Some held no way so orthodox
To try it, as the ballot-box,
And, like the nation's patriots,
To find, or make, the truth by votes:
Others conceiv'd it much more fit
T' unmount the tube, and open it,
And, for their private satisfaction,
To re-examine the transaction,
And after explicate the rest,
As they should find cause for the best.
  To this, as th' only expedient,
The whole assembly gave consent;
But, ere the tube was half let down,
It clear'd the first phenomenon:
For, at the end, prodigious swarms
Of flies and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all past muster, by mischance,
Both for the Sub- and Privolvans.

[a] Sic Orig.

This being discover'd, put them all
Into a fresh and fiercer brawl,
Asham'd that men so grave and wise
Should be chaldes'd by gnats and flies,
And take the feeble insects' swarms
For mighty troops of men at arms;
As vain as those who, when the Moon
Bright in a crystal river shone,
Threw casting nets as subtly at her,
To catch and pull her out o' th' water.
But when they had unscrew'd the glass,
To find out where th' impostor was,
And saw the mouse, that, by mishap,
Had made the telescope a trap,
Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted,
To be so openly convicted,
Immediately they get them gone,
With this discovery alone:
That those who greedily pursue
Things wonderful instead of true,
That in their speculations choose
To make discoveries strange news,
And natural history a Gazette
Of tales stupendous and far-fet,
Hold no truth worthy to be known,
That is not huge and overgrown,
And explicate appearances,
Not as they are, but as they please,
In vain strive Nature to suborn,
And, for their pains, are paid with scorn.

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

IN LONG VERSE.

A virtuous, learn'd society, of late,
The pride and glory of a foreign state,
Made an agreement, on a summer's night,
To search the Moon at full by her own light;
To take a perfect inventory of all
Her real fortunes, or her personal;
And make a geometrical survey
Of all her lands, and how her country lay,
As accurate as that of Ireland, where
The sly surveyor 's said t' have sunk a shire:
[* observe her country's climate, how 'twas planted,
And what she most abounded with, or wanted;
And draw maps of her properest situations
For settling, and erecting new plantations,
If ever the society should incline
[* attempt so great and glorious a design *]:
A task in vain, unless the German Kepler
Had found out a discovery to people her,
And stock her country with inhabitants
Of military men and elephants:
For th' ancients only took her for a piece
Of red-hot iron as big as Peloponnese,
Till he appear'd; for which, some write, she sent
Upon his tribe as strange a punishment.]
This was the only purpose of their meeting,
For which they chose a time and place most fitting,
Then, at the full, her equal shares of light
And influence were at their greatest height.
And now the lofty telescope, the scale,
By which they venture Heaven itself t' assail,
Was rais'd, and planted full against the Moon,
And all the rest stood ready to fall on,
Impatient who should bear away the honour
To plant an ensign, first of all, upon her.
When one, who for his solid deep belief
Was chosen virtuoso then in chief,
Had been approv'd the most profound and wise
At solving all impossibilities,
With gravity advancing, to apply
To th' optic glass his penetrating eye,
Cry'd out, "O strange!"—then reinforc'd his sight
Against the Moon with all his art and might,
And bent the muscles of his pensive brow,
As if he meant to stare and gaze her through;
While all the rest began as much t' admire,
And, like a powder train, from him took fire,
Surpris'd with dull amazement beforehand,
At what they would, but could not understand,
And grew impatient to discover what
The matter was they so much wonder'd at.
Quoth he, "The old inhabitants o' th' Moon,
Who, when the Sun shines hottest about noon,
Are wont to live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and more than eighty round,
In which at once they use to fortify
Against the sunbeams and the enemy,
Are counted borough-towns and cities there,
Because th' inhabitants are civiller
Than those rude country peasants, that are found,
Like mountaineers, to live on th' upper ground,
Nam'd Privolvans, with whom the others are
Perpetually in state of open war;
And now both armies, mortally enrag'd,
Are in a fierce and bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both sides kill'd and slain,
As by the telescope 'tis clear and plain,
Look in it quickly then, that every one
May see his share before the battle 's done."
At this a famous great philosopher,
Admir'd, and celebrated, far and near,
As one of wondrous singular invention,
And equal universal comprehension;
[By which he had compos'd a pedlar's jargon,
For all the world to learn, and use in bargain,
An universal canting idiom,
To understand the swinging pendulum,
And to communicate, in all designs,
With th' eastern virtuosi mandarines;]
Apply'd an optic nerve, and half a nose,
To th' end and centre of the engine close:
For he had very lately undertook
To vindicate, and publish in a book,
That men, whose native eyes are blind, or out,
May by more admirable art be brought
To see with empty holes, as well and plain
As if their eyes had been put in again.
This great man, therefore, having fix'd his sight
T' observe the bloody formidable fight,
Consider'd carefully, and then cry'd out,
"'Tis true, the battle's desperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvans begin to rally,
And from their trenches valiantly sally,
To fall upon the stubborn enemy,
Who fearfully begin to rout and fly.
"These paltry domineering Privolvans
Have, every summer-season, their campaigns,

* This and the following verses, to the end of the paragraph, are not in the foregoing composition; and are distinguished, as well as the rest of the same kind, by being printed with brackets.

And muster, like the military sons
Of Rawhead and victorious Bloodybones,
As great and numerous as Soland geese
I' th' summer-islands of the Orcades,
Courageously to make a dreadful stand,
And boldly face their neighbours hand to hand,
Until the peaceful, long'd-for winter 's come,
And then disband, and march in triumph home,
And spend the rest of all the year in lies,
And vapouring of their unknown victories.
From th' old Arcadians they have been believ'd
To be, before the Moon herself, deriv'd,
And, when her orb was first of all created,
To be from thence to people her translated:
For, as those people had been long reputed,
Of all the Peloponnesians, the most stupid,
Whom nothing in the world could ever bring
T' endure the civil life, but fiddling,
They ever since retain the antique course
And native frenzy of their ancestors,
And always use to sing and fiddle to
Things of the most important weight they do."
While thus the virtuoso entertains
The whole assembly with the Privolvans,
[Another sophist, but of less renown,
Though longer observation of the Moon,]
That understood the difference of her soils,
And which produc'd the fairest genet-moyles,
[But for an unpaid weekly shilling's pension
Had fin'd for wit, and judgment, and invention,]
Who, after poring tedious and hard
I' th' optic engine, gave a start, and star'd,
And thus began—"A stranger sight appears
Than ever yet was seen in all the spheres!
A greater wonder, more unparallel'd
Than ever mortal tube or eye beheld!
A mighty elephant from one of those
Two fighting armies is at length broke loose,
And, with the desperate horrour of the fight
Appears amaz'd, and in a dreadful fright!
Look quickly; lest the only sight of us
Should cause the startled creature to imboss.
It is a large one, and appears more great
Than ever was produc'd in Afric yet;
From which we confidently may infer,
The Moon appears to be the fruitfuller.
And since, of old, the mighty Pyrrhus brought
Those living castles first of all, 'tis thought,
Against the Roman army in the field,
It may a valid argument be held,
(The same Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of antique Greece)
To vindicate what this illustrious person
Has made so learn'd and noble a discourse on,
And given us ample satisfaction all
Of th' ancient Privolvans' original.
"That elephants are really in the Moon,
Although our fortune had discover'd none,
Is easily made plain, and manifest,
Since, from the greatest orbs, down to the least,
All other globes of stars and constellations
Have cattle in them of all sorts and nations,
And Heaven, like a northern Tartar's hord,
With numerous and mighty droves is stor'd:
And, if the Moon can but produce by nature
A people of so large and vast a stature,
'Tis more than probable she should bring forth
A greater breed of beasts too, than the Earth;
As, by the best accounts we have, appears
Of all our crediblest discoverers;
And that those vast and monstrous creatures there
Are not such far-fet rarities as here."
Meanwhile th' assembly now had had a sight
Of all distinct particulars o' th' fight,
And every man, with diligence and care,
Perus'd and view'd of th' elephant his share,
Proud of his equal interest in the glory
Of so stupendous and renown'd a story;
When one, who for his fame and excellence
In heightening of words and shadowing sense,
And magnifying all he ever writ
With delicate and microscopic wit,
Had long been magnify'd himself no less
In foreign and domestic colleges,
Began, at last (transported with the twang
Of his own elocution) thus t' harangue.
"Most virtuous and incomparable friends,
This great discovery fully makes amends
For all our former unsuccessful pains,
And lost expenses of our time and brains:
For, by this admirable phenomenon,
We now have gotten ground upon the Moon,
And gain'd a pass, t' engage and hold dispute
With all the other planets that stand out;
And carry on this brave and virtuous war
Home to the door of th' obstinatest star,
And plant th' artillery of our optic tubes
Against the proudest of their magnitudes;
To stretch our future victories beyond
The uttermost of planetary ground,
And plant our warlike engines, and our ensigns,
Upon the fix'd stars' spacious dimensions,
To prove if they are other suns or not,
As some philosophers have wisely thought;
Or only windows in the Empyreum,
Through which those bright effluvias use to come;
Which Archimede, so many years ago,
Durst never venture but to wish to know.
Nor is this all that we have now achiev'd,
But greater things!—henceforth to be believ'd,
And have no more our best or worst designs,
Because they 're ours, suspected for ill signs.
T' out-throw, and magnify, and to enlarge,
Shall, henceforth, be no more laid to our charge;
Nor shall our best and ablest virtuosis
Prove arguments again for coffee-houses;
[Nor little stories gain belief among
Our criticallest judges, right or wrong:]
Nor shall our new-invented chariots draw
The boys to course us in them without law;
[Make chips of elms produce the largest trees,
Or sowing saw-dust furnish nurseries:
No more our heading darts (a swinging one!)
With butter only harden'd in the sun:
Or men that use to whistle loud enough
To be heard by others plainly five miles off,
'Cause all the rest, we own and have avow'd,
To be believ'd as desperately loud.]
Nor shall our future speculations, whether
An elder-stick will render all the leather
Of schoolboys' breeches proof against the rod,
Make all we undertake appear as odd.
This one discovery will prove enough
To take all past and future scandals off:
But since the world is so incredulous
Of all our usual scrutinies and us,
And with a constant prejudice prevents
Our best as well as worst experiments,
As if they were all destin'd to miscarry,
As well in consort try'd as solitary,

And that th' assembly is uncertain when
Such great discoveries will occur again,
'Tis reasonable we should, at least, contrive
To draw up as exact a narrative
Of that which every man of us can swear
Our eyes themselves have plainly seen appear,
That, when 'tis fit to publish the account,
We all may take our several oaths upon 't."
This said, the whole assembly gave consent
To drawing up th' authentic instrument,
And, for the nation's general satisfaction,
To print and own it in their next Transaction:
But while their ablest men were drawing up
The wonderful memoir o' th' telescope,
A member peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the elephant begin t' advance,
That from the west-by-north side of the Moon
To th' east-by-south was in a moment gone.
This being related, gave a sudden stop
To all their grandees had been drawing up;
And every person was amaz'd anew,
How such a strange surprisal should be true,
Or any beast perform so great a race,
So swift and rapid, in so short a space,
Resolv'd, as suddenly, to make it good,
Or render all as fairly as they could,
And rather chose their own eyes to condemn,
Than question what they had beheld with them.
While every one was thus resolv'd, a man
Of great esteem and credit thus began—
"'Tis strange, I grant! but who, alas! can say
What cannot be, or justly can, and may?
Especially at so hugely wide and vast
A distance as this miracle is plac'd,
Where the least errour of the glass, or sight,
May render things amiss, but never right?
Nor can we try them, when they 're so far off,
By any equal sublunary proof:
For who can justify that Nature there
Is ty'd to the same laws she acts by here?
Nor is it probable she has infus'd,
Int' every species in the Moon produc'd,
The same efforts she uses to confer
Upon the very same productions here;
Since those upon the Earth, of several nations,
Are found t' have such prodigious variations,
And she affects so constantly to use
Variety in every thing she does.
From hence may be inferr'd, that, though I grant
We have beheld i' th' Moon an elephant,
That elephant may chance to differ so
From those with us upon the Earth below,
Both in his bulk, as well as force and speed,
As being of a different kind and breed,
That, though 'tis true our own are but slow-pac'd,
Theirs there, perhaps, may fly, or run as fast,
And yet be very elephants, no less
Than those deriv'd from Indian families."
This said, another member of great worth,
Nam'd for the learned works he had put forth,
In which the mannerly and modest author
Notes the right worshipful his elder brother,]
Took'd wise a while, then said—"All this is true,
And very learnedly observ'd by you;
But there 's another nobler reason for 't,
That, rightly observ'd, will fall but little short
Of solid mathematic demonstration,
Upon a full and perfect calculation;
And that is only this—As th' Earth and Moon
Do constantly move contrary upon
Their several axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot fail to be
So violent, and naturally fast,
That larger distances may well be past
In less time than the elephant has gone,
Although he had no motion of his own;
Which we on Earth can take no measure of,
As you have made it evident by proof.
This granted, we may confidently hence
Claim title to another inference,
And make this wonderful phenomenon
(Were there no other) serve our turn alone
To vindicate the grand hypothesis,
And prove the motion of the Earth from this."
This said, th' assembly now were satisfy'd,
As men are soon upon the bias'd side;
With great applause receiv'd th' admir'd dispute,
And grew more gay, and brisk, and resolute,
By having (right or wrong) remov'd all doubt,
Than if th' occasion never had fall'n out;
Resolving to complete their narrative,
And punctually insert this strange retrieve.
But while their grandees were diverted all
With nicely wording the memorial,
The footboys, for their own diversion, too,
As having nothing, now, at all to do,
And when they saw the telescope at leisure,
Turn'd virtuosi, only for their pleasure;
[With drills' and monkeys' ingenuity,
That take delight to practise all they see,]
Began to stare and gaze upon the Moon,
As those they waited on before had done:
When one, whose turn it was by chance to peep,
Saw something in the lofty engine creep,
And, viewing carefully, discover'd more
Than all their masters hit upon before.
Quoth he, "O strange! a little thing is slunk
On th' inside of the long star-gazing trunk,
And now is gotten down so low and nigh,
I have him here directly 'gainst mine eye."
This chancing to be overheard by one
Who was not yet so hugely overgrown
In any philosophic observation,
As to conclude with mere imagination,
And yet he made immediately a guess
At fully solving all appearances
A plainer way, and more significant,
Than all their hints had prov'd o' th' elephant;
And quickly found, upon a second view,
His own conjecture, probably, most true;
For he no sooner had apply'd his eye
To th' optic engine, but immediately
He found a small field-mouse was gotten in
The hollow telescope, and, shut between
The two glass-windows, closely in restraint,
Was magnify'd into an elephant,
And prov'd the happy virtuous occasion
Of all this deep and learned dissertation.
And, as a mighty mountain, heretofore,
Is said t' have been got with child, and bore
A silly mouse, this captive mouse, as strange,
Produc'd another mountain in exchange.
Meanwhile the grandees, long in consultation,
Had finish'd the miraculous narration,
And set their hands, and seals, and sense, and wit,
T' attest and vouch the truth of all they 'ad writ,
When this unfortunate phenomenon
Confounded all they had declar'd and done:
For 'twas no sooner told and hinted at,
But all the rest were in a tumult strait,

More hot and furiously enrag'd by far,
Than both the hosts that in the Moon made war,
To find so rare and admirable a hint,
When they had all agreed and sworn t' have seen 't,
And had engag'd themselves to make it out,
Obstructed with a wretched paltry doubt.
When one, whose only task was to determine
And solve the worst appearances of vermin,
Who oft had made profound discoveries
In frogs and toads, as well as rats and mice,
(Though not so curious and exact, 'tis true,
As many an exquisite rat-catcher knew)
After he had a while with signs made way
For something pertinent he had to say,
At last prevail'd—Quoth he, "This disquisition
Is, the one half of it, in my discission;
For though 'tis true the elephant, as beast,
Belongs, of natural right, to all the rest,
The mouse, that 's but a paltry vermin, none
Can claim a title to but I alone;
And therefore humbly hope I may be heard,
In my own province, freely, with regard.
"It is no wonder that we are cry'd down,
And made the table-talk of all the town,
That rants and vapours still, for all our great
Designs and projects, we 've done nothing yet,
If every one have liberty to doubt,
When some great secret 's more than half made out,
Because, perhaps, it will not hold out true,
And put a stop to all w' attempt to do.
As no great action ever has been done,
Nor ever 's like to be, by truth alone,
If nothing else but only truth w' allow,
'Tis no great matter what w' intend to do:
[For Truth is always too reserv'd and chaste,
T' endure to be, by all the town embrac'd;
A solitary anchorite, that dwells,
Retir'd from all the world, in obscure cells,]
Disdains all great assemblies, and defies
The press and crowd of mix'd societies,
That use to deal in novelty and change,
Not of things true, but great, and rare, and strange,
To entertain the world with what is fit
And proper for its genius and its wit;
The world, that 's never found to set esteem
On what things are, but what they appear and seem;
And, if they are not wonderful and new,
They 're ne'er the better for their being true;
[For what is truth, or knowledge, but a kind
Of wantonness and luxury o' th' mind,
A greediness and gluttony o' th' brain,
That lougs to eat forbidden fruit again,
And grows more desperate, like the worst diseases,
Upon the nobler part (the mind) it seizes?]
And what has mankind ever gain'd by knowing
His little truth, unless his own undoing,
That prudently by Nature had been hidden,
And, only for his greater good, forbidden?
And therefore with as great discretion does
The world endeavour still to keep it close;
For if the secrets of all truths were known,
Who would not, once more, be as much undone?
For truth is never without danger in 't,
As here it has depriv'd us of a hint
The whole assembly had agreed upon,
And utterly defeated all we 'ad done,
[By giving footboys leave to interpose,
And disappoint whatever we propose;]
For nothing but to cut out work for Stubs,
And all the busy academic clubs,
[For which they have deserv'd to run the risks
Of elder-sticks, and penitential frisks.]
How much, then, ought we have a special care,
That none presume to know above his share,
Nor take upon him t' understand, henceforth,
More than his weekly contribution 's worth?
That all those that have purchas'd of the college
A half, or but a quarter share, of knowledge,
And brought none in themselves, but spent reputa,
Should never be admitted to dispute,
Nor any member undertake to know
More than his equal dividend comes to?
For partners have perpetually been known
T' impose upon their public interest prone;
And, if we have not greater care of ours,
It will be sure to run the self-same course."
This said, the whole society allow'd
The doctrine to be orthodox and good,
And, from the apparent truth of what they 'ad heard,
Resolv'd, henceforth, to give truth no regard,
But what was for their interests to vouch,
And either find it out, or make it such:
That 'twas more admirable to create
Inventions, like truth, out of strong conceit,
Than with vexatious study, pains, and doubt,
To find, or but suppose t' have found, it out.
This being resolv'd, th' assembly, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the elephant, and Moon;
But still the more and curiouser they pry'd,
They but became the more unsatisfy'd;
In no one thing they gaz'd upon agreeing,
As if they 'ad different principles of seeing.
Some boldly swore, upon a second view,
That all they 'ad beheld before was true,
And damn'd themselves they never would recant
One syllable they 'ad seen of th' elephant;
Avow'd his shape and snout could be no mouse's,
But a true natural elephant's proboscis.
Others began to doubt as much and waver,
Uncertain which to disallow or favour;
[Until they had as many cross resolves,
As Irishmen that have been turn'd to wolves,]
And grew distracted, whether to espouse
The party of the elephant or mouse.
Some held there was no way so orthodox,
As to refer it to the ballot-box,
And, like some other nation's patriots,
To find it out, or make the truth, by votes:
Others were of opinion 'twas more fit
T' unmount the telescope, and open it,
And, for their own and all men's satisfaction,
To search and re-examine the transaction.
And afterward to explicate the rest,
As they should see occasion, for the best.
To this, at length, as th' only expedient,
The whole assembly freely gave consent;
But, ere the optic tube was half let down,
Their own eyes clear'd the first phenomenon:
For at the upper end, prodigious swarms
Of busy flies and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all past muster in the glass by chance,
For both the Peri- and the Subvolvans.
This being discover'd, once more put them all
Into a worse and desperater brawl;
Surpris'd with shame, that men so grave and wise
Should be trepann'd by paltry gnats and flies,
And to mistake the feeble insects' swarms
For squadrons and reserves of men in arms:
As politic as those who, when the Moon
As bright and glorious in a river shone,

Threw casting-nets with equal cunning at her,
To catch her with, and pull her out o' th' water.
But when, at last, they had unscrew'd the glass,
To find out where the sly impostor was,
And saw 'twas but a mouse[2], that by mishap
Had catch'd himself, and them, in th' optic trap,
Amaz'd, with shame confounded, and afflicted
To find themselves so openly convicted,
Immediately made haste to get them gone,
With none but this discovery alone:
That learned men, who greedily pursue
Things, that are rather wonderful than true,
And, in their nicest speculations, choose
To make their own discoveries strange news,
And natural history rather a Gazette
Of rarities stupendous and far-fet;
Believe no truths are worthy to be known,
That are not strongly vast and overgrown,
And strive to explicate appearances,
Not as they 're probable, but as they please;
In vain endeavour Nature to suborn,
And, for their pains, are justly paid with scorn.

A SATIRE ON THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

A FRAGMENT[3].

A LEARNED man, whom once a week
A hundred virtuosi seek,
And like an oracle apply to,
To ask questions, and admire, and lie to;
(Who entertain'd them all of course,
As men take wives for better or worse)
And past them all for men of parts,
Though some but sceptics in their hearts;
For, when they 're cast into a lump,
Their talents equally must jump:
As metals mixt, the rich and base
Do both at equal values pass.
With these the ordinary debate
Was after news, and things of state,
Which way the dreadful comet went
In sixty-four, and what it meant?
What nations yet are to bewail
The operation of its tail?
Or whether France or Holland yet,
Or Germany, be in its debt?
What wars and plagues in Christendom
Have happen'd since, and what to come?
What kings are dead, how many queens
And princesses are poison'd since?
And who shall next of all by turn
Make courts wear black, and tradesmen mourn?
What parties next of foot or horse,
Will rout, or routed be, of course?
What German marches, and retreats,
Will furnish the next month's Gazettes?
What pestilent contagion next,
And what part of the world, infects?
What dreadful meteor, and where,
Shall in the heavens next appear?
And when again shall lay embargo
Upon the admiral, the good ship Argo?
Why currents turn in seas of ice
Some thrice a day, and some but twice?
And why the tides, at night and noon,
Court, like Caligula, the Moon?
What is the natural cause why fish,
That always drink, do never piss?
Or whether in their home, the deep,
By night or day they ever sleep?
If grass be green, or snow be white,
But only as they take the light?
Whether possessions of the Devil,
Or mere temptations, do most evil?
What is 't that makes all fountains still
Within the Earth to run up hill,
But on the outside down again,
As if th' attempt had been in vain?
Or what 's the strange magnetic cause
The steel or loadstone 's drawn, or draws?
The star the needle, which the stone
Has only been but touch'd upon?
Whether the north-star's influence
With both does hold intelligence?
(For red-hot ir'n, held tow'rds the pole,
Turns of itself to 't when 'tis cool:
Or whether male and female screws
In th' iron and stone th' effect produce?
What makes the body of the Sun,
That such a rapid course does run,
To draw no tail behind through th' air,
As comets do, when they appear;
Which other planets cannot do,
Because they do not burn, but glow?
Whether the Moon be sea or land,
Or charcoal, or a quench'd firebrand?
Or if the dark holes that appear,
Are only pores, not cities there?
Whether the atmosphere turn round,
And keep a just pace with the ground,
Or loiter lazily behind,
And clog the air with gusts of wind?
Or whether crescents in the wane
(For so an author has it plain)

[2] Butler, to compliment his mouse for affording him an opportunity of indulging his satirical turn, and displaying his wit upon this occasion, has, to the end of this poem, subjoined the following epigrammatical note:

A mouse, whose martial value has so long
Ago been try'd, and by old Homer sung,
And purchas'd him more everlasting glory
Than all his Grecian and his Trojan story,
Though he appears unequal matcht, I grant,
In bulk and stature by the elephant,
Yet frequently has been observ'd in battle
To have reduc'd the proud and haughty cattle,
When, having boldly enter'd the redoubt,
And storm'd the dreadful outwork of his snout,
The little vermin, like an errant-knight,
Has slain the huge gigantic beast in fight.

[3] Butler formed a design of writing another ire upon the Royal Society, part of which I find ongst his papers, fairly and correctly transcribed. Whether he ever finished it, or the remainder of it be lost, is uncertain: the fragment, however, that is preserved, may not improperly be added in this place, as in some sort explanatory of the preceding poem: and, I am persuaded, that those who have a taste for Butler's turn and humour will think this too curious a fragment to be lost, though perhaps too imperfect to be formally published.

Do burn quite out, or wear away
Their snuffs upon the edge of day?
Whether the sea increase, or waste,
And, if it do, how long 'twill last?
Or, if the Sun approaches near
The Earth, how soon it will be there?
These were their learned speculations,
And all their constant occupations,
To measure wind, and weigh the air,
And turn a circle to a square;
To make a powder of the Sun,
By which all doctors should b' undone;
To find the north-west passage out,
Although the furthest way about;
If chymists from a rose's ashes
Can raise the rose itself in glasses?
Whether the line of incidence
Rise from the object or the sense;
To stew th' elixir in a bath
Of hope, credulity, and faith;
To explicate, by subtle hints,
The grain of diamonds and flints,
And in the braying of an ass
Find out the treble and the bass;
If mares neigh alto, and a cow
A double diapason lowe—
.....

REPARTEES[1] *BETWEEN CAT AND PUSS*

AT A CATERWAULING.

IN THE MODERN HEROIC WAY.

It was about the middle age of night,
When half the Earth stood in the other's light,
And Sleep, Death's brother, yet a friend to life,
Gave weary'd Nature a restorative;
When puss, wrapt warm in his own native furs,
Dreamt soundly of as soft and warm amours;
Of making gallantry in gutter-tiles,
And sporting on delightful faggot-piles;
Of bolting out of bushes in the dark,
As ladies use at midnight in the Park;
Or seeking in tall garrets an alcove,
For assignations in th' affairs of love.
At once his passion was both false and true,
And the more false, the more in earnest grew.
He fancy'd that he heard those amorous charms
That us'd to summon him to soft alarms,
To which he always brought an equal flame,
To fight a rival, or to court a dame;
And, as in dreams love's raptures are more taking
Than all their actual enjoyments waking,
His amorous passion grew to that extreme,
His dream itself awak'd him from his dream.
Thought he, "What place is this? or whither art
Thou vanish'd from me, mistress of my heart?
But now I had her in this very place,
Here, fast imprison'd in my glad embrace,
And, while my joys beyond themselves were rapt,
I know not how, nor whither, thou 'rt escap'd:
Stay, and I 'll follow thee"—With that he leapt
Up from the lazy couch on which he slept,
And, wing'd with passion, through his known purlieu,
Swift as an arrow from a bow, he flew,
Nor stopp'd until his fire had him convey'd
Where many an assignation he 'ad enjoy'd;
Where finding, what he sought, a mutual flame,
That long had stay'd and call'd before he came,
Impatient of delay, without one word,
To lose no further time, he fell aboard,
But grip'd so hard, he wounded what he lov'd,
While she, in anger, thus his heat reprov'd.
C. Forbear, foul ravisher, this rude address;
Canst thou, at once, both injure and caress?
P. Thou hast bewitch'd me with thy powerful charms,
And I, by drawing blood, would cure my harms.
C. He that does love would set his heart a-tilt,
Ere one drop of his lady's should be spilt.
P. Your wounds are but without, and mine within;
You wound my heart, and I but prick your skin;
And, while your eyes pierce deeper than my claws,
You blame th' effect, of which you are the cause.
C. How could my guiltless eyes your heart invade,
Had it not first been by your own betray'd?
Hence 'tis my greatest crime has only been
(Not in mine eyes, but your's) in being seen.
P. I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt.
C. That 's worse than making cruelty a sport.
P. Pain is the foil of pleasure and delight,
That sets it off to a more noble height.
C. He buys his pleasure at a rate too vain,
That takes it up beforehand of his pain.
P. Pain is more dear than pleasure when 'tis past.
C. But grows intolerable if it last.
P. Love is too full of honour to regard
What it enjoys, but suffers as reward.
What knight durst ever own a lover's name,
That had not been half murder'd by his flame,
Or lady, that had never lain at stake,
To death, or force of rivals, for his sake?
C. When love does meet with injury and pain,
Disdain 's the only med'cine for disdain.
P. At once I 'm happy, and unhappy too,
In being pleas'd, and in displeasing you.
C. Preposterous way of pleasure and of love,
That contrary to its own end would move!
'Tis rather hate, that covets to destroy;
Love's business is to love, and to enjoy.
P. Enjoying and destroying are all one,
As flames destroy that which they feed upon.
C. He never lov'd at any generous rate,
That in th' enjoyment found his flame abate,
As wine (the friend of love) is wont to make
The thirst more violent it pretends to slake,
So should fruition do the lover's fire,
Instead of lessening, inflame desire.
P. What greater proof that passion does transport,
When what I would die for I 'm forc'd to hurt?
C. Death among lovers is a thing despis'd,
And far below a sullen humour priz'd,
That is more scorn'd and rail'd at than the gods,
When they are cross'd in love, or fall at odds:
But since you understand not what you do,
I am the judge of what I feel, not you.

[1] This poem is a satirical banter upon those heroic plays which were so much in vogue at the time our author lived; the dialogues of which, having what they called heroic love for their subject, are carried on exactly in this strain, as any one may perceive that will consult the dramatic pieces of Dryden, Settle, and others.

P. Passion begins indifferent to prove,
When love considers any thing but love.
C. The darts of love, like lightning, wound within,
And, though they pierce it, never hurt the skin;
They leave no marks behind them where they fly,
Though through the tenderest part of all, the eye;
But your sharp claws have left enough to shew
How tender I have been, how cruel you.
P. Pleasure is pain; for when it is enjoy'd,
All it could wish for was but to b' allay'd.
C. Force is a rugged way of making love.
P. What you like best, you always disapprove.
C. He that will wrong his love, will not be nice,
T' excuse the wrong he does, to wrong her twice.
P. Nothing is wrong but that which is ill meant.
C. Wounds are ill cur'd with a good intent.
P. When you mistake that for an injury
I never meant, you do the wrong, not I.
C. You do not feel yourself the pain you give;
But 'tis not that alone for which I grieve;
But 'tis your want of passion that I blame,
That can be cruel where you own a flame.
P. 'Tis you are guilty of that cruelty,
Which you at once outdo and blame in me;
For, while you stifle and inflame desire,
You burn, and starve me, in the self-same fire.
C. It is not I, but you, that do the hurt,
Who wound yourself, and then accuse me for 't;
As thieves, that rob themselves 'twixt sun and sun,
Make others pay for what themselves have done.

TO THE

HONOURABLE EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF THE BRITISH PRINCES[1].

SIR,

You have oblig'd the British nation more
Than all their bards could ever do before,
And, at your own charge, monuments more hard
Than brass or marble to their fame have rear'd:
For, as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how brave their ancestors could fight,
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
And no less virtuously improv'd your own:
For 'twill be doubted whether you do write,
Or they have acted, at a nobler height.
You of their ancient princes have retriev'd
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd;
Describ'd their customs and their rites anew,
Better than all their Druids ever knew;
Unriddled their dark oracles as well
As those themselves that made them could foretell:
For as the Britons long have hop'd, in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again,
You have fulfill'd their prophecy alone,
And in this poem plac'd him on his throne.
Such magic power has your prodigious pen,
To raise the dead, and give new life to men;
Make rival princes meet in arms and love,
Whom distant ages did so far remove;
For as eternity has neither past
Nor future (authors say) nor first nor last,
But is all instant, your eternal Muse
All ages can to any one reduce.
Then why should you, whose miracle of art
Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better-busied head
T' observe what time they liv'd in, or were dead?
For, since you have such arbitrary power,
It were defect in judgment to go lower,
Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,
As use to take the vulgar latitude.
There 's no man fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not some proportion with your wit;
As light can no way but by light appear,
He must bring sense that understands it here.

[1] Most of the celebrated wits in Charles the Second's reign addressed this gentleman, in a bantering way, upon his poem called The British Princes, and, among the rest, Butler.

A PALINODE

TO THE

HONOURABLE EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF THE BRITISH PRINCES.

It is your pardon, sir, for which my Muse
Thrice humbly thus, in form of paper, sues;
For, having felt the dead weight of your wit,
She comes to ask forgiveness, and submit;
Is sorry for her faults, and, while I write,
Mourns in the black, does penance in the white:
But such is her belief in your just candour,
She hopes you will not so misunderstand her,
To wrest her harmless meaning to the sense
Of silly emulation or offence.
No: your sufficient wit does still declare
Itself too amply, they are mad that dare
So vain and senseless a presumption own,
To yoke your vast parts in comparison:
And yet you might have thought upon a way
T' instruct us how you 'd have us to obey,
And not command our praises, and then blame
All that 's too great or little for your fame:
For who could choose but err, without some trick
To take your elevation to a nick?
As he that was desir'd upon occasion,
To make the mayor of London an oration,
Desir'd his lordship's favour, that he might
Take measure of his mouth to fit it right;
So, had you sent a scantling of your wit,
You might have blam'd us if it did not fit;
But 'tis not just t' impose, and then cry down
All that 's unequal to your huge renown;
For he that writes below your vast desert,
Betrays his own, and not your want of art.
Praise, like a robe of state, should not sit close
To th' person 'tis made for, but wide and loose;
Derives its comeliness from being unfit,
And such have been our praises of your wit;
Which is so extraordinary, no height
Of fancy but your own can do it right;
Witness those glorious poems you have writ,
With equal judgment, learning, art, and wit,
And those stupendious discoveries
You 've lately made of wonders in the skies:
For who, but from yourself, did ever hear
The sphere of atoms was the atmosphere?
Who ever shut those stragglers in a room,
Or put a circle about *vacuum*?
What should confine those undetermin'd crowds,
And yet extend no further than the clouds?

Who ever could have thought, but you alone,
A sign and an ascendant were all one?
Or how 'tis possible the Moon should shrowd
Her face, to peep at Mars behind a cloud,
Since clouds below are so far distant plac'd,
They cannot hinder her from being barefac'd?
Who ever did a language so enrich,
To scorn all little particles of speech? [found
For though they make the sense clear, yet they 're
To be a scurvy hindrance to the sound;
Therefore you wisely scorn your style to humble,
Or for the sense's sake to wave the rumble.
Had Homer known this art, he 'ad ne'er been fain
To use so many particles in vain,
That to no purpose serve, but (as he haps
To want a syllable) to fill up gaps.
You justly coin new verbs, to pay for those
Which in construction you o'ersee and lose;
And by this art do Priscian no wrong
When you break 's head, for 'tis as broad as long.
These are your own discoveries, which none
But such a Muse as your's could hit upon,
That can, in spite of laws of art, or rules,
Make things more intricate than all the schools:
For what have laws of art to do with you,
More than the laws with honest men and true?
He that 's a prince in poetry should strive
To cry them down by his prerogative,
And not submit to that which has no force
But o'er delinquents and inferiors.
Your poems will endure to be try'd
I' th' fire, like gold, and come forth purify'd;
Can only to eternity pretend,
For they were never writ to any end.
All other books bear an uncertain rate,
But those you write are always sold by weight;
Each word and syllable brought to the scale,
And valued to a scruple in the sale:
For when the paper 's charg'd with your rich wit,
'Tis for all purposes and uses fit,
Has an abstersive virtue to make clean
Whatever Nature made in man obscene.
Boys find, b' experiment, no paper-kite,
Without your verse, can make a noble flight.
It keeps our spice and aromatics sweet;
In Paris they perfume their rooms with it:
For burning but one leaf of your's, they say,
Drives all their stinks and nastiness away.
Cooks keep their pies from burning with you wit,
Their pigs and geese from scorching on the spit;
And vintners find their wines are ne'er the worse,
When arsenic's only wrapt up in the verse.
These are the great performances that raise
Your mighty parts above all reach of praise,
And give us only leave t' admire your worth,
For no man, but yourself, can set it forth,
Whose wondrous power 's so generally known,
Fame is the echo, and her voice your own.

A

PANEGYRIC UPON SIR JOHN DENHAM'S

RECOVERY FROM HIS MADNESS[1].

Sir, you 've outliv'd so desperate a fit
As none could do but an immortal wit;
Had your's been less, all helps had been in vain,
And thrown away, though on a less sick brain;
But you were so far from receiving hurt,
You grew improv'd, and much the better for 't.
As when th' Arabian bird does sacrifice,
And burn himself in his own country's spice,
A maggot first breeds in his pregnant urn,
Which after does to a young phœnix turn:
So your hot brain, burnt in its native fire,
Did life renew'd and vigorous youth acquire;
And with so much advantage, some have guest,
Your after-wit is like to be your best,
And now expect far greater matters of ye
Than the bought Cooper's Hill, or borrow'd Sophy;
Such as your Tully lately dress'd in verse,
Like those he made himself, or not much worse;
And Seneca's dry sand unmix'd with lime,
Such as you cheat the king with, botch'd in rhyme.
Nor were your morals less improv'd, all pride
And native insolence quite laid aside;
And that ungovern'd outrage, that was wont
All, that you durst with safety, to affront.
No China cupboard rudely overthrown,
Nor lady tipp'd, by being accosted, down;
No poet jeer'd, for scribbleing amiss,
With verses forty times more lewd than his:
Nor did your crutch give battle to your duns,
And hold it out, where you had built a sconce;
Nor furiously laid orange-wench aboard,
For asking what in fruit and love you 'ad scor'd;
But all civility and complacence,
More than you ever us'd before or since.
Beside, you never over-reach'd the king
One farthing, all the while, in reckoning,
Nor brought in false account, with little tricks,
Of passing broken rubbish for whole bricks;
False mustering of workmen by the day,
Deduction out of wages, and dead pay
For those that never liv'd; all which did come,
By thrifty management, to no small sum.
You pull'd no lodgings down, to build them worse,
Nor repair'd others, to repair your purse,
As you were wont, till all you built appear'd
Like that Amphion with his fiddle rear'd:
For had the stones, like his, charm'd by your verse,
Built up themselves, they could not have done worse:
And sure, when first you ventur'd to survey,
You did design to do 't no other way.
All this was done before those days began
In which you were a wise and happy man:
For who e'er liv'd in such a paradise,
Until fresh straw and darkness op'd your eyes?
Who ever greater treasure could command,
Had nobler palaces, and richer land,
Than you had then, who could raise sums as vast,
As all the cheats of a Dutch war could waste,
Or all those practis'd upon public money?
For nothing, but your care, could have undone ye.

[1] It must surprise the reader to find a writer of Butler's judgment attacking, in so severe and contemptuous a manner, the character of a poet so much esteemed as sir John Denham was. If what he charges him with be true, there is, indeed, some room for satire; but still there is such a spirit of bitterness runs through the whole, besides the cruelty of ridiculing an infirmity of this nature, as can be accounted for by nothing but some personal quarrel or disgust. How far this weakness may carry the greatest geniuses, we have a proof in what Pope has written of Addison.

For ever are you bound to curse those quacks
That undertook to cure your happy cracks;
For, though no art can ever make them sound,
The tampering cost you threescore thousand pound.
How high might you have liv'd, and play'd, and lost,
Yet been no more undone by being choust,
For forc'd upon the king's account to lay
All that, in serving him, you lost at play!
For nothing but your brain was ever found
To suffer sequestration, and compound.
Yet you 'ave an imposition laid on brick,
For all you then laid out at Beast or Gleek;
And when you 've rais'd a sum, straight let it fly,
By understanding low, and venturing high;
Until you have reduc'd it down to tick,
And then recruit again from lime and brick.

UPON CRITICS,

TO JUDGE OF MODERN PLAYS PRECISELY BY THE RULES OF THE ANCIENTS[1].

WHOEVER will regard poetic fury,
When it is once found idcot by a jury,
And every pert and arbitrary fool
Can all poetic licence over-rule;
Assume a barbarous tyranny, to handle
The Muses worse than Ostrogoth and Vandal;
Make them submit to verdict and report,
And stand or fall to th' orders of a court?
Much less be sentenc'd by the arbitrary
Proceedings of a witless plagiary,
That forges old records and ordinances
Against the right and property of fancies,
More false and nice than weighing of the weather,
To th' hundredth atom of the lightest feather,
Or measuring of air upon Parnassus,
With cylinders of Torricellian glasses;
Reduce all tragedy, by rules of art,
Back to its antique theatre, a cart,
And make them henceforth keep the beaten roads
Of reverend choruses and episodes;
Reform and regulate a puppet play,
According to the true and ancient way,
That not an actor shall presume to squeak,
Unless he have a licence for 't in Greek;
Or Whittington henceforward sell his cat in
Plain vulgar English, without mewing Latin:
No pudding shall be suffer'd to be witty,
Unless it be in order to raise pity;
Or Devil in the puppet-play b' allow'd
To roar and spit fire, but to fright the crowd,
Unless some god or demon chance t' have piques
Against an ancient family of Greeks;
That other men may tremble, and take warning,
How such a fatal progeny they 're born in;
Or none but such for tragedy are fitted,
That have been ruin'd only to be pity'd:
And only those held proper to deter,
Who 've had th' ill luck against their wills to err.
Hence only such as are of middling sizes,
Between morality and venial vices,
Are qualify'd to be destroy'd by Fate,
For other mortals to take warning at.
As if the antique laws of tragedy
Did with our own municipal agree,
And serv'd, like cobwebs, but t' ensnare the weak,
And give diversion to the great to break;
To make a less delinquent to be brought
To answer for a greater person's fault,
And suffer all the worst the worst approver
Can, to excuse and save himself, discover.
No longer shall dramatics be confin'd
To draw true images of all mankind;
To punish in effigie criminals,
Reprieve the innocent, and hang the false;
But a club-law to execute and kill,
For nothing, whomsoe'er they please, at will,
To terrify spectators from committing
The crimes they did, and suffer'd for, unwitting.
These are the reformations of the stage,
Like other reformations of the age,
On purpose to destroy all wit and sense,
As th' other did all law and conscience;
No better than the laws of British plays,
Confirm'd in th' ancient good king Howell's days;
Who made a general council regulate
Men's catching women by the—you know what,
And set down in the rubric at what time
It should be counted legal, when a crime;
Declare when 'twas, and when 'twas not a sin,
And on what days it went out or came in.
An English poet should be try'd b' his peers,
And not by pedants and philosophers,
Incompetent to judge poetic fury,
As butchers are forbid to b' of a jury;
Besides the most intolerable wrong
To try their matters in a foreign tongue,
By foreign jurymen, like Sophocles,
Or tales, falser than Euripides;
When not an English native dares appear
To be a witness for the prisoner;
When all the laws they use t' arraign and try
The innocent and wrong'd delinquent by,
Were made b' a foreign lawyer and his pupils,
To put an end to all poetic scruples,
And, by th' advice of virtuosi Tuscans,
Determin'd all the doubts of socks and buskins;
Gave judgment on all past and future plays,
As is apparent by Speroni's case,
Which Lope Vega first began to steal,
And after him the French filou Corneille;
And since our English plagiaries nim
And steal their far-fet criticisms from him,
And, by an action falsely laid of trover,
The lumber for their proper goods recover,
Enough to furnish all the lewd impeachers
Of witty Beaumont's poetry and Fletcher's;
Who, for a few misprisions of wit,
Are charg'd by those who ten times worse commit;
And, for misjudging some unhappy scenes,
Are censur'd for 't with more unlucky sense;
When all their worst miscarriages delight,
And please more than the best that pedants write.

[1] This warm invective was very probably occasioned by Mr. Rymer, historiographer to Charles II. who censured three tragedies of Beaumont's and Fletcher's. The cold, severe critic may perhaps find some few inaccuracies to censure in this composition; but the reader of taste will either overlook or pardon them for the sake of the spirit that runs through it.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

QUEEN OF ARRAGON,

ACTED BEFORE THE DUKE OF YORK, UPON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

Sir, while so many nations strive to pay
The tribute of their glories to this day,
That gave them earnest of so great a sum
Of glory (from your future acts) to come,
And which you have discharg'd at such a rate,
That all succeeding times must celebrate;
We, that subsist by your bright influence,
And have no life but what we own from thence,
Come humbly to present you, our own way,
With all we have, (beside our hearts) a play.
But, as devoutest men can pay no more
To deities than what they gave before,
We bring you only what your great commands
Did rescue for us from engrossing hands,
That would have taken out administration
Of all departed poets' goods i' th' nation;
Or, like to lords of manors, seiz'd all plays
That come within their reach, as wefts and strays,
And claim'd a forfeiture of all past wit,
But that your justice put a stop to it.
'Twas well for us, who else must have been glad
T' admit of all who now write new and bad;
For, still the wickeder some authors write,
Others to write worse are encourag'd by 't;
And though those fierce inquisitors of wit,
The critics, spare no flesh that ever writ,
But, just as tooth-drawers, find, among the rout,
Their own teeth work in pulling others out;
So they, decrying all of all that write,
Think to erect a trade of judging by 't.
Small poetry, like other heresies,
By being persecuted multiplies;
But here they 're like to fail of all pretence;
For he that writ this play is dead long since,
And not within their power; for bears are said
To spare those, that lie still and seem but dead.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

TO THE DUTCHESS.

Madam, the joys of this great day are due,
No less than to your royal lord, to you;
And, while three mighty kingdoms pay your part,
You have, what 's greater than them all, his heart;
That heart that, when it was his country's guard,
The fury of two elements outdar'd,
And made a stubborn haughty enemy
The terrour of his dreadful conduct fly;
And yet you conquer'd it—and made your charms
Appear no less victorious than his arms;
For which you oft have triumph'd on this day,
And many more to come Heaven grant you may!
But, as great princes use, in solemn times
Of joy, to pardon all but heinous crimes,
If we have sinn'd without an ill intent,
And done below what really we meant,
We humbly ask your pardon for 't, and pray
You would forgive, in honour of the day.

UPON

PHILIP NYE'S THANKSGIVING BEARD[1]

A beard is but the vizard of a face,
That Nature orders for no other place;
The fringe and tassel of a countenance,
That hides his person from another man's,
And, like the Roman habits of their youth,
Is never worn until his perfect growth;
A privilege no other creature has,
To wear a natural mask upon his face,
That shifts its likeness every day he wears,
To fit some other persons' characters,
And by its own mythology implies,
That men were born to live in some disguise.
This satisfy'd a reverend man, that clear'd
His disagreeing conscience by his beard.
He 'ad been preferr'd i' th' army, when the church
Was taken with a Why not? in the lurch;
When primate, metropolitan, and prelates,
Were turn'd to officers of horse and zealots,
From whom he held the most pluralities
Of contributions, donatives, and salaries;
Was held the chiefest of those spiritual trumpets,
That sounded charges to their fiercest combats;
But in the desperatest of defeats
Had never blown as opportune retreats,
Until the synod order'd his departure
To London, from his caterwauling quarter,
To sit among them, as he had been chosen,
And pass or null things at his own disposing:
Could clap up souls in limbo with a vote,
And for their fees discharge and let them out;
Which made some grandees bribe him with the place
Of holding-forth upon thanksgiving-days;
Whither the members, two and two abreast,
March'd to take in the spoils of all—the feast;
But by the way repeated the oh-hones
Of his wild Irish and chromatic tones;
His frequent and pathetic hums and haws,
He practis'd only t' animate the cause,
With which the sisters were so prepossest,
They could remember nothing of the rest.

[1] As our poet has thought fit to bestow so many verses upon this trumpeter of sedition, it may, perhaps, be no thankless office to give the reader some further information about him, than what merely relates to his *beard*.—He was educated at Oxford, first in Brazen Nose College, and afterwards in Magdalen Hall; where, under the influence of a puritanical tutor, he received the first tincture of sedition and disgust to our ecclesiastical establishment. After taking his degrees, he went into orders, but soon left England to go and reside in Holland, where he was not very likely to lessen those prejudices which he had already imbibed. In the year 1640, he returned home, became a furious presbyterian, and a zealous stickler for the parliament; and was thought considerable enough, in his way, to be sent by his party into Scotland, to encourage and spirit-up the cause of the covenant; in defence of which he wrote several pamphlets. However, as his zeal arose from self-interest and ambition, when the independents began to have the ascendant, and power and profit ran in that channel, he faced about, and became a strenuous preacher on that side; and in this situation he was when he fell under the lash of Butler's satire.

Ie thought upon it, and resolv'd to put
beard into as wonderful a cut,
l, for the further service of the women,
abate the rigidness of his opinion;
l, but a day before, had been to find
ablest virtuoso of the kind,
th whom he long and seriously conferr'd
all intrigues that might concern his beard;
whose advice he sate for a design
little drawn, exactly to a line,
at if the creature chance to have occasion
undergo a thorough reformation,
night be borne conveniently about,
d by the meanest artist copy'd out.
This done, he sent a journeyman sectary
'ad brought up to retrieve, and fetch, and carry,
find out one that had the greatest practice,
prune and bleach the beards of all fanatics,
d set their most confus'd disorders right,
t by a new design, but newer light;
ho us'd to shave the grandees of their sticklers,
d crop the worthies of their conventiclers;
whom he show'd his new-invented draught,
d told him how 'twas to be copy'd out.
Quoth he, "'Tis but a false and counterfeit,
d scandalous device of human wit,
at 's abs'lutely forbidden in the Scripture,
make of any carnal thing the picture."
Quoth th' other saint, "You must leave that to us,
agree what 's lawful, or what scandalous,
r, till it is determin'd by our vote,
is either lawful, scandalous, or not:
hich, since we have not yet agreed upon,
left indifferent to avoid or own."
Quoth he, "My conscience never shall agree
do it, till I know what 'tis to be;
r though I use it in a lawful time,
hat if it after should be made a crime?
"'Tis true we fought for liberty of conscience,
ainst human constitutions, in our own sense,
hich I 'm resolv'd perpetually t' avow,
d make it lawful whatsoe'er we do;
en do your office with your greatest skill,
d let th' event befal us how it will."
This said, the nice barbarian took his tools,
prune the zealot's tenets and his jowles;
lk'd on as pertinently as he snipt,
hundred times for every hair he clipt;
ntil the Beard at length began t' appear,
d reassume its antique character,
rew more and more itself, that art might strive,
d stand in competition with the life;
r some have doubted if 'twere made of snips
f sables, glew'd and fitted to his lips,
d set in such an artificial frame,
if it had been wrought in filograin,
ore subtly fil'd and polish'd than the gin
hat Vulcan caught himself a cuckold in;
hat Lachesis, that spins the threads of Fate,
ould not have drawn it out more delicate.
But being design'd and drawn so regular,
a scrupulous punctilio of a hair,
ho could imagine that it should be portal
selfish, inward-unconforming mortal?
nd yet it was, and did abominate
he least compliance in the church or state,
nd from itself did equally dissent,
from religion and the government [2].

[2] I find among Butler's manuscripts several other little sketches upon the same subject, but none worth printing, except the following one may be thought passable, by way of note.

This reverend brother, like a goat,
Did wear a tail upon his throat,
The fringe and tassel of a face,
That gives it a becoming grace,
But set in such a curious frame,
As if 'twere wrought in filograin,
And cut so even, as if 't had been
Drawn with a pen upon his chin.
No topiary hedge of quickset
Was e'er so neatly cut or thick set,
That made beholders more admire,
Than China-plate that 's made of wire;
But being wrought so regular
In every part, and every hair,
Who would believe it should be portal
To unconforming-inward mortal?
And yet it was, and did dissent
No less from its own government,
Than from the church's, and detest
That which it held forth and profest;
Did equally abominate
Conformity in church and state;
And, like an hypocritic brother,
Profess'd one thing and did another;
As all things, where they 're most profest,
Are found to be regarded least.

SATIRE

UPON

THE WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN.

Who would believe that wicked Earth,
Where Nature only brings us forth
To be found guilty and forgiven,
Should be a nursery for Heaven;
When all we can expect to do
Will not pay half the debt we owe,
And yet more desperately dare,
As if that wretched trifle were
Too much for the eternal Powers,
Our great and mighty creditors,
Not only slight what they enjoin,
But pay it in adulterate coin?
We only in their mercy trust,
To be more wicked and unjust;
All our devotions, vows, and prayers,
Are our own interest, not theirs;
Our offerings, when we come t' adore,
But begging presents to get more;
The purest business of our zeal
Is but to err, by meaning well,
And make that meaning do more harm
Than our worst deeds, that are less warm;
For the most wretched and perverse
Does not believe himself he errs.
Our holiest actions have been
Th' effects of wickedness and sin;
Religious houses made compounders
For th' horrid actions of the founders;
Steeples that totter'd in the air,
By letchers sinn'd into repair;
As if we had retain'd no sign
Nor character of the divine
And heavenly part of human nature,
But only the coarse earthy matter.

Our universal inclination
Tends to the worst of our creation;
As if the stars conspir'd t' imprint,
In our whole species, by instinct,
A fatal brand and signature
Of nothing else but the impure.
The best of all our actions tend
To the preposterousest end,
And, like to mongrels, we 're inclin'd
To take most to th' ignobler kind;
Or monsters, that have always least
Of th' human parent, not the beast.
Hence 'tis we 've no regard at all
Of our best half original;
But, when they differ, still assert
The interest of th' ignobler part;
Spend all the time we have upon
The vain capriches of the one,
But grudge to spare one hour to know
What to the better part we owe.
As, in all compound substances,
The greater still devours the less;
So, being born and bred up near
Our earthy gross relations here,
Far from the ancient nobler place
Of all our high paternal race,
We now degenerate, and grow
As barbarous, and mean, and low,
As modern Grecians are, and worse,
To their brave nobler ancestors.
Yet, as no barbarousness beside
Is half so barbarous as pride,
Nor any prouder insolence
Than that which has the least pretence,
We are so wretched to profess
A glory in our wretchedness;
To vapour sillily, and rant,
Of our own misery and want,
And grow vain-glorious on a score
We ought much rather to deplore;
Who, the first moment of our lives,
Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprieves;
And our great'st grace is not to know
When we shall pay them back, nor how;
Begotten with a vain caprich,
And live as vainly to that pitch.
  Our pains are real things, and all
Our pleasures but fantastical;
Diseases of their own accord,
But cures come difficult and hard.
Our noblest piles, and stateliest rooms,
Are but outhouses to our tombs;
Cities, though e'er so great and brave,
But mere warehouses to the grave.
Our bravery 's but a vain disguise,
To hide us from the world's dull eyes,
The remedy of a defect,
With which our nakedness is deckt;
Yet makes us swell with pride, and boast,
As if we 'd gain'd by being lost.
  All this is nothing to the evils
Which men, and their confederate devils,
Inflict, to aggravate the curse
On their own hated kind much worse;
As if by Nature they 'd been serv'd
More gently than their fate deserv'd,
Take pains (in justice) to invent,
And study their own punishment;
That, as their crimes should greater grow,
So might their own inflictions too.
Hence bloody wars at first began,
The artificial plague of man,
That from his own invention rise,
To scourge his own iniquities;
That, if the heavens should chance to spare
Supplies of constant poison'd air,
They might not, with unfit delay,
For lingering destruction stay;
Nor seek recruits of Death so far,
But plague themselves with blood and war.
  And if these fail, there is no good
Kind Nature e'er on man bestow'd,
But he can easily divert
To his own misery and hurt;
Make that which Heaven meant to bless
Th' ungrateful world with, gentle Peace,
With luxury and excess, as fast
As war and desolation, waste;
Promote mortality, and kill,
As fast as arms, by sitting still;
Like earthquakes, slay without a blow,
And, only moving, overthrow;
Make law and equity as dear
As plunder and free-quarter were,
And fierce encounters at the bar,
Undo as fast as those in war;
Enrich bawds, whores, and usurers;
Pimps, scriveners, silenc'd ministers,
That get estates by being undone
For tender conscience, and have none.
Like those that with their credit drive
A trade, without a stock, and thrive;
Advance men in the church and state
For being of the meanest rate,
Rais'd for their double-guil'd deserts,
Before integrity and parts;
Produce more grievious complaints
For plenty, than before for wants,
And make a rich and fruitful year
A greater grievance than a dear;
Make jests of greater dangers far,
Than those they trembled at in war;
Till, unawares, they 've laid a train
To blow the public up again;
Rally with horrour, and, in sport,
Rebellion and destruction court,
And make fanatics, in despight
Of all their madness, reason right,
And vouch to all they have foreshown,
As other monsters oft have done,
Although from truth and sense as far,
As all their other maggots are:
For things said false, and never meant,
Do oft prove true by accident.
  That wealth, that bounteous Fortune sends
As presents to her dearest friends,
Is oft laid out upon a purchase
Of two yards long in parish-churches,
And those too-happy men that bought it
Had liv'd, and happier too, without it:
For what does vast wealth bring but cheat,
Law, luxury, disease, and debt;
Pain, pleasure, discontent, and sport,
An easy-troubled life, and short[1]?

[1] Though this satire seems fairly transcribed for the press, yet, on a vacancy in the sheet opposite to this line, I find the following verses, which probably were intended to be added; but as they are

But all these plagues are nothing near
Those, far more cruel and severe,
Unhappy man takes pains to find,
T' inflict himself upon his mind:
And out of his own bowels spins
A rack and torture for his sins;
Torments himself in vain, to know
That most which he can never do;
And, the more strictly 'tis deny'd,
The more he is unsatisfy'd;
Is busy in finding scruples out,
To languish in eternal doubt;
Sees spectres in the dark, and ghosts,
And starts, as horses do at posts,
And, when his eyes assist him least,
Discerns such subtle objects best.
On hypothetic dreams and visions
Grounds everlasting disquisitions,
And raises endless controversies
On vulgar theorems and hearsays;
Grows positive and confident,
In things so far beyond th' extent
Of human sense, he does not know
Whether they be at all or no,
And doubts as much in things that are
As plainly evident and clear;
Disdains all useful sense, and plain,
T' apply to th' intricate and vain;
And cracks his brains in plodding on
That, which is never to be known;
To pose himself with subtleties,
And hold no other knowledge wise;
Although, the subtler all things are,
They 're but to nothing the more near;
And, the less weight they can sustain,
The more he still lays on in vain,
And hangs his soul upon as nice
And subtle curiosities,
As one of that vast multitude,
That on a needle's point have stood;
Weighs right and wrong, and true and false,
Upon as nice and subtle scales,
As those that turn upon a plane
With th' hundredth part of half a grain,
And still the subtler they move,
The sooner false and useless prove.
So man, that thinks to force and strain,
Beyond its natural sphere, his brain,
In vain torments it on the rack,
And, for improving, sets it back;
Is ignorant of his own extent,
And that to which his aims are bent;
Is lost in both, and breaks his blade
Upon the anvil where 'twas made:
For, as abortions cost more pain
Than vigorous births, so all the vain
And weak productions of man's wit,
That aim at purposes unfit,
Require more drudgery, and worse,
Than those of strong and lively force.

not regularly inserted, I choose rather to give them by way of note.

For men ne'er digg'd so deep into
The bowels of the Earth below,
For metals, that are found to dwell
Near neighbour to the pit of Hell,
And have a magic power to sway
The greedy souls of men that way,
But with their bodies have been fain
To fill those trenches up again;
When bloody battles have been fought
For sharing that which they took out:
For wealth is all things that conduce
To man's destruction or his use;
A standard both to buy and sell
All things from Heaven down to Hell.

SATIRE

UPON

THE LICENTIOUS AGE OF CHARLES II.

'Tis a strange age we 've liv'd in, and a lewd,
As e'er the Sun in all his travels view'd;
An age as vile as ever Justice urg'd,
Like a fantastic letcher, to be scourg'd;
Nor has it scap'd, and yet has only learn'd,
The more 'tis plagued, to be the less concern'd.
Twice have we seen two dreadful judgments rage,
Enough to fright the stubborn'st-hearted age;
The one to mow vast crowds of people down,
The other (as then needless) half the town;
And two as mighty miracles restore
What both had ruin'd and destroy'd before;
In all as unconcern'd, as if they 'ad been
But pastimes for diversion to be seen,
Or, like the plagues of Egypt, meant a curse,
Not to reclaim us, but to make us worse.
Twice have men turn'd the World (that silly block-head)
The wrong side outward, like a juggler's pocket,
Shook out hypocrisy as fast and loose
As e'er the Devil could teach, or sinners use,
And on the other side at once put in
As impotent iniquity and sin.
As sculls that have been crack'd are often found
Upon the wrong side to receive the wound;
And like tobacco-pipes at one end hit,
To break at th' other still that 's opposite:
So men, who one extravagance would shun,
Into the contrary extreme have run;
And all the difference is, that, as the first
Provokes the other freak to prove the worst,
So, in return, that strives to render less
The last delusion, with its own excess,
And, like two unskill'd gamesters, use one way,
With bungling t' help out one another's play.
For those who heretofore sought private holes,
Secure in the dark to damn their souls,
Wore vizards of hypocrisy to steal
And slink away in masquerade to Hell,
Now bring their crimes into the open Sun,
For all mankind to gaze their worst upon,
As eagles try their young against his rays,
To prove if they 're of generous breed or base;
Call Heaven and Earth to witness how they 've aim'd,
With all their utmost vigour, to be damn'd,
And by their own examples, in the view
Of all the world, striv'd to damn others too;
On all occasions sought to be as civil
As possible they could t' his grace the Devil,
To give him no unnecessary trouble,
Nor in small matters use a friend so noble,
But with their constant practice done their best
T' improve and propagate his interest:
For men have now made vice so great an art,
The matter of fact 's become the slightest part;

And the debauched'st actions they can do,
Mere trifles to the circumstance and show.
For 'tis not what they do that 's now the sin,
But what they lewdly affect and glory in.
As if preposterously they would profess
A forc'd hypocrisy of wickedness,
And affectation, that makes good things bad,
Must make affected shame accurs'd and mad;
For vices for themselves may find excuse,
But never for their compliment and shews;
That if there ever were a mystery
Of moral secular iniquity,
And that the churches may not lose their due
By being encroach'd upon, 'tis now, and new:
For men are now as scrupulous and nice,
And tender-conscienc'd of low paltry vice,
Disdain as proudly to be thought to have
To do in any mischief but the brave,
As the most scrupulous zealot of late times
T' appear in any but the horrid'st crimes;
Have as precise and strict punctilios
Now to appear, as then to make no shows,
And steer the world, by disagreeing force
Of different customs, 'gainst her natural course:
So powerful 's ill Example to encroach,
And Nature, spite of all her laws, debauch,
Example, that imperious dictator,
Of all that 's good or bad to human nature,
By which the world 's corrupted and reclaim'd,
Hopes to be sav'd, and studies to be damn'd;
That reconciles all contrarieties,
Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise,
Imposes on divinity, and sets
Her seal alike on truths and counterfeits;
Alters all characters of virtue and vice,
And passes one for th' other in disguise;
Makes all things, as it pleases, understood,
The good receiv'd for bad, and bad for good;
That slyly counterchanges wrong and right,
Like white in fields of black, and black in white;
As if the laws of Nature had been made
Of purpose only to be disobey'd;
Or man had lost his mighty interest,
By having been distinguish'd from a beast;
And had no other way but sin and vice,
To be restor'd again to Paradise.

How copious is our language lately grown,
To make blaspheming wit, and a jargon!
And yet how expressive and significant,
In *damme*, at once to curse, and swear, and rant!
As if no way express'd men's souls so well,
As damning of them to the pit of Hell;
Nor any asseveration were so civil,
As mortgaging salvation to the Devil;
Or that his name did add a charming grace,
And blasphemy a purity to our phrase.
For what can any language more enrich,
Than to pay souls for viciating speech;
When the great'st tyrant in the world made those
But lick their words out that abus'd his prose?

What trivial punishments did then protect
To public censure a profound respect,
When the most shameful penance, and severe,
That could b' inflicted on a cavalier,
For infamous debauchery, was no worse
Than but to be degraded from his horse,
And have his livery of oats and hay,
Instead of cutting spurs off, tak'n away?
They held no torture then so great as shame,
And that to slay was less than to defame;
For just so much regard as men express
To th' censure of the public, more or less,
The same will be return'd to them again,
In shame or reputation, to a grain;
And, how perverse soe'er the world appears,
'Tis just to all the bad it sees and hears,
And for that virtue strives to be allow'd
For all the injuries it does the good.

How silly were their sages heretofore,
To fright their heroes with a siren whore!
Make them believe a water-witch, with charms,
Could sink their men of war as easy as storms,
And turn their mariners, that heard them sing,
Into land-porpusses, and cod and ling;
To terrify those mighty champions,
As we do children now with Bloodybones;
Until the subtlest of their conjurers
Seal'd up the labels to his soul, his ears,
And ty'd his deafen'd sailors (while he pass'd
The dreadful lady's lodgings) to the mast,
And rather venture drowning, than to wrong
The sea-pugs' chaste ears with a bawdy song:
To b' out of countenance, and, like an ass,
Not pledge the lady Circe one beer-glass;
Unmannerly refuse her treat and wine,
For fear of being turn'd into a swine,
When one of our heroic adventurers now
Would drink her down, and turn her int' a sow!

So simple were those times, when a grave sage
Could with an old wife's tale instruct the age,
Teach virtue more fantastic ways and nice,
Than ours will now endure t' improve in vice;
Made a dull sentence, and a moral fable,
Do more than all our holdings-forth are able,
A forc'd obscure mythology convince,
Beyond our worst inflictions upon sins;
When an old proverb, or an end of verse,
Could more than all our penal laws coerce,
And keep men honester than all our furies
Of jailors, judges, constables, and juries;
Who were converted then with an old saying,
Better than all our preaching now, and praying.
What fops had these been, had they liv'd with us,
Where the best reason 's made ridiculous,
And all the plain and sober things we say,
By raillery are put beside their play?
For men are grown above all knowledge now,
And what they 're ignorant of disdain to know;
Engross truth (like fanatics) underhand,
And boldly judge before they understand;
The self-same courses equally advance,
In spiritual and carnal ignorance,
And, by the same degrees of confidence,
Become impregnable against all sense;
For, as they outgrew ordinances then,
So would they now morality again.
Though Drudgery and Knowledge are of kin,
And both descended from one parent, Sin,
And therefore seldom have been known to part,
In tracing out the ways of Truth and Art,
Yet they have north-west passages to steer,
A short way to it, without pains or care:
For, as implicit faith is far more stiff
Than that which understands its own belief,
So those that think, and do but think they know,
Are far more obstinate than those that do,
And more averse than if they 'ad ne'er been taught
A wrong way, to a right one to be brought;
Take boldness upon credit beforehand,
And grow too positive to understand;

lelieve themselves as knowing and as famous,
s if their gifts had gotten a *mandamus*,
. bill of store to take up a degree,
Vith all the learning to it, custom-free,
nd look as big for what they bought at court,
s if they 'ad done their exercises for 't.

SATIRE UPON GAMING.

Vhat fool would trouble Fortune more,
Vhen she has been too kind before;
r tempt her to take back again
Vhat she had thrown away in vain,
y idly venturing her good graces
o be dispos'd of by ames-aces;
r settling it in trust to uses
ut of his power, on trays and deuces;
o put it to the chance, and try,
th' ballot of a box and die,
Vhether his money be his own,
nd lose it, if he be o'erthrown;
s if he were betray'd, and set
y his own stars to every cheat,
r wretchedly condemn'd by Fate
o throw dice for his own estate;
s mutineers, by fatal doom,
o for their lives upon a drum?
or what less influence can produce
o great a monster as a chouse,
r any two-legg'd thing possess
Vith such a brutish sottishness?
nless those tutelary stars,
ntrusted by astrologers
o have the charge of man, combin'd
o use him in the self-same kind;
s these that help'd them to the trust,
re wont to deal with others just.
r to become so sadly dull
nd stupid, as to fine for gull,
Vot, as in cities, to b' excus'd,
ut to be judg'd fit to be us'd)
hat whosoe'er can draw it in
sure inevitably t' win,
nd, with a curs'd half-witted fate,
o grow more dully desperate,
he more 'tis made a common prey,
nd cheated foppishly at play,
their condition; Fate betrays
o Folly first, and then destroys,
r what but miracles can serve
o great a madness to preserve,
s his, that ventures goods and chattles
Vhere there's no quarter given) in battles,
nd fights with money-bags as bold,
s men with sand-bags did of old;
nts lands, and tenements, and stocks,
nto a paltry juggler's box;
nd, like an alderman of Gotham,
mbarketh in so vile a bottom;
ngages blind and senseless hap
ainst high, and low, and slur, and knap,
s Tartars with a man of straw
ncounter lions hand to paw)
Vith those that never venture more
han they had safely ensur'd before;
Vho, when they knock the box, and shake,
o, like the Indian rattlesnake,
But strive to ruin and destroy
Those, that mistake it for fair play;
That have their fulhams at command,
Brought up to do their feats at hand;
That understand their calls and knocks,
And how to place themselves i' th' box;
Can tell the oddses of all games,
And when to answer to their names;
And, when he conjures them t' appear,
Like imps, are ready every where;
When to play foul, and when run fair
(Out of design) upon the square,
And let the greedy cully win,
Only to draw him further in;
While those with which he idly plays
Have no regard to what he says,
Although he jernie and blaspheme,
When they miscarry, Heaven and them,
And damn his soul, and swear, and curse,
And crucify his Saviour worse
Than those Jew-troopers, that threw out,
When they were raffling for his coat;
Denounce revenge, as if they heard,
And rightly understood and fear'd,
And would take heed another time,
How to commit so bold a crime;
When the poor bones are innocent
Of all he did, or said, or meant,
And have as little sense, almost,
As he that damns them when he 'as lost;
As if he had rely'd upon
Their judgment rather than his own;
And that it were their fault, not his,
That manag'd them himself amiss,
And gave them ill instructions how
To run, as he would have them do,
And then condemns them sillily
For having no more wit than he!

SATIRE TO A BAD POET.

Great famous wit! whose rich and easy vein,
Free, and unus'd to drudgery and pain,
Has all Apollo's treasure at command,
And how good verse is coin'd do'st understand;
In all Wit's combats master of defence!
Tell me, how dost thou pass on Rhyme and Sense?
'Tis said they apply to thee, and in thy verse
Do freely range themselves as volunteers,
And without pain, or pumping for a word,
Place themselves fitly of their own accord.
I, whom a loud caprich (for some great crime
I have committed) has condemned to rhyme,
With slavish obstinacy vex my brain
To reconcile them, but, alas! in vain.
Sometimes I set my wits upon the rack,
And, when I would say white, the verse says black;
When I would draw a brave man to the life,
It names some slave, that pimps to his own wife,
Or base poltroon, that would have sold his daughter,
If he had met with any to have bought her;
When I would praise an author, the untoward
Damn'd sense says Virgil, but the rhyme ——; (Howard)
In fine, whate'er I strive to bring about,
The contrary (spite of my heart) comes out.
Sometimes, enrag'd for time and pains mispent,
I give it over, tir'd, and discontent,

And, damning the dull fiend a thousand times,
By whom I was possess'd, forswear all rhymes;
But, having curs'd the Muses, they appear,
To be reveng'd for 't, ere I am aware.
Spite of myself, I straight take fire again,
Fall to my task with paper, ink, and pen,
And, breaking all the oaths I made, in vain
From verse to verse expect their aid again.
But, if my Muse or I were so discreet
T' endure, for rhyme's sake, one dull epithet,
I might, like others, easily command
Words without study, ready and at hand.
In praising Chloris, moons, and stars, and skies,
Are quickly made to match her face and eyes—
And gold and rubies, with as little care,
To fit the colour of her lips and hair;
And, mixing suns, and flowers, and pearl, and stones,
Make them serve all complexions at once.
With these fine fancies, at hap-hazard writ,
I could make verses without art or wit,
And, shifting forty times the verb and noun,
With stol'n impertinence patch up mine own;
But in the choice of words my scrupulous wit
Is fearful to pass one that is unfit;
Nor can endure to fill up a void place,
At a line's end, with one insipid phrase;
And, therefore, when I scribble twenty times,
When I have written four, I blot two rhymes.
May he be damn'd who first found out that curse,
T' imprison and confine his thoughts in verse;
To hang so dull a clog upon his wit,
And make his reason to his rhyme submit!
Without this plague, I freely might have spent
My happy days with leisure and content;
Had nothing in the world to do or think,
Like a fat priest, but whore, and eat, and drink;
Had past my time as pleasantly away,
Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day.
My soul, that 's free from care, and fear, and hope,
Knows how to make her own ambition stoop,
T' avoid uneasy greatness and resort,
Or for preferment following the court.
How happy had I been if, for a curse,
The Fates had never sentenc'd me to verse!
But, ever since this peremptory vein,
With restless frenzy, first possess'd my brain,
And that the Devil tempted me, in spite
Of my own happiness, to judge and write,
Shut up against my will, I waste my age
In mending this, and blotting out that page,
And grow so weary of the slavish trade,
I envy their condition that write bad.
O happy Scudery! whose easy quill
Can, once a month, a mighty volume fill;
For, though thy works are written in despite
Of all good sense, impertinent and slight,
They never have been known to stand in need
Of stationer to sell, or sot to read;
For, so the rhyme be at the verse's end,
No matter whither all the rest does tend.
Unhappy is that man who, spite of 's heart,
Is forc'd to be ty'd up to rules of art.
A fop that scribbles does it with delight,
Takes no pains to consider what to write,
But, fond of all the nonsense he brings forth,
Is ravish'd with his own great wit and worth;
While brave and noble writers vainly strive
To such a height of glory to arrive;
But, still with all they do unsatisfy'd,
Ne'er please themselves, though all the world beside:
And those whom all mankind admire for wit,
Wish, for their own sakes, they had never writ.
Thou, then, that seest how ill I spend my time,
Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme;
And, if th' instructions chance to prove in vain,
Teach —— how ne'er to write again.

SATIRE

ON OUR

RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.

Who would not rather get him gone
Beyond th' intollerablest zone,
Or steer his passage through those seas
That burn in flames, or those that freeze,
Than see one nation go to school,
And learn of another, like a fool?
To study all its tricks and fashions
With epidemic affectations,
And dare to wear no mode or dress,
But what they in their wisdom please;
As monkies are, by being taught
To put on gloves and stockings, caught;
Submit to all that they devise,
As if it wore their liveries;
Make ready and dress th' imagination,
Not with the clothes, but with the fashion;
And change it, to fulfil the curse
Of Adam's fall, for new, though worse;
To make their breeches fall and rise,
From middle legs to middle thighs,
The tropics, between which the hose
Move always as the fashion goes:
Sometimes wear hats like pyramids,
And sometimes flat, like pipkins' lids;
With broad brims, sometimes, like umbrellas,
And sometimes narrow, as Punchinello's:
In coldest weather go unbrac'd,
And close in hot, as if th' were lac'd;
Sometimes with sleeves and bodies wide,
And sometimes straiter than a hide:
Wear peruques, and with false grey hairs
Disguise the true ones, and their years,
That when they 're modish, with the young
The old may seem so in the throng:
And, as some pupils have been known
In time to put their tutors down,
So ours are often found to 'ave got
More tricks than ever they were taught:
With sly intrigues and artifices
Usurp their poxes and their vices;
With garnitures upon their shoes,
Make good their claim to gouty toes;
By sudden starts, and shrugs, and groans,
Pretend to aches in their bones,
To scabs and botches, and lay trains
To prove their running of the reins;
And, lest they should seem destitute
Of any mange that 's in repute,
And be behind hand with the mode,
Will swear to crystallin and node;
And, that they may not lose their right,
Make it appear how they came by 't:
Disdain the country where they were born,
As bastards their own mothers scorn,
And that which brought them forth contemn,
As it deserves, for bearing them;

dmire whate'er they find abroad,
ut nothing here, though e'er so good:
e natives wheresoe'er they come,
nd only foreigners at home;
o which they appear so far estrang'd,
s if they 'ad been i' th' cradle chang'd,
r from beyond the seas convey'd
y witches—not born here, but laid;
r by outlandish fathers were
egotten on their mothers here,
nd therefore justly slight that nation,
here they 've so mongrel a relation;
nd seek out other climates, where
hey may degenerate less than here;
s woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,
ome on the wind's wings and their own,
orsake the countries where they 're hatch'd,
nd seek out others to be catch'd:
o they more naturally may please
nd humour their own geniuses,
pply to all things which they see
ith their own fancies best agree;
o matter how ridiculous,
is all one, if it be in use;
or nothing can be bad or good,
ut as 'tis in or out of mode;
nd, as the nations are that use it,
ll ought to practise or refuse it;
observe their postures, move, and stand,
s they give out the word o' command;
o learn the dullest of their whims,
nd how to wear their very limbs;
o turn and manage every part,
ike puppets, by their rules of art;
o shrug discreetly, act, and tread,
nd politicly shake the head,
ntil the ignorant, (that guess
t all things by th' appearances)
o see how Art and Nature strive,
elieve them really alive,
nd that they 're very men, not things
hat move by puppet-work and springs;
hen truly all their feats have been
s well perform'd by motion-men,
nd the worst drolls of Punchinellos
ere much th' ingeniouser fellows;
r, when they 're perfect in their lesson,
h' hypothesis grows out of season,
nd, all their labour lost, they 're fain
o learn new, and begin again;
o talk eternally and loud,
nd altogether in a crowd,
o matter what; for in the noise
o man minds what another says:
assume a confidence beyond
lankind, for solid and profound,
nd still, the less and less they know,
he greater dose of that allow:
ecry all things; for to be wise
not to know, but to despise;
nd deep judicious confidence
as still the odds of wit and sense,
nd can pretend a title to
ar greater things than they can do:
adorn their English with French scraps,
nd give their very language claps;
o jernie rightly, and renounce
th' pure and most approv'd-of tones,
nd, while they idly think t' enrich,
dulterate their native speech:
For, though to smatter ends of Greek
Or Latin be the rhetorique
Of pedants counted, and vain-glorious,
To smatter French is meritorious;
And to forget their mother-tongue,
Or purposely to speak it wrong,
A hopeful sign of parts and wit,
And that they improve and benefit;
As those that have been taught amiss,
In liberal arts and sciences,
Must all they 'ad learnt before in vain
Forget quite, and begin again.

SATIRE UPON DRUNKENNESS.

'Tis pity Wine, which Nature meant
To man in kindness to present,
And gave him kindly, to caress
And cherish his frail happiness;
Of equal virtue to renew
His wearied mind and body too;
Should (like the cyder-tree in Eden,
Which only grew to be forbidden)
No sooner come to be enjoy'd,
But th' owner 's fatally destroy'd;
And that which she for good design'd,
Becomes the ruin of mankind,
That for a little vain excess
Runs out of all its happiness,
And makes the friend of Truth and Love
Their greatest adversary prove;
T' abuse a blessing she bestow'd
So truly essential to his good,
To countervail his pensive cares,
And slavish drudgery of affairs;
To teach him judgment, wit, and sense,
And, more than all these, confidence;
To pass his times of recreation
In choice and noble conversation,
Catch truth and reason unawares,
As men do health in wholesome airs;
(While fools their conversants possess
As unawares with sottishness)
To gain access a private way
To man's best sense, by its own key,
Which painful judges strive in vain
By any other course t' obtain;
To pull off all disguise, and view
Things as they 're natural and true;
Discover fools and knaves, allow'd
For wise and honest in the crowd;
With innocent and virtuous sport
Make short days long, and long nights short,
And mirth, the only antidote
Against diseases ere they 're got;
To save health harmless from th' access
Both of the med'cine and disease;
Or make it help itself, secure
Against the desperat'st fit, the cure.
All these sublime prerogatives
Of happiness to human lives,
He vainly throws away and slights,
For madness, noise, and bloody fights;
When nothing can decide, but swords
And pots, the right or wrong of words,
Like princes' titles; and he 's outed
The justice of his cause that 's routed.

No sooner has a charge been sounded
With—*Son of a whore*, and *Damn'd confounded*,
And the bold signal given, the *lie*,
But instantly the bottles fly,
Where cups and glasses are small shot,
And cannon-ball a pewter-pot:
That blood, that 's hardly in the vein,
Is now remanded back again;
Though sprung from wine of the same piece,
And near a-kin, within degrees,
Strives to commit assassinations
On its own natural relations;
And those twin-spirits, so kind-hearted,
That from their friends so lately parted,
No sooner several ways are gone,
But by themselves are set upon,
Surpris'd like brother against brother,
And put to th' sword by one another;
So much more fierce are civil wars,
Than those between mere foreigners!
And man himself, with wine possest,
More savage than the wildest beast!
For serpents, when they meet to water,
Lay by their poison and their nature:
And fiercest creatures, that repair,
In thirsty deserts, to their rare
And distant river's banks to drink,
In love and close alliance link,
And from their mixture of strange seeds
Produce new, never-heard-of breeds,
To whom the fiercer unicorn
Begins a large health with his horn;
As cuckolds put their antidotes,
When they drink coffee, into th' pots;
While man, with raging drink inflam'd,
Is far more savage and untam'd;
Supplies his loss of wit and sense
With barbarousness and insolence;
Believes himself, the less he 's able,
The more heroic and formidable;
Lays by his reason in his bowls,
As Turks are said to do their souls,
Until it has so often been
Shut out of its lodging, and let in,
At length it never can attain
To find the right way back again;
Drinks all his time away, and prunes
The end of 's life, as vignerons
Cut short the branches of a vine,
To make it bear more plenty o' wine;
And that which Nature did intend
T' enlarge his life, perverts t' its end.
So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore
Were on the new world set ashore,
He made it next his chief design
To plant and propagate a vine;
Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done.

SATIRE UPON MARRIAGE.

Sure marriages were never so well fitted,
As when to matrimony men were committed,
Like thieves by justices, and to a wife
Bound, like to good behaviour, during life:
For then 'twas but a civil contract made
Between two partners that set up a trade;
And if both fail'd, there was no conscience
Nor faith invaded in the strictest sense;
No canon of the church, nor vow, was broke,
When men did free their gall'd necks from the yoke;
But when they tir'd, like other horned beasts,
Might have it taken off, and take their rests,
Without being bound in duty to show cause,
Or reckon with divine or human laws.
For since, what use of matrimony has been
But to make gallantry a greater sin?
As if there were no appetite nor gust,
Below adultery, in modish lust;
Or no debauchery were exquisite,
Until it has attain'd its perfect height.
For men do now take wives to nobler ends,
Not to bear children, but to bear them friends;
Whom nothing can oblige at such a rate
As these endearing offices of late.
For men are now grown wise, and understand
How to improve their crimes as well as land;
And, if they 've issue, make the infants pay
Down for their own begetting on the day,
The charges of the gossiping disburse,
And pay beforehand (ere they 're born) the nurse;
As he that got a monster on a cow,
Out of design of setting up a show.
For why should not the brats for all account,
As well as for the christening at the fount,
When those that stand for them lay down the rate
O' th' banquet and the priest in spoons and plate?
The ancient Romans made the state allow
For getting all men's children above two:
Then married men, to propagate the breed,
Had great rewards for what they never did,
Were privileg'd, and highly honour'd too,
For owning what their friends were fain to do;
For so they 'ad children, they regarded not
By whom, (good men) or how, they were begot.
To borrow wives (like money) or to lend,
Was then the civil office of a friend,
And he that made a scruple in the case
Was held a miserable wretch and base;
For when they 'ad children by 'em, th' honest men
Return'd them to their husbands back again.
Then, for th' encouragement and propagation
Of such a great concernment to the nation,
All people were so full of complacence,
And civil duty to the public sense,
They had no name t' express a cuckold then,
But that which signified all married men;
Nor was the thing accounted a disgrace,
Unless among the dirty populace,
And no man understands on what account
Less civil nations after hit upon 't:
For to be known a cuckold can be no
Dishonour but to him that thinks it so;
For if he feel no chagrin or remorse,
His forehead 's shot-free, and he 's ne'er the worse:
For horns (like horny callouses) are found
To grow on sculls that have receiv'd a wound,
Are crackt, and broken; not at all on those,
That are invulnerate and free from blows.
What a brave time had cuckold-makers then,
When they were held the worthiest of men,
The real fathers of the commonwealth,
That planted colonies in Rome itself!
When he that help'd his neighbours, and begot
Most Romans, was the noblest patriot!

For if a brave man, that preserv'd from death
One citizen, was honour'd with a wreath,
He, that more gallantly got three or four,
In reason must deserve a great deal more.
Then, if those glorious worthies of old Rome,
That civiliz'd the world they 'ad overcome,
And taught it laws and learning, found this way
The best to save their empire from decay,
Why should not these, that borrow all the worth
They have from them, not take this lesson forth—
Get children, friends, and honour too, and money,
By prudent managing of matrimony?
For, if 'tis honourable by all confest,
Adultery must be worshipful at least,
And these times great, when private men are come
Up to the height and politie of Rome.
All by-blows were not only free-born then,
But, like John Lilburn, free-begotten men;
Had equal right and privilege with these,
That claim by title right of the four seas:
For, being in marriage born, it matters not
After what liturgy they were begot;
And if there be a difference, they have
Th' advantage of the chance in proving brave,
By being engender'd with more life and force,
Than those begotten the dull way of course.
The Chinese place all piety and zeal
In serving with their wives the commonweal;
Fix all their hopes of merit and salvation
Upon their women's supererogation:
With solemn vows their wives and daughters bind,
Like Eve in Paradise, to all mankind;
And those that can produce the most gallants,
Are held the preciousest of all their saints;
Wear rosaries about their necks, to con
Their exercises of devotion on;
That serve them for certificates, to show
With what vast numbers they have had to do:
Before they 're marry'd make a conscience
T' omit no duty of incontinence;
And she, that has been oftenest prostituted,
Is worthy of the greatest match reputed.
But, when the conquering Tartar went about
To root this orthodox religion out,
They stood for conscience, and resolv'd to die,
Rather than change the ancient purity
Of that religion, which their ancestors
And they had prosper'd in so many years;
Vow'd to their gods to sacrifice their lives,
And die their daughters' martyrs, and their wives',
Before they would commit so great a sin
Against the faith they had been bred up in.

SATIRE UPON PLAGIARIES.

Why should the world be so averse
To plagiary privateers,
That all men's sense and fancy seize,
And make free prize of what they please?
Or if, because they huff and swell,
Like pilferers, full of what they steal,
Others might equal power assume,
To pay them with as hard a doom;
To shut them up, like beasts in pounds,
For breaking into others' grounds!
Mark them with characters and brands,
Like other forgers of men's hands;
And in effigie hang and draw
The poor delinquents by club-law,
When no indictment justly lies,
But where the theft will bear a price.
For though wit never can be learn'd,
It may b' assum'd, and own'd, and earn'd,
And, like our noblest fruits, improv'd,
By being transplanted and remov'd;
And, as it bears no certain rate,
Nor pays one penny to the state,
With which it turns no more t' account
Than virtue, faith, and merit 's wont;
Is neither moveable nor rent,
Nor chattle, goods, nor tenement,
Nor was it ever pass'd b' entail,
Nor settled upon heirs-male;
Or if it were, like ill-got land,
Did never fall t' a second hand;
So 'tis no more to be engross'd
Than sunshine, or the air enclos'd,
Or to propriety confin'd,
Than th' uncontrol'd and scatter'd wind.
For why should that which Nature meant
To owe its being to its vent,
That has no value of its own,
But as it is divulg'd and known,
Is perishable and destroy'd,
As long as it lies unenjoy'd,
Be scanted of that liberal use,
Which all mankind is free to choose,
And idly hoarded where 'twas bred,
Instead of being dispers'd and spread?
And, the more lavish and profuse,
'Tis of the nobler general use;
As riots, though supply'd by stealth,
Are wholesome to the commonwealth,
And men spend freelier what they win,
Than what they 'ave freely coming in.
The world 's as full of curious wit,
Which those that father never writ,
As 'tis of bastards, which the sot
And cuckold owns, that ne'er begot;
Yet pass as well as if the one
And th' other by-blow were their own.
For why should he that 's impotent
To judge, and fancy, and invent,
For that impediment be stopt
To own, and challenge, and adopt,
At least th' expos'd and fatherless
Poor orphans of the pen and press,
Whose parents are obscure, or dead,
Or in far countries born and bred?
As none but kings have power to raise
A levy, which the subject pays,
And though they call that tax a loan,
Yet when 'tis gather'd 'tis their own;
So he that 's able to impose
A wit-excise on verse or prose,
And still, the abler authors are
Can make them pay the greater share,
Is prince of poets of his time,
And they his vassals that supply him;
Can judge more justly o' what he takes
Than any of the best he makes,
And more impartially conceive
What 's fit to choose, and what to leave.
For men reflect more strictly 'pon
The sense of others than their own;
And wit, that 's made of wit and sleight,
Is richer than the plain downright:
As salt, that 's made of salt, 's more fine,
Than when it first came from the brine;

And spirits of a nobler nature
Drawn from the dull ingredient matter.
  Hence mighty Virgil 's said of old,
From dung to have extracted gold;
(As many a lout and silly clown
By his instructions since have done)
And grew more lofty by that means,
Than by his livery-oats and beans,
When from his carts and country farms
He rose a mighty man at arms;
To whom th' Heroics ever since
Have sworn allegiance, as their prince,
And faithfully have all in times
Observ'd his customs in their rhymes.
  'Twas counted learning once, and wit,
To void but what some author writ,
And what men understood by rote,
By as implicit sense to quote:
Then many a magisterial clerk
Was taught, like singing-birds, i' th' dark,
And understood as much of things,
As th' ablest blackbird what it sings;
And yet was honour'd and renown'd
For grave, and solid, and profound.
Then why should those, who pick and choose
The best of all the best compose,
And join it by Mosaic art,
In graceful order, part to part,
To make the whole in beauty suit,
Not merit as complete repute
As those who, with less art and pains,
Can do it with their native brains,
And make the homespun business fit
As freely with their mother wit;
Since, what by Nature was deny'd,
By Art and Industry 's supply'd,
Both which are more our own, and brave,
Than all the alms that Nature gave?
For that w' acquire by pains and art
Is only due t' our own desert;
While all th' endowments she confers
Are not so much our own as her's,
That, like good fortune, unawares
Fall not t' our virtue, but our shares,
And all we can pretend to merit
We do not purchase, but inherit.
  Thus all the great'st inventions, when
They first were found out, were so mean,
That th' authors of them are unknown,
As little things they scorn'd to own;
Until by men of nobler thought
Th' were to their full perfection brought.
This proves that Wit does but rough-hew,
Leaves Art to polish and review;
And that a wit at second-hand
Has greatest interest and command;
For to improve, dispose, and judge,
Is nobler than t' invent and drudge.
  Invention 's humorous and nice,
And never at command applies;
Disdains t' obey the proudest wit,
Unless it chance t' be in the fit;
(Like prophecy, that can presage
Successes of the latest age,
Yet is not able to tell when
It next shall prophesy again)
Makes all her suitors course and wait,
Like a proud minister of state,
And, when she 's serious, in some freak,
Extravagant, and vain, and weak,
Attend her silly lazy pleasure,
Until she chance to be at leisure;
When 'tis more easy to steal wit:
To clip, and forge, and counterfeit,
Is both the business and delight,
Like hunting sports, of those that write;
For thievery is but one sort,
The learned say, of hunting sport.
  Hence 'tis that some, who set up first,
As raw, and wretched, and unverst,
And open'd with a stock as poor
As a healthy beggar with one sore;
That never writ in prose or verse,
But pick'd, or cut it, like a purse,
And at the best could but commit
The petty-larceny of wit;
To whom to write was to purloin,
And printing but to stamp false coin;
Yet, after long and sturdy endeavours
Of being painful wit-receivers,
With gathering rags and scraps of wit,
As paper 's made on which 'tis writ,
Have gone forth authors, and acquir'd
The right—or wrong—to be admir'd;
And, arm'd with confidence, incurr'd
The fool's good luck, to be preferr'd.
For, as a banker can dispose
Of greater sums he only owes,
Than he who honestly is known
To deal in nothing but his own,
So, whosoe'er can take up most,
May greatest fame and credit boast.

SATIRE,

IN TWO PARTS,

UPON THE IMPERFECTION AND ABUSE OF

HUMAN LEARNING.

PART I.

It is the noblest act of human reason,
To free itself from slavish prepossession,
Assume the legal right to disengage
From all it had contracted under age,
And not its ingenuity and wit,
To all it was imbued with first, submit;
Take true or false for better or for worse,
To have or to hold indifferently of course.
  For Custom, though but usher of the school,
Where Nature breeds the body and the soul,
Usurps a greater power and interest
O'er man, the heir of Reason, than brute beast,
That by two different instincts is led,
Born to the one, and to the other bred,
And trains him up with rudiments more false
Than Nature does her stupid animals;
And that 's one reason why more care 's bestow'd
Upon the body, than the soul 's allow'd,
That is not found to understand and know
So subtly, as the body 's found to grow.
  Though children, without study, pains, or thought,
Are languages and vulgar notions taught,
Improve their natural talents without care,
And apprehend before they are aware,
Yet as all strangers never leave the tones
They have been us'd of children to pronounce,
So most men's reason never can outgrow
The discipline it first receiv'd to know,

But renders words they first began to con,
The end of all that 's after to be known,
And sets the help of education back,
Worse than, without it, man could ever lack;
Who, therefore, finds the artificial'st fools
Have not been chang'd i' th' cradle, but the schools,
Where errour, pedantry, and affectation,
Run them behind-hand with their education,
And all alike are taught poetic rage,
When hardly one 's fit for it in an age.
No sooner are the organs of the brain
Quick to receive, and stedfast to retain,
Best knowledges, but all 's laid out upon
Retrieving of the curse of Babylon;
To make confounded languages restore
A greater drudgery than it barr'd before:
And therefore those imported from the East,
Where first they were incurr'd, are held the best,
Although convey'd in worse Arabian pothooks
Than gifted tradesmen scratch in sermon note books;
Are really but pains and labour lost,
And not worth half the drudgery they cost,
Unless, like rarities, as they 've been brought
From foreign climates, and as dearly bought,
When those, who had no other but their own,
Have all succeeding eloquence outdone:
As men that wink with one eye see more true,
And take their aim much better, than with two:
For, the more languages a man can speak,
His talent has but sprung the greater leak;
And, for the industry he 'as spent upon 't,
Must full as much some other way discount.
The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,
Do, like their letters, set men's reason back,
And turn their wits, that strive to understand it,
(Like those that write the characters) left-handed:
Yet he, that is but able to express
No sense at all in several languages,
Will pass for learneder than he, that 's known
To speak the strongest reason in his own.
These are the modern arts of education,
With all the learned of mankind in fashion,
But practis'd only with the rod and whip,
As riding-schools inculcate horsemanship;
Or Romish penitents let out their skins,
To bear the penalties of others' sins:
When letters, at the first, were meant for play,
And only us'd to pass the time away;
When th' ancient Greeks and Romans had no name
To express a school and playhouse, but the same,
And in their languages, so long agone,
To study or be idle was all one;
For nothing more preserves men in their wits,
Than giving of them leave to play by fits,
In dreams to sport, and ramble with all fancies,
And waking, little less extravagances,
The rest and recreation of tir'd thought,
When 'tis run down with care and overwrought,
Of which whoever does not freely take
His constant share, is never broad awake;
And, when he wants an equal competence
Of both recruits, abates as much of sense.
Nor is their education worse design'd
Than Nature (in her province) proves unkind:
The greatest inclinations with the least
Capacities are fatally possest,
Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take pains,
Without an equal competence of brains;
While those she has indulg'd in soul and body
Are most averse to industry and study,
And th' activ'st fancies share as loose alloys,
For want of equal weight to counterpoise.
But when those great conveniences meet,
Of equal judgment, industry, and wit,
The one but strives the other to divert,
While Fate and Custom in the feud take part,
And scholars, by preposterous over-doing,
And under-judging, all their projects ruin;
Who, though the understanding of mankind
Within so strait a compass is confin'd,
Disdain the limits Nature sets to bound
The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond.
The bravest soldiers scorn, until they 're got
Close to the enemy, to make a shot;
Yet great philosophers delight to stretch
Their talents most at things beyond their reach,
And proudly think t' unriddle every cause
That Nature uses, by their own by-laws;
When 'tis not only impertinent, but rude,
Where she denies admission, to intrude;
And all their industry is but to err,
Unless they have free quarantine from her;
Whence 'tis the world the less has understood,
By striving to know more than 'us allow'd.
For Adam, with the loss of Paradise,
Bought knowledge at too desperate a price,
And ever since that miserable fate
Learning did never cost an easier rate;
For though the most divine and sovereign good
That Nature has upon mankind bestow'd,
Yet it has prov'd a greater hinderance
To th' interest of truth than ignorance,
And therefore never bore so high a value,
As when 'twas low, contemptible, and shallow;
Had academies, schools, and colleges,
Endow'd for its improvement and increase;
With pomp and show was introduc'd with maces,
More than a Roman magistrate had fasces;
Impower'd with statute, privilege, and mandate,
T' assume an art, and after understand it;
Like bills of store for taking a degree,
With all the learning to it custom-free;
And own professions, which they never took
So much delight in as to read one book:
Like princes, had prerogative to give
Convicted malefactors a reprieve;
And, having but a little paltry wit
More than the world, reduc'd and govern'd it,
But scorn'd, as soon as 'twas but understood,
As better is a spiteful foe to good,
And now has nothing left for its support,
But what the darkest times provided for 't.
Man has a natural desire to know,
But th' one half is for interest, th' other show:
As scriv'ners take more pains to learn the sleight
Of making knots, than all the hands they write:
So all his study is not to extend
The bounds of knowledge, but some vainer end;
T' appear and pass for learned, though his claim
Will hardly reach beyond the empty name:
For most of those that drudge and labour hard
Furnish their understandings by the yard,
As a French library by the whole is,
So much an ell for quartos and for folios;
To which they are but indexes themselves,
And understand no further than the shelves;
But smatter with their titles and editions,
And place them in their classical partitions;
When all a student knows of what he reads
Is not in 's own, but under general heads

Of common-places, not in his own power,
But, like a Dutchman's money, i' th' cantore,
Where all he can make of it, at the best,
Is hardly three *per cent* for interest;
And whether he will ever get it out,
Into his own possession, is a doubt:
Affects all books of past and modern ages,
But reads no further than the title-pages,
Only to con the authors' names by rote,
Or, at the best, those of the books they quote,
Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance
With all the learned moderns and the ancients.
As Roman noblemen were wont to greet,
And compliment the rabble in the street,
Had nomenclators in their trains, to claim
Acquaintance with the meanest by his name,
And, by so mean contemptible a bribe,
Trepann'd the suffrages of every tribe;
So learned men, by authors' names unknown,
Have gain'd no small improvement to their own,
And he 's esteem'd the learned'st of all others,
That has the largest catalogue of authors.

FRAGMENTS OF AN INTENDED SECOND PART OF THE FOREGOING SATIRE.

Men's talents grow more bold and confident,
The further they 're beyond their just extent,
As smatterers prove more arrogant and pert,
The less they truly understand an art;
And, where they 've least capacity to doubt,
Are wont t' appear most peremptory and stout;
While those that know the mathematic lines,
Where Nature all the wit of man confines,
And when it keeps within its bounds, and where
It acts beyond the limits of its sphere,
Enjoy an absoluter free command
O'er all they have a right to understand,
Than those that falsely venture to encroach
Where Nature has deny'd them all approach,
And still, the more they strive to understand,
Like great estates, run furthest behind-hand;
Will undertake the universe to fathom,
From infinite down to a single atom;
Without a geometric instrument,
To take their own capacity's extent;
Can tell as easy how the world was made,
As if they had been brought up to the trade,
And whether Chance, Necessity, or Matter,
Contriv'd the whole establishment of Nature;
When all their wits to understand the world
Can never tell why a pig's tail is curl'd,
Or give a rational account why fish,
That always use to drink, do never piss.

What mad fantastic gambols have been play'd
By th' ancient Greek forefathers of the trade,
That were not much inferior to the freaks
Of all our lunatic fanatic sects!
The first and best philosopher of Athens
Was crackt, and ran stark-staring mad with patience,
And had no other way to show his wit,
But when his wife was in her scolding fit;
Was after in the Pagan inquisition,
And suffer'd martyrdom for no religion.
Next him, his scholar, striving to expel
All poets his poetic commonweal,
Exil'd himself, and all his followers,
Notorious poets, only hating verse.
The Stagyrite, unable to expound
The Euripus, leapt into 't, and was drown'd:
So he that put his eyes out, to consider
And contemplate on natural things the steadier,
Did but himself for idiot convince,
Though reverenc'd by the learned ever since.
Empedocles, to be esteem'd a god,
Leapt into Etna, with his sandals shod,
That being blown out, discover'd what an ass
The great philosopher and juggler was,
That to his own new deity sacrific'd,
And was himself the victim and the priest.
The Cynic coin'd false money, and, for fear
Of being hang'd for 't, turn'd philosopher;
Yet with his lantern went, by day, to find
One honest man i' th' heap of all mankind;
An idle freak he needed not have done,
If he had known himself to be but one.
With swarms of maggots of the self-same rate,
The learned of all ages celebrate
Things that are properer for Knightsbridge college,
Than th' authors and originals of knowledge;
More sottish than the two fanatics, trying
To mend the world by laughing, or by crying;
Or he that laugh'd until he chok'd his whistle,
To rally on an ass, that ate a thistle;
That th' antique sage, that was gallant t' a goose,
A fitter mistress could not pick and choose,
Whose tempers, inclinations, sense, and wit,
Like two indentures, did agree so fit.

The ancient Sceptics constantly deny'd
What they maintain'd, and thought they justify'd;
For when they affirm'd, that nothing 's to be known,
They did but what they said before disown;
And, like Polemics of the Post, pronounce
The same thing to be true and false at once.
These follies had such influence on the rabble,
As to engage them in perpetual squabble;
Divided Rome and Athens into clans
Of ignorant mechanic partisans;
That, to maintain their own hypotheses,
Broke one another's blockheads, and the peace;
Were often set by officers i' th' stocks
For quarrelling about a paradox:
When pudding-wives were launcht in cock-queans stools,
For falling foul on oyster-women's schools,
No herb-women sold cabbages or onions,
But to their gossips of their own opinions.
A Peripatetic cobbler scorn'd to sole
A pair of shoes of any other school;
And porters of the judgment of the Stoics,
To go an errand of the Cyrenaics;
That us'd t' encounter in athletic lists,
With beard to beard, and teeth and nails to fists,
Like modern kicks and cuffs among the youth
Of academics, to maintain the truth.
But in the boldest feats of arms the Stoic
And Epicureans were the most heroic,
That stoutly ventur'd breaking of their necks,
To vindicate the interests of their sects,
And still behav'd themselves as resolute
In waging cuffs and bruises, as dispute,
Until, with wounds and bruises which th' had got,
Some hundreds were kill'd dead upon the spot;
When all their quarrels, rightly understood,
Were but to prove disputes the sovereign good.

Distinctions, that had been at first design'd
To regulate the errours of the mind,
By being too nicely overstrain'd and vext,
Have made the comment harder than the text,
And do not now, like carving, hit the joint,
But break the bones in pieces, of a point,
And with impertinent evasions force
The clearest reason from its native course—
That argue things s' uncertain, 'tis no matter
Whether they are, or never were in nature;
And venture to demonstrate, when they 've slurr'd,
And palm'd a fallacy upon a word.
For disputants (as swordsmen use to fence
With blunted foils) engage with blunted sense;
And, as they 're wont to falsify a blow,
Use nothing else to pass upon the foe;
Or, if they venture further to attack,
Like bowlers, strive to beat away the jack;
And, when they find themselves too hardly prest on,
Prevaricate, and change the state o' th' quest'on;
The noblest science of defence and art
In practice now with all that controvert,
And th' only mode of prizes, from Bear-garden
Down to the schools, in giving blows, or warding.

As old knights-errant in their harness fought
As safe as in a castle or redoubt,
Gave one another desperate attacks,
To storm the counterscarps upon their backs;
So disputants advance, and post their arms,
To storm the works of one another's terms;
Fall foul on some extravagant expression,
But ne'er attempt the main design and reason—
So some polemics use to draw their swords
Against the language only and the words;
As he who fought at barriers with Salmasius,
Engag'd with nothing but his style and phrases,
Wav'd to assert the murder of a prince,
The author of false Latin to convince;
But laid the merits of the cause aside,
By those that understood them to be try'd;
And counted breaking Priscian's head a thing
More capital than to behead a king;
For which he 'as been admir'd by all the learn'd,
Of knaves concern'd, and pedants unconcern'd.

Judgment is but a curious pair of scales,
That turns with th' hundredth part of true or false,
And still, the more 'tis us'd, is wont t' abate
The subtlety and niceness of its weight,
Until 'tis false, and will not rise nor fall,
Like those that are less artificial;
And therefore students, in their ways of judging,
Are fain to swallow many a senseless gudgeon,
And by their over-understanding lose
Its active faculty with too much use;
For reason, when too curiously 'tis spun,
Is but the next of all remov'd from none—
It is Opinion governs all mankind,
As wisely as the blind that leads the blind:
For, as those surnames are esteem'd the best
That signify in all things else the least,
So men pass fairest in the world's opinion,
That have the least of truth and reason in them.
Truth would undo the world, if it possest
The meanest of its right and interest;
Is but a titular princess, whose authority
Is always under age, and in minority;
Has all things done, and carried in its name,
But most of all where it can lay no claim;
As far from gaiety and complaisance,
As greatness, insolence, and ignorance;
And therefore has surrendered her dominion
O'er all mankind to barbarous Opinion,
That in her right usurps the tyrannies
And arbitrary government of lies—
As no tricks on the rope but those that break,
Or come most near to breaking of a neck,
Are worth the sight, so nothing goes for wit
But nonsense, or the next of all to it:
For nonsense, being neither false nor true,
A little wit to any thing may screw;
And, when it has a while been us'd, of course
Will stand as well in virtue, power, and force,
And pass for sense, t' all purposes as good,
As if it had at first been understood:
For nonsense has the amplest privileges,
And more than all the strongest sense obliges;
That furnishes the schools with terms of art,
The mysteries of science to impart;
Supplies all seminaries with recruits
Of endless controversies and disputes;
For learned nonsense has a deeper sound
Than easy sense, and goes for more profound.

For all our learned authors now compile
At charge of nothing but the words and style,
And the most curious critics or the learned
Believe themselves in nothing else concerned;
For, as it is the garniture and dress,
That all things wear in books and languages,
(And all men's qualities are wont t' appear
According to the habits that they wear)
'Tis probable to be the truest test
Of all the ingenuity o' th' rest.
The lives of trees lie only in the barks,
And in their styles the wit of greatest clerks;
Hence 'twas the ancient Roman politicians
Went to the schools of foreign rhetoricians,
To learn the art of patrons, in defence
Of interest and their clients' eloquence;
When consuls, censors, senators, and pretors,
With great dictators, us'd to apply to rhetors,
To hear the greater magistrate o' th' school
Give sentence in his haughty chair-curule,
And those, who mighty nations overcame,
Were fain to say their lessons, and declaim.
Words are but pictures, true or false design'd,
To draw the lines and features of the mind;
The characters and artificial draughts,
T' express the inward images of thoughts;
And artists say a picture may be good,
Although the moral be not understood;
Whence some infer they may admire a style,
Though all the rest be e'er so mean and vile;
Applaud th' outsides of words, but never mind
With what fantastic tawdry they are lin'd.
So orators, enchanted with the twang
Of their own trillos, take delight t' harangue:
Whose science, like a juggler's box and balls,
Conveys and counterchanges true and false;
Casts mists before an audience's eyes,
To pass the one for th' other in disguise;
And, like a morrice-dancer dress'd with bells,
Only to serve for noise, and nothing else,
Such as a carrier makes his cattle wear,
And hangs for pendents in a horse's ear;
For, if the language will but bear the test,
No matter what becomes of all the rest:

The ablest orator, to save a word,
Would throw all sense and reason overboard.
Hence 'tis that nothing else but eloquence
Is ty'd to such a prodigal expense;
That lays out half the wit and sense it uses
Upon the other half's, as vain excuses:
For all defences and apologies
Are but specifics t' other frauds and lies;
And th' artificial wash of eloquence
Is daub'd in vain upon the clearest sense,
Only to stain the native ingenuity
Of equal brevity and perspicuity;
Whilst all the best and soberest things he does,
Are when he coughs, or spits, or blows his nose;
Handles no point so evident and clear
(Besides his white gloves) as his handkercher;
Unfolds the nicest scruple so distinct,
As if his talent had been wrapt up in 't
Unthriftily, and now he went about
Henceforward to improve and put it out.

The pedants are a mongrel breed, that sojourn
Among the ancient writers and the modern;
And, while their studies are between the one
And th' other spent, have nothing of their own;
Like spunges, are both plants and animals,
And equally to both their natures false:
For, whether 'tis their want of conversation,
Inclines them to all sorts of affectation;
Their sedentary life and melancholy,
The everlasting nursery of folly;
Their poring upon black and white too subtly
Has turn'd the insides of their brains to motley;
Or squandering of their wits and time upon
Too many things, has made them fit for none;
Their constant overstraining of the mind
Distorts the brain, as horses break their wind;
Or rude confusions of the things they read
Get up, like noxious vapours, in the head,
Until they have their constant wanes, and fulls,
And changes, in the insides of their sculls;
Or venturing beyond the reach of wit
Has render'd them for all things else unfit;
But never bring the world and books together,
And therefore never rightly judge of either;
Whence multitudes of reverend men and critics
Have got a kind of intellectual rickets,
And, by th' immoderate excess of study,
Have found the sickly head t' outgrow the body.
For pedantry is but a corn or wart,
Bred in the skin of Judgment, Sense, and Art,
A stupify'd excrescence, like a wen,
Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,
That never grows from natural defects
Of downright and untutor'd intellects,
But from the over-curious and vain
Distempers of an artificial brain—
So he, that once stood for the learned'st man,
Had read out Little Britain and Duck-lane;
Worn out his reason, and reduc'd his body
And brain to nothing with perpetual study;
Kept tutors of all sorts, and virtuosis,
To read all authors to him with their glosses,
And made his lacquies, when he walk'd, bear folios
Of dictionaries, lexicons, and scholias,
To be read to him every way the wind
Should chance to sit, before him or behind;
Had read out all th' imaginary duels
That had been fought by consonants and vowels;
Had crackt his scull, to find out proper places
To lay up all memoirs of things in cases;
And practis'd all the tricks upon the charts,
To play with packs of sciences and arts,
That serve t' improve a feeble gamester's study,
That ventures at grammatic beast, or noddy;
Had read out all the catalogues of wares,
That come in dry vats o'er from Frankfort fairs,
Whose authors use t' articulate their surnames
With scraps of Greek more learned than the Germans;
Was wont to scatter books in every room,
Where they might best be seen by all that come,
And lay a train that naturally should force
What he design'd, as if it fell of course;
And all this with a worse success than Cardan,
Who bought both books and learning at a bargain,
When, lighting on a philosophic spell,
Of which he never knew one syllable,
Presto, be gone, h' unriddled all he read,
As if he had to nothing else been bred.

UPON

AN HYPOCRITICAL NONCONFORMIST.

A PINDARIC ODE.

There 's nothing so absurd, or vain,
Or barbarous, or inhumane,
But, if it lay the least pretence
To piety and godliness,
Or tender-hearted conscience,
And zeal for gospel-truths profess,
Does sacred instantly commence;
And all that dare but question it, are straight
Pronounc'd the uncircumcis'd and reprobate:
As malefactors, that escape and fly
Into a sanctuary for defence,
Must not be brought to justice thence,
Although their crimes be ne'er so great and high;
And he that dares presume to do 't,
Is sentenc'd and deliver'd up
To Satan, that engag'd him to 't,
For venturing wickedly to put a stop
To his immunities and free affairs,
Or meddle saucily with theirs
That are employ'd by him, while he and they
Proceed in a religious and a holy way.

And, as the Pagans heretofore
Did their own handyworks adore,
And made their stone and timber deities,
Their temples and their altars, of one piece;
The same outgoings seem t' inspire
Our modern self-will'd Edifier,
That, out of things as far from sense, and more,
Contrives new light and revelation,
The creatures of th' imagination,
To worship and fall down before;
Of which his crack'd delusions draw
As monstrous images and rude,
As ever Pagan, to believe in, hew'd,
Or madman in a vision saw;
Mistakes the feeble impotence,
And vain delusions of his mind,
For spiritual gifts and offerings,
Which Heaven to present him brings;
And still, the further 'tis from sense,
Believes it is the more refin'd,
And ought to be receiv'd with greater reverence.

But, as all tricks, whose principles
Are false, prove false in all things else,
The dull and heavy hypocrite
Is but in pension with his conscience,
That pays him for maintaining it
With zealous rage and impudence;
And, as the one grows obstinate,
So does the other rich and fat;
Disposes of his gifts and dispensations,
Like spiritual foundations
Endow'd to pious uses, and design'd
To entertain the weak, the lame, and blind;
But still divert them to as bad, or worse,
Than others are by unjust governors:
For, like our modern publicans,
He still puts out all dues
He owes to Heaven to the Devil to use,
And makes his godly interest great gains;
Takes all the brethren (to recruit
The spirit in him) contribute,
And, to repair and edify his spent
And broken-winded outward man, present
For painful holding-forth against the government.

The subtle spider never spins,
But on dark days, his slimy gins;
Nor does our engineer much care to plant
His spiritual machines,
Unless among the weak and ignorant,
Th' inconstant, credulous, and light,
The vain, the factious, and the slight,
That in their zeal are most extravagant;
For trouts are tickled best in muddy water:
And still the muddier he finds their brains,
The more he 's sought and follow'd after,
And greater ministrations gains:
For talking idly is admir'd,
And speaking nonsense held inspir'd;
And still, the flatter and more dull
His gifts appear, is held more powerful:
For blocks are better cleft with wedges,
Than tools of sharp and subtle edges;
And dullest nonsense has been found,
By some, to be the solid'st and the most profound.

A great apostle once was said
With too much learning to be mad;
But our great saint becomes distract,
And only with too little crackt;
Cries moral truths and human learning down,
And will endure no reason but his own:
For 'tis a drudgery and task,
Not for a saint, but pagan oracle,
To answer all men can object or ask;
But to be found impregnable,
And with a sturdy forehead to hold out,
In spite of shame or reason resolute,
Is braver than to argue and confute;
As he that can draw blood, they say,
From witches, takes their magic power away,
So he that draws blood int' a brother's face,
Takes all his gifts away, and light, and grace:
For, while he holds that nothing is so damn'd
And shameful as to be asham'd,
He never can b' attack'd,
But will come off; for Confidence, well back'd,
Among the weak and prepossess'd,
Has often Truth, with all her kingly power, oppress'd.

It is the nature of late zeal,
'Twill not be subject, nor rebel,
Nor left at large, nor be restrain'd,
But where there 's something to be gain'd;
And, that being once reveal'd, defies
The law, with all its penalties,
And is convinc'd no pale
O' th' church can be so sacred as a jail:
For, as the Indians' prisons are their mines,
So he has found are all restraints
To thriving and free-conscienc'd saints;
For the same thing enriches that confines;
And like to Lully, when he was in hold,
He turns his baser metals into gold;
Receives returning and retiring fees
For holding forth, and holding of his peace;
And takes a pension to be advocate
And standing counsel 'gainst the church and state
For gall'd and tender consciences;
Commits himself to prison to trepan,
Draw in, and spirit all he can;
For birds in cages have a call,
To draw the wildest into nets,
More prevalent and natural
Than all our artificial pipes and counterfeits.

His slippery conscience has more tricks
Than all the juggling empirics,
And every one another contradicts;
All laws of Heaven and Earth can break,
And swallow oaths, and blood, and rapine easy,
And yet is so infirm and weak,
'Twill not endure the gentlest check,
But at the slightest nicety grows queasy;
Disdains control, and yet can be
No where, but in a prison, free;
Can force itself, in spite of God,
Who makes it free as thought at home,
A slave and villain to become,
To serve its interests abroad:
And, though no Pharisee was e'er so cunning
At tithing mint and cummin,
No dull idolater was e'er so flat
In things of deep and solid weight,
Pretends to charity and holiness,
But is implacable to peace,
And out of tenderness grows obstinate.
And, though the zeal of God's house ate a prince
And prophet up (he says) long since,
His cross-grain'd peremptory zeal
Would eat up God's house, and devour it at a meal.

He does not pray, but prosecute,
As if he went to law, his suit;
Summons his Maker to appear
And answer what he shall prefer;
Returns him back his gift of prayer,
Not to petition, but declare;
Exhibits cross complaints
Against him for the breach of covenants,
And all the charters of the saints;
Pleads guilty to the action, and yet stands
Upon high terms and bold demands;
Excepts against him and his laws,
And will be judge himself in his own cause;
And grows more saucy and severe
Than th' heathen emperor was to Jupiter,
That us'd to wrangle with him and dispute,
And sometimes would speak softly in his ear
And sometimes loud, and rant, and tear,
And threaten, if he did not grant his suit.

But when his painful gifts h' employs
In holding-forth, the virtue lies
Not in the letter of the sense,
But in the spiritual vehemence,
The power and dispensation of the voice,
The zealous pangs and agonies,
And heavenly turnings of the eyes;
The groans, with which he piously destroys
And drowns the nonsense in the noise;
And grows so loud, as if he meant to force
And take-in Heaven by violence;
To fright the saints into salvation,
Or scare the Devil from temptation;
Until he falls so low and hoarse,
No kind of carnal sense
Can be made out of what he means:
But as the ancient Pagans were precise
To use no short-tail'd beast in sacrifice,
He still conforms to them, and has a care
T' allow the largest measure to his paltry ware.

The ancient churches, and the best,
By their own martyrs' blood increas'd;
But he has found out a new way,
To do it with the blood of those
That dare his church's growth oppose,
Or her imperious canons disobey;
And strives to carry on the work,
Like a true primitive reforming Turk,
With holy rage and edifying war,
More safe and powerful ways by far:
For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet,
Was the first great reformer, and the chief
Of th' ancient Christian belief,
That mix'd it with new light, and cheat,
With revelations, dreams, and visions,
And apostolic superstitions,
To be held forth, and carry'd on by war;
And his successor was a presbyter,
With greater right than Haly or Abubeker.

For, as a Turk, that is to act some crime
Against his prophet's holy law,
Is wont to bid his soul withdraw,
And leave his body for a time;
So, when some horrid action 's to be done,
Our Turkish proselyte puts on
Another spirit, and lays by his own;
And, when his over-heated brain
Turns giddy, like his brother Mussulman,
He 's judg'd inspir'd, and all his frenzies held
To be prophetic and reveal'd.
The one believes all madmen to be saints,
Which th' other cries him down for and abhors,
And yet in madness all devotion plants,
And where he differs most concurs;
Both equally exact and just
In perjury and breach of trust;
So like in all things, that one brother
Is but a counterpart of th' other;
And both unanimously damn
And hate (like two that play one game)
Each other for it, while they strive to do the same.

Both equally design to raise
Their churches by the self-same ways;
With war and ruin to assert
Their doctrine, and with fire and sword convert;
To preach the gospel with a drum,
And for convincing overcome:
And though, in worshipping of God, all blood
Was by his own laws disallow'd,
Both hold no holy rites to be so good,
And both, to propagate the breed
Of their own saints, one way proceed;
For lust and rapes in war repair as fast,
As fury and destruction waste:
Both equally allow all crimes,
As lawful means to propagate a sect;
For laws in war can be of no effect,
And licence does more good in gospel times.
Hence 'tis that holy wars have ever been
The horrid'st scenes of blood and sin;
For, when Religion does recede
From her own nature, nothing but a breed
Of prodigies and hideous monsters can succeed.

UPON MODERN CRITICS.

A PINDARIC ODE.

'Tis well that equal Heaven has plac'd
Those joys above, that to reward
The just and virtuous are prepar'd,
Beyond their reach, until their pains are past;
Else men would rather venture to possess
By force, than earn their happiness;
And only take the Devil's advice,
As Adam did, how soonest to be wise,
Though at th' expense of Paradise:
For, as some say, to fight is but a base
Mechanic handy-work, and far below
A generous spirit to undergo;
So 'tis to take the pains to know:
Which some, with only confidence and face,
More easily and ably do;
For daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,
Like scatter'd shot, and pass with some for wit.
Who would not rather make himself a judge,
And boldly usurp the chair,
Than with dull industry and care
Endure to study, think, and drudge,
For that which he much sooner may advance
With obstinate and pertinacious ignorance?

For all men challenge, though in spite
Of Nature and their stars, a right
To censure, judge, and know,
Though she can only order who
Shall be, and who shall ne'er be, wise:
Then why should those, whom she denies
Her favour and good graces to,
Not strive to take opinion by surprise,
And ravish what it were in vain to woo?
For he that desperately assumes
The censure of all wits and arts,
Though without judgment, skill, and parts,
Only to startle and amuse,
And mask his ignorance, (as Indians use
With gaudy-colour'd plumes
Their homely nether-parts t' adorn)
Can never fail to captive some,
That will submit to his oraculous doom,
And reverence what they ought to scorn;
Admire his sturdy confidence,
For solid judgment and deep sense:
And credit purchas'd without pains or wit,
Like stolen pleasures, ought to be more sweet.

Two self-admirers, that combine
Against the world, may pass a fine
Upon all judgment, sense, and wit,
And settle it as they think fit
On one another, like the choice
Of Persian princes, by one horse's voice:
For those fine pageants which some raise,
Of false and disproportion'd praise,
T' enable whom they please t' appear
And pass for what they never were,
In private only being but nam'd,
Their modesty must be asham'd,
And not endure to hear,
And yet may be divulg'd and fam'd,
And own'd in public every where:
So vain some authors are to boast
Their want of ingenuity, and club
Their affidavit wits, to dub
Each other but a knight o' the Post,
As false as suborn'd perjurers,
That vouch away all right they have to their own ears.

But, when all other courses fail,
There is one easy artifice,
That seldom has been known to miss—
To cry all mankind down, and rail:
For he whom all men do contemn,
May be allow'd to rail again at them,
And in his own defence
To outface reason, wit, and sense,
And all that makes against himself condemn;
To snarl at all things, right or wrong,
Like a mad dog that has a worm in 's tongue;
Reduce all knowledge back of good and evil,
To its first original, the Devil;
And, like a fierce inquisitor of wit,
To spare no flesh that ever spoke or writ;
Though to perform his task as dull,
As if he had a toadstone in his scull,
And could produce a greater stock
Of maggots than a pastoral poet's flock.

The feeblest vermin can destroy
As sure as stoutest beasts of prey,
And, only with their eyes and breath,
Infect and poison men to death;
But that more impudent buffoon,
That makes it both his business and his sport
To rail at all, is but a drone,
That spends his sting on what he cannot hurt;
Enjoys a kind of lechery in spite,
Like o'ergrown sinners, that in whipping take delight;
Invades the reputation of all those
That have, or have it not, to lose;
And, if he chance to make a difference,
'Tis always in the wrongest sense:
As rooking gamesters never lay
Upon those hands that use fair play,
But venture all their bets
Upon the slurs and cunning tricks of ablest cheats.

Nor does he vex himself much less
Than all the world beside;
Falls sick of other men's excess,
Is humbled only at their pride,
And wretched at their happiness;
Revenges on himself the wrong
Which his vain malice and loose tongue,
To those that feel it not, have done,
And whips and spurs himself because he is outgone;
Makes idle characters and tales,
As counterfeit, unlike, and false,
As witches' pictures are, of wax and clay,
To those whom they would in effigie slay.
And, as the Devil, that has no shape of 's own,
Affects to put the ugliest on,
And leaves a stink behind him when he 's gone,
So he that 's worse than nothing strives t' appear
I' th' likeness of a wolf or bear,
To fright the weak; but when men dare
Encounter with him, stinks and vanishes to air.

TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF

THE MOST RENOWNED DU-VAL.

A PINDARIC ODE.

'Tis true, to compliment the dead
Is as impertinent and vain,
As 'twas of old to call them back again,
Or, like the Tartars, give them wives,
With settlements for after-lives:
For all that can be done or said,
Though e'er so noble, great, and good,
By them is neither heard nor understood.
All our fine sleights and tricks of art,
First to create, and then adore desert,
And those romances which we frame,
To raise ourselves, not them, a name,
In vain are stuff with ranting flatteries,
And such as, if they knew, they would despise.
For, as those times the Golden Age we call,
In which there was no gold in use at all;
So we plant glory and renown
Where it was ne'er deserv'd nor known,
But to worse purpose, many times,
To flourish o'er nefarious crimes,
And cheat the world, that never seems to mind
How good or bad men die, but what they leave behind.

And yet the brave Du-Val, whose name
Can never be worn out by Fame;
That liv'd and dy'd to leave behind
A great example to mankind;
That fell a public sacrifice,
From ruin to preserve those few,
Who, though born false, may be made true,
And teach the world to be more just and wise;
Ought not, like vulgar ashes, rest
Unmentioned in his silent chest,
Not for his own, but public interest.
He, like a pious man, some years before
The arrival of his fatal hour,
Made every day he had to live
To his last minute a preparative;
Taught the wild Arabs on the road
To act in a more gentle mode:
Take prizes more obligingly than those,
Who never had been bred *filous*;
And how to hang in a more graceful fashion,
Than e'er was known before to the dull English nation.

In France, the staple of new modes,
Where garbs and miens are current goods;

That serves the ruder northern nations
With methods of address and treat;
Prescribes new garnitures and fashions,
And how to drink and how to eat
No out-of-fashion wine or meat;
To understand cravats and plumes,
And the most modish from the old perfumes;
To know the age and pedigrees
Of points of Flanders or Venice;
Cast their nativities, and, to a day,
Foretel how long they 'll hold, and when decay;
T' affect the purest negligences
In gestures, gaits, and miens,
And speak by *repartee-rotines*
Out of the most authentic of romances,
And to demonstrate, with substantial reason,
What ribbands, all the year, are in or out of season:

In this great academy of mankind
He had his birth and education,
Where all men are so ingeniously inclin'd,
They understand by imitation,
Improve untaught, before they are aware,
As if they suck'd their breeding from the air,
That naturally does dispense
To all a deep and solid confidence;
A virtue of that precious use,
That he, whom bounteous Heaven endues
But with a moderate share of it,
Can want no worth, abilities, or wit,
In all the deep Hermetic arts
(For so of late the learned call
All tricks, if strange and mystical).
He had improv'd his natural parts,
And with his magic rod could sound
Where hidden treasure might be found:
He, like a lord o' th' manor, seiz'd upon
Whatever happen'd in his way,
As lawful weft and stray,
And after, by the custom, kept it as his own.

From these first rudiments he grew
To nobler feats, and try'd his force
Upon whole troops of foot and horse,
Whom he as bravely did subdue;
Declar'd all caravans, that go
Upon the king's highway, the foe;
Made many desperate attacks
Upon itinerant brigades
Of all professions, ranks, and trades,
On carrier's loads, and pedlars' packs;
Made them lay down their arms, and yield,
And, to the smallest piece, restore
All that by cheating they had gain'd before,
And after plunder'd all the baggage of the field.
In every bold affair of war
He had the chief command, and led them on;
For no man is judg'd fit to have the care
Of others' lives, until he 'as made it known
How much he does despise and scorn his own.

Whole provinces, 'twixt Sun and Sun,
Have by his conquering sword been won;
And mighty sums of money laid,
For ransom, upon every man,
And hostages deliver'd till 'twas paid.
Th' excise and chimney-publican,
The Jew-forestaller and enhancer,
To him for all their crimes did answer.
He vanquish'd the most fierce and fell
Of all his foes, the constable;
And oft had beat his quarters up,
And routed him and all his troop.
He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,
That in his own allow'd highway
Does feats of arms as great as his,
And, when th' encounter in it, wins the day:
Safe in his garrison, the court,
Where meaner criminals are sentenc'd for 't,
To this stern foe he oft gave quarter,
But as the Scotchman did to' a Tartar,
That he, in time to come,
Might in return from him receive his fatal doom.

He would have starv'd this mighty town,
And brought its haughty spirit down;
Have cut it off from all relief,
And, like a wise and valiant chief,
Made many a fierce assault
Upon all ammunition carts,
And those that bring up cheese, or malt,
Or bacon, from remoter parts;
No convoy e'er so strong with food
Durst venture on the desperate road;
He made th' undaunted waggoner obey,
And the fierce higgler contribution pay;
The savage butcher and stout drover
Durst not to him their feeble troops discover;
And, if he had but kept the field,
In time had made the city yield;
For great towns, like to crocodiles, are found
I' th' belly aptest to receive a mortal wound.

But when the fatal hour arriv'd
In which his stars began to frown,
And had in close cabals contriv'd
To pull him from his height of glory down,
And he, by numerous foes oppress,
Was in th' enchanted dungeon cast,
Secur'd with mighty guards,
Lest he, by force or stratagem,
Might prove too cunning for their chains and them,
And break through all their locks, and bolts, and wards,
Had both his legs by charms committed
To one another's charge,
That neither might be set at large,
And all their fury and revenge outwitted.
As jewels of high value are
Kept under locks with greater care
Than those of meaner rates,
So he was in stone walls, and chains, and iron grates.

Thither came ladies from all parts,
To offer up close prisoners their hearts;
Which he receiv'd as tribute due,
And made them yield up Love and Honour too,
But in more brave heroic ways
Than e'er were practis'd yet in plays:
For those two spiteful foes, who never meet
But full of hot contests and piques
About punctilios and mere tricks,
Did all their quarrels to his doom submit,
And, far more generous and free,
In contemplation only of him did agree,
Both fully satisfy'd; the one
With those fresh laurels he had won,
And all the brave renowned feats
He had perform'd in arms;
The other with his person and his charms:
For, just as larks are catch'd in nets,

By gazing on a piece of glass,
So, while the ladies view'd his brighter eyes,
And smoother polish'd face,
Their gentle hearts, alas! were taken by surprise.

Never did bold knight, to relieve
Distressed dames, such dreadful feats achieve,
As feeble damsels, for his sake,
Would have been proud to undertake;
And, bravely ambitious to redeem
The world's loss and their own,
Strove who should have the honour to lay down
And change a life with him;
But, finding all their hopes in vain
To move his fixt determin'd fate,
Their life itself began to hate,
As if it were an infamy
To live when he was doom'd to die;
Made loud appeals and moans,
To less hard-hearted grates and stones;
Came, swell'd with sighs, and drown'd in tears,
To yield themselves his fellow-sufferers,
And follow'd him, like prisoners of war,
Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car.

A BALLAD UPON THE PARLIAMENT,

WHICH DELIBERATED ABOUT MAKING OLIVER KING [1].

As close as a goose
Sat the parliament-house,
To hatch the royal gull;
After much fiddle-faddle,
The egg proved addle,
And Oliver came forth Nol.

Yet old queen Madge,
Though things do not fadge,
Will serve to be queen of a May-pole;
Two princes of Wales,
For Whitsun-ales,
And her grace Maid-Marion Clay-pole.

In a robe of cow-hide
Sat yesty Pride,
With his dagger and his sling;
He was the pertinent'st peer
Of all that were there,
T' advise with such a king.

A great philosopher
Had a goose for his lover,
That follow'd him day and night:
If it be a true story,
Or but an allegory,
It may be both ways right.

Strickland and his son,
Both cast into one,
Were meant for a single baron;
But when they came to sit,
There was not wit
Enough in them both to serve for one.

Wherefore 'twas thought good
To add Honeywood;
But when they came to trial,
Each one prov'd a fool,
Yet three knaves in the whole,
And that made up a pair-royal.

A BALLAD IN TWO PARTS,

CONJECTURED

TO BE ON OLIVER CROMWELL.

PART I.

Draw near, good people all, draw near,
And hearken to my ditty;
A stranger thing
Than this I sing
Came never to this city.

Had you but seen this monster,
You would not give a farthing
For the lions in the grate,
Nor the mountain-cat,
Nor the bears in Paris-garden.

You would defy the pageants
Are borne before the mayor;
The strangest shape
You e'er did gape
Upon at Bart'lmy fair!

His face is round and decent,
As is your dish or platter,
On which there grows
A thing like a nose,
But, indeed, it is no such matter.

On both sides of th' aforesaid
Are eyes, but they 're not matches,
On which there are
To be seen two fair
And large well-grown mustaches.

Now this with admiration
Does all beholders strike,
That a beard should grow
Upon a thing's brow,
Did ye ever see the like?

He has no scull, 'tis well known
To thousands of beholders;
Nothing but a skin
Does keep his brains in
From running about his shoulders.

On both sides of his noddle
Are straps o' th' very same leather;
Ears are imply'd,
But they 're mere hide,
Or morsels of tripe, choose ye whether.

Between these two extendeth
A slit from ear to ear,
That every hour
Gapes to devour
The sowce that grows so near.

[1] This ballad refers to the parliament, as it was called, which deliberated about making Oliver king, and petitioned him to accept the title; which he, out of fear of some republican zealots in his party, refused to accept, and contented himself with the power, under the name of Protector.

Beneath, a tuft of bristles,
As rough as a frize jerkin;
If it had been a beard,
'Twould have serv'd a herd
Of goats, that are of his near kin.

Within, a set of grinders
Most sharp and keen, corroding
Your iron and brass
As easy as
That you would do a pudding.

But the strangest thing of all is,
Upon his rump there groweth
A great long tail,
That useth to trail
Upon the ground as he goeth.

PART II.

This monster was begotten
Upon one of the witches,
B' an imp that came to her,
Like a man, to woo her,
With black doublet and breeches.

When he was whelp'd, for certain,
In divers several countries
The hogs and swine
Did grunt and whine,
And the ravens croak'd upon trees.

The winds did blow, the thunder
And lightning loud did rumble;
The dogs did howl,
The hollow tree in th' owl—
'Tis a good horse that ne'er stumbled.

As soon as he was brought forth,
At the midwife's throat he flew,
And threw the pap
Down in her lap;
They say 'tis very true.

And up the walls he clamber'd,
With nails most sharp and keen,
The prints whereof,
I' th' boards and roof,
Are yet for to be seen.

And out o' th' top o' th' chimney
He vanish'd, seen of none;
For they did wink,
Yet by the stink
Knew which way he was gone.

The country round about there
Became like to a wildern-
-ness; for the sight
Of him did fright
Away men, women, and children.

Long did he there continue,
And all those parts much harmed,
Till a wise-woman, which
Some call a white witch,
Him into a hogsty charmed.

There, when she had him shut fast,
With brimstone and with nitre,
She sing'd the claws
Of his left paws,
With tip of his tail, and his right ear.

And with her charms and ointments
She made him tame as a spaniel;
For she us'd to ride
On his back astride,
Nor did he do her any ill.

But, to the admiration
Of all both far and near,
He hath been shown
In every town,
And eke in every shire.

And now, at length, he 's brought
Unto fair London city,
Where in Fleet-street
All those may see 't
That will not believe my ditty.

God save the king and parliament,
And eke the prince's highness,
And quickly send
The wars an end,
As here my song has—*Finis.*

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

All men's intrigues and projects tend,
By several courses, to one end;
To compass, by the properest shows,
Whatever their designs propose;
And that which owns the fairest pretext
Is often found the indirect'st.
Hence 'tis that hypocrites still paint
Much fairer than the real saint,
And knaves appear more just and true
Than honest men, that make less shew:
The dullest idiots in disguise
Appear more knowing than the wise;
Illiterate dunces, undiscern'd,
Pass on the rabble for the learn'd;
And cowards, that can damn and rant,
Pass muster for the valiant:
For he, that has but impudence,
To all things has a just pretence,
And, put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.

How various and innumerable
Are those who live upon the rabble!
'Tis they maintain the church and state,
Employ the priest and magistrate;
Bear all the charge of government,
And pay the public fines and rent;
Defray all taxes and excises,
And impositions of all prices;
Bear all th' expense of peace and war,
And pay the pulpit and the bar;
Maintain all churches and religions,
And give their pastors exhibitions;
And those who have the greatest flocks
Are primitive and orthodox;
Support all schismatics and sects,
And pay them for tormenting texts;
Take all their doctrines off their hands,
And pay them in good rents and lands;
Discharge all costly offices,
The doctor's and the lawyer's fees,
The hangman's wages, and the scores
Of caterpillar bawds and whores;

Discharge all damages and costs
Of knights and squires of the Post;
All statesmen, cutpurses, and padders,
And pay for all their ropes and ladders;
All pettifoggers, and all sorts
Of markets, churches, and of courts;
All sums of money paid or spent,
With all the charges incident,
Laid out, or thrown away, or given
To purchase this world, Hell, or Heaven.

Should once the world resolve t' abolish
All that 's ridiculous and foolish,
It would have nothing left to do,
T' apply in jest or earnest to,
No business of importance, play,
Or state, to pass its time away.

The world would be more just, if truth and lies,
And right and wrong, did bear an equal price;
But, since impostors are so highly rais'd,
And faith and justice equally debas'd,
Few men have tempers, for such paltry gains,
T' undo themselves with drudgery and pains.

The sottish world without distinction looks
On all that passes on th' account of books;
And, when there are two scholars that within
The species only hardly are a-kin,
The world will pass for men of equal knowledge,
If equally they 've loiter'd in a college.

Carrics are like a kind of flies, that breed
In wild fig-trees, and, when they 're grown up, feed
Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,
Open the pores, and make way for the Sun
To ripen it sooner than he would have done.

As all fanatics preach, so all men write,
Out of the strength of gifts, and inward light,
In spite of art; as horses thorough pac'd
Were never taught, and therefore go more fast.

In all mistakes the strict and regular
Are found to be the desperat'st ways to err,
And worst to be avoided; as a wound
Is said to be the harder cur'd that 's round;
For errour and mistake, the less they appear,
In th' end are found to be the dangerouser;
As no man minds those clocks that use to go
Apparently too over-fast or slow.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

The metaphysic 's but a puppet motion,
That goes with screws, the notion of a notion;
The copy of a copy, and lame draught,
Unnaturally taken from a thought;
That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,
And turns the eyes like an old crucifix;
That counterchanges whatsoe'er it calls
B' another name, and makes it true or false;
Turns truth to falsehood, falsehood into truth,
By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth.

'Tis not the art of schools to understand,
But make things hard, instead of being explain'd;
And therefore those are commonly the learned'st
That only study between jest and earnest:
For, when the end of learning 's to pursue
And trace the subtle steps of false and true,
They ne'er consider how they 're to apply,
But only listen to the noise and cry,
And are so much delighted with the chase,
They never mind the taking of their preys.

More proselytes and converts use t' accrue
To false persuasions than the right and true;
For errour and mistake are infinite,
But truth has but one way to be i' th' right;
As numbers may t' infinity be grown,
But never be reduc'd to less than one.

All wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
Is forc'd for every carat to abate
As much in value as it wants in weight.

The great St. Lewis, king of France,
Fighting against Mahometans,
In Egypt, in the holy war,
Was routed and made prisoner:
The sultan then, into whose hands
He and his army fell, demands
A thousand weight of gold, to free
And set them all at liberty.
The king pays down one half o' th' nail,
And for the other offers bail,
The pyx, and in 't the eucharist,
The body of our Saviour Christ.
The Turk consider'd, and allow'd
The king's security for good:
Such credit had the Christian zeal,
In those days, with an infidel,
That will not pass for two-pence now,
Among themselves, 'tis grown so low.

Those that go up hill use to bow
Their bodies forward, and stoop low,
To poise themselves. and sometimes creep,
When th' way is difficult and steep:
So those at court, that do address
By low ignoble offices,
Can stoop to any thing that 's base,
To wriggle into trust and grace;
Are like to rise to greatness sooner
Than those that go by worth and honour.

All acts of grace, and pardon, and oblivion,
Are meant of services that are forgiven,
And not of crimes delinquents have committed,
And rather been rewarded than acquitted.

Lions are kings of beasts, and yet their power
Is not to rule and govern, but devour:
Such savage kings all tyrants are, and they
No better than mere beasts that do obey.

Nothing 's more dull and negligent
Than an old lazy government,
That knows no interest of state,
But such as serves a present strait,
And, to patch up, or shift, will close,
Or break alike, with friends or foes;
That runs behind hand, and has spent
Its credit to the last extent;
And, the first time 'tis at a loss,
Has not one true friend nor one cross.

The Devil was the first o' th' name
From whom the race of rebels came,
Who was the first bold undertaker
Of bearing arms against his Maker,
And, though miscarrying in th' event,
Was never yet known to repent,
Though tumbled from the top of bliss
Down to the bottomless abyss;
A property which, from their prince,
The family owns ever since,
And therefore ne'er repent the evil
They do or suffer, like the Devil.

The worst of rebels never arm
To do their king or country harm;
But draw their swords to do them good,
As doctors cure by letting blood.

No seared conscience is so fell
As that which has been burnt with zeal;
For Christian charity 's as well
A great impediment to zeal,
As zeal a pestilent disease
To Christian charity and peace.

As thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they 're grown,
And then declare themselves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near;
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats,
And all the mischief that he meant
Does, like a rattlesnake, prevent.

Man is supreme lord and master
Of his own ruin and disaster;
Controls his fate, but nothing less
In ordering his own happiness;
For all his care and providence
Is too, too feeble a defence,
To render it secure and certain
Against the injuries of Fortune;
And oft, in spite of all his wit,
Is lost with one unlucky hit,
And ruin'd with a circumstance,
And mere punctilio, of chance.

Dame Fortune, some men's tutelar,
Takes charge of them, without their care;
Does all their drudgery and work,
Like fairies, for them in the dark;
Conducts them blindfold, and advances
The naturals by blinder chances;
While others by desert or wit
Could never make the matter hit,
But still, the better they deserve,
Are but the abler thought to starve.

Great wits have only been preferr'd,
In princes' trains to be interr'd,
And, when they cost them nothing, plac'd
Among their followers not the last;
But while they liv'd were far enough
From all admittances kept off.

As gold, that 's proof against th' assay,
Upon the touchstone wears away,
And, having stood the greater test,
Is overmaster'd by the least;
So some men, having stood the hate
And spiteful cruelty of Fate,
Transported with a false caress
Of unacquainted happiness,
Lost to humanity and sense,
Have fall'n as low as insolence.

Innocence is a defence
For nothing else but patience;
'Twill not bear out the blows of Fate,
Nor fence against the tricks of State;
Nor from th' oppression of the laws
Protect the plain'st and justest cause;
Nor keep unspotted a good name
Against the obloquies of Fame;
Feeble as Patience, and as soon,
By being blown upon, undone.
As beasts are hunted for their furs,
Men for their virtues fare the worse.

Who doth not know with what fierce rage
Opinions, true or false, engage;
And, 'cause they govern all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind,
All claim an equal interest,
And free dominion o'er the rest?
And, as one shield, that fell from Heaven,
Was counterfeited by eleven,
The better to secure the fate
And lasting empire of a state,
The false are numerous, and the true,
That only have the right, but few.
Hence fools, that understand them least,
Are still the fiercest in contest;
Unsight, unseen, espouse a side
At random, like a prince's bride,
To damn their souls, and swear and lie for,
And at a venture live and die for.

Opinion governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind;
For he that has no eyes in 's head,
Must be by a dog glad to be led;
And no beasts have so little in them
As that inhuman brute, Opinion;
'Tis an infectious pestilence,
The tokens upon wit and sense,
That with a venomous contagion
Invades the sick imagination;
And, when it seizes any part,
It strikes the poison to the heart.
This men of one another catch
By contact, as the humours match;
And nothing 's so perverse in nature
As a profound opiniator.

Authority intoxicates,
And makes mere sots of magistrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud, and vain;
By this the fool commands the wise,
The noble with the base complies,
The sot assumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the base submit.

A godly man, that has serv'd out his time
In holiness, may set up any crime;
As scholars, when they 've taken their degrees,
May set up any faculty they please.

Why should not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade,

And men get money by devotion,
As well as making of a motion?
B' allow'd to pray upon conditions,
As well as suitors in petitions?
And in a congregation pray,
No less than chancery, for pay?

A teacher's doctrine, and his proof,
Is all his province, and enough;
But is no more concern'd in use,
Than shoemakers to wear all shoes.

The soberest saints are more stiff-necked
Than th' hottest-headed of the wicked.

Hypocrisy will serve as well
To propagate a church, as zeal;
As persecution and promotion
Do equally advance devotion:
So round white stones will serve, they say,
As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

The greatest saints and sinners have been made
Of proselytes of one another's trade.

Your wise and cautious consciences
Are free to take what course they please;
Have plenary indulgence to dispose,
At pleasure, of the strictest vows,
And challenge Heaven, they made them to,
To vouch and witness what they do;
And, when they prove averse and loth,
Yet for convenience take an oath,
Not only can dispense, but make it
A greater sin to keep than take it;
Can bind and loose all sorts of sin,
And only keeps the keys within;
Has no superior to control,
But what itself sets o'er the soul;
And, when it is enjoin'd t' obey,
Is but confin'd, and keeps the key;
Can walk invisible, and where,
And when, and how, it will appear:
Can turn itself into disguises
Of all sorts, for all sorts of vices;
Can transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus;
Make woods, and tenements, and lands,
Obey and follow its commands,
And settle on a new freehold,
As Marcly-hill remov'd of old;
Make mountains move with greater force
Than faith, to new proprietors;
And perjures, to secure th' enjoyments
Of public charges and employments:
For true and faithful, good and just,
Are but preparatives to trust;
The guilt and ornament of things,
And not their movements, wheels, and springs.

All love, at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;
But, when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from th' impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder.

The motions of the Earth, or Sun,
(The Lord knows which) that turn, or run,
Are both perform'd by fits and starts,
And so are those of lovers' hearts,
Which, though they keep no even pace,
Move true and constant to one place.

Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For, could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of Fate,
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality,
Translate to Earth the joys above;
For nothing goes to Heaven but love.

All wild but generous creatures live, of course,
As if they had agreed for better or worse:
The lion 's constant to his only miss,
And never leaves his faithful lioness;
And she as chaste and true to him again,
As virtuous ladies use to be to men.
The docile and ingenuous elephant
T' his own and only female is gallant;
And she as true and constant to his bed,
That first enjoy'd her single maidenhead;
But paltry rams, and bulls, and goats, and boars,
Are never satisfy'd with new amours;
As all poltroons with us delight to range,
And, though but for the worst of all, to change.

The souls of women are so small,
That some believe they 've none at all;
Or if they have, like cripples, still
They 've but one faculty, the will;
The other two are quite laid by
To make up one great tyranny;
And, though their passions have most power,
They are, like Turks, but slaves the more
To th' absolute will, that with a breath
Has sovereign power of life and death,
And, as its little interests move,
Can turn them all to hate or love;
For nothing, in a moment, turn
To frantic love, disdain, and scorn;
And make that love degenerate
T' as great extremity of hate,
And hate again, and scorn, and piques,
To flames, and raptures, and love-tricks.

All sorts of votaries, that profess
To bind themselves apprentices
To Heaven, abjure, with solemn vows,
Not Cut and Long-tail, but a spouse,
As th' worst of all impediments
To hinder their devout intents.

Most virgins marry, just as nuns
The same thing the same way renounce;
Before they 've wit to understand
The bold attempt they take in hand;
Or, having staid and lost their tides,
Are out of season grown for brides.

The credit of the marriage-bed
Has been so loosely husbanded,
Men only deal for ready money,
And women, separate alimony;
And ladies-errant, for debauching,
Have better terms, and equal caution;
And, for their journeywork and pains,
The charwomen clear greater gains.

As wine, that with its own weight runs, is best,
And counted much more noble than the prest;
So is that poetry whose generous strains
Flow without servile study, art, or pains.

Some call it fury, some a Muse,
That, as possessing Devils use,
Haunts and forsakes a man by fits,
And when he 's in, he 's out of 's wits.

All writers, though of different fancies,
Do make all people in romances,
That are distress'd and discontent,
Make songs, and sing t' an instrument,
And poets by their sufferings grow;
As if there were no more to do,
To make a poet excellent,
But only want and discontent.

It is not poetry that makes men poor;
For few do write that were not so before;
And those that have writ best, had they been rich,
Had ne'er been clapp'd with a poetic itch;
Had lov'd their ease too well to take the pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains;
But, being for all other trades unfit,
Only to avoid being idle, set up wit.

They that do write in others' praises,
And freely give their friends their voices,
Are not confin'd to what is true;
That 's not to give, but pay a due:
For praise, that 's due, does give no more
To worth, than what it had before;
But to commend, without desert,
Requires a mastery of art,
That sets a gloss on what 's amiss,
And writes what should be, not what is.

In foreign universities,
When a king 's born, or weds, or dies,
Straight other studies are laid by,
And all apply to poetry:
Some write in Hebrew, some in Greek,
And some, more wise, in Arabic,
T' avoid the critic, and th' expense
Of difficulter wit and sense;
And seem more learnedish than those
That at a greater charge compose.
The doctors lead, the students follow;
Some call him Mars, and some Apollo,
Some Jupiter, and give him th' odds,
On even terms, of all the gods;
Then Cæsar he 's nicknam'd, as duly as
He that in Rome was christen'd Julius,
And was address'd too by a crow,
As pertinently, long ago;
And, as wit goes by colleges,
As well as standing and degrees,
He still writes better than the rest,
That 's of the house that 's counted best.

Far greater numbers have been lost by hopes
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other ammunitions of despair,
Were ever able to dispatch by fear.

There's nothing our felicities endears
Like that which falls among our doubts and fears,
And in the miserablest of distress
Improves attempts as desperate with success;
Success, that owns and justifies all quarrels,
And vindicates deserts of hemp with laurels;
Or, but miscarrying in the bold attempt,
Turns wreaths of laurel back again to hemp.

The people have as much a negative voice
To hinder making war without their choice,
As kings of making laws in parliament;
"No money" is as good as "No assent."

When princes idly lead about,
Those of their party follow suit,
Till others trump upon their play,
And turn the cards another way.

What makes all subjects discontent
Against a prince's government,
And princes take as great offence
At subjects' disobedience,
That neither th' other can abide,
But too much reason on each side?

Authority is a disease and cure,
Which men can neither want nor well endure.

Dame Justice puts her sword into the scales,
With which she's said to weigh out true and false,
With no design but, like the antique Gaul,
To get more money from the capital.

All that which Law and Equity miscalls
By th' empty idle names of True and False,
Is nothing else but maggots blown between
False witnesses and falser jurymen.
No court allows those partial interlopers
Of Law and Equity, two single paupers,
T' encounter hand to hand at bars, and trounce
Each other gratis in a suit at once:
For one at one time, and upon free cost, is
Enough to play the knave and fool with Justice;
And, when the one side bringeth custom in,
And th' other lays out half the reckoning,
The Devil himself will rather choose to play
At paltry small-game than sit out, they say;
But when at all there's nothing to be got,
The old wife, Law and Justice, will not trot.

The law, that makes more knaves than e'er it hung,
Little considers right or wrong;
But, like authority, 's soon satisfy'd
When 'tis to judge on its own side.

The law can take a purse in open court,
Whilst it condemns a less delinquent for 't.

Who can deserve, for breaking of the laws,
A greater penance than an honest cause?

All those that do but rob and steal enough,
Are punishment and court-of-justice proof,
And need not fear, nor be concern'd a straw,
In all the idle bugbears of the law,
But confidently rob the gallows too,
As well as other sufferers, of their due.

Old laws have not been suffer'd to be pointed,
To leave the sense at large the more disjointed,

And furnish lawyers, with the greater ease,
To turn and wind them any way they please.
The statute law 's their scripture, and reports
The ancient reverend fathers of their courts;
Records their general councils; and decisions
Of judges on the bench their sole traditions,
For which, like catholics, they 've greater awe,
As th' arbitrary and unwritten law,
And strive perpetually to make the standard
Of right between the tenant and the landlord;
And, when two cases at a trial meet,
That, like indentures, jump exactly fit,
And all the points, like chequer-tallies, suit,
The court directs the obstinat'st dispute;
There 's no decorum us'd of time, nor place,
Nor quality, nor person, in the case.

A man of quick and active wit
For drudgery is more unfit,
Compar'd to those of duller parts,
Than running-nags to draw in carts.

Too much or too little wit
Do only render th' owners fit
For nothing, but to be undone
Much easier than if they 'ad none.

As those that are stark blind can trace
The nearest ways from place to place,
And find the right way easier out,
Than those that hoodwink'd try to do 't;
So tricks of state are manag'd best
By those that are suspected least,
And greatest *finesse* brought about
By engines most unlike to do 't.

All the politics of the great
Are like the cunning of a cheat,
That lets his false dice freely run,
And trusts them to themselves alone,
But never lets a true one stir
Without some fingering trick or slur;
And, when the gamesters doubt his play,
Conveys his false dice safe away,
And leaves the true ones in the lurch,
T' endure the torture of the search.

What else does history use to tell us,
But tales of subjects being rebellious;
The vain perfidiousness of lords,
And fatal breach of princes' words;
The sottish pride and insolence
Of statesmen, and their want of sense;
Their treachery, that undoes, of custom,
Their own selves first, next those who trust them?

Because a feeble limb 's carest,
And more indulg'd than all the rest,
So frail and tender consciences
Are humour'd to do what they please;
When that which goes for weak and feeble
Is found the most incorrigible,
To outdo all the fiends in Hell
With rapine, murder, blood, and zeal.

As, at th' approach of winter, all
The leaves of great trees use to fall,
And leave them naked to engage
With storms and tempests when they rage;
While humbler plants are found to wear
Their fresh green liveries all the year;
So, when the glorious season 's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,
The great'st calamities oppress
The greatest still, and spare the less.

As when a greedy raven sees
A sheep entangled by the fleece,
With hasty cruelty he flies
T' attack him, and pick out his eyes;
So do those vultures use, that keep
Poor prisoners fast like silly sheep,
As greedily to prey on all
That in their ravenous clutches fall:
For thorns and brambles, that came in
To wait upon the curse for sin,
And were no part o' th' first creation,
But, for revenge, a new plantation,
Are yet the fitt'st materials
T' enclose the Earth with living walls.
So jailors, that are most accurst,
Are found most fit in being worst.

There needs no other charm, nor conjurer,
To raise infernal spirits up, but fear;
That makes men pull their horns in like a snail,
That 's both a prisoner to itself, and jail;
Draws more fantastic shapes, than in the grains
Of knotted wood, in some men's crazy brains,
When all the cocks they think they see, and bulls,
Are only in the insides of their sculls.

The Roman mufti, with his triple crown,
Does both the Earth, and Hell, and Heaven, own,
Beside th' imaginary territory,
He lays a title to in Purgatory;
Declares himself an absolute free prince
In his dominions, only over sins;
But as for Heaven, since it lies so far
Above him, is but only titular,
And, like his cross-keys badge upon a tavern,
Has nothing there to tempt, command, or govern:
Yet, when he comes to take account, and share
The profit of his prostituted ware,
He finds his gains increase, by sin and women,
Above his richest titular dominion.

A jubilee is but a spiritual fair,
T' expose to sale all sorts of impious ware,
In which his holiness buys nothing in,
To stock his magazines, but deadly sin,
And deals in extraordinary crimes,
That are not vendible at other times;
For dealing both for Judas and th' high-priest,
He makes a plentifuller trade of Christ.

That spiritual pattern of the church, the ark,
In which the ancient world did once embark,
Had ne'er a helm in 't to direct its way,
Although bound through an universal sea;
When all the modern church of Rome's concern
Is nothing else but in the helm and stern.

In the church of Rome to go to shrift,
Is but to put the soul on a clean shift.

An ass will with his long ears fray
The flies, that tickle him, away;

But man delights to have his ears
Blown maggots in by flatterers.

All wit does but divert men from the road
In which things vulgarly are understood,
And force Mistake and Ignorance to own
A better sense than commonly is known.

In little trades, more cheats and lying
Are us'd in selling than in buying;
But in the great, unjuster dealing
Is us'd in buying than in selling.

All smatterers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals, that give them light.

Law does not put the least restraint
Upon our freedom, but maintain 't;
Or, if it does, 'tis for our good,
To give us freer latitude:
For wholesome laws preserve us free,
By stinting of our liberty.

The world has long endeavour'd to reduce
Those things to practice that are of no use;
And strives to practise things of speculation,
And bring the practical to contemplation;
And by that errour renders both in vain,
By forcing Nature's course against the grain.

In all the world there is no vice
Less prone t' excess than avarice;
It neither cares for food nor clothing:
Nature 's content with little, that with nothing.

In Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honour, built to show
How humble honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority.

It is a harder thing for men to rate
Their own parts at an equal estimate,
Than cast up fractions, in th' account of Heaven,
Of time and motion, and adjust them even;
For modest persons never had a true
Particular of all that is their due.

Some people's fortunes, like a weft or stray,
Are only gain'd by losing of their way.

As he that makes his mark is understood
To write his name, and 'tis in law as good;
So he, that cannot write one word of sense,
Believes he has as legal a pretence
To scribble what he does not understand,
As idiots have a title to their land.

Were Tully now alive, he 'd be to seek
In all our Latin terms of art and Greek;
Would never understand one word of sense
The most irrefragable schoolman means:
As if the schools design'd their terms of art
Not to advance a science, but divert;
As Hocus Pocus conjures, to amuse
The rabble from observing what he does.

As 'tis a greater mystery, in the art
Of painting, to foreshorten any part
Than draw it out; so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

The man, that for his profit 's bought t' obey,
Is only hir'd, on liking, to betray;
And, when he 's bid a liberaller price,
Will not be sluggish in the work, nor nice.

Opiniators naturally differ
From other men; as wooden legs are stiffer
Than those of pliant joints, to yield and bow,
Which way soe'er they are design'd to go.

Navigation, that withstood
The mortal fury of the Flood,
And prov'd the only means to save
All earthly creatures from the wave,
Has, for it, taught the sea and wind
To lay a tribute on mankind,
That, by degrees, has swallow'd more
Than all it drown'd at once before.

The prince of Syracuse, whose destin'd fate
It was to keep a school and rule a state,
Found, that his sceptre never was so aw'd,
As when it was translated to a rod;
And that his subjects ne'er were so obedient,
As when he was inaugurated pedant:
For to instruct is greater than to rule,
And no command 's so imperious as a school.

As he, whose destiny does prove
To dangle in the air above,
Does lose his life for want of air,
That only fell to be his share;
So he, whom Fate at once design'd
To plenty and a wretched mind,
Is but condemn'd t' a rich distress,
And starves with niggardly excess.

The universal med'cine is a trick,
That Nature never meant, to cure the sick,
Unless by death, the singular receipt,
To root out all diseases by the great:
For universals deal in no one part
Of Nature, nor particulars of Art;
And therefore that French quack, that set up physic,
Call'd his receipt a general specific.
For, though in mortal poisons every one
Is mortal universally alone,
Yet Nature never made an antidote
To cure them all as easy as they 're got;
Much less, among so many variations
Of different maladies and complications,
Make all the contrarieties in Nature
Submit themselves t' an equal moderator.

A convert 's but a fly, that turns about,
After his head 's pull'd off, to find it out.

All mankind is but a rabble,
As silly and unreasonable
As those that, crowding in the street,
To see a show or monster, meet;
Of whom no one is in the right,
Yet all fall out about the sight;
And, when they chance t' agree, the choice is
Still in the most and worst of vices;
And all the reasons that prevail
Are measur'd, not by weight, but tale.

As, in all great and crowded fairs,
Monsters and puppet plays are wares,
Which in the less will not go off,
Because they have not money enough;
So men in princes' courts will pass,
That will not in another place.

Logicians use to clap a proposition,
As justices do criminals, in prison,
And, in as learn'd authentic nonsense, writ
The names of all their moods and figures fit:
For a logician 's one that has been broke
To ride and pace his reason by the book,
And by their rules, and precepts, and examples,
To put his wits into a kind of trammels.

Those get the least that take the greatest pains,
But most of all i' th' drudgery of brains;
A natural sign of weakness, as an ant
Is more laborious than an elephant;
And children are more busy at their play,
Than those that wisely'st pass their time away.

All the inventions that the world contains,
Were not by reason first found out, nor brains
But pass for theirs who had the luck to light
Upon them by mistake or oversight.

TRIPLETS UPON AVARICE.

As misers their own laws enjoin,
To wear no pockets in the mine,
For fear they should the ore purloin;

So he that toils and labours hard
To gain, and what he gets has spar'd,
Is from the use of all debarr'd.

And, though he can produce more spankers
Than all the usurers and bankers,
Yet after more and more he hankers;

And, after all his pains are done,
Has nothing he can call his own,
But a mere livelihood alone.

DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND.

A country that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the hold of Nature,
And, when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak;
That always ply the pump, and never think
They can be safe, but at the rate they stink;
That live as if they had been run aground,
And, when they die, are cast away and drown'd;
That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey
Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey;
And, when their merchants are blown-up and crackt,
Whole towns are cast away in storms, and wreckt;
That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes:
A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Do not unjustly blame
My guiltless breast,
For venturing to disclose a flame
It had so long suppress.

In its own ashes it design'd
For ever to have lain;
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
Made it break out again.

TO THE SAME.

Do not mine affection slight,
'Cause my locks with age are white:
Your breasts have snow without, and snow within,
While flames of fire in your bright eyes are seen.

EPIGRAM ON A CLUB OF SOTS.

The jolly members of a toping club,
Like pipe-staves, are but hoop'd into a tub,
And in a close confederacy link,
For nothing else but only to hold drink.

HUDIBRAS'S ELEGY[1].

In days of yore, when knight or squire
By Fate were summon'd to retire,
Some menial poet still was near,
To bear them to the hemisphere,
And there among the stars to leave them,
Until the gods sent to relieve them:
And sure our knight, whose very sight wou'd
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
Should he neglected lie, and rot,
Stink in his grave, and be forgot,
Would have just reason to complain,
If he should chance to rise again;
And therefore, to prevent his dudgeon,
In mournful doggrel thus we trudge on.
Oh me! what tongue, what pen, can tell
How this renowned champion fell,
But must reflect, alas! alas!
All human glory fades like grass,
And that the strongest martial feats
Of errant knights are all but cheats!
Witness our knight, who sure has done
More valiant actions, ten to one,
Than of More-Hall the mighty More,
Or him that made the Dragon roar;
Has knock'd more men and women down
Than Bevis of Southampton town,

[1] Neither this elegy, nor the following epitaph, is to be found in The Genuine Remains of Butler, as published by Mr. Thyer. Both however having frequently been reprinted in The Posthumous Works of Samuel Butler, and as they, besides, relate to the hero of his particular poem, there needs no apology for their being thus preserved. Some other of the posthumous poems would not have disgraced their supposed author; but, as they are so positively rejected by Mr. Thyer, we have not ventured to admit them. *N.*

Or than our modern heroes can,
To take them singly man by man.
No, sure, the grisly king of terrour
Has been to blame, and in an errour,
To issue his dead-warrant forth
To seize a knight of so much worth,
Just in the nick of all his glory;
I tremble when I tell the story.
Oh! help me, help me, some kind Muse,
This surly tyrant to abuse,
Who, in his rage, has been so cruel
To rob the world of such a jewel!
A knight, more learned, stout, and good,
Sure ne'er was made of flesh and blood:
All his perfections were so rare,
The wit of man could not declare
Which single virtue, or which grace,
Above the rest had any place,
Or which he was most famous for,
The camp, the pulpit, or the bar;
Of each he had an equal spice,
And was in all so very nice,
That, to speak truth, th' account it lost,
In which he did excel the most.
When he forsook the peaceful dwelling,
And out he went a colonelling,
Strange hopes and fears possest the nation,
How he could manage that vocation,
Until he show'd it to a wonder,
How nobly he could fight and plunder.
At preaching, too, he was a dab,
More exquisite by far than Squab;
He could fetch uses, and infer,
Without the help of metaphor,
From any scripture text, howe'er
Remote it from the purpose were;
And with his fist, instead of a stick,
Beat pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Till he made all the audience weep,
Excepting those that fell asleep.
Then at the bar he was right able,
And could bind o'er as well as swaddle;
And famous, too, at petty sessions,
'Gainst thieves and whores, for long digressions.
He could most learnedly determine
To Bridewell, or the stocks, the vermin.
For his address and way of living,
All his behaviour, was so moving,
That, let the dame be ne'er so chaste,
As people say, below the waist,
If Hudibras but once came at her,
He 'd quickly made her chaps to water;
Then for his equipage and shape,
On vestals they 'd commit a rape;
Which often, as the story says,
Have made the ladies weep both ways.
Ill has he read, that never heard
How he with widow Tomson far'd,
And what hard conflict was between
Our knight and that insulting queen.
Sure captive knight ne'er took more pains,
For rhymes for his melodious strains,
Nor beat his brains, or made more faces,
To get into a jilt's good graces,
Than did sir Hudibras to get
Into this subtle gipsy's net;
Who, after all her high pretence
To modesty and innocence,
Was thought by most to be a woman
That to all other knights was common.

Hard was his fate in this, I own,
Nor will I for the trapes atone;
Indeed to guess I am not able,
What made her thus inexorable,
Unless she did not like his wit,
Or, what is worse, his perquisite.
Howe'er it was, the wound she gave
The knight, he carry'd to his grave:
Vile harlot! to destroy a knight,
That could both plead, and pray, and fight.
Oh! cruel, base, inhuman drab,
To give him such a mortal stab,
That made him pine away and moulder,
As though that he had been no soldier:
Could'st thou find no one else to kill,
Thou instrument of Death and Hell!
But Hudibras, who stood the bears
So oft against the cavaliers,
And in the very heat of war
Took stout Crowdero prisoner;
And did such wonders all along,
That far exceed both pen and tongue?
If he had been in battle slain,
We 'ad had less reason to complain;
But to be murder'd by a whore,
Was ever knight so serv'd before?
But, since he 's gone, all we can say,
He chanc'd to die a lingering way;
If he had liv'd a longer date,
He might, perhaps, have met a fate
More violent, and fitting for
A knight so fam'd in civil war.
To sum up all—from love and danger
He 's now (O happy knight!) a stranger;
And, if a Muse can aught foretell,
His fame shall fill a chronicle,
And he in after-ages be
Of errant knights th' epitome.

HUDIBRAS'S EPITAPH.

Under this stone rests Hudibras,
A knight as errant as e'er was;
The controversy only lies,
Whether he was more stout than wise;
Nor can we here pretend to say,
Whether he best could fight or pray;
So, till those questions are decided,
His virtues must rest undivided.
Full oft he suffer'd bangs and drubs,
And full as oft took pains in tubs;
Of which the most that can be said,
He pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd.
As for his personage and shape,
Among the rest we 'll let them 'scape;
Nor do we, as things stand, think fit
This stone should meddle with his wit.
One thing, 'tis true, we ought to tell,
He liv'd and dy'd a colonel;
And for the good old cause stood buff,
'Gainst many a bitter kick and cuff.
But, since his worship 's dead and gone,
And mouldering lies beneath this stone,
The reader is desir'd to look,
For his achievements in his book;
Which will preserve of knight the tale,
Till Time and Death itself shall fail.

SELECT

POEMS

OF THE

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

THE

LIFE OF ROCHESTER,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

JOHN WILMOT, afterwards earl of Rochester, the son of Henry earl of Rochester, better known by the title of lord Wilmot, so often mentioned in Clarendon's History, was born April 10, 1647, at Ditchley in Oxfordshire. After a grammatical education at the school of Burford, he entered a nobleman into Wadham College in 1659, only twelve years old; and in 1661, at fourteen, was, with some other persons of high rank, made master of arts by lord Clarendon in person.

He travelled afterward into France and Italy; and at his return devoted himself to the court. In 1665 he went to sea with Sandwich, and distinguished himself at Bergen by uncommon intrepidity; and the next summer served again on board sir Edward Spragge, who, in the heat of the engagement, having a message of reproof to send to one of his captains, could find no man ready to carry it but Wilmot, who, in an open boat, went and returned amidst the storm of shot.

But his reputation for bravery was not lasting; he was reproached with slinking away in street quarrels, and leaving his companions to shift as they could without him; and Sheffield duke of Buckingham has left a story of his refusal to fight him.

He had very early an inclination to intemperance, which he totally subdued in his travels; but, when he became a courtier, he unhappily addicted himself to dissolute and vicious company, by which his principles were corrupted, and his manners depraved. He lost all sense of religious restraint; and, finding it not convenient to admit the authority of laws which he was resolved not to obey, sheltered his wickedness behind infidelity.

As he excelled in that noisy and licentious merriment which wine excites, his companions eagerly encouraged him in excess, and he willingly indulged it; till, as he confessed to Dr. Burnet, he was for five years together continually drunk, or so much inflamed by frequent ebriety, as in no interval to be master of himself.

In this state he played many frolics, which it is not for his honour that we should remember, and which are not now distinctly known. He often pursued low amours in mean disguises, and always acted with great exactness and dexterity the characters which he assumed.

He once erected a stage on Tower-hill, and harangued the populace as a mountebank; and, having made physic part of his study, is said to have practised it successfully.

He was so much in favour with king Charles, that he was made one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber, and comptroller of Woodstock Park.

Having an active and inquisitive mind, he never, except in his paroxysms of intemperance, was wholly negligent of study; he read what is considered as polite learning so much, that he is mentioned by Wood as the greatest scholar of all the nobility. Sometimes he retired into the country, and amused himself with writing libels, in which he did not pretend to confine himself to truth.

His favourite author in French was Boileau, and in English, Cowley.

Thus in a course of drunken gaiety, and gross sensuality, with intervals of study perhaps yet more criminal, with an avowed contempt of all decency and order, a total disregard of every moral, and a resolute denial of every religious obligation, he lived worthless and useless, and blazed out his youth and his health in lavish voluptuousness; till, at the age of one-and-thirty, he had exhausted the fund of life, and reduced himself to a state of weakness and decay.

At this time he was led to an acquaintance with Dr. Burnet, to whom he laid open with great freedom the tenour of his opinions, and the course of his life, and from whom he received such conviction of the reasonableness of moral duty, and the truth of Christianity, as produced a total change both of his manners and opinions. The account of those salutary conferences is given by Burnet in a book, entituled, Some Passages of the Life and Death of John Earl of Rochester, which the critic ought to read for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety. It were an injury to the reader to offer him an abridgment.

He died July 26, 1680, before he had completed his thirty-fourth year; and was so worn away by a long illness, that life went out without a struggle.

Lord Rochester was eminent for the vigour of his colloquial wit, and remarkable for many wild pranks and sallies of extravagance. The glare of his general character diffused itself upon his writings; the compositions of a man, whose name was heard so often, were certain of attention, and from many readers certain of applause. This blaze of reputation is not yet quite extinguished; and his poetry still retains some splendour beyond that which genius has bestowed.

Wood and Burnet gave us reason to believe, that much was imputed to him which he did not write. I know not by whom the original collection was made, or by what authority its genuineness was ascertained. The first edition was published in the year of his death, with an air of concealment, professing in the title-page to be printed at Antwerp.

Of some of the pieces, however, there is no doubt. The Imitation of Horace's Satire, the Verses to Lord Mulgrave, the Satire against Man, the Verses upon Nothing, and perhaps some others, are I believe genuine, and perhaps most of those which the collection exhibits.

As he cannot be supposed to have found leisure for any course of continued study, his pieces are commonly short, such as one fit of resolution would produce.

His songs have no particular character; they tell, like other songs, in smooth and easy language, of scorn and kindness, dismission and desertion, absence and inconstancy, with the common-places of artificial courtship. They are commonly smooth and easy; but have little nature, and little sentiment.

His imitation of Horace on Lucilius is not inelegant or unhappy. In the reign of Charles the Second began that adaptation, which has since been very frequent, of ancient poetry to present times; and perhaps few will be found where the parallelism is better preserved than in this. The versification is indeed sometimes careless, but it is sometimes vigorous and weighty.

The strongest effort of his Muse is his poem upon Nothing. He is not the first who has chosen this barren topic for the boast of his fertility. There is a poem called Nihil, in Latin, by Passerat, a poet and critic of the sixteenth century in France; who, in his own epitaph, expresses his zeal for good poetry thus:

> ..... Molliter ossa quiescent,
> Sint modo carminibus non onerata malis.

His works are not common, and therefore I shall subjoin his verses.

In examining this performance, *nothing* must be considered as having not only a negative but a kind of positive signification; as I need not fear thieves, I have *nothing*, and *nothing* is a very powerful protector. In the first part of the sentence it is taken negatively; in the second it is taken positively, as an agent. In one of Boileau's lines it was a question, whether he should use *à rien faire*, or *à ne rien faire*; and the first was preferred because it gave *rien* a sense in some sort positive. *Nothing* can be a subject only in its positive sense, and such a sense is given it in the first line:

> *Nothing*, thou elder brother ev'n to Shade.

In this line, I know not whether he does not allude to a curious book De Umbra, by Wowerus, which, having told the qualities of *Shade*, concludes with a poem in which are these lines:

> Jam primum terram validis circumspice claustris
> Suspensam totam, decus admirabile mundi
> Terrasque tractusque maris, camposque liquentes
> Aeris et vasti laqueata palatia cœli ——
> Omnibus *umbra* prior.

The positive sense is generally preserved with great skill through the whole poem; though sometimes, in a subordinate sense, the negative *nothing* is injudiciously mingled. Passerat confounds the two senses.

Another of his most vigorous pieces is his Lampoon on Sir Car Scrope, who, in a poem called The Praise of Satire, had some lines like these[1]:

> He who can push into a midnight fray
> His brave companion, and then run away,
> Leaving him to be murder'd in the street,
> Then put it off with some buffoon conceit;
> Him, thus dishonour'd, for a wit you own,
> And court him as top fidler of the town.

This was meant of Rochester, whose "buffoon conceit" was, I suppose, a saying often mentioned, that "every man would be a coward if he durst;" and drew from

[1] I quote from memory. *Dr. J.*

him those furious verses; to which Scrope made in reply an epigram, ending with these lines:

> Thou canst hurt no man's fame with thy ill word;
> Thy pen is full as harmless as thy sword.

Of the satire against Man, Rochester can only claim what remains when all Boileau's part is taken away.

In all his works there is sprightliness and vigour, and every where may be found tokens of a mind which study might have carried to excellence. What more can be expected from a life spent in ostentatious contempt of regularity, and ended before the abilities of many other men began to be displayed[2]?

[2] The late George Steevens, esq. made the selection of Rochester's Poems which appears in Dr. Johnson's edition; but Mr. Malone observes, that the same task had been performed in the early part of the last century by Jacob Tonson. *C.*

POEMA CL. V. JOANNIS PASSERATII,

REGII IN ACADEMIA PARISIENSI PROFESSORIS, AD ORNATISSIMUM VIRUM ERRICUM MEMMIUM.

JANUS adest, festæ poscunt sua dona Kalendæ,
Munus abest festis quod possim offerre Kalendis.
Siccine Castalius nobis exaruit humor?
Usque adeò ingenii nostri est exhausta facultas,
Immunem ut videat redeuntis janitor ânni?
Quod nusquam est, potius nova per vestigia quæram.
Ecce autem partes dum sese versat in omnes
Invenit mea Musa NIHIL, ne despice munus.
Nam NIHIL est gemmis, NIHIL est pretiosius auro.
Huc animum, huc igitur vultus adverte benignos:
Res nova narratur quæ nulli audita priorum,
Ausonii et Graii dixerunt cætera vates,
Ausoniæ indictum NIHIL est Græcæque Camœnæ.
E cœlo quacunque Ceres sua prospicit arva,
Aut genitor liquidis orbem complectitur ulnis
Oceanus, NIHIL interitus et originis expers.
Immortale NIHIL, NIHIL omni parte beatum.
Quòd si hinc majestas et vis divina probatur,
Num quid honore deûm, num quid dignabimur aris?
Conspectu lucis NIHIL est jucundius almæ,
Vere NIHIL, NIHIL irriguo formosius horto,
Floridius pratis, Zephyri clementius aura;
In bello sanctum NIHIL est, Martisque tumultu:
Justum in pace NIHIL, NIHIL est in fœdere tutum.
Felix cui NIHIL est, (fuerant hæc vota Tibullo)
Non timet insidias: fures, incendia temnit:
Solicitas sequitur nullo sub judice lites.
Ille ipse invictis qui subjicit omnia fatis
Zenonis sapiens, NIHIL admiratur et optat.
Socraticique gregis fuit ista scientia quondam,
Scire NIHIL, studio cui nunc incumbitur uni.
Nec quicquam in ludo mavult didicisse juventus,
Ad magnas quia ducit opes, et culmen honorum.
Nosce NIHIL, nosces fertur quod Pythagoreæ
Grano hærere fabæ, cui vox adjuncta negantis.
Multi Mercurio freti duce viscera terræ
Pura liquefaciunt simul, et patrimonia miscent,
Arcano instantes operi, et carbonibus atris,
Qui tandem exhausti damnis, fractique labore,
Inveniunt atque inventum NIHIL usque requirunt.
Hoc dimetiri non ulla decempeda possit:
Nec numeret Libycæ numerum qui callet arenæ:
Et Phœbo ignotum NIHIL est, NIHIL altius astris.
Túque, tibi licet eximium sit mentis acumen,
Omnem in naturam penetrans, et in abdita rerum,
Pace tua, Memmi, NIHIL ignorare vidêris.
Sole tamen NIHIL est, a puro clarius igne.
Tange NIHIL, dicéque NIHIL sine corpore tangi.

Cerne NIHIL, cerni dices NIHIL absque colore.
Surdum audit loquitúrque NIHIL sine voce, volátque
Absque ope pennarum, et graditur sine cruribus ullis.
Absque loco motuque NIHIL per inane vagatur.
Humano generi utilius NIHIL arte medendi.
Ne rhombos igitur, neu Thessala murmura tentet
Idalia vacuum trajectus arundine pectus,
Neu legat Idæo Dictæum in vertice gramen.
Vulneribus sævi NIHIL auxiliatur amoris.
Vexerit et quemvis trans mœstas portitor undas,
Ad superos imo NIHIL hunc revocabit ab orco.
Inferni NIHIL inflectit præcordia regis,
Parcarúmque colos, et inexorabile pensum.
Obruta Phlegræis campis Titania pubes
Fulmineo sensit NIHIL esse potentius ictu:
Porrigitur magni NIHIL extra mœnia mundi:
Diique NIHIL metuunt. Quid longo carmine plura
Commemorem? Virtute NIHIL præstantius ipsa,
Splendidius NIHIL est; NIHIL est Jove denique majus.
Sed tempus finem argutis imponere nugis:
Ne tibi si multa laudem mea carmina charta,
De NIHILO NIHILI pariant fastidia versus.

SELECT

POEMS

OF THE

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

A DIALOGUE.

STREPHON.

PRYTHEE now, fond fool, give o'er;
Since my heart is gone before,
To what purpose should I stay?
Love commands another way.

DAPHNE.

Perjur'd swain, I knew the time
When dissembling was your crime,
In pity now employ that art,
Which first betray'd, to ease my heart.

STREPHON.

Women can with pleasure feign:
Men dissemble still with pain.
What advantage will it prove,
If I lie, who cannot love?

DAPHNE.

Tell me then the reason, why
Love from hearts in love does fly?
Why the bird will build a nest,
Where she ne'er intends to rest?

STREPHON.

Love, like other little boys,
Cries for hearts, as they for toys:
Which, when gain'd, in childish play,
Wantonly are thrown away.

DAPHNE.

Still on wing, or on his knees,
Love does nothing by degrees:
Basely flying when most priz'd,
Meanly fawning when despis'd.
Flattering or insulting ever,
Generous and grateful never:
All his joys are fleeting dreams,
All his woes severe extremes.

STREPHON.

Nymph, unjustly you inveigh;
Love, like us, must Fate obey.
Since 'tis Nature's law to change,
Constancy alone is strange.
See the Heavens in lightnings break,
Next in storms of thunder speak;
Till a kind rain from above
Makes a calm—so 'tis in love.
Flames begin our first address,
Like meeting thunder we embrace:
Then, you know, the showers that fall
Quench the fire, and quiet all.

DAPHNE.

How should I the showers forget?
'Twas so pleasant to be wet!
They kill'd love, I knew it well;
I dy'd all the while they fell.
Say, at least, what nymph it is
Robs my breast of so much bliss?
If she 's fair, I shall be eas'd,
Through my ruin you 'll be pleas'd.

STREPHON.

Daphne never was so fair,
Strephon, scarcely, so sincere.
Gentle, innocent, and free,
Ever pleas'd with only me.
Many charms my heart enthral,
But there 's one above them all:
With aversion, she does fly
Tedious, trading, Constancy.

DAPHNE.

Cruel shepherd! I submit,
Do what Love and you think fit:
Change is fate, and not design,
Say you would have still been mine.

STREPHON.

Nymph, I cannot: 'tis too true,
Change has greater charms than you.

Be, by my example, wise;
Faith to pleasure sacrifice.

DAPHNE.

Silly swain, I'll have you know,
'Twas my practice long ago:
Whilst you vainly thought me true,
I was false, in scorn of you.
By my tears, my heart's disguise,
I thy love and thee despise.
Womankind more joy discovers
Making fools, than keeping lovers.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN ALEXIS AND STREPHON.

Written at the Bath in the Year 1674.

ALEXIS.

THERE sighs not on the plain
So lost a swain as I;
Scorch'd up with love, froze with disdain,
Of killing sweetness I complain.

STREPHON.

If 'tis Corinna, die.
Since first my dazzled eyes were thrown
On that bewitching face,
Like ruin'd birds robb'd of their young,
Lamenting, frighted, and undone,
I fly from place to place.
Fram'd by some cruel powers above,
So nice she is, and fair;
None from undoing can remove,
Since all, who are not blind, must love;
Who are not vain, despair.

ALEXIS.

The gods no sooner give a grace,
But, fond of their own art,
Severely jealous, ever place,
To guard the glories of a face,
A dragon in the heart.
Proud and ill-natur'd powers they are,
Who, peevish to mankind,
For their own honour's sake, with care
Make a sweet form divinely fair:
Then add a cruel mind.

STREPHON.

Since she 's insensible of love,
By Honour taught to hate;
If we, forc'd by decrees above,
Must sensible [illegible] beauty prove,
How tyrannous is Fate!
I to the nymph have never nam'd
The cause of all my pain.

ALEXIS.

Such bashfulness may well be blam'd;
For, since to serve we 're not asham'd,
Why should she blush to reign?

STREPHON.

But, if her haughty heart despise
My humble proffer'd one,
The just compassion she denies,
I may obtain from others' eyes;
Hers are not fair alone.
Devouring flames require new food;
My heart 's consum'd almost:
New fires must kindle in her blood,
Or mine go out, and that 's as good.

ALEXIS.

Would'st live when love is lost?
Be dead before thy passion dies;
For if thou should'st survive,
What anguish would thy heart surprise,
To see her flames begin to rise,
And thine no more alive?

STREPHON.

Rather what pleasure should I meet
In my triumphant scorn,
To see my tyrant at my feet;
While, taught by her, unmov'd I sit
A tyrant in my turn.

ALEXIS.

Ungentle shepherd! cease, for shame,
Which way can you pretend
To merit so divine a flame,
Who to dull life make a mean claim,
When love is at an end?
As trees are by their bark embrac'd,
Love to my soul doth cling;
When torn by the herd's greedy taste,
The injur'd plants feel they 're defac'd,
They wither in the spring.
My rifled love would soon retire,
Dissolving into air,
Should I that nymph cease to admire,
Bless'd in whose arms I will expire,
Or at her feet despair.

THE ADVICE.

ALL things submit themselves to your command,
Fair Cælia, when it does not Love withstand:
The power it borrows from your eyes alone,
All but the god must yield to, who has none.
Were he not blind, such are the charms you have,
He 'd quit his godhead to become your slave:
Be proud to act a mortal hero's part,
And throw himself for fame on his own dart.
But Fate has otherwise dispos'd of things,
In different bands subjected slaves and kings:
Fetter'd in forms of royal state are they,
While we enjoy the freedom to obey.
That Fate, like you, resistless does ordain
To Love, that over Beauty he shall reign.
By harmony the universe does move,
And what is harmony but mutual love?
Who would resist an empire so divine,
Which universal Nature does enjoin?
See gentle brooks, how quietly they glide,
Kissing the rugged banks on either side;
[illegible]le in their crystal streams at once they show,
And with them feed the flowers which they bestow:
Though rudely throng'd by a too near embrace,
In gentle murmurs they keep on their pace
To the lov'd sea; for streams have their desires;
Cool as they are, they feel Love's powerful fires,
And with such passion, that if any force
Stop or molest them in their amorous course,

They swell, break down with rage, and ravage o'er
The banks they kiss'd, and flowers they fed before.
Submit then, Cælia, ere you be reduc'd,
For rebels, vanquish'd once, are vilely us'd.
Beauty 's no more but the dead soil, which Love
Manures, and does by wise Commerce improve:
Sailing by sighs, through seas of tears, he sends
Courtships from foreign hearts, for your own ends:
Cherish the trade, for as with Indians we
Get gold and jewels, for our trumpery,
So to each other, for their useless toys,
Lovers afford whole magazines of joys.
But, if you 're fond of baubles, be, and starve,
Your gewgaw reputation still preserve:
Live upon modesty and empty fame,
Foregoing sense for a fantastic name.

THE DISCOVERY.

Cælia, that faithful servant you disown,
Would in obedience keep his love his own:
But bright ideas, such as you inspire,
We can no more conceal than not admire.
My heart at home in my own breast did dwell,
Like humble hermit in a peaceful cell:
Unknown and undisturb'd it rested there,
Stranger alike to Hope and to Despair.
Now Love with a tumultuous train invades
The sacred quiet of those hallow'd shades;
His fatal flames shine out to every eye,
Like blazing comets in a winter sky.
How can my passion merit your offence,
That challenges so little recompense?
For I am one born only to admire,
Too humble e'er to hope, scarce to desire.
A thing, whose bliss depends upon your will,
Who would be proud you'd deign to use him ill.
Then give me leave to glory in my chain,
My fruitless sighs, and my unpity'd pain.
Let me but ever love, and ever be
Th' example of your power and cruelty.
Since so much scorn does in your breast reside,
Be more indulgent to its mother, Pride.
Kill all you strike, and trample on their graves;
But own the fates of your neglected slaves:
When in the crowd yours undistinguish'd lies
You give away the triumph of your eyes.
Perhaps (obtaining this) you 'll think I find
More mercy, than your anger has design'd:
But Love has carefully design'd for me,
The last perfection of misery,
For to my state the hopes of common peace,
Which every wretch enjoys in death, must cease,
My worst of fates attend me in my grave,
Since, dying, I must be no more your slave.

WOMAN'S HONOUR.

A SONG.

Love bid me hope, and I obey'd;
Phillis continued still unkind:
"Then you may e'en despair," he said,
"In vain I strive to change her mind.

"Honour's got in, and keeps her heart,
Durst he but venture once abroad,
In my own right I 'd take your part,
And show myself a mightier god."

This huffing Honour domineers
In breasts, where he alone has place:
But if true generous Love appears,
The hector dares not show his face.

Let me still languish and complain,
Be most inhumanly deny'd:
I have some pleasure in my pain,
She can have none with all her pride.

I fall a sacrifice to Love,
She lives a wretch for Honour's sake.
Whose tyrant does most cruel prove,
The difference is not hard to make.

Consider real Honour then,
You'll find hers cannot be the same;
'Tis noble confidence in men,
In women mean mistrustful shame.

GRECIAN KINDNESS.

A SONG.

The utmost grace the Greeks could show,
When to the Trojans they grew kind,
Was with their arms to let them go,
And leave their lingering wives behind.
They beat the men, and burnt the town;
Then all the baggage was their own.

There the kind deity of wine
Kiss'd the soft wanton god of love;
This clapp'd his wings, that press'd his vine;
And their best powers united move,
While each brave Greek embrac'd his punk,
Lull'd her asleep, and then grew drunk.

THE MISTRESS.

A SONG.

An age, in her embraces past,
Would seem a winter's day;
Where life and light, with envious haste,
Are torn and snatch'd away.

But, oh! how slowly minutes roll,
When absent from her eyes;
That fed my love, which is my soul,
It languishes and dies.

For then, no more a soul but shade,
It mournfully does move;
And haunts my breast, by absence made
The living tomb of love.

You wiser men despise me not;
Whose love-sick fancy raves,
On shades of souls, and Heaven knows what;
Short ages live in graves.

Whene'er those wounding eyes, so full
Of sweetness you did see,
Had you not been profoundly dull,
You had gone mad like me.

Nor censure us, you who perceive
My best-belov'd and me,
Sigh and lament, complain and grieve;
You think we disagree.

Alas! 'tis sacred jealousy,
Love rais'd to an extreme;
The only proof, 'twixt them and me,
We love, and do not dream.

Fantastic fancies fondly move,
And in frail joys believe:
Taking false pleasure for true love;
But pain can ne'er deceive.

Kind jealous doubts, tormenting fears,
And anxious cares, when past,
Prove our heart's treasure fix'd and dear,
And make us bless'd at last.

A SONG.

Absent from thee I languish still;
Then ask me not, When I return?
The straying fool 't will plainly kill,
To wish all day, all night to mourn.

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,
That my fantastic mind may prove
The torments it deserves to try,
That tears my fix'd heart from my love.

When wearied with a world of woe
To thy safe bosom I retire,
Where love, and peace, and truth, does flow:
May I contented there expire!

Lest, once more wandering from that heaven,
I fall on some base heart unblest;
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
And lose my everlasting rest.

A SONG.

Phillis, be gentler, I advise,
Make up for time mis-spent,
When Beauty on its death-bed lies,
'Tis high time to repent.

Such is the malice of your fate,
That makes you old so soon;
Your pleasure ever comes too late,
How early e'er begun.

Think what a wretched thing is she,
Whose stars contrive, in spite,
The morning of her love should be
Her fading beauty's night.

Then if, to make your ruin more,
You 'll peevishly be coy;
Die with the scandal of a whore,
And never know the joy.

TO CORINNA.

A SONG.

What cruel pains Corinna takes,
To force that harmless frown;
When not one charm her face forsakes.
Love cannot lose his own.

So sweet a face, so soft a heart,
Such eyes so very kind,
Betray, alas! the silly art
Virtue had ill design'd.

Poor feeble tyrant! who in vain
Would proudly take upon her,
Against kind Nature to maintain
Affected rules of Honour.

The scorn she bears so helpless proves,
When I plead passion to her,
That much she fears (but more she loves)
Her vassal should undo her.

LOVE AND LIFE.

A SONG.

All my past life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone:
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

The time that is to come is not;
How can it then be mine?
The present moment 's all my lot;
And that, as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heaven allows.

A SONG.

While on those lovely looks I gaze,
To see a wretch pursuing,
In raptures of a bless'd amaze,
His pleasing happy ruin:
'Tis not for pity that I move;
His fate is too aspiring,
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you 'd forego,
Your slave from death removing;
Let me your art of charming know,
Or learn you mine of loving.
But, whether life or death betide,
In love 'tis equal measure;
The victor lives with empty pride,
The vanquish'd die with pleasure.

A SONG.

To this moment a rebel, I throw down my arms,
Great Love, at first sight of Olinda's bright charms:
Made proud and secure by such forces as these,
You may now play the tyrant as soon as you please.

When innocence, beauty, and wit, do conspire
To betray, and engage, and inflame my desire;
Why should I decline what I cannot avoid,
And let pleasing Hope by base Fear be destroy'd?

Her innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
Her beauty 's inclin'd, or why should it pursue me?
And wit has to pleasure been ever a friend;
Then what room for despair, since delight is Love's end?

There can be no danger in sweetness and youth,
Where love is secur'd by good-nature and truth.
On her beauty I'll gaze, and of pleasure complain;
While every kind look adds a link to my chain.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to surprise,
But her wit leads in triumph the slave of her eyes:
I beheld, with the loss of my freedom before;
But, hearing, for ever must serve and adore.

Too bright is my goddess, her temple too weak:
Retire, divine image! I feel my heart break.
Help, Love; I dissolve in a rapture of charms,
At the thought of those joys I should meet in her arms.

UPON

HIS LEAVING HIS MISTRESS.

'Tis not that I am weary grown
Of being yours, and yours alone:
But with what face can I incline
To damn you to be only mine:
You, whom some kinder power did fashion,
By merit, and by inclination,
The joy at least of a whole nation?

Let meaner spirits of your sex,
With humble aims their thoughts perplex:
And boast, if, by their arts, they can
Contrive to make one happy man.
While, mov'd by an impartial sense,
Favours, like Nature, you dispense,
With universal influence.

UPON

DRINKING IN A BOWL.

Vulcan, contrive me such a cup
As Nestor us'd of old;
Show all thy skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave not battle on his cheek;
With war I 've nought to do;
I 'm none of those that took Maestrick,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no name of planets tell,
Fix'd stars, or constellations:
For I am no sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine;
Then add two lovely boys;
Their limbs in amorous folds entwine,
The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are.
May drink and love still reign!
With wine I wash away my care,
And then to Love again.

A SONG.

As Chloris, full of harmless thoughts,
Beneath a willow lay,
Kind Love a youthful shepherd brought,
To pass the time away.

She blush'd to be encounter'd so,
And chid the amorous swain;
But, as she strove to rise and go,
He pull'd her down again.

A sudden passion seiz'd her heart,
In spite of her disdain;
She found a pulse in every part,
And love in every vein.

"Ah, youth!" said she, "what charms are these,
That conquer and surprise?
Ah! let me—for, unless you please,
I have no power to rise."

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he should comply;
Her lovely eyes her heart betray,
And give her tongue the lie.

Thus she, who princes had deny'd,
With all their pomp and train,
Was in the lucky minute try'd,
And yielded to a swain.

A SONG.

Give me leave to rail at you,
I ask nothing but my due;
To call you false, and then to say,
You shall not keep my heart a day:
But, alas! against my will,
I must be your captive still.
Ah! be kinder then; for I
Cannot change, and would not die.

Kindness has resistless charms,
All besides but weakly move,
Fiercest anger it disarms,
And clips the wings of flying Love.
Beauty does the heart invade,
Kindness only can persuade;
It gilds the lover's servile chain,
And makes the slaves grow pleas'd again.

THE ANSWER.

Nothing adds to your fond fire
More than scorn, and cold disdain:
I, to cherish your desire,
Kindness us'd, but 't was in vain.

You insisted on your slave,
Humble love you soon refus'd;
Hope not then a power to have
Which ingloriously you us'd.

Think not, Thyrsis, I will e'er
By my love my empire lose;
You grow constant through despair,
Love return'd you would abuse.

Though you still possess my heart,
  Scorn and rigour I must feign:
Ah! forgive that only art
  Love has left your love to gain.

You, that could my heart subdue,
  To new conquests ne'er pretend:
Let th' example make me true,
  And of a conquer'd foe a friend.

Then, if e'er I should complain
  Of your empire, or my chain,
Summon all the powerful charms,
  And kill the rebel in your arms.

CONSTANCY.

A SONG.

I CANNOT change, as others do,
  Though you unjustly scorn;
Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
  For you alone was born.
No, Phillis, no, your heart to move
  A surer way I 'll try;
And, to revenge my slighted love,
  Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

When, kill'd with grief, Amyntas lies,
  And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpity'd rise,
  The tears that vainly fall;
That welcome hour, that ends this smart,
  Will then begin your pain;
For such a faithful tender heart
  Can never break, can never break in vain.

A SONG.

MY dear mistress has a heart
  Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When, with Love's resistless art,
  And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy's so weak,
  She 's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
  Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
  Killing pleasures, wounding blisses:
She can dress her eyes in love,
  And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks,
  She 's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
  Should we live one day asunder.

A SONG,

IN IMITATION OF SIR JOHN RATON.

Too late, alas! I must confess,
  You need not arts to move me;
Such charms by nature you possess,
  'Twere madness not to love ye.
Then spare a heart you may surprise,
  And give my tongue the glory
To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
  Betray a tender story.

A LETTER

FROM ARTEMISA IN THE TOWN, TO CHLOE IN THE COUNTRY.

CHLOE, by your command in verse I write;
Shortly you'll bid me ride astride and fight:
Such talents better with our sex agree,
Than lofty flights of dangerous poetry.
Among the men, I mean the men of wit,
(At least they pass'd for such before they writ)
How many bold adventurers for the bays,
Proudly designing large returns of praise,
Who durst that stormy pathless world explore,
Were soon dash'd back, and wreck'd on the dull shore,
Broke of that little stock they had before!
How would a woman's tottering bark be tost,
Where stoutest ships (the men of wit) are lost!
When I reflect on this, I straight grow wise,
And my own self I gravely thus advise:
"Dear Artemisa! poetry 's a snare;
Bedlam has many mansions, have a care;
Your Muse diverts you, makes the reader sad;
You think yourself inspir'd, he thinks you mad.
Consider too, 'twill be discreetly done,
To make yourself the fiddle of the town.
To find th' ill-humour'd pleasure at their need:
Curs'd when you fail, and scorn'd when you succeed."
Thus, like an arrant woman as I am,
No sooner well convinc'd writing 's a shame,
That whore is scarce a more reproachful name
Than poetess ——
Like men that marry, or like maids that woo,
Because 'tis th' very worst thing they can do,
Pleas'd with the contradiction and the sin,
Methinks I stand on thorns till I begin.
Y' expect to hear, at least, what love has past
In this lewd town, since you and I saw last;
What change has happen'd of intrigues, and whether
The old ones last, and who and who's together.
But how, my dearest Chloe, should I set
My pen to write what I would fain forget!
Or name that lost thing Love, without a tear,
Since so debauch'd by ill-bred customs here?
Love, the most generous passion of the mind,
The softest refuge innocence can find;
The safe director of unguided youth,
Fraught with kind wishes, and secur'd by Truth;
That cordial-drop Heaven in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous draught of life go down;
On which one only blessing God might raise,
In lands of atheists, subsidies of praise:
For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
But felt a God, and bless'd his power, in love:
This only joy, for which poor we are made,
Is grown, like play, to be an arrant trade:
The rooks creep in, and it has got of late
As many little cheats and tricks as that;
But, what yet more a woman's heart would vex,
'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own sex;
Our silly sex, who born, like monarchs, free,
Turn gipsies for a meaner liberty,
And hate restraint, though but from infamy;

That call whatever is not common nice,
And, deaf to Nature's rule, or Love's advice,
Forsake the pleasure, to pursue the vice.
To an exact perfection they have brought
The action love, the passion is forgot.
'Tis below wit, they tell you, to admire,
And e'ven without approving they desire:
Their private wish obeys the public voice,
'Twixt good and bad whimsy decides, not choice:
Fashions grow up for taste, at forms they strike,
They know what they would have, not what they like.
Every 's a beauty, if some few agree
To call him so, the rest to that degree
Affected are, that with their ears they see.
Where I was visiting the other night,
Comes a fine lady, with her humble knight,
Who had prevail'd with her, through her own skill,
At his request, though much against his will,
To come to London——
As the coach stopt, I heard her voice, more loud
Than a great-belly'd woman's in a crowd;
Telling the knight, that her affairs require
He, for some hours, obsequiously retire.
I think she was asham'd he should be seen:
Hard fate of husbands! the gallant had been,
Though a diseas'd, ill-favour'd fool, brought in.
"Dispatch," says she, "the business you pretend,
Your beastly visit to your drunken friend,
A bottle ever makes you look so fine;
Methinks I long to smell you stink of wine.
Your country drinking breath 's enough to kill;
Sour ale corrected with a lemon-peel.
Prythee, farewell; we'll meet again anon:"
The necessary thing bows, and is gone.
She flies up stairs, and all the haste does show
That fifty antic postures will allow;
And then bursts out—"Dear madam, am not I
The strangest, alter'd, creature? let me die,
I find myself ridiculously grown,
Embarrast with my being out of town:
Rude and untaught, like any Indian queen,
My country nakedness is plainly seen.
How is Love govern'd? Love, that rules the state;
And pray who are the men most worn of late?
When I was marry'd, fools were à-la-mode,
The men of wit were then held incommode:
Slow of belief, and fickle in desire,
Who, ere they 'll be persuaded, must inquire,
As if they came to spy, and not t' admire:
With searching wisdom, fatal to their ease,
They still find out why what may should not please;
Nay, take themselves for injur'd, when we dare
Make them think better of us than we are;
And if we hide our frailties from their sights,
Call us dull jilts and hypocrites;
They little guess, who at our arts are griev'd,
The perfect joy of being well deceiv'd;
Inquisitive as jealous cuckolds grow;
Rather than not be knowing, they will know
What, being known, creates their certain woe.
Women should these, of all mankind, avoid,
For wonder, by clear knowledge, is destroy'd.
Woman, who is an arrant bird of night,
Bold in the dusk, before a fool's dull sight
Must fly, when Reason brings the glaring light.
But the kind easy fool, apt to admire
Himself, trusts us; his follies all conspire
To flatter his, and favour our desire:
Vain of his proper merit, he with ease
Believes we love him best, who best can please;
On him our gross, dull, common flatteries pass,
Ever most happy when most made an ass;
Heavy to apprehend, though all mankind
Perceive us false, the fop himself is blind;
Who, doating on himself ———
Thinks every one that sees him of his mind.
These are true womens' men"—Here, forc'd to cease
Through want of breath, not will, to hold her peace,
She to the window runs, where she had spy'd
Her much-esteem'd dear friend, the monkey, ty'd;
With forty smiles, as many antic bows,
As if 't had been the lady of the house,
The dirty chattering monster she embrac'd,
And made it this fine tender speech at last:
"Kiss me, thou curious miniature of man;
How odd thou art, how pretty, how japan!
Oh! I could live and die with thee!"—then on,
For half an hour, in compliments she ran:
I took this time to think what Nature meant,
When this mixt thing into the world she sent,
So very wise, yet so impertinent:
One that knows every thing that God thought fit
Should be an ass through choice, not want of wit;
Whose foppery, without the help of sense,
Could ne'er have rose to such an excellence:
Nature 's as lame in making a true fop
As a philosopher; the very top
And dignity of folly we attain
By studious search and labour of the brain,
By observation, counsel, and deep thought:
God never made a coxcomb worth a groat;
We owe that name to industry and arts:
An eminent fool must be a fool of parts,
And such a one was she, who had turn'd o'er
As many books as men, lov'd much, read more,
Had a discerning wit; to her was known
Every one's fault, or merit, but her own.
All the good qualities that ever blest
A woman so distinguish'd from the rest,
Except discretion only, she possest,
But now, "*Mon cher*, dear Pug," she cries, "adieu;"
And the discourse broke off does thus renew:
"You smile to see me, who the world perchance
Mistakes to have some wit, so far advance
The interest of fools, that I approve
Their merit more than men of wit in love;
But in our sex too many proofs there are
Of such whom wits undo, and fools repair.
This, in my time, was so observ'd a rule,
Hardly a wench in town but had her fool;
The meanest common slut, who long was grown
The jest and scorn of every pit buffoon,
Had yet left charms enough to have subdued
Some fop or other, fond to be thought lewd.
Foster could make an Irish lord a Nokes,
And Betty Morris had her city Cokes.
A woman 's ne'er so ruin'd, but she can
Be still reveng'd on her undoer, man:
How lost soe'er, she 'll find some lover more
A lewd abandon'd fool than she a whore.
That wretched thing Corinna, who has run
Through all the several ways of being undone:
Cozen'd at first by Love, and living then
By turning the too dear-bought cheat on men:
Gay were the hours, and wing'd with joy they flew,
When first the town her early beauties knew;

Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with presents fed,
Youth in her looks, and pleasure in her bed;
Till Fate, or her ill angel, thought it fit
To make her doat upon a man of wit;
Who found 't was dull to love above a day,
Made his ill-natur'd jest, and went away.
Now scorn'd of all, forsaken and opprest,
She 's a *memento mori* to the rest:
Diseas'd, decay'd, to take up half a crown
Must mortgage her long scarf and mantua gown;
Poor creature, who, unheard-of, as a fly
In some dark hole must all the winter lie,
And want and dirt endure a whole half year,
That for one month she tawdry may appear.
In Easter-term she gets her a new gown,
When my young master's worship comes to town,
From pedagogue and mother just set free,
The heir and hopes of a great family;
Who with stong beer and beef the country rules,
And ever since the Conquest have been fools;
And now, with careful prospect to maintain
This character, lest crossing of the strain
Should mend the booby breed, his friends provide
A cousin of his own to be his bride:
And thus set out ———
With an estate, no wit, and a young wife,
The solid comforts of a coxcomb's life,
Dunghill and pease forsook, he comes to town,
Turns spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone.
Nothing suits worse with vice than want of sense,
Fools are still wicked at their own expense.
This o'er-grown school-boy lost Corinna wins;
At the first dash to make an ass begins;
Pretends to like a man that has not known
The vanities or vices of the town;
Fresh is the youth, and faithful in his love,
Eager of joys which he does seldom prove;
Healthful and strong, he does no pains endure
But what the fair one he adores can cure;
Grateful for favours, does the sex esteem,
And libels none for being kind to him;
Then of the lewdness of the town complains,
Rails at the wits and atheists, and maintains
'Tis better than good sense, than power or wealth,
To have a blood untainted, youth, and health.
The unbred puppy, who had never seen
A creature look so gay, or talk so fine,
Believes, then falls in love, and then in debt;
Mortgages all, ev'n to the ancient seat,
To buy his mistress a new house for life,
To give her plate and jewels, robs his wife:
And when to th' height of fondness he is grown,
'Tis time to poison him, and all 's her own:
Thus meeting in her common arms his fate,
He leaves her bastard heir to his estate;
And, as the race of such an owl deserves,
His own dull lawful progeny he starves.
Nature (that never made a thing in vain,
But does each insect to some end ordain)
Wisely provokes kind keeping fools, no doubt,
To patch up vices men of wit wear out."
Thus she ran on two hours, some grains of sense
Still mixt with follies of impertinence.
But now 'tis time I should some pity show
To Chloe, since I cannot choose but know,
Readers must reap what dullest writers sow.
By the next post I will such stories tell,
As, join'd to these, shall to a volume swell;
As true as Heaven, more infamous than Hell,
But you are tir'd, and so am I. Farewell.

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY

FROM LORD ROCHESTER TO LORD MULGRAVE UPON THEIR MUTUAL POEMS.

Dear friend, I hear this town does so abound
In saucy censurers, that faults are found
With what of late we, in poetic rage
Bestowing, threw away on the dull age.
But (howsoe'er envy their spleen may raise,
To rob my brows of the deserved bays)
Their thanks, at least, I merit; since through me
They are partakers of your poetry.
And this is all I 'll say in my defence,
T' obtain one line of your well-worded sense,
I 'll be content t' have writ the British Prince.
I 'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;
But from a rule I have (upon long trial)
T' avoid with care all sort of self-denial.
Which way soe'er desire and fancy lead,
(Contemning fame) that path I boldly tread:
And if, exposing what I take for wit,
To my dear self a pleasure I beget,
No matter though the censuring critics fret.
These whom my Muse displeases are at strife,
With equal spleen, against my course of life;
The least delight of which I 'll not forego,
For all the flattering praise man can bestow.
If I design'd to please, the way were then
To mend my manners, rather than my pen:
The first 's unnatural, therefore unfit;
And for the second I despair of it,
Since grace is not so hard to get as wit:
Perhaps ill verses ought to be confin'd,
In mere good breeding, like unsavoury wind.
Were reading forc'd, I should be apt to think,
Men might no more write scurvily than stink.
I 'll own that you write better than I do,
But I have as much need to write as you.
In all I write, should sense, and wit, and rhyme,
Fail me at once, yet something so sublime
Shall stamp my poem, that the world may see,
It could have been produc'd by none but me.
And that 's my end; for man can wish no more
Than so to write, as none e'er writ before;
Yet why am I no poet of the times?
I have allusions, similes, and rhymes,
And wit; or else 'tis hard that I alone,
Of the whole race of mankind, should have none.
Unequally the partial hand of Heaven
Has all but this one only blessing given.
The world appears like a great family,
Whose lord, oppress'd with pride and poverty,
(That to a few great bounty he may show)
Is fain to starve the numerous train below.
Just so seems Providence, as poor and vain,
Keeping more creatures than it can maintain:
Here 'tis profuse, and there it meanly saves,
And for one prince, it makes ten thousand slaves.
In wit alone 't has been magnificent,
Of which so just a share to each is sent,
That the most avaricious are content.
For none e'er thought (the due division 's such)
His own too little, or his friend's too much.
Yet most men show, or find, great want of wit,
Writing themselves, or judging what is writ.
But I, who am of sprightly vigour full,
Look on mankind as envious and dull.

Born to myself, I like myself alone,
And must conclude my judgment good, or none:
For could my sense be naught, how should I know
Whether another man's were good or no?
Thus I resolve of my own poetry,
That 'tis the best; and there 's a fame for me.
If then I 'm happy, what does it advance,
Whether to merit due, or arrogance?
Oh, but the world will take offence hereby!
Why then the world shall suffer for 't, not I.
Did e'er this saucy world and I agree,
To let it have its beastly will on me?
Why should my prostituted sense be drawn
To every rule their musty customs spawn?
But men may censure you; 'tis two to one,
Whene'er they censure, they 'll be in the wrong.
There 's not a thing on Earth, that I can name,
So foolish, and so false, as common fame.
It calls the courtier knave, the plain man rude,
Haughty the grave, and the delightful lewd,
Impertinent the brisk, morose the sad,
Mean the familiar, the reserv'd-one mad.
Poor helpless woman is not favour'd more,
She 's a sly hypocrite, or public whore.
Then who the Devil would give this—to be free
From th' innocent reproach of infamy?
These things consider'd, make me (in despite
Of idle rumour) keep at home and write.

A TRIAL OF THE POETS FOR THE BAYS[1].

IN IMITATION OF A SATIRE IN BOILEAU.

Since the sons of the Muses grew numerous and loud,
For th' appeasing so fractious and clamorous a crowd,
Apollo thought fit, in so weighty a cause,
T' establish a government, leader, and laws.
The hopes of the bays, at the summoning call,
Had drawn them together, the Devil and all; [ing:
All thronging and listening, they gap'd for the bless-
No presbyter sermon had more crowding and pressing:
In the head of the gang, John Dryden appear'd,
That ancient grave wit so long lov'd and fear'd,
But Apollo had heard a story in town,
Of his quitting the Muses, to wear the black gown;
And so gave him leave now his poetry 's done,
To let him turn priest, since R—— is turn'd nun.
This reverend author was no sooner set by,
But Apollo had got gentle George[2] in his eye,
And frankly confess'd, of all men that writ, [wit:
There 's none had more fancy, sense, judgment, and
But in th' crying sin, idleness, he was so harden'd,
That his long seven years silence was not to be pardon'd.
—— W——y[3] was the next man show'd his face,
But Apollo e'en thought him too good for the place;
No gentleman writer that office should bear,
But a trader in wit the laurel should wear,
As none but a cit e'er makes a lord-mayor.
Next into the crowd, Tom Shadwell does wallow,
And swears by his guts, his paunch, and his tallow,
That 'tis he alone best pleases the age,
Himself and his wife have supported the stage:
Apollo, well pleas'd with so bonny a lad,
T' oblige him, he told him he should be huge glad,
Had he half so much wit, as he fancy'd he had.
Nat Lee stepp'd in next in hopes of a prize,
Apollo remember'd he had hit once in thrice;
By the rubies in 's face, he could not deny,
But he had as much wit as wine could supply;
Confess'd that indeed he had a musical note,
But sometimes strain'd so hard that he rattled in throat;
Yet owning he had sense, t' encourage him for 't,
He made him his Ovid in Augustus's court.
Poor Settle, his trial was the next came about,
He brought him an Ibrahim with the preface torn out,
And humbly desir'd he might give no offence;
"D—n him," cries Shadwell, "he cannot write sense:"
"And Bancks," cry'd Newport, "I hate that dull rogue;"
Apollo, considering he was not in vogue,
Would not trust his dear bays with so modest a fool,
And bid the great boy be sent back to school.
Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear Zany,
And swears, for heroics, he writes best of any:
Don Carlos his pockets so amply had fill'd,
That his mange was quite cur'd, and his lice were all kill'd;
Anababaluthu put in for a share,
And little Tom Essence's author was there:
But Apollo had seen his face on the stage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage
The scum of a playhouse, for the prop of an age.
In the numerous crowd that encompass'd him round,
Little starch'd Johnny Crown at his elbow he found,
His cravat-string new iron'd, he gently did stretch
His lily-white hand out, the laurel to reach.
Alleging, that he had most right to the bays,
For writing romances, and sh-ting of plays:
Apollo rose up, and gravely confess'd,
Of all men that writ, his talent was best;
For since pain and dishonour man's life only damn,
The greatest felicity mankind can claim,
Is to want sense of smart, and be past sense of shame;
And to perfect his bliss in poetical rapture,
He bid him be dull to the end of the chapter.
The poetess Afra next show'd her sweet face,
And swore by her poetry, and her black ace,
The laurel by a double right was her own,
For the plays she had writ, and the conquests she had won.
Apollo acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her,
Yet, to deal frankly and ingenuously by her,
He told her, were conquests and charms her pretence,
She ought to have pleaded a dozen years since.
Nor could D'Urfey forbear for the laurel to stickle,
Protesting that he had the honour to tickle
Th' ears of the town, with his dear madam Fickle.
With other pretenders, whose names I 'd rehearse,
But that they 're too long to stand in my verse:
Apollo, quite tir'd with their tedious harangue,
At last found Tom Betterton's face in the gang,
For, since poets without the kind players may hang,
By his one sacred light he solemnly swore,
That in search of a laureat, he 'd look out no more
A general murmur ran quite through the hall,
To think that the bays to an actor should fall;
Tom told them, to put his desert to the test,
That he had MAID plays as well as the best,
And was the great'st wonder the age ever bore,
Of all the play-scribblers that e'er writ before,
His wit had most worth, and modesty in 't,
For he had writ plays, yet ne'er came in print,

[1] See The Session of the Poets, in the State Poems, vol. i. and The Election of the Poet Laureat, 1719, in Sheffield duke of Buckingham's works.
[2] Sir George Etherege. [3] Mr. Wycherley.

A SATIRE AGAINST MANKIND.

Were I, who to my cost already am
One of those strange prodigious creatures man,
A spirit free, to choose for my own share,
What sort of flesh and blood I pleas'd to wear,
I 'd be a dog, a monkey, or a bear,
Or any thing, but that vain animal,
Who is so proud of being rational.
The senses are too gross, and he 'll contrive
A sixth, to contradict the other five;
And, before certain instinct, will prefer
Reason, which fifty times for one does err.
Reason, an *ignis fatuus* of the mind,
Which leaves the light of Nature, sense, behind:
Pathless and dangerous wandering ways it takes,
Through Errour's fenny bogs, and thorny brakes;
Whilst the misguided follower climbs with pain
Mountains of whimsies heapt in his own brain:
Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong down
Into Doubt's boundless sea, where, like to drown,
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To swim with bladders of philosophy;
In hopes still to o'ertake the skipping light,
The vapour dances in his dazzled sight,
Till, spent, it leaves him to eternal night.
Then Old Age and Experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to Death, and make him understand,
After a search so painful and so long,
That all his life he has been in the wrong.
Huddled in dirt, this reasoning engine lies,
Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise:
Pride drew him in, as cheats their bubbles catch,
And made him venture to be made a wretch:
His wisdom did his happiness destroy,
Aiming to know the world he should enjoy:
And wit was his vain frivolous pretence,
Of pleasing others at his own expense;
For wits are treated just like common whores,
First they 're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of doors:
The pleasure past, a threatening doubt remains,
That frights th' enjoyer with succeeding pains.
Women, and men of wit, are dangerous tools,
And ever fatal to admiring fools.
Pleasure allures; and when the fops escape,
'Tis not that they are lov'd, but fortunate;
And therefore what they fear, at heart they hate.
But now, methinks, some formal band and beard
Takes me to task: "Come on, sir, I 'm prepar'd."
"Then, by your favour, any thing that 's writ,
Against this gibing, gingling knack, call'd wit,
Likes me abundantly; but you 'll take care,
Upon this point, not to be too severe;
Perhaps my Muse were fitter for this part;
For, I profess, I can be very smart
On wit, which I abhor with all my heart.
I long to lash it in some sharp essay,
But your grand indiscretion bids me stay,
And turns my tide of ink another way.
What rage ferments in your degenerate mind,
To make you rail at reason and mankind?
Blest glorious man, to whom alone kind Heaven
An everlasting soul hath freely given;
Whom his great Maker took such care to make,
That from himself he did the image take,
And this fair frame in shining reason drest,
To dignify his nature above beast:
Reason, by whose aspiring influence,
We take a flight beyond material sense,
Dive into mysteries, then, soaring, pierce
The flaming limits of the universe,
Search Heaven and Hell, find out what 's acted there,
And give the world true grounds of hope and fear."
"Hold, mighty man," I cry, "all this we know
From the pathetic pen of Ingelo,
From Patrick's Pilgrim, Sibb's Soliloquies,
And 'tis this very reason I despise
This supernatural gift, that makes a mite
Think he 's the image of the Infinite;
Comparing his short life, void of all rest,
To the Eternal and the Ever-blest:
This busy puzzling stirrer up of doubt,
That frames deep mysteries, then finds them out,
Filling with frantic crowds of thinking fools,
The reverend bedlams, colleges, and schools,
Borne on whose wings, each heavy sot can pierce
The limits of the boundless universe.
So charming ointments make an old witch fly,
And bear a crippled carcass through the sky.
'Tis this exalted power, whose business lies
In nonsense and impossibilities:
This made a whimsical philosopher,
Before the spacious world his tub prefer;
And we have many modern coxcombs, who
Retire to think, 'cause they have nought to do.
But thoughts were given for actions' government,
Where action ceases, thought 's impertinent.
Our sphere of action is life's happiness,
And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an ass.
Thus whilst against false reasoning I inveigh,
I own right reason, which I would obey;
That reason, which distinguishes by sense,
And gives us rules of good and ill from thence:
That bounds desires with a reforming will,
To keep them more in vigour, not to kill:
Your reason hinders, mine helps to enjoy,
Renewing appetites, yours would destroy.
My reason is my friend, yours is a cheat;
Hunger calls out, my reason bids me eat;
Perversely yours, your appetite does mock;
This asks for food; that answers, what 's a clock?
"This plain distinction, sir, your doubt secures;
'Tis not true reason I despise, but yours.
Thus I think reason righted: but for man,
I 'll ne'er recant, defend him if you can.
For all his pride, and his philosophy,
'Tis evident beasts are, in their degree,
As wise at least, and better far than he.
Those creatures are the wisest, who attain,
By surest means, the ends at which they aim.
If therefore Jowler finds, and kills his hare,
Better than Meres supplies committee-chair;
Though one 's a statesman, th' other but a hound,
Jowler in justice will be wiser found.
You see how far man's wisdom here extends:
Look next if human nature makes amends;
Whose principles are most generous and just;
And to whose morals you would sooner trust:
Be judge yourself, I 'll bring it to the test,
Which is the basest creature, man or beast:
Birds feed on birds, beasts on each other prey,
But savage man alone does man betray.
Prest by necessity, they kill for food;
Man undoes man, to do himself no good:
With teeth and claws by Nature arm'd, they hunt
Nature's allowance, to supply their want.

But man, with smiles, embraces, friendships, praise,
Inhumanly his fellow's life betrays;
With voluntary pains works his distress;
Not through necessity, but wantonness.
For hunger or for love, they bite or tear,
Whilst wretched man is still in arms for fear:
For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid,
From fear to fear successively betray'd:
Base fear, the source whence his base passions came,
His boasted honour, and his dear-bought fame:
The lust of power, to which he 's such a slave,
And for the which alone he dares be brave;
To which his various projects are design'd,
Which makes him generous, affable, and kind;
For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,
And screws his actions in a forc'd disguise;
Leads a most tedious life, in misery,
Under laborious, mean hypocrisy.
Look to the bottom of his vast design,
Wherein man's wisdom, power, and glory join;
The good he acts, the ill he does endure,
'Tis all from fear to make himself secure.
Merely for safety, after fame they thirst;
For all men would be cowards if they durst:
And honesty 's against all common sense;
Men must be knaves; 'tis in their own defence
Mankind 's dishonest; if you think it fair,
Amongst known cheats, to play upon the square,
You 'll be undone ——
Nor can weak truth your reputation save;
The knaves will all agree to call you knave.
Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o'er, oppress,
Who dares be less a villain than the rest.
Thus here you see what human nature craves,
Most men are cowards, all men should be knaves.
The difference lies, as far as I can see,
Not in the thing itself, but the degree;
And all the subject-matter of debate,
Is only who 's a knave of the first-rate."

POSTSCRIPT.

All this with indignation have I hurl'd,
At the pretending part of the proud world,
Who, swoln with selfish vanity, devise
False freedoms, holy cheats, and formal lies,
Over their fellow-slaves to tyrannize.
But if in court so just a man there be,
(In court a just man, yet unknown to me)
Who does his needful flattery direct,
Not to oppress and ruin, but protect;
Since flattery, which way soever laid,
Is still a tax on that unhappy trade;
If so upright a statesman you can find,
Whose passions bend to his unbias'd mind;
Who does his arts and policies apply,
To raise his country, not his family.
Is there a mortal who on God relies?
Whose life his faith and doctrine justifies?
Not one blown up with vain aspiring pride,
Who, for reproof of sins, does man deride:
Whose envious heart with saucy eloquence
Dares chide at kings, and rail at men of sense:
Who in his talking vents more peevish lies,
More bitter railings, scandals, calumnies,
Than at a gossiping are thrown about,
When the good wives drink free, and then fall out.
None of the sensual tribe, whose talents lie
In avarice, pride, in sloth, and gluttony;
Who hunt preferment, but abhor good lives,
Whose lust exalted to that height arrives,
They act adultery with their own wives;
And, ere a score of years completed be,
Can from the lofty stage of honour see,
Half a large parish their own progeny.
Nor doating —— who would be ador'd,
For domineering at the council-board,
A greater fop, in business at fourscore,
Fonder of serious toys, affected more,
Than the gay glittering fool at twenty proves,
With all his noise, his tawdry clothes, and loves.
But a meek humble man of modest sense,
Who, preaching peace, does practise continence;
Whose pious life 's a proof he does believe
Mysterious truths, which no man can conceive.
If upon Earth there dwell such godlike men,
I 'll here recant my paradox to them;
Adore those shrines of virtue, homage pay,
And, with the thinking world, their laws obey.
If such there are, yet grant me this at least,
Man differs more from man, than man from beast.

THE MAIMED DEBAUCHEE.

As some brave admiral, in former war
Depriv'd of force, but prest with courage still,
Two rival fleets appearing from afar,
Crawls to the top of an adjacent hill:

From whence (with thoughts full of concern) he views
The wise and daring conduct of the fight:
And each bold action to his mind renews
His present glory, and his past delight:

From his fierce eyes flashes of rage he throws,
As from black clouds when lightning breaks away,
Transported, thinks himself amidst his foes,
And absent, yet enjoys the bloody day.

So when my days of impotence approach,
And I 'm, by wine and love's unlucky chance,
Driven from the pleasing billows of debauch,
On the dull shore of lazy temperance:

My pains at last some respite shall afford,
While I behold the battles you maintain;
When fleets of glasses sail around the board,
From whose broadsides vollies of wit shall rain.

Nor shall the sight of honourable scars,
Which my too forward valour did procure,
Frighten new-listed soldiers from the wars;
Past joys have more than paid what I endure.

Should some brave youth (worth being drunk) prove nice,
And from his fair inviter meanly shrink,
'Twould please the ghost of my departed vice,
If, at my counsel, he repent and drink.

Or should some cold-complexion'd sot forbid,
With his dull morals, our night's brisk alarms;
I 'll fire his blood, by telling what I did
When I was strong, and able to bear arms.

I 'll tell of whores attack'd, their lords at home,
Bawds quarters beaten up, and fortress won;
Windows demolish'd, watches overcome,
And handsome ills by my contrivance done.

With tales like these I will such heat inspire,
As to important mischief shall incline;
I 'll make him long some ancient church to fire,
And fear no lewdness they 're call'd to by wine.

Thus statesman-like I 'll saucily impose,
And, safe from danger, valiantly advise;
Shelter'd in impotence urge you to blows,
And, being good for nothing else, be wise.

UPON NOTHING.

Nothing! thou elder brother ev'n to Shade,
That badst a being ere the world was made,
And (well fixt) art alone of ending not afraid.

Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place were not,
When primitive Nothing, Something straight begot,
Then all proceeded from the great united—What.

Something, the general attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee, its sole original,
Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd fall.

Yet something did thy mighty power command,
And from thy fruitful emptiness's hand,
Snatch'd men, beasts, birds, fire, air, and land.

Matter, the wicked'st offspring of thy race,
By Form assisted, flew from thy embrace,
And rebel Light obscur'd thy reverend dusky face.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join;
Body, thy foe, with thee did leagues combine,
To spoil thy peaceful realm, and ruin all thy line.

But turn-coat Time assists the foe in vain,
And, brib'd by thee, assists thy short-liv'd reign,
And to thy hungry womb drives back thy slaves again.

Though mysteries are barr'd from laic eyes,
And the divine alone, with warrant, pries
Into thy bosom, where the truth in private lies:

Yet this of thee the wise may freely say,
Thou from the virtuous nothing tak'st away,
And to be part with thee the wicked wisely pray.

Great Negative! how vainly would the wise
Inquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise?
Didst thou not stand to point their dull philosophies.

Is, or *is not*, the two great ends of Fate,
And, true or false, the subject of debate,
That perfect or destroy the vast designs of Fate;

When they have rack'd the politician's breast,
Within thy bosom most securely rest,
And, when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and best.

But Nothing, why does Something still permit,
That sacred monarchs should at council sit,
With persons highly thought at best for nothing fit?

Whilst weighty Something modestly abstains
From princes' coffers, and from statesmens' brains,
And nothing there like stately Nothing reigns.

Nothing, who dwell'st with fools in grave disguise,
For whom they reverend shapes and forms devise,
Lawn sleeves, and furs, and gowns, when they like thee look wise.

French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy,
Hibernian learning, Scotch civility,
Spaniards' dispatch, Danes' wit, are mainly seen in thee.

The great man's gratitude to his best friend,
Kings' promises, whores' vows, towards thee they bend,
Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

TRANSLATION

OF SOME LINES IN LUCRETIUS.

The gods, by right of Nature, must possess
An everlasting age of perfect peace;
Far off remov'd from us and our affairs,
Neither approach'd by dangers or by cares;
Rich in themselves, to whom we cannot add;
Not pleas'd by good deeds, nor provok'd by bad.

THE LATTER END OF THE CHORUS OF

THE SECOND ACT OF SENECA'S TROAS,

TRANSLATED.

After death nothing is, and nothing death,
The utmost limits of a gasp of breath.
Let the ambitious zealot lay aside
His hope of Heaven, (whose faith is but his pride)
Let slavish souls lay by their fear,
Nor be concern'd which way, or where,
After this life they shall be hurl'd:
Dead, we become the lumber of the world,
And to that mass of matter shall be swept,
Where things destroy'd with things unborn are kept;
Devouring Time swallows us whole,
Impartial Death confounds body and soul.
For Hell, and the foul fiend that rules
The everlasting fiery gaols,
Devis'd by rogues, dreaded by fools,
With his grim grisly dog that keeps the door,
Are senseless stories, idles tales,
Dreams, whimsies, and no more.

TO

HIS SACRED MAJESTY,

ON HIS RESTORATION IN THE YEAR 1660.

Virtue's triumphant shrine! who dost engage
At once three kingdoms in a pilgrimage:
Which in ecstatic duty strive to come
Out of themselves, as well as from their home;
Whilst England grows one camp, and London is
Itself the nation, not metropolis;
And loyal Kent renews her arts again,
Fencing her ways with moving groves of men:
Forgive this distant homage, which does meet
Your blest approach on sedentary feet;
And though my youth, not patient yet to bear
The weight of arms, denies me to appear
In steel before you; yet, great sir, approve
My manly wishes, and more vigorous love;
In whom a cold respect were treason to
A father's ashes, greater than to you;
Whose one ambition 't is for to be known,
By daring loyalty, your Wilmot's son.

Wadh. Coll. ROCHESTER.

TO HER

SACRED MAJESTY THE QUEEN-MOTHER.

ON THE DEATH OF MARY, PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

Respite, great queen, your just and hasty fears:
There 's no infection lodges in our tears.
Though our unhappy air be arm'd with death,
Yet sighs have an untainted guiltless breath.
Oh! stay a while, and teach your equal skill
To understand, and to support our ill.
You that in mighty wrongs an age have spent,
And seem to have out-liv'd ev'n banishment;
Whom traitorous Mischief sought its earliest prey,
When to most sacred blood it made its way,
And did thereby its black design impart,
To take his head, that wounded first his heart:
You that, unmov'd, great Charles's ruin stood,
When three great nations sunk beneath the load;
Then a young daughter lost, yet balsam found
To stanch that new and freshly-bleeding wound;
And, after this, with fixt and steady eyes
Beheld your noble Gloucester's obsequies;
And then sustain'd the royal princess' fall:
You only can lament her funeral.
But you will hence remove, and leave behind
Our sad complaints lost in the empty wind;
Those winds that bid you stay, and loudly roar
Destruction, and drive back to the firm shore;
Shipwreck to safety, and the envy fly
Of sharing in this scene of tragedy:
While sickness, from whose rage you post away,
Relents, and only now contrives your stay;
The lately fatal and infectious ill
Courts the fair princess, and forgets to kill:
In vain on fevers curses we dispense,
And vent our passion's angry eloquence:
In vain we blast the ministers of Fate,
And the forlorn physicians imprecate;
Say they to Death new poisons add and fire,
Murder securely for reward and hire;
Art basilisks, that kill whome'er they see,
And truly write bills of mortality,
Who, lest the bleeding corpse should them betray,
First drain those vital speaking streams away.
And will you, by your flight, take part with these?
Become yourself a third and new disease?
If they have caus'd our loss, then so have you,
Who take yourself and the fair princess too:
For we, depriv'd, an equal damage have
When France doth ravish hence, as when the grave:
But that your choice th' unkindness doth improve,
And dereliction adds to your remove.

ROCHESTER,
Of Wadham College.

AN EPILOGUE.

Some few, from wit, have this true maxim got,
"That 'tis still better to be pleas'd than not;"
And therefore never their own torment plot.
While the malicious critics still agree
To loath each play they come and pay to see.
The first know 'tis a meaner part of sense
To find a fault, than taste an excellence:
Therefore they praise, and strive to like, while these
Are dully vain of being hard to please.
Poets and women have an equal right
To hate the dull, who, dead to all delight,
Feel pain alone, and have no joy but spite.
'Twas impotence did first this vice begin;
Fools censure wit, as old men rail at sin:
Who envy pleasure which they cannot taste,
And, good for nothing, would be wise at last.
Since therefore to the women it appears,
That all the enemies of wit are theirs,
Our poet the dull herd no longer fears.
Whate'er his fate may prove, 'twill be his pride.
To stand or fall with beauty on his side.

AN ALLUSION

TO THE TENTH SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

Well, sir, 't is granted; I said Dryden's rhymes
Were stolen, unequal, nay, dull, many times:
What foolish patron is there found of his,
So blindly partial to deny me this?
But that his plays, embroider'd up and down
With wit and learning, justly pleas'd the town,
In the same paper I as freely own.
Yet, having this allow'd, the heavy mass
That stuffs up his loose volumes, must not pass;
For by that rule I might as well admit
Crown's tedious scenes for poetry and wit.
'Tis therefore not enough, when your false sense
Hits the false judgment of an audience
Of clapping fools, assembling, a vast crowd,
Till the throng'd play-house crack'd with the dull load;
Though ev'n that talent merits, in some sort,
That can divert the rabble and the court,
Which blundering Settle never could obtain,
And puzzling Otway labours at in vain:
But within due proportion circumscribe
Whate'er you write, that with a flowing tide
The style may rise, yet in its rise forbear
With useless words t' oppress the weary'd ear.
Here be your language lofty, there more light,
Your rhetoric with your poetry unite.
For elegance sake, sometimes allay the force
Of epithets, 'twill soften the discourse:
A jest in scorn points out and hits the thing
More home, than the remotest satire's sting.
Shakspeare and Jonson did in this excel,
And might herein be imitated well,
Whom refin'd Etherege copies not at all,
But is himself a sheer original.
Nor that slow drudge in swift Pindaric strains,
Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,
And rides a jaded Muse, whipt, with loose reins.
When Lee makes temperate Scipio fret and rave,
And Hannibal a whining amorous slave,
I laugh, and wish the hot-brain'd fustian fool
In Busby's hands, to be well lash'd at school.
Of all our modern wits, none seem to me
Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,
But hasty Shadwell, and slow Wycherley.
Shadwell's unfinish'd works do yet impart
Great proofs of force of Nature, none of Art;
With just bold strokes he dashes here and there,
Showing great mastery with little care,
Scorning to varnish his good touches o'er,
To make the fools and women praise them more.
But Wycherley earns hard whate'er he gains,
He wants no judgment, and he spares no pains:

He frequently excels, and, at the least,
Makes fewer faults, than any of the rest.
Waller, by Nature for the bays design'd,
With force and fire, and fancy unconfin'd,
In panegyric does excel mankind.
He best can turn, enforce, and soften things,
To praise great conquerors, and flatter kings.
For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,
The best good man, with the worst-natur'd Muse.
For songs and verses mannerly obscene,
That can stir Nature up by springs unseen,
And, without forcing blushes, warm the queen;
Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,
That can with a resistless power impart
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart,
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,
Betwixt declining virtue and desire,
Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away,
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.
Dryden in vain try'd this nice way of wit;
For he, to be a tearing blade, thought fit
To give the ladies a dry bawdy bob,
And thus he got the name of Poet Squab.
But, to be just, 't will to his praise be found,
His excellencies more than faults abound:
Nor dare I from his sacred temples tear
The laurel, which he best deserves to wear.
But does not Dryden find e'en Jonson dull?
Beaumont and Fletcher uncorrect, and full
Of lewd lines, as he calls them? Shakspeare's style
Stiff and affected? To his own the while
Allowing all the justice that his pride
So arrogantly had to these deny'd?
And may not I have leave impartially
To search and censure Dryden's works, and try
If those gross faults his choice pen doth commit
Proceed from want of judgment, or of wit?
Or if his lumpish fancy does refuse
Spirit and grace to his loose slattern Muse?
Five hundred verses every morning writ,
Prove him no more a poet than a wit;
Such scribbling authors have been seen before;
Mustapha, the Island Princess, forty more,
Were things perhaps compos'd in half an hour.
To write what may securely stand the test
Of being well read over thrice at least,
Compare each phrase, examine every line,
Weigh every word, and every thought refine;
Scorn all applause the vile rout can bestow,
And be content to please those few who know.
Canst thou be such a vain mistaken thing,
To wish thy works might make a play-house ring
With the unthinking laughter and poor praise
Of fops and ladies, factious for thy plays?
Then send a cunning friend to learn thy doom
From the shrewd judges in the drawing-room.
I 've no ambition on that idle score,
But say with Betty Morice heretofore,
When a court lady call'd her Buckhurst's whore [1];
"I please one man of wit, am proud on 't too,
Let all the coxcombs dance to bed to you."
Should I be troubled when the purblind knight,
Who squints more in his judgment than his sight,
Picks silly faults, and censures what I write?
Or when the poor-fed poets of the town
For scabs and coach-room cry my verses down?
I loath the rabble; 't is enough for me
If Sedley, Shadwell, Shephard, Wycherley,
Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurst, Buckingham,
And some few more, whom I omit to name,
Approve my sense: I count their censure fame.

[1] The same probably who is celebrated by lord Buckhurst (or Dorset) in his poems. See Gent. Mag. 1760, p. 218.

TO SIR CAR SCROPE [1].

To rack and torture thy unmeaning brain,
In Satire's praise, to a low untun'd strain,
In thee was most impertinent and vain.
When in thy person we more clearly see
That satire's of divine authority,
For God made one on man when he made thee;
To show there were some men, as there are apes,
Fram'd for mere sport, who differ but in shapes:
In thee are all these contradictions join'd,
That make an ass prodigious and refin'd.
A lump deform'd and shapeless wert thou born,
Begot in Love's despight and Nature's scorn;
And art grown up the most ungrateful wight,
Harsh to the ear, and hideous to the sight;
Yet Love 's thy business, Beauty thy delight.
Curse on that silly hour that first inspir'd
Thy madness, to pretend to be admir'd;
To paint thy grisly face, to dance, to dress,
And all those awkward follies that express
Thy loathsome love, and filthy daintiness.
Who needs wilt be an ugly beau-garçon,
Spit at, and shunn'd by every girl in town;
Where dreadfully Love's scarecrow thou art plac'd,
To fright the tender flock that long to taste:
While every coming maid, when you appear,
Starts back for shame, and straight turns chaste for fear;
For none so poor or prostitute have prov'd,
Where you made love, t' endure to be belov'd.
'T were labour lost, or else I would advise;
But thy half wit will ne'er let thee be wise.
Half witty, and half mad, and scarce half brave,
Half honest (which is very much a knave)
Made up of all these halves, thou canst not pass
For any thing entirely, but an ass.

EPILOGUE.

As charms are nonsense, nonsense seems a charm,
Which hearers of all judgment does disarm;
For songs and scenes a double audience bring,
And doggrel takes, which smiths in satin sing.
Now to machines and a dull mask you run;
We find that Wit 's the monster you would shun,
And by my troth 'tis most discreetly done.
For since with vice and folly Wit is fed,
Through mercy 'tis most of you are not dead.
Players turn puppets now at your desire,
In their mouth 's nonsense, in their tail 's a wire,
They fly through crowds of clouts and showers of fire.

[1] Sir Car Scrope, who thought himself reflected on at the latter end of the preceding poem, published a poem, In Defence of Satire, which occasioned this reply.

A kind of losing Loadum is their game,
Where the worst writer has the greatest fame.
To get vile plays like theirs shall be our care;
But of such awkward actors we despair.
False taught at first———
Like bowls ill-biass'd, still the more they run,
They 're further off than when they first begun.
In comedy their unweigh'd action mark,
There 's one is such a dear familiar spark,
He yawns, as if he were but half awake,
And fribbling for free-speaking does mistake;
False accent and neglectful action too:
They have both so nigh good, yet neither true,
That both together, like an ape's mock-face,
By near resembling man, do man disgrace.
Thorough-pac'd ill actors may, perhaps, be cur'd;
Half players, like half wits, can't be endur'd.
Yet these are they, who durst expose the age
Of the great wonder [2] of the English stage;
Whom Nature seem'd to form for your delight,
And bid him speak, as she bid Shakspeare write.
Those blades indeed are cripples in their art,
Mimic his foot, but not his speaking part.
Let them the Traitor or Volpone try,
Could they———
Rage like Cethegus, or like Cassius die,
They ne'er had sent to Paris for such fancies,
As monsters heads and Merry-Andrew's dances.
Wither'd, perhaps, not perish'd, we appear;
But they are blighted, and ne'er came to bear.
Th' old poets dress'd your mistress Wit before;
These draw you on with an old painted whore,
And sell, like bawds, patch'd plays for maids twice o'er.
Yet they may scorn our house and actors too,
Since they have swell'd so high to hector you.
They cry, "Pox o' these Covent-Garden men,
Damn them, not one of them but keeps out ten.
Where they once gone, we for those thundering blades
Should have an audience of substantial trades,
Who love our muzzled boys and tearing fellows,
My lord, great Neptune, and great nephew Æolus."
O how the merry citizen 's in love
With———
Psyche, the goddess of each field and grove.
He cries, "I' faith, methinks 'tis well enough;"
But you roar out, and cry, "'Tis all damn'd stuff!"
So to their house the graver fops repair,
While men of wit find one another here.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE COURT AT WHITEHALL, BEFORE KING CHARLES II.

BY THE LADY ELIZABETH HOWARD.

Wit has of late took up a trick t' appear
Unmannerly, or at the best, severe:
And poets share the fate by which we fall,
When kindly we attempt to please you all.
'Tis hard your scorn should against such prevail,
Whose ends are to divert you, though they fail.
You men would think it an ill-natur'd jest,
Should we laugh at you when you do your best.

[2] Major Mohun.

Then rail not here, though you see reason for 't;
If Wit can find itself no better sport,
Wit is a very foolish thing at court.
Wit's business is to please, and not to fright;
'Tis no wit to be always in the right;
You 'll find it none, who dare be so to-night.
Few so ill-bred will venture to a play,
To spy out faults in what we women say.
For us, no matter what we speak, but how:
How kindly can we say—— I hate you now!
And for the men, if you 'll laugh at them, do;
They mind themselves so much, they 'll ne'er mind you.
But why do I descend to lose a prayer
On those small saints in wit? the god sits there!

TO THE KING.

To you, great sir, my message hither tends,
From Youth and Beauty, your allies and friends;
See my credentials written in my face,
They challenge your protection in this place;
And hither come with such a force of charms,
As may give check ev'n to your prosperous arms.
Millions of Cupids hovering in the rear,
Like eagles following fatal troops, appear:
All waiting for the slaughter which draws nigh,
Of those bold gazers who this night must die.
Nor can you 'scape our soft captivity,
From which old age alone must set you free.
Then tremble at the fatal consequence,
Since 'tis well known, for your own part, great prince,
'Gainst us you still have made a weak defence.
Be generous and wise, and take our part:
Remember we have eyes, and you a heart;
Else you may find, too late, that we are things
Born to kill vassals, and to conquer kings.
But oh, to what vain conquest I pretend!
While Love is our commander, and your friend.
Our victory your empire more assures,
For Love will ever make the triumph yours.

ELEGY ON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

BY MRS. WHARTON [1].

Deep waters silent roll; so grief like mine
Tears never can relieve, nor words define.
Stop then, stop your vain source, weak springs of grief,
Let tears flow from their eyes whom tears relieve.
They from their heads show the light trouble there,
Could my heart weep, its sorrows 'twould declare:
When drops of blood, my Heart, thou'st lost; thy pride,
The cause of all thy hopes and fears, thy guide!
He would have led thee right in Wisdom's way,
And 'twas thy fault whene'er thou went'st astray:

[1] See in p. 71 and 80, Mr. Waller's verses on the elegy here printed; and verses also on Mrs. Wharton's Paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer. Waller's two cantos of Divine Poesy were "occasioned upon sight of the 53d chapter of Isaiah, turned into verse by Mrs. Wharton." Her Verses to Mr. Waller are mentioned by Ballard; and her translation of Penelope to Ulysses is printed in Tonson's edition of Ovid's Epistles. For further particulars of this lady, see Select Collection of Miscellaneous Poems, 1780, vol. i. p. 51. vol. ii. p. 319.

And since thou stray'dst when guided and led on,
Thou wilt be surely lost now left alone.
It is thy elegy I write, not his:
He lives immortal and in highest bliss,
But thou art dead, alas! my Heart, thou 'rt dead:
He lives, that lovely soul for ever fled,
But thou 'mongst crowds on Earth art buried.
Great was thy loss, which thou canst ne'er express,
Nor was th' insensible dull nation's less;
He civiliz'd the rude, and taught the young,
Made fools grow wise; such artful magic hung
Upon his useful, kind, instructing tongue.
His lively wit was of himself a part,
Not, as in other men, the work of Art;
For, though his learning like his wit was great,
Yet sure all learning came below his wit;
As God's immediate gifts are better far
Than those we borrow from our likeness here,
He was—but I want words, and ne'er can tell,
Yet this I know, he did mankind excel.
  He was what no man ever was before,
Nor can indulgent Nature give us more,
For, to make him, she exhausted all her store.

POEMS

OF THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

THE

LIFE OF ROSCOMMON,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

WENTWORTH DILLON, earl of Roscommon, was the son of James Dillon and Elizabeth Wentworth, sister to the earl of Strafford. He was born in Ireland[1] during the lieutenancy of Strafford, who, being both his uncle and his godfather, gave him his own surname. His father, the third earl of Roscommon, had been converted by Usher to the protestant religion; and when the popish rebellion broke out, Strafford, thinking the family in great danger from the fury of the Irish, sent for his godson, and placed him at his own seat in Yorkshire, where he was instructed in Latin: which he learned so as to write it with purity and elegance, though he was never able to retain the rules of grammar.

Such is the account given by Mr. Fenton, from whose notes on Waller most of this account must be borrowed, though I know not whether all that he relates is certain. The instructor whom he assigns to Roscommon is one Dr. Hall, by whom he cannot mean the famous Hall, then an old man and a bishop.

When the storm broke out upon Strafford, his house was a shelter no longer; and Dillon, by the advice of Usher, was sent to Caen, where the protestants had then an university, and continued his studies under Bochart.

Young Dillon, who was sent to study under Bochart, and who is represented as having already made great proficiency in literature, could not be more than nine years old. Strafford went to govern Ireland in 1633, and was put to death eight years afterward. That he was sent to Caen is certain: that he was a great scholar may be doubted.

At Caen he is said to have had some preternatural intelligence of his father's death.

"The lord Roscommon, being a boy of ten years of age, at Caen in Normandy, one day was, as it were, madly extravagant in playing, leaping, getting over the tables, boards, &c. He was wont to be sober enough; they said, 'God grant this bodes no

[1] The Biog. Britan. says, probably about the year 1632; but this is inconsistent with the date of Strafford's viceroyalty in the following page. *C.*

ill luck to him!' In the heat of this extravagant fit he cries out, 'My father is dead!' A fortnight after, news came from Ireland that his father was dead. This account I had from Mr. Knolles, who was his governor. and then with him,—since secretary to the earl of Strafford; and I have heard his lordship's relations confirm the same." *Aubrey's Miscellany.*

The present age is very little inclined to favour any accounts of this kind, nor will the name of Aubrey much recommend it to credit; it ought not, however, to be omitted, because better evidence of a fact cannot easily be found than is here offered; and it must be by preserving such relations, that we may at last judge how much they are to be regarded. If we stay to examine this account, we shall see difficulties on both sides: here is the relation of a fact given by a man who had no interest to deceive, and who could not be deceived himself; and here is, on the other hand, a miracle which produces no effect; the order of nature is interrupted, to discover not a future but only a distant event, the knowledge of which is of no use to him to whom it is revealed. Between these difficulties, what way shall be found? Is reason or testimony to be rejected? I believe what Osborne says of an appearance of sanctity may be applied to such impulses or anticipations as this: "Do not wholly slight them, because they may be true; but do not wholly trust them, because they may be false."

The state both of England and Ireland was at this time such, that he who was absent from either country had very little temptation to return; and therefore Roscommon, when he left Caen, travelled into Italy, and amused himself with its antiquities, and particularly with medals, in which he acquired uncommon skill.

At the Restoration, with the other friends of monarchy, he came to England, was made captain of the band of pensioners, and learned so much of the dissoluteness of the court, that he addicted himself immoderately to gaming, by which he was engaged in frequent quarrels, and which undoubtedly brought upon him its usual concomitants, extravagance and distress.

After some time, a dispute about part of his estate forced him into Ireland, where he was made by the duke of Ormond captain of the guards, and met with an adventure thus related by Fenton:

"He was at Dublin as much as ever distempered with the same fatal affection for play, which engaged him in one adventure, that well deserves to be related. As he returned to his lodgings from a gaming-table, he was attacked in the dark by three ruffians, who were employed to assassinate him. The earl defended himself with so much resolution, that he dispatched one of the aggressors; whilst a gentleman, accidentally passing that way, interposed, and disarmed another: the third secured himself by flight. This generous assistant was a disbanded officer, of a good family and fair reputation; who, by what we call the partiality of Fortune, to avoid censuring the iniquities of the times, wanted even a plain suit of clothes to make a decent appearance at the castle. But his lordship, on this occasion, presenting him to the duke of Ormond, with great importunity prevailed with his grace, that he might resign his post of captain of the guards to his friend; which for about three years the gentleman enjoyed, and, upon his death, the duke returned the commission to his generous benefactor."

When he had finished his business, he returned to London; was made master of the

horse to the dutchess of York, and married the lady Frances, daughter of the earl of Burlington, and widow of colonel Courteney.

He now busied his mind with literary projects, and formed the plan of a society for refining our language and fixing its standard; "In imitation," says Fenton, "of those learned and polite societies with which he had been acquainted abroad." In this design his friend Dryden is said to have assisted him.

The same design, it is well known, was revived by Dr. Swift in the ministry of Oxford; but it has never since been publicly mentioned, though at that time great expectations were formed by some of its establishment and its effects. Such a society might, perhaps, without much difficulty, be collected; but that it would produce what is expected from it may be doubted.

The Italian academy seems to have obtained its end. The language was refined, and so fixed, that it has changed but little. The French academy thought that they refined their language, and doubtless thought rightly; but the event has not shown that they fixed it; for the French of the present time is very different from that of the last century.

In this country an academy could be expected to do but little. If an academician's place were profitable, it would be given by interest; if attendance were gratuitous, it would be rarely paid, and no man would endure the least disgust. Unanimity is impossible, and debate would separate the assembly.

But suppose the philological decree made and promulgated, what would be its authority? In absolute governments, there is sometimes a general reverence paid to all that has the sanction of power, and the countenance of greatness. How little this is the state of our country needs not be told. We live in an age in which it is a kind of public sport to refuse all respect that cannot be enforced. The edicts of an English academy would probably be read by many, only that they might be sure to disobey them.

That our language is in perpetual danger of corruption cannot be denied; but what prevention can be found? The present manners of the nation would deride authority; and therefore nothing is left but that every writer should criticise himself.

All hopes of new literary institutions were quickly suppressed by the contentious turbulence of king James's reign; and Roscommon, foreseeing that some violent concussion of the state was at hand, purposed to retire to Rome, alleging, that "it was best to sit near the chimney when the chamber smoked;" a sentence, of which the application seems not very clear.

His departure was delayed by the gout; and he was so impatient either of hinderance or of pain, that he submitted himself to a French empiric, who is said to have repelled the disease into his bowels.

At the moment in which he expired, he uttered, with an energy of voice that expressed the most fervent devotion, two lines of his own version of Dies Iræ:

> My God, my Father, and my Friend,
> Do not forsake me in my end.

He died in 1684; and was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey.

His poetical character is given by Mr. Fenton:

"In his writings," says Fenton, "we view the image of a mind which was naturally serious and solid; richly furnished and adorned with all the ornaments of learning, un-

affectedly disposed in the most regular and elegant order. His imagination might have probably been more fruitful and sprightly, if his judgment had been less severe. But that severity (delivered in a masculine, clear, succinct style) contributed to make him so eminent in the didactical manner, that no man, with justice, can affirm he was ever equalled by any of our nation, without confessing, at the same time, that he is inferior to none. In some other kinds of writing his genius seems to have wanted fire to attain the point of perfection; but who can attain it?"

From this account of the riches of his mind, who would not imagine that they had been displayed in large volumes and numerous performances? Who would not, after the perusal of this character, be surprised to find, that all the proofs of this genius, and knowledge, and judgment, are not sufficient to form a single book, or to appear otherwise than in conjunction with the works of some other writer of the same petty size[2]? But thus it is that characters are written: we know somewhat, and we imagine the rest. The observation, that his imagination would probably have been more fruitful and sprightly, if his judgment had been less severe, may be answered, by a remarker somewhat inclined to cavil, by a contrary supposition, that his judgment would probably have been less severe, if his imagination had been more fruitful. It is ridiculous to oppose judgment to imagination; for it does not appear that men have necessarily less of one as they have more of the other.

We must allow of Roscommon, what Fenton has not mentioned so distinctly as he ought, and what is yet very much to his honour, that he is perhaps the only correct writer in verse before Addison; and that, if there are not so many or so great beauties in his compositions as in those of some contemporaries, there are at least fewer faults. Nor is this his highest praise; for Mr. Pope has celebrated him as the only moral writer of king Charles's reign:

> Unhappy Dryden! in all Charles's days,
> Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays.

His great work is his Essay on Translated Verse; of which Dryden writes thus in his preface to his Miscellanies:

"It was my lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse," says Dryden, "which made me uneasy, till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice. For many a fair precept in poetry is like a seeming demonstration in mathematics, very specious in the diagram, but failing in the mechanic operation. I think I have generally observed his instructions: I am sure my reason is sufficiently convinced both of their truth and usefulness; which, in other words, is to confess no less a vanity than to pretend that I have, at least in some places, made examples to his rules."

This declaration of Dryden will, I am afraid, be found little more than one of those cursory civilities which one author pays to another; for when the sum of lord Roscommon's precepts is collected, it will not be easy to discover how they can qualify their

[2] They were published, together with those of Duke, in an octavo volume, in 1717. The editor, whoever he was, professes to have taken great care to procure and insert all of his lordship's poems that are truly genuine. The truth of this assertion is flatly denied by the author of an account of Mr. John Pomfret, prefixed to his Remains; who asserts, that the Prospect of Death was written by that person many years after lord Roscommon's decease; as also, that the paraphrase of the Prayer of Jeremy was written by a gentleman of the name of Southcourt, living in the year 1724. *H.*

reader for a better performance of translation, than might have been attained by his own reflections.

He that can abstract his mind from the elegance of the poetry, and confine it to the sense of the precepts, will find no other direction, than that the author should be suitable to the translator's genius; that he should be such as may deserve a translation; that he who intends to translate him should endeavour to understand him; that perspicuity should be studied, and unusual and uncouth names sparingly inserted; and that the style of the original should be copied in its elevation and depression. These are the rules that are celebrated as so definite and important; and for the delivery of which to mankind so much honour has been paid. Roscommon has indeed deserved his praises, had they been given with discernment, and bestowed not on the rules themselves, but the art with which they are introduced, and the decorations with which they are adorned.

The Essay, though generally excellent, is not without its faults. The story of the Quack, borrowed from Boileau, was not worth the importation; he has confounded the British and Saxon mythology:

> I grant, that from some mossy idol oak,
> In double rhymes, our Thor and Woden spoke.

The oak, as I think Gildon has observed, belonged to the British druids, and Thor and Woden were Saxon deities. Of the "double rhymes," which he so liberally supposes, he certainly had no knowledge.

His interposition of a long paragraph of blank verses is unwarrantably licentious. Latin poets might as well have introduced a series of iambics among their heroics.

His next work is the translation of the Art of Poetry; which has received, in my opinion, not less praise than it deserves. Blank verse, left merely to its numbers, has little operation either on the ear or mind: it can hardly support itself without bold figures and striking images. A poem frigidly didactic, without rhyme, is so near to prose, that the reader only scorns it for pretending to be verse.

Having disentangled himself from the difficulties of rhyme, he may justly be expected to give the sense of Horace with great exactness, and to suppress no subtilty of sentiment for the difficulty of expressing it. This demand, however, his translation will not satisfy; what he found obscure, I do not know that he has ever cleared.

Among his smaller works, the Eclogue of Virgil and the Dies Iræ are well translated; though the best line in the Dies Iræ is borrowed from Dryden. In return, succeeding poets have borrowed from Roscommon.

In the verses on the Lapdog, the pronouns *thou* and *you* are offensively confounded; and the turn at the end is from Waller.

His versions of the two odes of Horace are made with great liberty, which is not recompensed by much elegance or vigour.

His political verses are sprightly, and when they were written must have been very popular.

Of the scene of Guarini, and the prologue of Pompey, Mrs. Philips, in her letters to sir Charles Cotterel, has given the history.

"Lord Roscommon," says she, "is certainly one of the most promising young noblemen in Ireland. He has paraphrased a Psalm admirably; and a scene of Pastor Fido very finely, in some places much better than sir Richard Fanshaw. This was un-

dertaken merely in compliment to me, who happened to say, that it was the best scene in Italian, and the worst in English. He was only two hours about it. It begins thus:

> Dear happy groves, and you the dark retreat
> Of silent Horrour, Rest's eternal seat.

From these lines, which are since somewhat mended, it appears, that he did not think a work of two hours fit to endure the eye of criticism without revisal.

When Mrs. Philips was in Ireland, some ladies that had seen her translation of Pompey resolved to bring it on the stage at Dublin; and, to promote their design, lord Roscommon gave them a prologue, and sir Edward Dering an epilogue; "which," says she, "are the best performances of those kinds I ever saw." If this is not criticism, it is at least gratitude. The thought of bringing Cæsar and Pompey into Ireland, the only country over which Cæsar never had any power, is lucky.

Of Roscommon's works the judgment of the public seems to be right. He is elegant, but not great; he never labours after exquisite beauties, and he seldom falls into gross faults. His versification is smooth, but rarely vigorous; and his rhymes are remarkably exact. He improved taste, if he did not enlarge knowledge; and may be numbered among the benefactors to English literature [3].

[3] This Life was originally written by Dr. Johnson in the Gentleman's Magazine for May 1748. It then had notes, which are now incorporated with the text. *C.*

POEMS

OF THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

AN

ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

HAPPY that author [1], whose correct essay
Repairs so well our old Horatian way:
And happy you, who (by propitious fate)
On great Apollo's sacred standard wait,
And with strict discipline instructed right,
Have learn'd to use your arms before you fight.
But since the press, the pulpit, and the stage,
Conspire to censure and expose our age,
Provok'd too far, we resolutely must,
To the few virtues that we have, be just.
For who have long'd, or who have labour'd more
To search the treasures of the Roman store;
Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore?
The noblest fruits, transplanted in our isle,
With early hope and fragrant blossoms smile.
Familiar Ovid tender thoughts inspires,
And Nature seconds all his soft desires;
Theocritus does now to us belong;
And Albion's rocks repeat his rural song.
Who has not heard how Italy was blest,
Above the Medes, above the wealthy East?
Or Gallus' song, so tender and so true,
As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view! [hearse,
When mourning nymphs attend their Daphnis'
Who does not weep that reads the moving verse!
But hear, oh hear, in what exalted strains
Sicilian Muses through these happy plains
Proclaim Saturnian times—our own Apollo reigns!
When France had breath'd, after intestine broils,
And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils;
There (cultivated by a royal hand)
Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest the land;
The choicest books that Rome or Greece have known,
Her excellent translators made her own:
And Europe still considerably gains
Both by their good example and their pains.
From hence our generous emulation came,
We undertook, and we perform'd the same.

[1] John Sheffield duke of Buckinghamshire.

But now, we show the world a nobler way,
And in translated verse do more than they;
Serene and clear, harmonious Horace flows,
With sweetness not to be exprest in prose;
Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,
And shows the stuff, but not the workman's skill:
I (who have serv'd him more than twenty years)
Scarce know my master as he there appears.
Vain are our neighbours' hopes, and vain their cares,
The fault is more their language's than theirs:
'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words
Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords;
But who did ever in French authors see
The comprehensive English energy?
The weighty bullion of one sterling line, [shine.
Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages
I speak my private, but impartial sense,
With freedom, and, I hope, without offence;
For I 'll recant, when France can show me wit,
As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.
'Tis true, composing is the nobler part,
But good translation is no easy art.
For though materials have long since been found,
Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound;
And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours less, but judgment more.
The soil intended for Pierian seeds
Must be well purg'd from rank pedantic weeds.
Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes,
At the rude rumbling Baralipton makes.
For none have been with admiration read,
But who (beside their learning) were well bred.
The first great work (a task perform'd by few)
Is, that yourself may to yourself be true:
No mask, no tricks, no favour, no reserve;
Dissect your mind, examine every nerve.
Whoever vainly on his strength depends,
Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius ends.
That wretch (in spite of his forgotten rhymes)
Condemn'd to live to all succeeding times,
With pompous nonsense and a bellowing sound
Sung lofty Ilium, tumbling to the ground.
And (if my Muse can through past ages see)
That noisy, nauseous, gaping fool was he;

Exploded, when, with universal scorn,
The mountains labour'd and a mouse was born.
"Learn, learn," Crotona's brawny wrestler cries,
"Audacious mortals, and be timely wise!
'Tis I that call, remember Milo's end,
Wedg'd in that timber, which he strove to rend."
Each poet with a different talent writes,
One praises, one instructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aspire to epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro stoop to lyric lays.
Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
And which the ruling passion of your mind;
Then, seek a poet who your way does bend,
And choose an author as you choose a friend.
United by this sympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond; [agree,
Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls
No longer his interpreter, but he.
With how much ease is a young Muse betray'd!
How nice the reputation of the maid!
Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
By chaste instruction of her tender years.
The first impression in her infant breast
Will be the deepest, and should be the best.
Let not austerity breed servile fear,
No wanton sound offend her virgin ear.
Secure from foolish Pride's affected state,
And specious Flattery's more pernicious bait,
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts,
But your neglect must answer for her faults.
Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of sense.
What moderate fop would rake the Park or stews,
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may choose?
Variety of such is to be found:
Take then a subject proper to expound:
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice,
For men of sense despise a trivial choice:
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter, busy in a street
To copy bulls and bears, and every sign,
That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.
Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good,
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view,
(As many old have done, and many new)
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills.
Instruct the listening world how Maro sings
Of useful subjects and of lofty things.
These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude, as well as praise;
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like, or being ill.
For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, though by Homer cook'd?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded gods,
Make some suspect he snores, as well as nods.
But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down;
My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,
And, whom they like, implicitly admires.
On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise,
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;
Which through the whole insensibly must pass,
With vital heat to animate the mass:
A pure, an active, an auspicious flame, [came;
And bright as Heaven, from whence the blessing
But few, oh! few souls, preordained by Fate,
The race of gods, have reach'd that envy'd height.
No Rebel-Titan's sacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills can hither climb:
The grizzly ferryman of Hell deny'd
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide:
How justly then will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to Heaven without a call!
Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
The men, who labour and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast:
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he 's understood.
How many ages since has Virgil writ!
How few are they who understand him yet!
Approach his altars with religious fear,
No vulgar deity inhabits there:
Heaven shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
Than poets should before their Mantuan god.
Hail mighty Maro! may that sacred name
Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame;
Sublime ideas and apt words infuse,
The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the
What I have instanc'd only in the best, [Muse!
Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.
Take pains the genuine meaning to explore,
There sweat, there strain, tug the laborious oar;
Search every comment that your care can find,
Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind;
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng;
The multitude is always in the wrong.
When things appear unnatural or hard,
Consult your author, with himself compar'd;
Who knows what blessing Phœbus may bestow,
And future ages to your labours owe?
Such secrets are not easily found out,
But, once discover'd, leave no room for doubt.
Truth stamps conviction in your ravish'd breast,
And peace and joy attend the glorious guest.
Truth still is one; Truth is divinely bright,
No cloudy doubts obscure her native light;
While in your thoughts you find the least debate,
You may confound, but never can translate.
Your style will this through all disguises show,
For none explain more clearly than they know.
He only proves he understands a text,
Whose exposition leaves it unperplex'd.
They who too faithfully on names insist,
Rather create than dissipate the mist;
And grow unjust by being over-nice,
(For superstitious virtue turns to vice.)
Let Crassus's [2] ghost and Labienus tell
How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell.
Since Rome hath been so jealous of her fame,
That few know Pacorus' or Monæses' name.
Words in one language elegantly us'd,
Will hardly in another be excus'd.
And some, that Rome admir'd in Cæsar's time,
May neither suit our genius nor our clime.
The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
Shows a translator both discreet and bold.
Excursions are inexpiably bad;
And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.
Abstruse and mystic thoughts you must express
With painful care, but seeming easiness;
For Truth shines brightest through the plainest dress.

[2] Hor. 3. Od. vi.

Th' Ænean Muse, when she appears in state,
Makes all Jove's thunder on her verses wait:
Yet writes sometimes as soft and moving things
As Venus speaks, or Philomela sings.
Your author always will the best advise,
Fall when he falls, and when he rises, rise.
Affected noise is the most wretched thing,
That to contempt can empty scribblers bring.
Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd
On even syllables, (and still the last)
Though gross innumerable faults abound,
In spite of nonsense, never fail of sound.
But this is meant of even verse alone,
As being most harmonious and most known:
For if you will unequal numbers try,
There accents on odd syllables must lie.
Whatever sister of the learned Nine
Does to your suit a willing ear incline,
Urge your success, deserve a lasting name,
She 'll crown a grateful and a constant flame.
But, if a wild uncertainty prevail,
And turn your veering heart with every gale,
You lose the fruit of all your former care,
For the sad prospect of a just despair.

A quack (too scandalously mean to name)
Had, by man-midwifery, got wealth and fame:
As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
The labouring wife invokes his surer aid.
Well-season'd bowls the gossip's spirits raise,
Who, while she guzzles, chats the doctor's praise;
And largely, what she wants in words, supplies,
With maudlin eloquence of trickling eyes.
But what a thoughtless animal is man!
(How very active in his own trepan!)
For, greedy of physicians' frequent fees,
From female mellow praise he takes degrees;
Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then
From saving women falls to killing men.
Another such had left the nation thin,
In spite of all the children he brought in.
His pills as thick as hand-granadoes flew;
And where they fell, as certainly they slew;
His name struck every where as great a damp,
As Archimedes through the Roman camp.
With this, the doctor's pride began to cool;
For smarting soundly may convince a fool.
But now repentance came too late for grace;
And meagre Famine star'd him in the face:
Fain would he to the wives be reconcil'd,
But found no husband left to own a child.
The friends, that got the brats, were poison'd too;
In this sad case, what could our vermin do?
Worry'd with debts, and past all hope of bail,
Th' unpity'd wretch lies rotting in a jail:
And there with basket-alms, scarce kept alive,
Shows how mistaken talents ought to thrive.

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuse.
'Tis very dangerous tampering with a Muse,
The profit 's small, and you have much to lose;
For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degenerate lines degrade th' attainted race.
No poet any passion can excite,
But what they feel transport them when they write.
Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,
And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I see her rolling eyes:
And, panting, "Lo! the god, the god," she cries;
With words not hers, and more than human sound,
She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling through the ground.
But, though we must obey when Heaven commands,
And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possest.
Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,
And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
Through every swelling vein a loud retreat:
So when a Muse propitiously invites,
Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another summons wait.
Before the radiant Sun, a glimmering lamp,
Adulterate metals to the sterling stamp,
Appear not meaner, than mere human lines,
Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines;
These nervous, bold; those languid and remiss;
There, cold salutes; but here a lover's kiss.
Thus have I seen a rapid headlong tide,
With foaming waves the passive Soane divide;
Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
While he, with eager force, urg'd his impetuous way.

The privilege that ancient poets claim,
Now turn'd to licence by too just a name,
Belongs to none but an establish'd fame,
Which scorns to take it——
Absurd expressions, crude, abortive thoughts,
All the lewd legion of exploded faults,
Base fugitives to that asylum fly,
And sacred laws with insolence defy.
Not thus our heroes of the former days,
Deserv'd and gain'd their never-fading bays;
For I mistake, or far the greatest part
Of what some call neglect, was study'd art.
When Virgil seems to trifle in a line,
'Tis like a warning-piece, which gives the sign
To wake your fancy, and prepare your sight,
To reach the noble height of some unusual flight.
I lose my patience, when with saucy pride,
By untun'd ears I hear his numbers try'd.
Reverse of Nature! shall such copies then
Arraign th' originals of Maro's pen!
And the rude notions of pedantic schools
Blaspheme the sacred founder of our rules!

The delicacy of the nicest ear
Finds nothing harsh or out of order there.
Sublime or low, unbended or intense,
The sound is still a comment to the sense.

A skilful ear in numbers should preside,
And all disputes without appeal decide.
This ancient Rome and elder Athens found,
Before mistaken stops debauch'd the sound.

When, by impulse from Heaven, Tyrtæus sung
In drooping soldiers a new courage sprung;
Reviving Sparta now the fight maintain'd,
And what two generals lost a poet gain'd.
By secret influence of indulgent skies,
Empire and Poesy together rise.
True poets are the guardians of a state,
And, when they fail, portend approaching Fate.

For that which Rome to conquest did inspire,
Was not the Vestal, but the Muses' fire;
Heaven joins the blessings: no declining age
E'er felt the raptures of poetic rage.
Of many faults, rhyme is, perhaps, the cause;
Too strict to rhyme, we slight more useful laws,
For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown:
Subdued, undone, they did at last obey,
And change their own for their invaders' way.
I grant that from some mossy, idol oak,
In double rhymes our Thor and Woden spoke;
And by succession of unlearned times,
As bards began, so monks rung on the chimes.
But now that Phœbus and the sacred Nine,
With all their beams on our blest island shine,
Why should not we their ancient rights restore,
And be, what Rome or Athens were before?
"Have we forgot how Raphael's numerous prose
Led our exalted souls through heavenly camps,
And mark'd the ground where proud apostate thrones
Defy'd Jehovah! Here, 'twixt host and host,
(A narrow, but a dreadful interval)
Portentous sight! before the cloudy van
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
Came towering arm'd in adamant and gold.
There bellowing engines, with their fiery tubes,
Dispers'd ethereal forms, and down they fell
By thousands, angels on archangels roll'd;
Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew,
Which (with their ponderous load, rocks, waters, woods)
From their firm seats torn by the shaggy tops
They bore like shields before them through the air,
Till more incens'd they hurl'd them at their foes.
All was confusion, Heaven's foundation shook,
Threat'ning no less than universal wreck,
For Michael's arm main promontories flung,
And over-prest whole legions weak with sin:
Yet they blasphem'd and struggled as they lay,
Till the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd,
And (arm'd with vengeance) God's victorious Son,
(Effulgence of paternal Deity)
Grasping ten thousand thunders in his hand,
Drove th' old original rebels headlong down,
And sent them flaming to the vast abyss[3]."
O may I live to hail the glorious day,
And sing loud pæans through the crowded way,
When in triumphant state the British Muse,
True to herself, shall barbarous aid refuse,
And in the Roman majesty appear,
Which none know better, and none come so near.

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON,

ON HIS ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE,

BY DR. CHETWOOD, 1684.

As when by labouring stars new kingdoms rise,
The mighty mass in rude confusion lies,
A court unform'd, disorder at the bar,
And ev'n in peace the rugged mien of war,
Till some wise statesman into method draws
The parts, and animates the frame with laws;
Such was the case when Chaucer's early toil
Founded the Muses' empire in our soil.
Spenser improv'd it with his painful hand,
But lost a noble Muse in fairy-land.
Shakspeare said all that Nature could impart,
And Jonson added Industry and Art.
Cowley and Denham gain'd immortal praise;
And some, who merit as they wear the bays,
Search'd all the treasuries of Greece and Rome,
And brought the precious spoils in triumph home.
But still our language had some ancient rust;
Our flights were often high, but seldom just.
There wanted one, who licence could restrain,
Make civil laws o'er barbarous usage reign:
One worthy in Apollo's chair to sit,
To hold the scales, and give the stamp of wit;
In whom ripe Judgment and young Fancy meet,
And force poetic Rage to be discreet;
Who grows not nauseous while he strives to please,
But marks the shelves in the poetic seas.
Who knows, and teaches what our clime can bear,
And makes the barren ground obey the labourer's care.
Few could conceive, none the great work could do,
'Tis a fresh province, and reserv'd for you.
Those talents all are yours, of which but one
Were a fair fortune for a Muse's son;
Wit, reading, judgment, conversation, art,
A head well balanc'd, and a generous heart.
While insect rhymes cloud the polluted sky,
Created to molest the world, and die,
Your file does polish what your fancy cast;
Works are long forming which must always last.
Rough iron sense, and stubborn to the mold,
Touch'd by your chymic hand, is turn'd to gold.
A secret grace fashions the flowing lines,
And inspiration through the labour shines.
Writers, in spite of all their paint and art,
Betray the darling passion of their heart.
No fame you wound, give no chaste ears offence,
Still true to friendship, modesty, and sense.
So saints, from Heaven for our example sent,
Live to their rules, have nothing to repent.
Horace, if living, by exchange of fate,
Would give no laws, but only yours translate.
Hoist sail, bold writers, search, discover far,
You have a compass for a polar-star.
Tune Orpheus' harp, and with enchanting rhymes
Soften the savage humour of the times.
Tell all those untouch'd wonders which appear'd
When Fate itself for our great monarch fear'd:
Securely through the dangerous forest led
By guards of angels, when his own were fled.
Heaven kindly exercis'd his youth with cares,
To crown with unmix'd joys his riper years.
Make warlike James's peaceful virtues known,
The second hope and genius of the throne.
Heaven in compassion brought him on our stage,
To tame the fury of a monstrous age.
But what blest voice shall your Maria sing?
Or a fit offering to her altars bring?
In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat,
Great always, without aiming to be great.
True Roman majesty adorns her face;
And every gesture 's form'd by every grace.
Her beauties are too heavenly and refin'd
For the gross senses of a vulgar mind.
It is your part (you poets can divine)
To prophesy how she, by Heaven's design,
Shall give an heir to the great British line,
Who over all the western isles shall reign,
Both awe the continent, and rule the main.

[3] An Essay on Blank Verse, out of Paradise Lost, b. vi.

It is your place to wait upon her name
Through the vast regions of eternal fame.
True poets' souls to princes are ally'd,
And the world's empire with its kings divide.
Heaven trusts the present time to monarchs' care,
Eternity is the good writer's share [1].

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON;

OCCASIONED BY

HIS LORDSHIP'S ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

FROM THE LATIN OF MR. CHARLES DRYDEN.

BY MR. NEEDLER.

That happy Britain boasts her tuneful race,
And laurel wreaths her peaceful temples grace,
The honour and the praise is justly due
To you alone, illustrious earl! to you.
For soon as Horace, with his artful page,
By thee explain'd, had taught the listening age;
Of brightest bards arose a skilful train,
Who sweetly sung in their immortal strain.
No more content great Maro's steps to trace,
New paths we search, and tread unbeaten ways.
Ye Britons, then, triumphantly rejoice;
And with loud peals, and one consenting voice,
Applaud the man who does unrivall'd sit,
"The sovereign judge and arbiter of wit!"
For, led by thee, an endless train shall rise
Of poets, who shall climb superior skies;
Heroes and gods in worthy verse shall sing,
And tune to Homer's lay the lofty string.
Thy works too, sovereign bard [2]! if right I see,
They shall translate with equal majesty;
While with new joy thy happy shade shall rove
Through the blest mazes of th' Elysian grove,
And, wondering, in Britannia's rougher tongue
To find thy heroes and thy shepherds sung,
Shall break forth in these words: "Thy favour'd name,
Great heir and guardian of the Mantuan fame!
How shall my willing gratitude pursue
With praises large as to thy worth are due?
Though tasteless bards, by Nature never taught,
In wretched rhymes disguise my genuine thought;
Though Homer now the wars of godlike kings
In Ovid's soft enervate numbers sings:
Tuneful Silenus, and the matchless verse,
That does the birth of infant worlds rehearse,
Atones for all; by that my rescued fame
Shall vie in age with Nature's deathless frame;
By thee the learned song shall nobly live,
And praise from every British tongue receive.
"Give to thy daring genius then the rein,
And freely launch into a bolder strain;
Nor with these words my happy spirit grieve:
'The last good office of thy friend receive [3].'
"On the firm base of thy immortal lays,
A nobler pile to thy lov'd Maro raise:
My glory by thy skill shall brighter shine,
With native charms and energy divine!
Britain with just applause the work shall read,
And crown with fadeless bays thy sacred head.

[1] See Miscellany Poems, 1780, vol. iii. p. 173.
[2] Virgil. *H. N.*
[3] Cape dona extrema tuorum: the motto to lord Roscommon's essay. *H. N.*

Nor shall thy Muse the graver's pencil need,
To draw the hero on his prancing steed;
Thy living verse shall paint th' embattled host
In bolder figures than his art can boast.
While the low tribe of vulgar writers strive,
By mean false arts, to make their versions live;
Forsake the text, and blend each sterling line
With comments foreign to my true design;
My latent sense thy happier thought explores,
And injur'd Maro to himself restores."

A

PARAPHRASE ON THE CXLVIIIth PSALM.

O azure vaults! O crystal sky!
The world's transparent canopy,
Break your long silence, and let mortals know
With what contempt you look on things below.

Wing'd squadrons of the god of war,
Who conquer wheresoe'er you are,
Let echoing anthems make his praises known
On Earth his footstool, as in Heaven his throne.

Great eye of all whose glorious ray
Rules the bright empire of the day,
O praise his name, without whose purer light
Thou hadst been hid in an abyss of night.

Ye moon and planets, who dispense,
By God's command, your influence;
Resign to him, as your Creator due,
That veneration which men pay to you.

Fairest, as well as first, of things,
From whom all joy, all beauty springs;
O praise th' Almighty Ruler of the globe,
Who useth thee for his empyreal robe.

Praise him, ye loud harmonious spheres,
Whose sacred stamp all Nature bears,
Who did all forms from the rude chaos draw,
And whose command is th' universal law:

Ye watery mountains of the sky,
And you so far above our eye,
Vast ever-moving orbs, exalt his name,
Who gave its being to your glorious frame.

Ye dragons, whose contagious breath
Peoples the dark retreats of Death,
Change your fierce hissing into joyful song,
And praise your Maker with your forked tongue.

Praise him, ye monsters of the deep,
That in the sea's vast bosoms sleep;
At whose command the foaming billows roar,
Yet know their limits, tremble and adore.

Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow,
And you who through the concave blow,
Swift executors of his holy word,
Whirlwinds and tempests, praise th' Almighty Lord.

Mountains, who to your Maker's view
Seem less than mole-hills do to you,
Remember how, when first Jehovah spoke,
All Heaven was fire, and Sinai hid in smoke.

Praise him sweet offspring of the ground,
With heavenly nectar yearly crown'd;
And ye tall cedars, celebrate his praise,
That in his temple sacred altars raise.

Idle musicians of the spring,
Whose only care 's to love and sing,
Fly through the world, and let your trembling throat
Praise your Creator with the sweetest note.

Praise him each savage furious beast,
That on his stores do daily feast:
And you tame slaves of the laborious plough,
Your weary knees to your Creator bow.

Majestic monarchs, mortal gods,
Whose power hath here no periods,
May all attempts against your crowns be vain!
But still remember by whose power you reign.

Let the wide world his praises sing,
Where Tagus and Euphrates spring,
And from the Danube's frosty banks, to those
Where from an unknown head great Nilus flows.

You that dispose of all our lives,
Praise him from whom your power derives;
Be true and just like him, and fear his word,
As much as malefactors do your sword.

Praise him, old monuments of time;
O praise him in your youthful prime;
Praise him, fair idols of our greedy sense;
Exalt his name, sweet age of innocence.

Jehovah's name shall only last,
When Heaven, and Earth, and all is past:
Nothing, great God, is to be found in thee,
But unconceivable eternity.

Exalt, O Jacob's sacred race,
The God of gods, the God of grace;
Who will above the stars your empire raise,
And with his glory recompense your praise.

A PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK, AT EDINBURGH.

Folly and vice are easy to describe,
The common subjects of our scribbling tribe;
But when true virtues, with unclouded light,
All great, all royal, shine divinely bright,
Our eyes are dazzled, and our voice is weak;
Let England, Flanders, let all Europe speak,
Let France acknowledge that her shaking throne
Was once supported, sir, by you alone;
Banish'd from thence for an usurper's sake,
Yet trusted then with her last desperate stake:
When wealthy neighbours strove with us for power,
Let the sea tell, how in their fatal hour,
Swift as an eagle, our victorious prince,
Great Britain's genius, flew to her defence;
His name struck fear, his conduct won the day,
He came, he saw, he seiz'd the struggling prey,
And, while the heavens were fire and th' ocean blood,
Confirm'd our empire o'er the conquer'd flood.
O happy islands, if you knew your bliss!
Strong by the sea's protection, safe by his!
Express your gratitude the only way,
And humbly own a debt too vast to pay:
Let Fame aloud to future ages tell,
None e'er commanded, none obey'd so well;
While this high courage, this undaunted mind,
So loyal, so submissively resign'd,
Proclaim that such a hero never springs
But from the uncorrupted blood of kings.

SONG,

ON A YOUNG LADY WHO SUNG FINELY, AND WAS AFRAID OF A COLD.

Winter, thy cruelty extend,
Till fatal tempests swell the sea.
In vain let sinking pilots pray;
Beneath thy yoke let Nature bend,
Let piercing frost, and lasting snow,
Through woods and fields destruction sow!

Yet we unmov'd will sit and smile,
While you these lesser ills create,
These we can bear; but, gentle Fate,
And thou, blest Genius of our isle,
From Winter's rage defend her voice,
At which the listening gods rejoice.

May that celestial sound each day
With ecstasy transport our souls,
Whilst all our passions it controls,
And kindly drives our cares away;
Let no ungentle cold destroy
All taste we have of heavenly joy!

VIRGIL'S SIXTH ECLOGUE,

SILENUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two young shepherds, Chromis and Mnasylus, having been often promised a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this eclogue; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his song, in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising transformations which have happened in Nature since her birth. This eclogue was designed as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnasylus as the two pupils.

I first of Romans stoop'd to rural strains,
Nor blush'd to dwell among Sicilian swains,
When my Thalia rais'd her bolder voice,
And kings and battles were her lofty choice,
Phœbus did kindly humbler thoughts infuse,
And with this whisper check th' aspiring Muse:
"A shepherd, Tityrus, his flocks should feed,
And choose a subject suited to his reed."
Thus I (while each ambitious pen prepares
To write thy praise, Varus, and thy wars)
My pastoral tribute in low numbers pay,
And though I once presum'd, I only now obey.
But yet (if any with indulgent eyes
Can look on this, and such a trifle prize)
Thee only, Varus, our glad swains shall sing,
And every grove and every echo ring.
Phœbus delights in Varus' favourite name,
And none who under that protection came
Was ever ill receiv'd, or unsecure of fame.

Proceed my Muse.
Young Chromis and Mnasylus chanc'd to stray
Where (sleeping in a cave) Silenus lay,
Whose constant cups fly fuming to his brain,
And always boil in each extended vein;
His trusty flaggon, full of potent juice,
Was hanging by, worn thin with age and use;
Dropp'd from his head, a wreath lay on the ground;
In haste they seiz'd him, and in haste they bound;
Eager, for both had been deluded long
With fruitless hope of his instructive song:
But while with conscious fear they doubtful stood,
Ægle, the fairest Naïs of the flood,
With a vermilion dye his temples stain'd.
Waking, he smil'd, "'And must I then be chain'd?
Loose me," he cry'd; "'twas boldly done, to find
And view a god, but 'tis too bold to bind.
The promis'd verse no longer I'll delay,
(She shall be satisfy'd another way)."
With that he rais'd his tuneful voice aloud,
The knotty oaks their listening branches bow'd,
And savage beasts and silvan gods did crowd;
For lo! he sung the world's stupendous birth,
How scatter'd seeds of sea, and air, and earth,
And purer fire, through universal night
And empty space, did fruitfully unite;
From whence th' innumerable race of things,
By circular successive order springs.
By what degrees this Earth's compacted sphere
Was harden'd, woods and rocks and towns to bear;
How sinking waters (the firm land to drain)
Fill'd the capacious deep, and form'd the main,
While from above, adorn'd with radiant light,
A new-born Sun surpris'd the dazzled sight;
How vapours turn'd to clouds obscure the sky,
And clouds dissolv'd the thirsty ground supply;
How the first forest rais'd its shady head,
Till when, few wandering beasts on unknown mountains fed.
Then Pyrrha's stony race rose from the ground,
Old Saturn reign'd with golden plenty crown'd,
And bold Prometheus (whose untam'd desire
Rival'd the Sun with his own heavenly fire)
Now doom'd the Scythian vulture's endless prey,
Severely pays for animating clay.
He nam'd the nymph (for who but gods could tell?)
Into whose arms the lovely Hylas fell;
Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,
Hylas in vain resounds through all the coast.
He with compassion told Pasiphaë's fault,
Ah! wretched queen! whence came that guilty thought?
The maids of Argos, who with frantic cries
And imitated lowings fill the skies,
(Though metamorphos'd in their wild conceit)
Did never burn with such unnatural heat.
Ah! wretched queen! while you on mountains stray,
He on soft flowers his snowy side does lay;
Or seeks in herds a more proportion'd love:
"Surround, my nymphs," she cries, "surround the grove;
Perhaps some footsteps printed in the clay,
Will to my love direct your wandering way;
Perhaps, while thus in search of him I roam,
My happier rivals have entic'd him home."
He sung how Atalanta was betray'd
By those Hesperian baits her lover laid,
And the sad sisters who to trees were turn'd,
While with the world th' ambitious brother burn'd.
All he describ'd was present to their eyes,
And, as he rais'd his verse, the poplars seem'd to rise.
He taught which Muse did by Apollo's will
Guide wandering Gallus to th' Aonian hill:
(Which place the god for solemn meetings chose)
With deep respect the learned senate rose,
And Linus thus (deputed by the rest)
The hero's welcome, and their thanks, express'd:
"This harp of old to Hesiod did belong,
To this, the Muses' gift, join thy harmonious song:
Charm'd by these strings, trees starting from the ground,
Have follow'd with delight the powerful sound.
Thus consecrated, thy Grynæan grove
Shall have no equal in Apollo's love."
Why should I speak of the Megarian maid,
For love perfidious, and by love betray'd?
And her, who round with barking monsters arm'd,
The wandering Greeks (ah, frighted men!) alarm'd;
Whose only hope on shatter'd ships depends,
While fierce sea-dogs devour the mangled friends.
Or tell the Thracian tyrant's alter'd shape,
And dire revenge of Philomela's rape,
Who to those woods directs her mournful course,
Where she had suffer'd by incestuous force,
While, loth to leave the palace too well known,
Progné flies, hovering round, and thinks it still her own.
Whatever near Eurota's happy stream
With laurels crown'd, had been Apollo's theme,
Silenus sings; the neighbouring rocks reply,
And send his mystic numbers through the sky;
Till Night began to spread her gloomy veil,
And call'd the counted sheep from every dale;
The weaker light unwillingly declin'd,
And to prevailing shades the murmuring world resign'd.

ODE UPON SOLITUDE.

Hail, sacred Solitude! from this calm bay,
I view the world's tempestuous sea,
And with wise pride despise
All those senseless vanities:
With pity mov'd for others, cast away
On rocks of hopes and fears, I see them toss'd
On rocks of folly and of vice, I see them lost:
Some, the prevailing malice of the great,
Unhappy men, or adverse Fate,
Sunk deep into the gulfs of an afflicted state.
But more, far more, a numberless prodigious train,
Whilst Virtue courts them, but, alas! in vain,
Fly from her kind embracing arms,
Deaf to her fondest call, blind to her greatest charms,
And, sunk in pleasures and in brutish ease,
They in their shipwreck'd state themselves obdurate please.

Hail, sacred Solitude! soul of my soul,
It is by thee I truly live,
Thou dost a better life and nobler vigour give;
Dost each unruly appetite control:
Thy constant quiet fills my peaceful breast,
With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted rest.
Presuming Love does ne'er invade
This private solitary shade:
And, with fantastic wounds by beauty made,
The joy has no allay of jealousy, hope, and fear,
The solid comforts of this happy sphere:
Yet I exalted Love admire,
Friendship, abhorring sordid gain,
And purify'd from Lust's dishonest stain:

Nor is it for my solitude unfit,
For I am with my friend alone,
As if we were but one;
'Tis the polluted love that multiplies,
But friendship does two souls in one comprise.

Here in a full and constant tide doth flow
All blessings man can hope to know;
Here in a deep recess of thought we find
Pleasures which entertain, and which exalt the mind,
Pleasures which do from friendship and from knowledge rise,
Which make us happy, as they make us wise:
Here may I always on this downy grass,
Unknown, unseen, my easy minutes pass:
Till with a gentle force victorious Death
My solitude invade,
And, stopping for a while my breath,
With ease convey me to a better shade.

THE TWENTY-SECOND ODE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

Virtue, dear friend, needs no defence,
The surest guard is innocence:
None knew, till guilt created fear,
What darts or poison'd arrows were.
Integrity undaunted goes
Through Libyan sands and Scythian snows,
Or where Hydaspes' wealthy side
Pays tribute to the Persian pride.
For as (by amorous thoughts betray'd)
Careless in sabine woods I stray'd,
A grisly foaming wolf unfed,
Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.
No beast of more portentous size
In the Hercinian forest lies;
None fiercer, in Numidia bred,
With Carthage were in triumph led.
Set me in the remotest place
That Neptune's frozen arms embrace;
Where angry Jove did never spare
One breath of kind and temperate air.
Set me where on some pathless plain
The swarthy Africans complain,
To see the chariot of the Sun
So near their scorching country run.
The burning zone, the frozen isles,
Shall hear me sing of Cœlia's smiles:
All cold but in her breast I will despise;
And dare all heat but that in Cœlia's eyes.

THE SAME IMITATED.

Virtue (dear friend) needs no defence,
No arms, but its own innocence:
Quivers and bows, and poison'd darts,
Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

An honest mind safely alone
May travel through the burning zone;
Or through the deepest Scythian snows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.
While, rul'd by a resistless fire,
Our great Orinda[1] I admire,
The hungry wolves, that see me stray,
Unarm'd and single, run away.

Set me in the remotest place
That ever Neptune did embrace;
When there her image fills my breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

Leave me upon some Libyan plain,
So she my fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty monsters meet,
They 'll all pay homage to my feet.

The magic of Orinda's name,
Not only can their fierceness tame,
But, if that mighty word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to roar in verse.

PART OF

THE FIFTH SCENE OF THE SECOND ACT IN

GUARINI'S PASTOR FIDO,

TRANSLATED.

Ah happy grove! dark and secure retreat
Of sacred Silence, Rest's eternal seat;
How well your cool and unfrequented shade
Suits with the chaste retirements of a maid;
Oh! if kind Heaven had been so much my friend,
To make my fate upon my choice depend;
All my ambition I would here confine,
And only this Elysium should be mine:
Fond men, by passion wilfully betray'd,
Adore those idols which their fancy made;
Purchasing riches with our time and care,
We lose our freedom in a gilded snare;
And, having all, all to ourselves refuse,
Oppprest with blessings which we fear to use.
Fame is at best but an inconstant good,
Vain are the boasted titles of our blood;
We soonest lose what we most highly prize,
And with our youth our short-liv'd beauty dies;
In vain our fields and flocks increase our store,
If our abundance makes us wish for more.
How happy is the harmless country-maid,
Who, rich by Nature, scorns superfluous aid!
Whose modest clothes no wanton eyes invite,
But, like her soul, preserves the native white;
Whose little store her well-taught mind does please,
Nor pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton ease;
Who, free from storms, which on the great ones fall,
Makes but few wishes, and enjoys them all;
No care but love can discompose her breast,
Love, of all cares, the sweetest and the best:
While on sweet grass her bleating charge does lie,
One happy lover feeds upon her eye;
Not one on whom or gods or men impose,
But one whom Love has for this lover chose;
Under some favourite myrtle's shady boughs,
They speak their passions in repeated vows,
And whilst a blush confesses how she burns,
His faithful heart makes as sincere returns;
Thus in the arms of Love and Peace they lie,
And while they live, their flames can never die.

[1] Mrs. Catharine Philips.

THE DREAM.

To the pale tyrant, who to horrid graves
Condemns so many thousand helpless slaves,
Ungrateful we do gentle Sleep compare,
Who, though his victories as numerous are,
Yet from his slaves no tribute does he take,
But woful cares that load men while they wake.
When his soft charms had eas'd my weary sight
Of all the baleful troubles of the light,
Dorinda came, divested of the scorn
Which the unequal'd maid so long had worn;
How oft, in vain, had Love's great god essay'd
To tame the stubborn heart of that bright maid!
Yet, spite of all the pride that swells her mind,
The humble god of Sleep can make her kind.
A rising blush increas'd the native store
Of charms, that but too fatal were before.
Once more present the vision to my view,
The sweet illusion, gentle Fate, renew!
How kind, how lovely she, how ravish'd I!
Show me, blest god of Sleep, and let me die.

THE

GHOST OF THE OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS,

TO THE NEW ONE, APPOINTED TO MEET AT OXFORD.

From deepest dungeons of eternal night,
The seats of horrour, sorrow, pains, and spite,
I have been sent to tell you, tender youth,
A seasonable and important truth.
I feel (but, oh! too late) that no disease
Is like a surfeit of luxurious ease:
And of all others, the most tempting things
Are too much wealth, and too indulgent kings.
None ever was superlatively ill,
But by degrees, with industry and skill:
And some, whose meaning hath at first been fair,
Grow knaves by use, and rebels by despair.
My time is past, and yours will soon begin,
Keep the first blossoms from the blast of sin;
And by the fate of my tumultuous ways,
Preserve yourselves, and bring serener days.
The busy, subtle serpents of the law,
Did first my mind from true obedience draw:
While I did limits to the king prescribe,
And took for oracles that canting tribe,
I chang'd true freedom for the name of free,
And grew seditious for variety:
All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,
And by the laws illegally abus'd;
The robe was summon'd, Maynard in the head,
In legal murder none so deeply read;
I brought him to the bar, where once he stood,
Stain'd with the (yet unexpiated) blood
Of the brave Strafford, when three kingdoms rung
With his accumulative hackney-tongue;
Prisoners and witnesses were waiting by,
These had been taught to swear, and those to die,
And to expect their arbitrary fates,
Some for ill faces, some for good estates.
To fright the people, and alarm the town,
Bedloe and Oates employ'd the reverend gown.
But while the triple mitre bore the blame,
The king's three crowns were their rebellious aim:
I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the guards,
And took for mine the Bethels and the Wards:
Anti-mornarchic heretics of state,
Immoral atheists, rich and reprobate:
But above all I got a little guide,
Who every ford of villany had try'd:
None knew so well the old pernicious way,
To ruin subjects, and make kings obey;
And my small Jehu, at a furious rate,
Was driving Eighty back to Forty-eight.
This the king knew, and was resolv'd to bear,
But I mistook his patience for his fear.
All that this happy island could afford,
Was sacrific'd to my voluptuous board.
In his whole paradise, one only tree
He had excepted by a strict decree;
A sacred tree, which royal fruit did bear,
Yet it in pieces I conspir'd to tear;
Beware, my child! divinity is there.
This so undid all I had done before,
I could attempt, and he endure no more;
My unprepar'd, and unrepenting breath,
Was snatch'd away by the swift hand of Death;
And I, with all my sins about me, hurl'd
To th' utter darkness of the lower world:
A dreadful place! which you too soon will see,
If you believe seducers more than me.

ON THE

DEATH OF A LADY'S DOG.

Thou, happy creature, art secure
From all the torments we endure;
Despair, ambition, jealousy,
Lost friends, nor love, disquiet thee;
A sullen prudence drew thee hence
From noise, fraud, and impertinence.
Though Life essay'd the surest wile,
Gilding itself with Laura's smile;
How didst thou scorn Life's meaner charms,
Thou who could'st break from Laura's arms!
Poor Cynic! still methinks I hear
Thy awful murmurs in my ear;
As when on Laura's lap you lay,
Chiding the worthless crowd away.
How fondly human passions turn!
What we then envy'd, now we mourn!

EPILOGUE

TO

ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

WHEN ACTED AT THE THEATRE IN DUBLIN.

You 've seen to-night the glory of the East,
The man, who all the then known world possest,
That kings in chains did son of Ammon call,
And kingdoms thought divine, by treason fall.
Him Fortune only favour'd for her sport;
And when his conduct wanted her support,
His empire, courage, and his boasted line,
Were all prov'd mortal by a slave's design.
Great Charles, whose birth has promis'd milder sway,
Whose awful nod all nations must obey,

Secur'd by higher powers, exalted stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Those miracles that guard his crowns declare,
That Heaven has form'd a monarch worth their care;
Born to advance the loyal, and depose
His own, his brother's, and his father's foes.
Faction, that once made diadems her prey,
And stopt our prince in his triumphant way,
Fled like a mist before this radiant day.
So when, in Heaven, the mighty rebels rose,
Proud, and resolv'd that empire to depose,
Angels fought first, but unsuccessful prov'd,
God kept the conquest for his best belov'd:
At sight of such omnipotence they fly,
Like leaves before autumnal winds, and die.
All who before him did ascend the throne,
Labour'd to draw three restive nations on.
He boldly drives them forward without pain,
They hear his voice, and straight obey the rein.
Such terrour speaks him destin'd to command;
We worship Jove with thunder in his hand;
But when his mercy without power appears,
We slight his altars, and neglect our prayers.
How weak in arms did civil Discord show!
Like Saul, she struck with fury at her foe,
When an immortal hand did ward the blow.
Her offspring, made the royal hero's scorn,
Like sons of Earth, all fell as soon as born:
Yet let us boast, for sure it is our pride,
When with their blood our neighbour lands were dy'd,
Ireland's untainted loyalty remain'd,
Her people guiltless, and her fields unstain'd.

ON THE

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say.

What horrour will invade the mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find!

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

Nature and Death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

The Judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

O then! what interest shall I make,
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake?

Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terrour tost.

Thou, who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.

Thou, whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting-day.

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep: accept my tears.

Thou, who wert mov'd with Mary's grief,
And, by absolving of the thief,
Hast given me hope, now give relief.

Reject not my unworthy prayer,
Preserve me from that dangerous snare
Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

Give my exalted soul a place
Among thy chosen right-hand race;
The sons of God, and heirs of grace.

From that insatiable abyss,
Where flames devour, and serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy seat of bliss.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end.

Well may they curse their second breath,
Who rise to a reviving death;
Thou great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find!

PROLOGUE

TO

POMPEY, A TRAGEDY,

TRANSLATED BY MRS. CATH. PHILIPS, FROM THE FRENCH OF MONSIEUR CORNEILLE,

AND ACTED AT THE THEATRE IN DUBLIN.

The mighty rivals, whose destructive rage
Did the whole world in civil arms engage,
Are now agreed; and make it both their choice,
To have their fates determin'd by your voice.
Cæsar from none but you will have his doom,
He hates th' obsequious flatteries of Rome:
He scorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd,
And he hath rul'd in all the world beside.
When he the Thames, the Danube, and the Nile,
Had stain'd with blood, Peace flourish'd in this isle;
And you alone may boast, you never saw
Cæsar till now, and now can give him law.
Great Pompey too, comes as a suppliant here,
But says he cannot now begin to fear:
He knows your equal justice, and (to tell
A Roman truth) he knows himself too well.
Success, 'tis true, waited on Cæsar's side,
But Pompey thinks he conquer'd when he died.
His fortune, when she prov'd the most unkind,
Chang'd his condition, but not Cato's mind.

Then of what doubt can Pompey's cause admit,
Since here so many Catos judging sit.
But you, bright nymphs, give Cæsar leave to woo,
The greatest wonder of the world, but you;
And hear a Muse, who has that hero taught
To speak as generously, as e'er he fought;
Whose eloquence from such a theme deters
All tongues but English, and all pens but hers.
By the just Fates your sex is doubly blest,
You conquer'd Cæsar, and you praise him best.
And you (illustrious sir [1]) receive as due,
A present destiny preserv'd for you.
Rome, France, and England, join their forces here,
To make a poem worthy of your ear.
Accept it then, and on that Pompey's brow,
Who gave so many crowns, bestow one now.

ROSS'S GHOST.

Shame of my life, disturber of my tomb,
Base as thy mother's prostituted womb;
Huffing to cowards, fawning to the brave,
To knaves a fool, to credulous fools a knave,
The king's betrayer, and the people's slave.
Like Samuel, at thy necromantic call,
I rise, to tell thee, God has left thee, Saul.
I strove in vain th' infected blood to cure;
Streams will run muddy where the spring 's impure.
In all your meritorious life, we see
Old Taaf's invincible sobriety.
Places of master of the horse, and spy,
You (like Tom Howard) did at once supply:
From Sidney's blood your loyalty did spring,
You show us all your parents, but the king,
From whose too tender and too bounteous arms
(Unhappy he who such a viper warms!
As dutiful a subject as a son!)
To your true parent, the whole town, you run.
Read, if you can, how th' old apostate fell,
Out-do his pride, and merit more than Hell:
Both he and you were glorious and bright,
The first and fairest of the sons of light:
But when, like him, you offer'd at the crown,
Like him, your angry father kick'd you down.

THE SIXTH ODE

OF THE THIRD BOOK OF HORACE.

OF THE CORRUPTION OF THE TIMES.

Those ills your ancestors have done,
Romans, are now become your own;
And they will cost you dear,
Unless you soon repair
The falling temples which the gods provoke,
And statues sully'd yet with sacrilegious smoke.

Propitious Heaven, that rais'd your fathers high,
For humble, grateful piety,
(As it rewarded their respect)
Hath sharply punish'd your neglect;
All empires on the gods depend, [end.
Begun by their command, at their command they

[1] To the lord lieutenant.

Let Crassus' ghost and Labienus tell
How twice by Jove's revenge our legions fell,
And, with unsulting pride,
Shining in Roman spoils, the Parthian victors ride.

The Scythian and Egyptian scum
Had almost ruin'd Rome,
While our seditions took their part, [dart.
Fill each Egyptian sail, and wing'd each Scythian

First, those flagitious times
(Pregnant with unknown crimes)
Conspire to violate the nuptial bed,
From which polluted head
Infectious streams of crowding sins began,
And through the spurious breed and guilty nation ran.

Behold a ripe and melting maid,
Bound 'prentice to the wanton trade,
Ionian artists, at a mighty price,
Instruct her in the mysteries of vice;
What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay,
And with an early hand they form the temper'd clay.

Marry'd, their lessons she improves
By practice of adulterous loves,
And scorns the common mean design
To take advantage of her husband's wine,
Or snatch, in some dark place,
A hasty illegitimate embrace.

No! the brib'd husband knows of all,
And bids her rise when lovers call;
Hither a merchant from the straits,
Grown wealthy by forbidden freights,
Or city cannibal, repairs,
Who feeds upon the flesh of heirs;
Convenient brutes, whose tributary flame
Pays the full price of lust, and gilds the slighted shame.

'Twas not the spawn of such as these,
That dy'd with Punic blood the conquer'd seas,
And quash'd the stern Æacides;
Made the proud Asian monarch feel
How weak his gold was against Europe's steel,
Forc'd even dire Hannibal to yield;
And won the long-disputed world at Zama's fatal field.

But soldiers of a rustic mould,
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold.
Either they dug the stubborn ground, [sound.
Or through hewn woods their weighty strokes did
And after the declining Sun
Had chang'd the shadows, and their task was done,
Home with their weary team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly bowls the labour of the day.

Time sensibly all things impairs;
Our fathers have been worse than theirs;
And we than ours; next age will see
A race more profligate than we
(With all the pains we take) have skill enough to be.

TRANSLATION

OF THE FOLLOWING VERSE FROM LUCAN.

Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

The gods were pleas'd to choose the conquering side,
But Cato thought he conquer'd when he dy'd.

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY[1].

Scribendi rectè, sapere est et principium et fons.

I have seldom known a trick succeed, and will put none upon the reader; but tell him plainly, that I think it could never be more seasonable than now to lay down such rules, as, if they be observed, will make men write more correctly, and judge more discreetly: but Horace must be read seriously, or not at all; for else the reader wont be the better for him, and I shall have lost my labour. I have kept as close as I could, both to the meaning and the words of the author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive if he were alive; and I have often asked myself that question. I know this is a field,

Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit Alumnus.

But with all the respect due to the name of Ben Jonson, to which no man pays more veneration than I, it cannot be denied, that the constraint of rhyme, and a literal translation, (to which Horace in this book declares himself an enemy) has made him want a comment in many places.

My chief care has been to write intelligibly; and where the Latin was obscure, I have added a line or two to explain it.

I am below the envy of the critics; but, if I durst, I would beg them to remember, that Horace owed his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varius; that Fundanius and Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them, and that, in their golden age, there was a good understanding among the ingenious, and those who were the most esteemed were the best natured.

If in a picture (Piso) you should see
A handsome woman with a fish's tail,
Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,
Or limbs of beasts of the most different kinds,
Cover'd with feathers of all sorts of birds,
Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad!
Trust me, that book is as ridiculous,
Whose incoherent style (like sick men's dreams)
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.
Painters and poets have been still allow'd
Their pencils, and their fancies unconfin'd.
This privilege we freely give and take;
But Nature, and the common laws of sense,
Forbid to reconcile antipathies,
Or make a snake engender with a dove,
And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.
  Some, that at first have promis'd mighty things,
Applaud themselves, when a few florid lines
Shine through th' insipid dulness of the rest;
Here they describe a temple, or a wood,
Or streams that through delightful meadows run,
And there the rainbow, or the rapid Rhine;
But they misplace them all, and crowd them in,
And are as much to seek in other things,
As he, that only can design a tree,
Would be to draw a shipwreck or a storm.

[1] Printed from Dr. Rawlinson's copy, corrected by the earl of Roscommon's own hand.

When you begin with so much pomp and show,
Why is the end so little and so low?
Be what you will, so you be still the same.
  Most poets fall into the grossest faults,
Deluded by a seeming excellence:
By striving to be short, they grow obscure,
And when they would write smoothly, they want strength,
Their spirits sink; while others, that affect
A lofty style, swell to a tympany.
Some timorous wretches start at every blast,
And, fearing tempests, dare not leave the shore;
Others, in love with wild variety,
Draw boars in waves, and dolphins in a wood:
Thus fear of erring, join'd with want of skill,
Is a most certain way of erring still.
  The meanest workman in th' Æmilian square,
May grave the nails, or imitate the hair,
But cannot finish what he hath begun:
What can be more ridiculous than he?
For one or two good features in a face,
Where all the rest are scandalously ill,
Make it but more remarkably deform'd.
  Let poets match their subject to their strength,
And often try what weight they can support,
And what their shoulders are too weak to bear.
After a serious and judicious choice,
Method and eloquence will never fail.
  As well the force as ornament of verse
Consists in choosing a fit time for things,
And knowing when a Muse may be indulg'd
In her full flight, and when she should be curb'd.
  Words must be chosen, and be plac'd with skill:
You gain your point, when by the noble art
Of good connection, an unusual word
Is made at first familiar to our ear.
But if you write of things abstruse or new,
Some of your own inventing may be us'd,
So it be seldom and discreetly done:
But he, that hopes to have new words allow'd,
Must so derive them from the Grecian spring,
As they may seem to flow without constraint.
Can an impartial reader discommend
In Varius, or in Virgil, what he likes
In Plautus or Cæcilius? Why should I
Be envy'd for the little I invent,
When Ennius and Cato's copious style
Have so enrich'd, and so adorn'd our tongue?
Men ever had, and ever will have, leave
To coin new words well suited to the age.
Words are like leaves, some wither every year,
And every year a younger race succeeds.
Death is a tribute all things owe to Fate;
The Lucrine mole (Cæsar's stupendous work)
Protects our navies from the raging north;
And (since Cethegus drain'd the Pontine lake)
We plough and reap where former ages row'd.
See how the Tiber (whose licentious waves
So often overflow'd the neighbouring fields)
Now runs a smooth and inoffensive course,
Confin'd by our great emperor's command:
Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot.
Why then should words challenge eternity,
When greatest men and greatest actions die?
Use may revive the obsoletest words,
And banish those that now are most in vogue;
Use is the judge, the law, and rule of speech.
  Homer first taught the world in epic verse
To write of great commanders and of kings.
  Elegies were at first design'd for grief,

Though now we use them to express our joy:
But to whose Muse we owe that sort of verse,
Is undecided by the men of skill.
Rage with iambics arm'd Archilochus,
Numbers for dialogue and action fit,
And favourites of the dramatic Muse:
Fierce, lofty, rapid, whose commanding sound
Awes the tumultuous noises of the pit,
And whose peculiar province is the stage.
Gods, heroes, conquerors, Olympic crowns,
Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine,
Are proper subjects for the lyric song.
Why is he honour'd with a poet's name,
Who neither knows nor would observe a rule;
And chooses to be ignorant and proud,
Rather than own his ignorance, and learn?
Let every thing have its due place and time.
A comic subject loves an humble verse,
Thyestes scorns a low and comic style.
Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her voice,
And Chremes be allow'd to foam and rail:
Tragedians too lay by their state to grieve;
Peleus and Telephus, exil'd and poor,
Forget their swelling and gigantic words.
He that would have spectators share his grief,
Must write not only well, but movingly,
And raise men's passions to what height he will.
We weep and laugh, as we see others do:
He only makes me sad who shows the way,
And first is sad himself; then, Telephus,
I feel the weight of your calamities,
And fancy all your miseries my own:
But, if you act them ill, I sleep or laugh;
Your looks must alter, as your subject does,
From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe:
For Nature forms, and softens us within,
And writes our fortune's changes in our face.
Pleasure enchants, impetuous rage transports,
And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd soul,
And these are all interpreted by speech;
But he whose words and fortunes disagree,
Absurd, unpity'd, grows a public jest.
Observe the characters of those that speak,
Whether an honest servant, or a cheat,
Or one whose blood boils in his youthful veins,
Or a grave matron, or a busy nurse,
Extorting merchants, careful husbandmen,
Argives or Thebans, Asians or Greeks.
Follow report, or feign coherent things;
Describe Achilles, as Achilles was,
Impatient, rash, inexorable, proud,
Scorning all judges, and all law but arms;
Medea must be all revenge and blood,
Ino all tears, Ixion all deceit,
Io must wander, and Orestes mourn.
If your bold Muse dare tread unbeaten paths,
And bring new characters upon the stage,
Be sure you keep them up to their first height.
New subjects are not easily explain'd,
And you had better choose a well-known theme
Than trust to an invention of your own:
For what originally others writ,
May be so well disguis'd, and so improv'd,
That with some justice it may pass for yours;
But then you must not copy trivial things,
Nor word for word too faithfully translate,
Nor (as some servile imitators do)
Prescribe at first such strict uneasy rules,
As you must ever slavishly observe,
Or all the laws of decency renounce.

Begin not as th' old poetaster did,
"Troy's famous war, and Priam's fate, I sing."
In what will all this ostentation end?
The labouring mountain scarce brings forth a mouse:
How far is this from the Maeonian style?
"Muse, speak the man, who, since the siege of Troy,
So many towns, such change of manners saw."
One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke,
The other out of smoke brings glorious light.
And (without raising expectation high)
Surprises us with daring miracles,
The bloody Lestrygons, Charybdis' gulf,
And frighted Greeks, who near the Etna shore,
Hear Scylla bark, and Polyphemus roar.
He doth not trouble us with Leda's eggs,
When he begins to write the Trojan war;
Nor, writing the return of Diomed,
Go back as far as Meleager's death:
Nothing is idle, each judicious line
Insensibly acquaints us with the plot;
He chooses only what he can improve,
And truth and fiction are so aptly mix'd,
That all seems uniform, and of a piece.
Now hear what every auditor expects;
If you intend that he should stay to hear
The epilogue, and see the curtain fall,
Mind how our tempers alter in our years,
And by that rule form all your characters.
One that hath newly learn'd to speak and go,
Loves childish plays, is soon provok'd and pleas'd,
And changes every hour his wavering mind.
A youth, that first casts off his tutor's yoke,
Loves horses, hounds, and sports, and exercise,
Prone to all vice, impatient of reproof,
Proud, careless, fond, inconstant, and profuse.
Gain and ambition rule our riper years,
And make us slaves to interest and power.
Old men are only walking hospitals,
Where all defects and all diseases crowd
With restless pain, and more tormenting fear,
Lazy, morose, full of delays and hopes,
Oppress'd with riches which they dare not use;
Ill-natur'd censors of the present age,
And fond of all the follies of the past.
Thus all the treasure of our flowing years,
Our ebb of life for ever takes away.
Boys must not have th' ambitious care of men,
Nor men the weak anxieties of age.
Some things are acted, others only told;
But what we hear moves less than what we see;
Spectators only have their eyes to trust,
But auditors must trust their ears and you;
Yet there are things improper for a scene,
Which men of judgment only will relate.
Medea must not draw her murdering knife,
And spill her childrens' blood upon the stage,
Nor Atreus there his horrid feast prepare.
Cadmus and Progné's metamorphosis,
(She to a swallow turn'd, he to a snake)
And whatsoever contradicts my sense,
I hate to see, and never can believe.
Five acts are the just measure of a play.
Never presume to make a god appear,
But for a business worthy of a god;
And in one scene no more than three should speak.
A chorus should supply what action wants,
And hath a generous and manly part;
Bridles wild rage, loves rigid honesty,
And strict observance of impartial laws,
Sobriety, security, and peace,

And begs the gods who guide blind Fortune's wheel,
To raise the wretched, and pull down the proud.
But nothing must be sung between the acts,
But what some way conduces to the plot.
First the shrill sound of a small rural pipe
(Not loud like trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)
Was entertainment for the infant stage,
And pleas'd the thin and bashful audience
Of our well-meaning, frugal ancestors.
But when our walls and limits were enlarg'd,
And men (grown wanton by prosperity)
Study'd new arts of luxury and ease,
The verse, the music, and the scene, 's improv'd;
For how should ignorance be judge of wit,
Or men of sense applaud the jest of fools?
Then came rich clothes and graceful action in,
Then instruments were taught more moving notes,
And Eloquence with all her pomp and charms
Foretold as useful and sententious truths,
As those delivered by the Delphic god.
The first tragedians found that serious style
Too grave for their uncultivated age,
And so brought wild and naked satyrs in,
Whose motion, words, and shape, were all a farce,
(As oft as decency would give them leave)
Because the mad ungovernable rout,
Full of confusion, and the fumes of wine,
Lov'd such variety and antic tricks.
But then they did not wrong themselves so much
To make a god, a hero, or a king,
(Stript of his golden crown and purple robe)
Descend to a mechanic dialect,
Nor (to avoid such meanness) soaring high
With empty sound and airy notions fly;
For Tragedy should blush as much to stoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a grave matron would to dance with girls:
You must not think that a satiric style
Allows of scandalous and brutish words,
Or the confounding of your characters.
Begin with Truth, then give Invention scope,
And if your style be natural and smooth,
All men will try, and hope to write as well;
And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.
So much good method and connection may
Improve the common and the plainest things.
A satyr, that comes staring from the woods,
Must not at first speak like an orator:
But, though his language should not be refin'd,
It must not be obscene and impudent;
The better sort abhors scurrility,
And often censures what the rabble likes.
Unpolish'd verses pass with many men,
And Rome is too indulgent in that point;
But then to write at a loose rambling rate,
In hope the world will wink at all our faults,
Is such a rash ill-grounded confidence,
As men may pardon, but will never praise.
Be perfect in the Greek originals,
Read them by day, and think of them by night.
But Plautus was admir'd in former time
With too much patience: (not to call it worse)
His harsh, unequal verse was music then,
And rudeness had the privilege of wit.
When Thespis first expos'd the tragic Muse,
Rude were the actors, and a cart the scene,
Where ghastly faces, stain'd with lees of wine,
Frighted the children, and amus'd the crowd;
This Æschylus (with indignation) saw,
And built a stage, found out a decent dress,
Brought visards in, (a civilier disguise)
And taught men how to speak and how to act.
Next Comedy appear'd with great applause,
Till her licentious and abusive tongue
Waken'd the magistrate's coercive power,
And forc'd it to suppress her insolence.
Our writers have attempted every way;
And they deserve our praise, whose daring Muse
Disdain'd to be beholden to the Greeks,
And found fit subjects for her verse at home.
Nor should we be less famous for our wit,
Than for the force of our victorious arms;
But that the time and care, that are requir'd
To overlook, and file, and polish well,
Fright poets from that necessary toil.
Democritus was so in love with wit,
And some men's natural impulse to write,
That he despis'd the help of art and rules,
And thought none poets till their brains were crack'd;
And this hath so intoxicated some,
That (to appear incorrigibly mad)
They cleanliness and company renounce
For lunacy beyond the cure of art,
With a long beard, and ten long dirty nails,
Pass current for Apollo's livery.
O my unhappy stars! if in the Spring
Some physic had not cur'd me of the spleen,
None would have writ with more success than I;
But I must rest contented as I am,
And only serve to whet that wit in you,
To which I willingly resign my claim.
Yet without writing I may teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a poet is;
Wherein his wealth and ornaments consist,
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd,
What fit, what not, what excellent or ill.
Sound judgment is the ground of writing well;
And when Philosophy directs your choice
To proper subjects rightly understood,
Words from your pen will naturally flow;
He only gives the proper characters,
Who knows the duty of all ranks of men,
And what we owe our country, parents, friends,
How judges and how senators should act,
And what becomes a general to do;
Those are the likest copies, which are drawn
By the original of human life.
Sometimes in rough and undigested plays
We meet with such a lucky character,
As, being humour'd right, and well pursued,
Succeeds much better than the shallow verse
And chiming trifles of more studious pens.
Greece had a genius, Greece had eloquence,
For her ambition and her end was fame.
Our Roman youth is diligently taught
The deep mysterious art of growing rich,
And the first words that children learn to speak
Are of the value of the names of coin:
Can a penurious wretch, that with his milk
Hath suck'd the basest dregs of usury,
Pretend to generous and heroic thoughts?
Can rust and avarice write lasting lines?
But you, brave youth, wise Numa's worthy heir,
Remember of what weight your judgment is,
And never venture to commend a book,
That has not pass'd all judges and all tests.
A poet should instruct, or please, or both:
Let all your precepts be succinct and clear,
That ready wits may comprehend them soon,
And faithful memories retain them long;

All superfluities are soon forgot.
Never be so conceited of your parts,
To think you may persuade us what you please,
Or venture to bring in a child alive,
That Canibals have murder'd and devour'd.
Old age explodes all but morality;
Austerity offends aspiring youths;
But he that joins instruction with delight,
Profit with pleasure, carries all the votes:
These are the volumes that enrich the shops,
These pass with admiration through the world,
And bring their author to eternal fame.
Be not too rigidly censorious,
A string may jar in the best master's hand,
And the most skilful archer miss his aim;
But in a poem elegantly writ,
I would not quarrel with a slight mistake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuse;
But he that hath been often told his fault,
And still persists, is as impertinent
As a musician that will always play,
And yet is always out at the same note:
When such a positive abandon'd fop
Among his numerous absurdities)
Stumbles upon some tolerable line,
I fret to see them in such company,
And wonder by what magic they came there.
But in long works sleep will sometimes surprise;
Homer himself hath been observ'd to nod.
Poems, like pictures, are of different sorts,
Some better at a distance, others near,
Some love the dark, some choose the clearest light,
And boldly challenge the most piercing eye;
Some please for once, some will for ever please.
But, Piso, (though your knowledge of the world,
Join'd with your father's precepts, make you wise)
Remember this as an important truth:
Some things admit of mediocrity,
A counsellor, or pleader at the bar,
May want Messala's powerful eloquence,
Or be less read than deep Cascellius;
Yet this indifferent lawyer is esteem'd;
But no authority of gods nor men
Allow of any mean in poesy.
As an ill concert, and a coarse perfume,
Disgrace the delicacy of a feast,
And might with more discretion have been spar'd;
So poesy, whose end is to delight,
Admits of no degrees, but must be still
Sublimely good, or despicably ill.
In other things men have some reason left,
And one that cannot dance, or fence, or run,
Despairing of success, forbears to try;
But all (without consideration) write;
Some thinking, that th' omnipotence of wealth
Can turn them into poets when they please.
But, Piso, you are of too quick a sight
Not to discern which way your talent lies,
Or vainly with your genius to contend;
Yet if it ever be your fate to write,
Let your productions pass the strictest hands,
Mine and your father's, and not see the light
Till time and care have ripen'd every line.
What you keep by you, you may change and mend,
But words once spoke can never be recall'd.
Orpheus, inspir'd by more than human power,
Did not, as poets feign, tame savage beasts,
But men as lawless and as wild as they,
And first dissuaded them from rage and blood.
Thus, when Amphion built the Theban wall,
They feign'd the stones obey'd his magic lute:
Poets, the first instructors of mankind,
Brought all things to their proper native use;
Some they appropriated to the gods,
And some to public, some to private ends;
Promiscuous love by marriage was restrain'd,
Cities were built, and useful laws were made;
So great was the divinity of verse,
And such observance to a poet paid.
Then Homer's and Tyrtæus' martial Muse
Waken'd the world, and sounded loud alarms.
To verse we owe the sacred oracles,
And our best precepts of morality;
Some have by verse obtain'd the love of kings,
(Who with the Muses ease their weary'd minds)
Then blush not, noble Piso, to protect
What gods inspire, and kings delight to hear.
Some think that poets may be form'd by Art,
Others maintain that Nature makes them so;
I neither see what Art without a vein,
Nor Wit without the help of Art can do,
But mutually they crave each other's aid.
He that intends to gain th' Olympic prize
Must use himself to hunger, heat, and cold,
Take leave of wine, and the soft joys of love;
And no musician dares pretend to skill,
Without a great expense of time and pains;
But every little busy scribbler now
Swells with the praises which he gives himself;
And, taking sanctuary in the crowd,
Brags of his impudence, and scorns to mend.
A wealthy poet takes more pains to hire
A flattering audience, than poor tradesmen do
To persuade customers to buy their goods.
'Tis hard to find a man of great estate,
That can distinguish flatterers from friends.
Never delude yourself, nor read your book
Before a brib'd and fawning auditor,
For he 'll commend and feign an ecstasy,
Grow pale or weep, do any thing to please:
True friends appear less mov'd than counterfeit;
As men that truly grieve at funerals,
Are not so loud as those that cry for hire.
Wise were the kings, who never chose a friend,
Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,
And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts;
You cannot arm yourself with too much care
Against the smiles of a designing knave.
Quintilius (if his advice were ask'd)
Would freely tell you what you should correct,
Or, if you could not, bid you blot it out,
And with more care supply the vacancy;
But if he found you fond and obstinate,
(And apter to defend than mend your faults)
With silence leave you to admire yourself,
And without rival hug your darling book.
The prudent care of an impartial friend
Will give you notice of each idle line,
Show what sounds harsh, and what wants ornament,
Or where it is too lavishly bestow'd;
Make you explain all that he finds obsure,
And with a strict inquiry mark your faults;
Nor for these trifles fear to lose your love:
Those things which now seem frivolous and slight,
Will be of a most serious consequence,
When they have made you once ridiculous.
A poetaster, in his raging fit,
(Follow'd and pointed at by fools and boys)
Is dreaded and proscrib'd by men of sense;
They make a lane for the polluted thing,

And fly as from th' infection of the plague,
Or from a man whom, for a just revenge,
Fanatic Phrenzy, sent by Heaven, pursues.
If (in the raving of a frantic Muse)
And minding more his verses than his way,
Any of these should drop into a well,
Though he might burst his lungs to call for help,
No creature would assist or pity him,
But seem to think he fell on purpose in.
Hear how an old Sicilian poet dy'd;
Empedocles, mad to be thought a god,
In a cold fit leap'd into Etna's flames.
Give poets leave to make themselves away;
Why should it be a greater sin to kill,
Than to keep men alive against their will?
Nor was this chance, but a deliberate choice;
For if Empedocles were now reviv'd,
He would be at his frolic once again,
And his pretensions to divinity:
'Tis hard to say whether for sacrilege,
Or incest, or some more unheard-of crime,
The rhyming fiend is sent into these men;
But they are all most visibly possest,
And, like a baited bear when he breaks loose,
Without distinction seize on all they meet;
None ever scap'd that came within their reach,
Sticking like leeches, till they burst with blood,
Without remorse insatiably they read,
And never leave till they have read men dead.

Walker on Roscommon's De Arte Poetica, See p. 69. supra.

THE

POEMS

OF

THOMAS OTWAY.

THE

LIFE OF OTWAY,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

Of Thomas Otway, one of the first names in the English drama, little is known; nor is there any part of that little which his biographer can take pleasure in relating.

He was born at Trottin in Sussex, March 3, 1651, the son of Mr. Humphrey Otway, rector of Woolbeding. From Winchester-school, where he was educated, he was entered, in 1669, a commoner of Christ Church; but left the university without a degree, whether for want of money, or from impatience of academical restraint, or mere eagerness to mingle with the world, is not known.

It seems likely, that he was in hope of being busy and conspicuous; for he went to London, and commenced player; but found himself unable to gain any reputation on the stage[1].

This kind of inability he shared with Shakspeare and Jonson, as he shared likewise some of their excellencies. It seems reasonable to expect, that a great dramatic poet should without difficulty become a great actor; that he who can feel, could express; that he who can excite passion, should exhibit with great readiness its external modes: but since experience has fully proved, that of those powers, whatever be their affinity, one may be possessed in a great degree by him who has very little of the other, it must be allowed, that they depend upon different faculties, or on different use of the same faculty; that the actor must have a pliancy of mien, a flexibility of countenance, and a variety of tones, which the poet may be easily supposed to want; or that the attention of the poet and the player have been differently employed; the one has been considering thought, and the other action; one has watched the heart, and the other contemplated the face.

Though he could not gain much notice as a player, he felt in himself such powers as might qualify for a dramatic author; and, in 1675, his twenty-fifth year, produced Alcibiades, a tragedy; whether from the Alcibiade of Palaprat, I have not means to inquire. Langbaine, the great detector of plagiarism, is silent.

[1] In Roscius Anglicanus, by Downes the prompter, p. 34, we learn, that it was the character of the King in Mrs. Behn's Forced Marriage, or the Jealous Bridegroom, which Mr. Otway attempted to perform, and failed in. This event appears to have happened in the year 1672. *R.*

In 1677 he published Titus and Berenice, translated from Rapin, with the Cheats of Scapin, from Moliere; and in 1678, Friendship in Fashion, a comedy, which, whatever might be its first reception, was, upon its revival at Drury-lane in 1749, hissed off the stage for immorality and obscenity.

Want of morals, or of decency, did not in those days exclude any man from the company of the wealthy and the gay, if he brought with him any powers of entertainment; and Otway is said to have been at this time a favourite companion of the dissolute wits. But as he who desires no virtue in his companion has no virtue in himself, those whom Otway frequented had no purpose of doing more for him than to pay his reckoning. They desired only to drink and laugh: their fondness was without benevolence, and their familiarity without friendship. Men of wit, says one of Otway's biographers, received at that time no favour from the great, but to share their riots; *from which they were dismissed again to their own narrow circumstances. Thus they languished in poverty, without the support of eminence.*

Some exception, however, must be made. The earl of Plymouth, one of king Charles's natural sons, procured for him a cornet's commission in some troops then sent into Flanders. But Otway did not prosper in his military character: for he soon left his commission behind him, whatever was the reason, and came back to London in extreme indigence; which Rochester mentions with merciless insolence in the Session of the Poets:

Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear zany,
And swears for heroics he writes best of any;
Don Carlos his pockets so amply had fill'd,
That his mange was quite cur'd, and his lice were all kill'd.
But Apollo had seen his face on the stage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage
The scum of a play-house, for the prop of an age.

Don Carlos, from which he is represented as having received so much benefit, was played in 1675. It appears, by the lampoon, to have had great success, and is said to have been played thirty nights together. This, however, it is reasonable to doubt, as so long a continuance of one play upon the stage is a very wide deviation from the practice of that time; when the ardour for theatrical entertainments was not yet diffused through the whole people, and the audience, consisting of nearly the same persons, could be drawn together only by variety.

The Orphan was exhibited in 1680. This is one of the few plays that keep possession of the stage, and has pleased for almost a century, through all the vicissitudes of dramatic fashion. Of this play nothing new can easily be said. It is a domestic tragedy drawn from middle life. Its whole power is upon the affections; for it is not written with much comprehension of thought, or elegance of expression. But if the heart is interested, many other beauties may be wanting, yet not be missed.

The same year produced The History and Fall of Caius Marius: much of which is borrowed from the Romeo and Juliet of Shakspeare.

In 1683[2] was published the first, and next year[3] the second, parts of The Soldier's Fortune, two comedies now forgotten; and in 1685[4] his last and greatest dramatic work, Venice Preserved, a tragedy, which still continues to be one of the favourites

[2] 1681. [3] 1684. [4] 1682.

of the public, notwithstanding the want of morality in the original design, and the despicable scenes of vile comedy with which he has diversified his tragic action. By comparing this with his Orphan, it will appear that his images were by time become stronger, and his language more energetic. The striking passages are in every mouth; and the public seems to judge rightly of the faults and excellencies of this play, that it is the work of a man not attentive to decency, nor zealous for virtue; but of one who conceived forcibly, and drew originally, by consulting Nature in his own breast.

Together with those plays he wrote the poems which are in the present collection, and translated from the French the History of the Triumvirate.

All this was performed before he was thirty-four years old; for he died April 14, 1685, in a manner which I am unwilling to mention. Having been compelled by his necessities to contract debts, and hunted, as is supposed, by the terriers of the law, he retired to a public-house on Tower-hill, where he is said to have died of want; or, as it is related by one of his biographers, by swallowing, after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity had supplied. He went out, as is reported, almost naked, in the rage of hunger, and, finding a gentleman in a neighbouring coffee-house, asked him for a shilling. The gentleman gave him a guinea; and Otway going away bought a roll, and was choked with the first mouthful. All this, I hope, is not true; and there is this ground of better hope, that Pope, who lived near enough to be well informed, relates in Spence's Memorials, that he died of a fever caught by violent pursuit of a thief, that had robbed one of his friends. But that indigence, and its concomitants, sorrow and despondency, pressed hard upon him, has never been denied, whatever immediate cause might bring him to the grave.

Of the poems which the present collection admits, the longest is the Poet's Complaint of his Muse, part of which I do not understand; and in that which is less obscure I find little to commend. The language is often gross, and the numbers are harsh. Otway had not much cultivated versification, nor much replenished his mind with general knowledge. His principal power was in moving the passions, to which Dryden[5] in his latter years left an illustrious testimony. He appears by some of his verses to have been a zealous loyalist, and had what was in those times the common reward of loyalty—he lived and died neglected.

[5] In his preface to Fresnoy's Art of Painting. *Dr. J.*

POEMS

OF

THOMAS OTWAY.

WINDSOR CASTLE,

IN A MONUMENT TO OUR LATE SOVEREIGN KING CHARLES THE SECOND OF EVER BLESSED MEMORY.

Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Dúmque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ;
Semper Honos, Noménque tuum, Laudésque manebunt.
Si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ.
Virg.

To the immortal fame of our late dread sovereign king Charles II. of ever blessed memory; and to the sacred majesty of the most august and mighty prince James II. now by the grace of God king of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. this following poem is in all humility dedicated by his ever devoted and obedient subject and servant,

THO. OTWAY.

THOUGH poets immortality may give,
And Troy does still in Homer's numbers live:
How dare I touch thy praise, thou glorious frame,
Which must be deathless as thy raiser's name:
But that I wanting fame am sure of thine
To eternize this humble song of mine?
At least the memory of that more than man,
From whose vast mind thy glories first began,
Shall ev'n my mean and worthless verse commend,
For wonders always did his name attend.
Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.
Great were the toils attending the command
Of an ungrateful and a stiff-neck'd land,
Which, grown too wanton, 'cause 'twas over-blest,
Would never give its nursing father rest;
But, having spoil'd the edge of ill-forg'd law,
By rods and axes had been kept in awe;
But that his gracious hand the sceptre held,
In all the arts of mildly guiding skill'd;
Who saw those engines which unhing'd us move,
Griev'd at our follies with a father's love,
Knew the vile ways we did t' afflict him take,
And watch'd what haste we did to ruin make;
Yet when upon its brink we seem'd to stand,
Lent to our succour a forgiving hand.
Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels thence arise.
Mercy 's indeed the attribute of Heaven,
For gods have power to keep the balance even,
Which if kings loose, how can they govern well?
Mercy should pardon, but the sword compel:
Compassion 's else a kingdom's greatest harm,
Its warmth engenders rebels till they swarm;
And round the throne themselves in tumults spread,
To heave the crown from a long-sufferer's head.
By example this that godlike king once knew,
And after, by experience, found too true.
Under Philistian lords we long had mourn'd,
When he, our great deliverer, return'd;
But thence the deluge of our tears did cease,
The royal dove show'd us such marks of peace:
And when this land in blood he might have laid,
Brought balsam for the wounds ourselves had made.
Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.
Then matrons bless'd him as he pass'd along,
And triumph echo'd through th' enfranchis'd throng:
On his each hand his royal brothers shone,
Like two supporters of Great Britain's throne:
The first, for deeds of arms, renown'd as far
As Fame e'er flew to tell great tales of war;
Of nature generous, and of stedfast mind,
To flattery deaf, but ne'er to merit blind,
Reserv'd in pleasures, but in dangers bold,
Youthful in actions, and in conduct old,
True to his friends, as watchful o'er his foes,
And a just value upon each bestows;

Slow to condemn, not partial to commend,
The brave man's patron, and the wrong'd man's friend.
Now justly seated on th' imperial throne,
In which high sphere no brighter star e'er shone:
Virtue's great pattern, and Rebellion's dread,
Long may he live to bruise that serpent's head,
Till all his foes their just confusion meet,
And growl and pine beneath his mighty feet!
The second, for debates in council fit,
Of steady judgment and deep piercing wit:
To all the noblest heights of learning bred,
Both men and books with curious search had read:
Fathom'd the ancient policies of Greece,
And having form'd from all one curious piece,
Learnt thence what springs best move and guide a state,
And could with ease direct the heavy weight.
But our then angry fate great Glo'ster seiz'd,
And never since seem'd perfectly appeas'd:
For, oh! what pity, people bless'd as we
With plenty, peace, and noble liberty,
Should so much of our old disease retain,
To make us surfeit into slaves again!
Slaves to those tyrant lords whose yoke we bore,
And serv'd so base a bondage to before;
Yet 'twas our curse, that blessings flow'd too fast,
Or we had appetites too coarse to taste.
Fond Israelites, our manna to refuse,
And Egypt's loathsome flesh-pots murmuring choose.
Great Charles saw this, yet hush'd his rising breast,
Though much the lion in his bosom prest:
But he for sway seem'd so by Nature made,
That his own passions knew him, and obey'd:
Master of them, he soften'd his command,
The sword of rule scarce threaten'd in his hand:
Stern majesty upon his brow might sit,
But smiles, still playing round it, made it sweet:
So finely mix'd, had Nature dar'd t' afford
One least perfection more, he 'ad been ador'd.
Merciful, just, good-natur'd, liberal, brave,
Witty, and Pleasure's friend, yet not her slave:
The paths of life by noblest methods trod;
Of mortal mold, but in his mind a god.
Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies, [rise.
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it
In this great mind long he his cares revolv'd,
And long it was ere the great mind resolv'd:
Till weariness at last his thoughts compos'd;
Peace was the choice, and their debates were clos'd.
But, oh!
Through all this isle, where it seems most design'd,
Nothing so hard as wish'd-for peace to find.
The elements due order here maintain,
And pay their tribute in of warmth and rain:
Cool shades and streams, rich fertile lands abound,
And Nature's bounty flows the seasons round.
But we, a wretched race of men, thus blest,
Of so much happiness (if known) possest,
Mistaking every noblest use of life,
Left beauteous Quiet, that kind, tender wife,
For the unwholesome, brawling harlot, Strife.
The man in power, by wild ambition led,
Envy'd all honours on another's head;
And, to supplant some rival, by his pride
Embroil'd that state his wisdom ought to guide.
The priests, who humble temperance should profess,
Sought silken robes and fat voluptuous ease;
So, with small labours in the vineyard shown,
Forsook God's harvest to improve their own.
That dark enigma (yet unriddled) Law,
Instead of doing right and giving awe,
Kept open lists, and at the noisy bar,
Four times a year proclaim'd a civil war,
Where daily kinsmen, father, son, and brother,
Might damn their souls to ruin one another.
Hence cavils rose 'gainst Heaven's and Cæsar's cause,
From false religions and corrupted laws;
Till so at last rebellion's base was laid,
And God or king no longer were obey'd.
But that good angel, whose surmounting power
Waited great Charles in each emergent hour,
Against whose care Hell vainly did decree,
Nor faster could design than that foresee,
Guarding the crown upon his sacred brow
From all its blackest arts, was with him now,
Assur'd him peace must be for him design'd,
For he was born to give it all mankind;
By patience, mercies large, and many toils,
In his own realms to calm intestine broils,
Thence every root of discord to remove,
And plant us new with unity and love; [shores,
Then stretch his healing hands to neighbouring
Where Slaughter rages, and wild Rapine roars;
To cool their ferments with the charms of Peace,
Who, so their madness and their rage might cease,
Grow all (embracing what such friendship brings)
Like us the people, and like him their kings.
But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies, [it rise.
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
For this assurance pious thanks he paid;
Then in his mind the beauteous model laid
Of that majestic pile, where oft, his care
A-while forgot, he might for ease repair:
A seat for sweet retirement, health, and love,
Britain's Olympus, where, like awful Jove,
He pleas'd could sit, and his regards bestow
On the vain, busy, swarming world below.
E'en I, the meanest of those humble swains,
Who sang his praises through the fertile plains,
Once in a happy hour was thither led,
Curious to see what Fame so far had spread.
There tell, my Muse, what wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.
'Twas at that joyful hallow'd day's return,
On which that man of miracles was born,
At whose great birth appear'd a noon-day star,
Which prodigy foretold yet many more;
Did strange escapes from dreadful Fate declare,
Nor shin'd, but for one greater king before.
Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies, [rise.
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it
For this great day were equal joys prepar'd,
The voice of Triumph on the hills was heard;
Redoubled shoutings wak'd the Echoes round,
And cheerful bowls with loyal vows were crown'd.
But, above all, within those lofty towers,
Where glorious Charles then spent his happy hours,
Joy wore a solemn, though a smiling face;
'Twas gay, but yet majestic, as the place;
Tell then, my Muse, what wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.
Within a gate of strength, whose ancient frame
Has outworn Time, and the records of Fame,
A reverend dome[1] there stands, where twice each
Assembling prophets their devotions pay, [day
In prayers and hymns to Heaven's eternal King,
The cornet, flute, and shawme, assisting as they sing.

[1] St. George's Church.

Here Israel's mystic statutes they recount,
From the first tables of the holy mount,
To the blest gospel of that glorious Lord,
Whose precious death salvation has restor'd.
Here speak, my Muse, what wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.
Within this dome a shining chapel [2] 's rais'd,
Too noble to be well describ'd or prais'd.
Before the door, fix'd in an awe profound,
I stood, and gaz'd with pleasing wonder round,
When one approach'd who bore much sober grace,
Order and ceremony in his face;
A threatening rod did his dread right hand poize,
A badge of rule and terrour o'er the boys:
His left a massy bunch of keys did sway,
Ready to open all to all that pay.
This courteous 'squire, observing how amaz'd
My eyes betray'd me as they wildly gaz'd,
Thus gently spoke: "Those banners [3] rais'd on high
Betoken noble vows of chivalry;
Which here their heroes with Religion make,
When they the ensigns of this order take."
Then in due method made me understand
What honour fam'd St. George had done our land;
What toils he vanquish'd, with what monsters strove;
Whose champions since for virtue, truth, and love,
Hang here their trophies, while their generous arms
Keep wrong suppress, and innocence from harms.
At this m' amazement yet did greater grow,
For I had been told all virtue was but show;
That oft bold villany had best success,
As if its use were more, nor merit less.
But here I saw how it rewarded shin'd.
Tell on, my Muse, what wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy song and Charles's mighty mind.
I turn'd around my eyes, and, lo, a cell [4],
Where melancholy Ruin seem'd to dwell,
The door unhing'd, without or bolt or ward,
Seem'd as what lodg'd within found small regard.
Like some old den, scarce visited by day,
Where dark Oblivion lurk'd and watch'd for prey.
Here, in a heap of confus'd waste, I found
Neglected hatchments tumbled on the ground;
The spoils of Time, and triumph of that Fate
Which equally on all mankind does wait:
The hero, levell'd in his humble grave,
With other men, was now nor great nor brave;
While here his trophies, like their master, lay,
To darkness, worms, and rottenness, a prey.
Urg'd by such thoughts as guide the truly great,
Perhaps his fate he did in battle meet;
Fell in his prince's and his country's cause;
But what his recompense? A short applause,
Which he ne'er hears, his memory may grace,
Till, soon forgot, another takes his place.
And happy that man's chance who falls in time,
Ere yet his virtue be become his crime;
Ere his abus'd desert be call'd his pride,
Or fools and villains on his ruin ride.
But truly blest is he, whose soul can bear
The wrongs of Fate, nor think them worth his care:
Whose mind no disappointment here can shake,
Who a true estimate of life does make,
Knows 'tis uncertain, frail, and will have end,
So to that prospect still his thoughts does bend;
Who, though his right a stronger power invade,
Though Fate oppress, and no man give him aid,
Cheer'd with th' assurance that he there shall find
Rest from all toils, and no remorse of mind;
Can Fortune's smiles despise, her frowns out-brave,
For who 's a prince or beggar in the grave?
But if immortal any thing remain,
Rejoice, my Muse, and strive that end to gain.
Thou kind dissolver of encroaching care,
And ease of every bitter weight I bear,
Keep from my soul repining, while I sing
The praise and honour of this glorious king;
And further tell what wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.
Beyond the dome a lofty tower [5] appears,
Beauteous in strength, the work of long-past years,
Old as his noble stem, who there bears sway,
And, like his loyalty, without decay.
This goodly ancient frame looks as it stood
The mother pile, and all the rest her brood.
So careful watch seems piously to keep,
While underneath her wings the mighty sleep;
And they may rest, since Norfolk [6] there commands,
Safe in his faithful heart and valiant hands.
But now appears the beauteous seat [7] of Peace,
Large of extent, and fit for goodly ease;
Where noble order strikes the greedy sight
With wonder, as it fills it with delight;
The massy walls seem, as the womb of Earth,
Shrunk when such mighty quarries thence had birth;
Or by the Theban founder they 'd been rais'd,
And in his powerful numbers should be prais'd:
Such strength without does every where abound,
Within such glory and such splendour 's found,
As man's united skill had there combin'd
T' express what one great genius had design'd.
Thus, when the happy world Augustus sway'd,
Knowledge was cherish'd, and improvement made;
Learning and arts his empire did adorn,
Nor did there one neglected virtue mourn;
But, at his call, from furthest nations came,
While the immortal Muses gave him fame.
Though when her far-stretch'd empire flourish'd most,
Rome never yet a work like this could boast:
No Cæsar e'er like Charles his pomp express'd,
Nor ever were his nations half so blest:
Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.
Here, as all Nature's wealth to court him prest,
Seem'd to attend him Plenty, Peace, and Rest.
Through all the lofty roofs [8] describ'd we find
The toils and triumphs of his god-like mind:
A theme that might the noblest fancy warm,
And only fit for his [8] who did perform.
The walls adorn'd with richest woven gold,
Equal to what in temples shin'd of old,
Grac'd well the lustre of his royal ease,
Whose empire reach'd throughout the wealthy seas;
Ease which he wisely chose, when raging arms
Kept neighbouring nations waking with alarms:

[2] St. George's Chapel.

[3] Of the knights of the garter.

[4] An old aile in the church, where the banner of a dead knight is carried, when another succeeds him.

[5] The castle.

[6] The duke of Norfolk, constable of Windsor Castle.

[7] The house.

[8] The paintings done by the Sieur Vetrio, his majesty's chief painter.

For when wars troubled her soft fountains there,
She swell'd her streams, and flow'd-in faster here;
With her came Plenty, till our isle seem'd bless'd
As Canaan's shore, where Israel's sons found rest.
Therefore, when cruel spoilers, who have hurl'd
Waste and confusion through the wretched world,
To after-times leave a great hated name,
The praise of Peace shall wait on Charles's fame;
His country's father, through whose tender care,
Like a lull'd babe she slept, and knew no fear;
Who, when sh' offended, oft would hide his eyes,
Nor see, because it griev'd him to chastize.
But if submission brought her to his feet,
With what true joy the penitent he 'd meet!
How would his love still with his justice strive!
How parent-like, how fondly he 'd forgive!
But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies, [it rise.
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
Since after all those toils through which he strove
By every art of most endearing love,
For his reward he had his Britain found,
The awe and envy of the nations round.
Muse, then speak more what wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.
Tell now what emulation may inspire,
And warm each British heart with warlike fire;
Call all thy sisters of the sacred hill,
And by the painter's pencil guide my quill;
Describe that lofty monumental hall [9],
Where England's triumphs grace the shining wall,
When she led captive kings from conquer'd Gaul.
Here when the sons of Fame their leader meet,
And at their feasts in pompous order sit,
When the glad sparkling bowl inspires the board,
And high-rais'd thoughts great tales of war afford,
Here as a lesson may their eyes behold
What their victorious fathers did of old;
When their proud neighbours of the Gallic shore
Trembled to hear the English lion roar.
Here may they see how good old Edward [10] sat,
And did his glorious son's [11] arrival wait,
When from the fields of vanquish'd France he came,
Follow'd by spoils, and usher'd in by Fame.
In golden chains he their quell'd monarch led.
Oh, for such laurels on another head!
Unsoil'd with sloth, nor yet o'ercloy'd with peace,
We had not then learn'd the loose arts of ease.
In our own climes our vigorous youth were nurs'd,
And with no foreign education curs'd.
Their northern metal was preserv'd with care,
Nor sent for softening into hotter air.
Nor did th', as now, from fruitless travels come
With follies, vices, and diseases home;
But in full purity of health and mind
Kept up the noble virtues of their kind.
Had not false senates to those ills dispos'd,
Which long had England's happiness oppos'd
With stubborn faction and rebellious pride,
All means to such a noble end deny'd,
To Britain, Charles this glory had restor'd,
And those revolted nations own'd their lord.
But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise.
And now survey what 's open to our view,
Bow down all heads, and pay devotion due,

[9] Where St. George's feast is kept.
[10] Edward the Third.
[11] The Black Prince.

The temple [12] by this hero built behold,
Adorn'd with carvings, and o'erlaid with gold;
Whose radiant roof such glory does display,
We think we see the Heaven to which we pray;
So well the artist's hand has there delin'd
The merciful redemption of mankind;
The bright ascension of the Son of God,
When back through yielding skies to Heaven he rode,
With lightning round his head, and thunder where
he trod.
Thus when to Charles, as Solomon, was given
Wisdom, the greatest gift of bounteous Heaven;
A house like his he built, and temple rais'd,
Where his Creator might be fitly prais'd;
With riches too and honours was he crown'd,
Nor, whilst he liv'd, was there one like him found.
Therefore what once to Israel's lord was said,
When Sheba's queen his glorious court survey'd,
To Charles's fame for ever shall remain,
Who did as wondrous things, who did as greatly
reign:
"Happy were they who could before him stand,
And saw the wisdom of his dread command."
For Heaven resolv'd, that much above the rest
Of other nations Britain should be blest;
Found him when banish'd from his sacred right,
Try'd his great soul, and in it took delight;
Then to his throne in triumph him did bring,
Where never rul'd a wiser, juster king.
But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from
it rise.
Thus far the painter's hand did guide the Muse,
Now let her lead, nor will he sure refuse.
Two kindred arts they are, so near ally'd,
They oft have by each other been supply'd.
Therefore, great man! when next thy thoughts
incline
The works of Fame, let this be the design:
As thou could best great Charles's glory show,
Show how he fell, and whence the fatal blow.
In a large scene, may give beholders awe,
The meeting of a numerous senate draw!
Over their heads a black distemper'd sky,
And through the air let grinning Furies fly.
Charg'd with commissions of infernal date,
To raise fell Discord and intestine Hate;
From their foul heads let them by handfuls tear
The ugliest snakes, and best-lov'd favourites there,
Then whirl them (spouting venom as they fall)
'Mongst the assembled numbers of the hall;
There into murmuring bosoms let them go,
Till their infection to confusion grow;
Till such bold tumults and disorders rise,
As when the impious sons of Earth assail'd the
threaten'd skies.
But then let mighty Charles at distance stand,
His crown upon his head, and sceptre in his hand;
To send abroad his word, or with a frown
Repel, and dash th' aspiring rebels down:
Unable to behold his dreaded ray,
Let them grow blind, disperse, and reel away.
Let the dark fiends the troubled air forsake,
And all new peaceful order seem to take.
But, oh, imagine Fate t' have waited long
An hour like this, and mingled in the throng,
Rous'd with those furies from her seat below,
T' have watch'd her only time to give the blow;

[12] The chapel at the end of the hall.

When cruel cares, by faithless subjects bred,
Too closely press'd his sacred peaceful head;
With them t' have pointed her destroying dart,
And through the brain found passage to the heart.
Deep-wounding plagues avenging Heaven bestow
On those curs'd heads to whom this loss we owe!
On all who Charles's heart affliction gave,
And sent him to the sorrows of the grave!

Now, painter, (if thy griefs can let thee) draw
The saddest scenes that weeping eyes e'er saw;
How on his royal bed that woful day
The much-lamented mighty monarch lay;
Great in his fate, and ev'n o'er that a king,
No terrour could the Lord of Terrours bring.
Through many steady and well-manag'd years
He 'ad arm'd his mind 'gainst all those little fears,
Which common mortals want the power to hide,
When their mean souls and valued clay divide.
He 'ad study'd well the worth of life, and knew
Its troubles many, and its blessings few:
Therefore unmov'd did Death's approaches see,
And grew familiar with his Destiny;
Like an acquaintance entertain'd his Fate,
Who, as it knew him, seem'd content to wait,
Not as his gaoler, but his friendly guide,
While he for his great journey did provide.

Oh, couldst thou express the yearnings of his mind
To his poor mourning people left behind!
But that I fear will ev'n thy skill deceive, [ceive.
None but a soul like his such goodness could con-
For though a stubborn race deserving ill,
Yet would he show himself a father still.
Therefore he chose for that peculiar care,
His crown's, his virtue's, and his mercy's heir,
Great James, who to his throne does now succeed,
And charg'd him tenderly his flocks to feed;
To guide them too, too apt to run astray,
And keep the foxes and the wolves away.

Here, painter, if thou canst, thy art improve,
And show the wonders of fraternal love;
How mourning James by fading Charles did stand,
The dying grasping the surviving hand;
How round each other's necks their arms they cast,
Moan'd with endearing murmurings, and embrac'd;
And of their parting pangs such marks did give,
'Twas hard to guess which yet could longest live.
Both their sad tongues quite lost the power to speak,
And their kind hearts seem'd both prepar'd to break.

Here let thy curious pencil next display,
How round his bed a beauteous offspring lay,
With their great father's blessing to be crown'd,
Like young fierce lions stretch'd upon the ground,
And in majestic silent sorrow drown'd.

This done, suppose the ghastly minute nigh,
And paint the griefs of the sad standers-by;
Th' unweary'd reverend father's pious care,
Offering (as oft as tears could stop) a prayer.
Of kindred nobles draw a sorrowing train,
Whose looks may speak how much they shar'd his pain;
How from each groan of his, deriving smart,
Each fetch'd another from a tortur'd heart.
Mingled with these, his faithful servants place,
With different lines of woe in every face; [eyes,
With downcast heads, swoln breasts, and streaming
And sighs that mount in vain the unrelenting skies.

But yet there still remains a task behind,
In which thy readiest art may labour find.
At distance let the mourning queen appear,
(But where sad news too soon may reach her ear)
Describe her prostrate to the throne above,
Pleading with prayer the tender cause of love:
Show troops of angels hovering from the sky;
(For they, whene'er she call'd, were always nigh)
Let them attend her cries, and hear her moan,
With looks of beauteous sadness like her own,
Because they know her lord's great doom is seal'd,
And cannot (though she asks it) be repeal'd.

By this time think the work of Fate is done,
So any further sad description shun.
Show him not pale and breathless on his bed,
'Twould make all gazers on thy art fall dead;
And thou thyself to such a scene of woe
Add a new piece, and thy own statue grow.

Wipe therefore all thy pencils, and prepare
To draw a prospect now of clearer air.
Paint in an eastern sky new dawning day,
And there the embryos of Time display;
The forms of many smiling years to come,
Just ripe for birth, and labouring from their womb;
Each struggling which shall eldership obtain,
To be first grac'd with mighty James's reign.
Let the dread monarch on his throne appear,
Place too the charming partner of it there.
O'er his their wings let Fame and Triumph spread,
And soft-ey'd Cupids hover o'er her head;
In his, paint smiling, yet majestic grace,
But all the wealth of beauty in her face.
Then from the different corners of the Earth
Describe applauding nations coming forth,
Homage to pay, or humble peace to gain,
And own auspicious omens from his reign.
Set at long distance his contracted foes
Shrinking from what they dare not now oppose:
Draw shame or mean despair in all their eyes,
And terrour lest th' avenging hand should rise.
But where his smiles extend, draw beauteous Peace,
The poor man's cheerful toils, the rich man's ease;
Here, shepherds piping to their feeding sheep,
Or stretch'd at length in their warm huts asleep;
There jolly hinds spread through the sultry fields,
Reaping such harvests as their tillage yields;
Or shelter'd from the scorchings of the Sun,
Their labours ended, and repast begun; [raise,
Rang'd on green banks, which they themselves did
Singing their own content, and ruler's praise.
Draw beauteous meadows, gardens, groves, and bowers,
Where Contemplation best may pass her hours:
Fill'd with chaste lovers plighting constant hearts,
Rejoicing Muses, and encourag'd Arts.
Draw every thing like this that thought can frame,
Best suiting with thy theme, great James's fame.
Known for the man who from his youthful years,
By mighty deeds has earn'd the crown he wears;
Whose conquering arm far-envy'd wonders wrought,
When an ungrateful people's cause he fought;
When for their rights he his brave sword employ'd,
Who in return would have his rights destroy'd:
But Heaven such injur'd merit did regard;
(As Heaven in time true virtue will reward)
So to a throne by Providence he rose,
And all whoe'er were his, were Providence's foes.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

I DID but look and love a-while,
'Twas but for one half-hour;
Then to resist I had no will,
And now I have no power.

To sigh, and wish, is all my ease;
Sighs, which do heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldest ice,
Yet cannot warm your heart.

O! would your pity give my heart
One corner of your breast,
'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
And quickly steal the rest.

THE

POET'S COMPLAINT OF HIS MUSE:

OR,

A SATIRE AGAINST LIBELS.

Si quid habent veri vatum præsagia, vivam.

To the right honourable Thomas earl of Ossory, baron of Moor Park, knight of the most noble order of the garter, &c.

MY LORD,

THOUGH never any man had more need of excuse for a presumption of this nature than I have now, yet, when I have laid out every way to find one, your lordship's goodness must be my refuge: and therefore I humbly cast this at your feet for protection, and myself for pardon.

My lord, I have great need of protection; for to the best of my heart I have here published in some measure the truth, and I would have it thought honestly too: (a practice never more out of countenance than now) yet truth and honour are things which your lordship must needs be kind to, because they are relations to your nature, and never left you.

'Twould be a second presumption in me to pretend in this a panegyric on your lordship; for it would require more art to do your virtue justice, than to flatter any other man.

If I have ventured at a hint of the present sufferings of that great prince mentioned in the latter end of this paper, with favour from your lordship I hope to add a second part, and do all those great and good men justice, that have in his calamities stuck fast to so gallant a friend and so good a master. To write and finish which great subject faithfully, and to be honoured with your lordship's patronage in what I may do, and your approbation, or at least pardon, in what I have done, will be the greatest pride of,

my lord,

your most humble admirer and servant,

THOMAS OTWAY.

ODE.

To a high hill where never yet stood tree,
Where only heath, coarse fern, and furzes grow,
Where (nipt by piercing air)
The flocks in tatter'd fleeces hardly gaze,
Led by uncouth thoughts and care,
Which did too much his pensive mind amaze,
A wandering bard, whose Muse was crazy grown,
Cloy'd with the nauseous follies of the buzzing town,
Came, look'd about him, sigh'd, and laid him down;
'Twas far from any path, but where the Earth
Was bare, and naked all as at her birth,
When by the word it first was made,
Ere God had said,
Let grass, and herbs, and every green thing grow,
With fruitful trees after their kind, and it was so.
The whistling winds blew fiercely round his head,
Cold was his lodging, hard his bed;
Aloft his eyes on the wide Heavens he cast,
Where we are told Peace only 's found at last:
And as he did its hopeless distance see,
Sigh'd deep, and cry'd, "How far is Peace from me!"

Nor ended there his moan:
The distance of his future joy
Had been enough to give him pain alone;
But who can undergo
Despair of ease to come, with weight of present woe?
Down his afflicted face
The trickling tears had stream'd so fast a pace,
As left a path worn by their briny race.
Swoln was his breast with sighs, his well-
Proportion'd limbs as useless fell,
Whilst the poor trunk (unable to sustain
Itself) lay rackt, and shaking with its pain.
I heard his groans as I was walking by,
And (urg'd by pity) went aside, to see
What the sad cause could be [high.
Had press'd his state so low, and rais'd his plaints so
On me he fixt his eyes. I crav'd,
Why so forlorn; he vainly rav'd.
Peace to his mind I did commend:
But, oh! my words were hardly at an end,
When I perceiv'd it was my friend,
My much-lov'd friend; so down I sat,
And begg'd that I might share his fate:
I laid my cheek to his, when with a gale
Of sighs he eas'd his breast, and thus began his tale:

"I am a wretch of honest race:
My parents not obscure, nor high in titles were;
They left me heir to no disgrace.
My father was (a thing now rare)
Loyal and brave, my mother chaste and fair:
The pledge of marriage-vows was only I;
Alone I liv'd their much-lov'd fondled boy:
They gave me generous education, high
They strove to raise my mind, and with it grew
their joy.
The sages that instructed me in arts,
And knowledge, oft would praise my parts,
And cheer my parents' longing hearts.
When I was call'd to a dispute,
My fellow pupils oft stood mute;
Yet never Envy did disjoin
Their hearts from me, nor Pride distemper mine.
Thus my first years in happiness I past,
Nor any bitter cup did taste:
But, oh! a deadly portion came at last.

As I lay loosely on my bed,
A thousand pleasant thoughts triumphing in my head,
And as my sense on the rich banquet fed,
A voice (it seem'd no more, so busy I
Was with myself, I saw not who was nigh)
Pierc'd through my ears; 'Arise, thy good Senander's dead.'
It shook my brain, and from their feast my frighted senses fled.

"From thence, sad discontent, uneasy fears,
And anxious doubts of what I had to do,
Grew with succeeding years.
The world was wide, but whither should I go?
I, whose blooming hopes all wither'd were,
Who 'd little fortune, and a deal of care?
To Britain's great metropolis I stray'd,
Where Fortune's general game is play'd;
Where honesty and wit are often prais'd,
But fools and knaves are fortunate and rais'd;
My forward spirit prompted me to find
A converse equal to my mind:
But by raw judgment easily misled,
(As giddy callow boys
Are very fond of toys)
I miss'd the brave and wise, and in their stead
On every sort of vanity I fed.
Gay coxcombs, cowards, knaves, and prating fools,
Bullies of o'ergrown bulks and little souls,
Gamesters, half wits, and spendthrifts (such as think
Mischievous midnight frolics, bred by drink,
Are gallantry and wit,
Because to their lewd understandings fit)
Were those wherewith two years at least I spent,
To all their fulsome follies most incorrigibly bent;
Till at the last, myself more to abuse,
I grew in love with a deceitful Muse.

"No fair deceiver ever us'd such charms,
T' ensnare a tender youth, and win his heart:
Or, when she had him in her arms,
Secur'd his love with greater art.
I fancy'd, or I dream'd (as poets always do)
No beauty with my Muse's might compare.
Lofty she seem'd, and on her front sat a majestic air,
Awful, yet kind; severe, yet fair.
Upon her head a crown she bore
Of laurel, which she told me should be mine:
And round her ivory neck she wore
A rope of largest pearl. Each part of her did shine
With jewels and with gold,
Numberless to be told;
Which in imagination as I did behold,
And lov'd, and wonder'd more and more,
Said she, 'These riches all, my darling, shall be thine,
Riches which never poet had before.'
She promis'd me to raise my fortune and my name,
By royal favour, and by endless fame;
But never told
How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.
Thus by the arts of this most sly
Deluder was I caught,
To her bewitching bondage brought.
Eternal constancy we swore,
A thousand times our vows were doubled o'er:
And as we did in our entrancements lie,
I thought no pleasure e'er was wrought so high,
No pair so happy as my Muse and I.

"Ne'er was young lover half so fond
When first his pusillage he lost,
Or could of half my pleasure boast.
We never met but we enjoy'd,
Still transported, never cloy'd.
Chambers, closets, fields, and groves,
Bore witness of our daily loves;
And on the bark of every tree
You might the marks of our endearments see.
Distichs, posies, and the pointed bits
Of satire (written when a poet meets
His Muse's caterwauling fits)
You might on every rhind behold, and swear
I and my Clio had been at it there.
Nay, by my Muse too I was blest
With offsprings of the choicest kinds,
Such as have pleas'd the noblest minds,
And been approv'd by judgments of the best.
But in this most transporting height,
Whence I look'd down, and laught at Fate,
All of a sudden I was alter'd grown;
I round me look'd, and found myself alone;
My faithless Muse, my faithless Muse, was gone:
I try'd if I a verse could frame:
Oft I in vain invok'd my Clio's name.
The more I strove, the more I fail'd,
I chaf'd, I bit my pen, curst my dull scull, and rail'd,
Resolv'd to force m' untoward thought, and at the last prevail'd.
A line came forth, but such a one,
No travelling matron in her child-birth pains,
Full of the joyful hopes to bear a son,
Was more astonish'd at th' unlook'd-for shape
Of some deform'd baboon, or ape,
Than I was at the hideous issue of my brains.
I tore my paper, stabb'd my pen,
And swore I 'ad never write again,
Resolv'd to be a doating fool no more.
But when my reckoning I began to make,
I found too long I 'ad slept, and was too late awake;
I found m' ungrateful Muse, for whose false sake
I did myself undo,
Had robb'd me of my dearest store,
My precious time, my friends, and reputation too;
And left me helpless, friendless, very proud, and poor.

"Reason, which in base bonds my folly had enthrall'd,
I straight to council call'd;
Like some old faithful friend, whom long ago
I had cashier'd, to please my flattering fair.
To me with readiness he did repair,
Express'd much tender cheerfulness, to find
Experience had restor'd him to my mind;
And loyally did to me show,
How much himself he did abuse,
Who credited a flattering, false, destructive, treacherous Muse.
I ask'd the causes why. He said,
'Twas never known a Muse e'er staid
When Fortune fled; for Fortune is a bawd
To all the Nine that on Parnassus dwell,
Where those so fam'd delightful fountains swell
Of poetry, which there does ever flow;
And where wit's lusty, shining god
Keeps his choice saraglio.
So whilst our fortune smiles, our thoughts aspire,
Pleasure and fame 's our business, and desire,
Then, too, if we find
A promptness in the mind,
The Muse is always ready, always kind.

But if th' old harlot, Fortune, once denies
Her favour, all our pleasure and rich fancy dies,
And then th' young, slippery jilt, the Muse, too from us flies.

"To the whole tale I gave attention due;
And, as right search into myself I made,
I found all he had said
Was very honest, very true.
O how I hugg'd my welcome friend!
And much my Muse I could not discommend!
For I ne'er liv'd in Fortune's grace,
She always turn'd her back, and fled from me apace,
And never once vouchsaf'd to let me see her face.
Then, to confirm me more,
He drew the veil of dotage from my eyes:
'See here, my son,' said he, 'the valued prize;
Thy fulsome Muse behold, be happy, and be wise.'
I look'd, and saw the rampant, tawdry quean,
With a more horrid train
Than ever yet to satire lent a tale,
Or haunted Chloris in the Mall.
The first was he who stunk of that rank verse
In which he wrote his Sodom Farce;
A wretch whom old diseases did so bite,
That he writ bawdry sure in spite,
To ruin and disgrace it quite.
Philosophers of old did so express
Their art, and show'd it in their nastiness.
Next him appear'd that blundering sot,
Who a late Session of the Poets wrote.
Nature has mark'd him for a heavy fool;
By 's flat broad face you 'll know the owl.
The other birds have hooted him from light;
Much buffeting has made him love the night,
And only in the dark he strays;
Still wretch enough to live, with worse fools spends his days,
And for old shoes and scraps repeats dull plays.
Then next there follow'd, to make up the throng,
Lord-Lampoon and Monsieur Song,
Who sought her love, and promis'd for 't,
To make her famous at the court.
The city poet too was there,
In a black satin cap and his own hair,
And begg'd that he might have the h on
To beget a pageant on her
For the city's next lord-mayor.
Her favours she to none deny'd:
They took her all by turns aside.
Till at the last up in the rear there came,
The poets' scandal, and the Muses' shame,
A beast of monstrous guise, and Libel was his name.
But let me pause, for 'twill ask time to tell
How he was born, how bred and where, and where he now does dwell."

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his tale.
"Down in an obscure vale,
'Midst fogs and fens, whence mists and vapours rise,
Where never Sun was seen by eyes,
Under a desert wood,
Which no man own, but all wild beasts were bred,
And kept their horrid dens, by prey far forag'd fed,
An ill-pil'd cottage stood,
Built of men's bones slaughter'd in civil war,
By magic art brought thither from afar,
There liv'd a widow'd witch,
That us'd to mumble curses eve and morn,
Like one whom wants and care had worn;
Meagre her looks, and sunk her eyes,
Yet mischiefs study'd, discords did devise.
She appear'd humble, but it was her pride:
Slow in her speech, in semblance sanctify'd.
Still when she spoke she meant another way;
And when she curs'd, she seem'd to pray.
Her hellish charms had all a holy dress,
And bore the name of godliness,
All her familiars seem'd the sons of Peace.
Honest habits they all wore,
In outward show most lamb-like and divine:
But inward of all vices they had store,
Greedy as wolves, and sensual too as swine.
Like her, the sacred scriptures they had all by heart,
Most easily could quote, and turn to any part,
Backward repeat it all, as witches their prayers do,
And, for their turn, interpret backward too.
Idolatry with her was held impure,
Because, besides herself, no idol she 'd endure.
Though not to paint, she 'ad arts to change the face,
And alter it in heavenly fashion.
Lewd whining she defin'd a mark of grace,
And making ugly faces was mortification.
Her late dead pander was of well-known fame,
Old Presbyter Rebellion was his name:
She a sworn foe to king, his peace, and laws,
So will be ever, and was call'd (bless us!) the Good Old Cause.

"A time there was (a sad one too)
When all things wore the face of woe,
When many horrours rag'd in this our land,
And a destroying angel was sent down,
To scourge the pride of this rebellious town.
He came, and o'er all Britain stretch'd his conquering hand:
Till in th' untrodden streets unwholesome grass
Grew of great stalk, its colour gross,
And melancholic poisonous green;
Like those coarse sickly weeds on an old dunghill seen,
Where some murrain-murther'd hog,
Poison'd cat, or strangled dog,
In rottenness had long unbury'd laid,
And the cold soil productive made.
Birds of ill omen hover'd in the air,
And by their cries bade us for graves prepare;
And, as our destiny they seem'd t' unfold,
Dropt dead of the same fate they had foretold.
That dire commission ended, down there came
Another angel with a sword of flame:
Desolation soon he made,
And our new Sodom low in ashes laid.
Distractions and distrusts then did amongst us rise,
When, in her pious old disguise,
This witch with all her mischief-making train
Began to show herself again.
The sons of Old Rebellion straight she summon'd all;
Straight they were ready at her call:
Once more th' old bait before their eyes she cast,
That and her love they long'd to taste;
And to her lust she drew them all at last.
So Reuben (we may read of heretofore)
Was led astray, and had pollution with his father's whore.

"The better to conceal her lewd intent
In safety from observing eyes,
Th' old strumpet did herself disguise
In comely weeds, and to the city went,

Affected truth, much modesty and grace,
And (like a worn-out suburb trull) past there for a
Thither all her lovers flock'd, [new face.
And there for her support she found
A wight, of whom Fame's trumpet much does sound,
With all ingredients for his business stock'd,
Not unlike him whose story has a place
In th' annals of sir Hudibras.
Of all her business he took care,
And every knave or fool that to her did repair,
Had by him admittance there.
By his contrivance to her did resort
All who had been disgusted at the court.
Those whose ambition had been crost,
Or by ill manners had preferments lost,
Were those on whom she practis'd most her charms,
Lay nearest to her heart, and oftenest in her arms.
Interest in every faction, every sect, she sought;
And to her lure, flattering their hopes, she brought
All those who use religion for a fashion.
All such as practise forms, and take great pains
To make their godliness their gains,
And thrive by the distractions of a nation,
She by her art ensnar'd, and fetter'd in her chains.
Through her the Atheist hop'd to purchase toleration,
The rebel power, the beggar'd spendthrift lands,
Out of the king's or bishops' hands.
Nay, to her side at last she drew in all the rude,
Ungovernable, headlong multitude:
Promis'd strange liberties, and sure redress
Of never-felt, unheard-of grievances:
Pamper'd their follies, and indulg'd their hopes,
With May-day routs, November squibs, and burning pasteboard popes.

"With her in common lust did mingle all the crew,
Till at the last she pregnant grew,
And from her womb, in little time, brought forth
This monstrous, most detested birth.
Of children born with teeth we 've heard,
And some like comets with a beard;
Which seem'd to be forerunners of dire change:
But never hitherto was seen,
Born from a Wapping drab, or Shoreditch quean,
A form like this, so hideous and so strange.
To help whose mother in her pains, there came
Many a well-known dame.
The bawd Hypocrisy was there,
And madam Impudence the fair:
Dame Scandal with her squinting eyes,
That loves to set good neighbours at debate,
And raise commotions in a jealous state,
Was there, and Malice, queen of far-spread lies,
With all their train of frauds and forgeries.
But midwife Mutiny, that busy drab,
That 's always talking, always loud,
Was she that first took up the babe,
And of the office most was proud.
Behold its head of horrid form appears:
To spite the pillory, it had no ears.
When straight the bawd cry'd out, 'twas surely kin
To the blest family of Pryn,
But Scandal offer'd to depose her word,
Or oath, the father was a lord.
The nose was ugly, long, and big,
Broad, and snouty like a pig;
Which show'd he would in dunghills love to dig;
Love to cast stinking satires up in ill-pil'd rhymes,
And live by the corruptions of unhappy times.

"They promis'd all by turns to take him,
And a hopeful youth to make him.
To nurse he straight was sent
To a sister witch, though of another sort,
One who profest no good, nor any meant: [slept,
All day she practis'd charms, by night she hardly
Yet in the outcasts of a northern factious town,
A little smoky mansion of her own,
Where her familiars to her did resort,
A cell she kept.
Hell she ador'd, and Satan was her god;
And many an ugly loathsome toad
Crawl'd round her walls, and croak'd.
Under her roof all dismal, black, and smok'd,
Harbour'd beetles, and unwholesome bats,
Sprawling nests of little cats;
All which were imps she cherish'd with her blood,
To make her spells succeed and good.
Still at her shrivell'd breasts they hung, whene'er mankind she curst,
And with these foster-brethren was our monster
In little time the hell-bred brat [nurs'd.
Grew plump and fat,
Without his leading strings could walk,
And (as the sorceress taught him) talk.
At seven years old he went to school,
Where first he grew a foe to rule.
Never would he learn as taught,
But still new ways affected, and new methods sought.
Not that he wanted parts
T' improve in letters, and proceed in arts;
But, as negligent as sly,
Of all perverseness brutishly was full,
(By nature idle) lov'd to shift and lie,
And was obstinately dull.
Till, spite of Nature, through great pains, the sot
(And th' influence of th' ill genius of our land)
At last in part began to understand.
Some insight in the Latin tongue he got;
Could smatter pretty well, and write too a plain hand.
For which his guardians all thought fit,
In compliment to his most hopeful wit,
He should be sent to learn the laws,
And out of the good old to raise a damn'd new cause.

"In which the better to improve his mind,
As by Nature he was bent
To search in hidden paths, and things long bury'd find,
A wretch's converse much he did frequent:
One who this world, as that did him, disown'd,
And in an unfrequented corner, where
Nothing was pleasant, hardly healthful found,
He led his hated life.
Needy, and ev'n of necessaries bare,
No servant had he, children, friend, or wife:
But of a little remnant, got by fraud,
(For all ill turns he lov'd, all good detested, and believ'd no God)
Thrice in a week he chang'd a hoarded groat,
With which of beggar's scraps he bought.
Then from a neighbouring fountain water got,
Not to be clean, but slake his thirst.
He never blest himself, and all things else he curst.
The cell in which he (though but seldom) slept,
Lay like a den, uncleans'd, unswept:
And there those jewels which he lov'd he kept;
Old worn-out statutes, and records
Of common privileges, and the rights of lords.
But bound up by themselves with care were laid
All the acts, resolves, and orders, made

By the old long rump-parliament,
Through all the changes of its government:
From which with readiness he could debate
Concerning matters of the state,
All down from goodly forty-one to horrid forty-eight.

"His friendship much our monster sought
By instinct, and by inclination too:
So without much ado
They were together brought.
To him obedience Libel swore, and by him was he taught.
He learnt of him all goodness to detest;
To be asham'd of no disgrace;
In all things but obedience to be beast;
To hide a coward's heart, and show a hardy face.
He taught him to call government a clog,
But to bear beatings like a dog:
T' have no religion, honesty, or sense,
But to profess them all for a pretence.
Fraught with these morals, he began
To complete him more for man;
Distinguish'd to him in an hour
'Twixt legislative and judicial power;
How to frame a commonwealth,
And democracy, by stealth;
To palliate it at first, and cry,
'Twas but a well-mixt monarchy,
And treason *salus populi*;
Into rebellion to divide the nation,
By fair committees of association;
How by a lawful means to bring
In arms against himself the king,
With a distinguishing old trick,
'Twixt persons natural and politic;
How to make faithful servants traitors,
Thorough-pac'd rebels legislators,
And at last troopers adjutators.
Thus well-inform'd, and furnish'd with enough
Of such-like wordy, canting stuff,
Our blade set forth, and quickly grew
A leader in a factious crew.
Where'er he came, 'twas he first silence broke,
And swell'd with every word he spoke,
By which becoming saucy grace
He gain'd authority and place:
By many for preferments was thought fit,
For talking treason without fear or wit;
For opening failings in the state;
For loving noisy and unsound debate,
And wearing of a mystical green ribband in his hat.

"Thus, like Alcides in his lion's skin,
He very dreadful grew,
But, like that Hercules when Love crept in,
And th' hero to his distaff drew,
His foes that found him saw he was but man:
So when my faithless Clio by her snare
Had brought him to her arms, and I surpris'd him there,
At once to hate and scorn him I began;
To see how foolishly she 'ad drest,
And for diversion trick'd the beast.
He was poetry all o'er,
On every side, behind, before:
About him nothing could I see
But party-colour'd poetry.
Painter's advices, litanies,
Ballads, and all the spurious excess
Of ills that malice could devise,
Or ever swarm'd from a licentious press,
Hung round about him like a spell:
And in his own hand too was writ,
That worthy piece of modern wit,
The country's late Appeal.
But from such ills when will our wretched state
Be freed? and who shall crush this serpent's head?
'Tis said we may in ancient legends read
Of a huge dragon sent by Fate
To lay a sinful kingdom waste:
So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he past,
And each day with a virgin broke his fast:
Till wretched matrons curst their womb,
So hardly was their loss endur'd:
The lovers all despair'd, and sought their tombs
In the same monster's jaws, and of their pains were cur'd.
Till, like our monster too, and with the same
Curst ends, to the metropolis he came:
His cruelties renew'd again,
And every day a maid was slain.
The curse through every family had past,
When to the sacrifice at last
Th' unhappy monarch's only child must bow:
A royal daughter needs must suffer then, a royal brother now.

"On him this dragon Libel needs will prey;
On him has cast
His sordid venom, and profan'd
With spurious verse his spotless fame,
Which shall for ever stand
Unblemish'd, and to ages last,
When all his foes lie buried in their shame.
Else tell me why (some prophet that is wise)
Heaven took such care
To make him every thing that 's rare,
Dear to the heart, desirous to the eyes.
Why do all good men bless him as he goes?
Why at his presence shrink his foes?
Why do the brave all strive his honour to defend?
Why through the world is he distinguish'd most
By titles, which but few can boast,
A most just master, and a faithful friend?
One who never yet did wrong
To high or low, to old or young?
Of him what orphan can complain?
Of him what widow make her moan?
But such as wish him here again,
And miss his goodness now he 's gone.
If this be (as I am sure 'tis) true;
Then pr'ythee, prophet, tell me too,
Why lives he in the world's esteem,
Not one man's foe? and then why are not all men friends with him?

"Whene'er his life was set at stake
For his ungrateful country's sake,
What dangers or what labours did he ever shun?
Or what wonders has not done?
Watchful all night, and busy all the day,
(Spreading his fleet in sight of Holland's shore)
Triumphantly ye saw his flags and streamers play.
Then did the English lion roar,
Whilst the Belgian couchant lay.
Big with the thoughts of conquest and renown,
Of Britain's honour, and his own,
To them he like a threatening comet shin'd,
Rough as the sea, and furious as the wind;
But constant as the stars that never move,
Or as women would have love.

The trembling genius of their state
Look'd out, and straight shrunk back his head,
To see our daring banners spread:
Whilst in their harbours they
Like batten'd monsters weltering lay;
The Winds, when ours th' had kiss'd, scorn'd with their flags to play;
But drooping like their captains' hearts,
Each pendent, every streamer, hung:
The seamen seem'd t' have lost their arts;
Their ships at anchor now, of which we 'ad heard them boast,
With ill-furl'd sails and rattlings loose, by every billow tost,
Lay like neglected harps, untun'd, unstrung;
Till at the last, provok'd with shame,
Forth from their dens the baited foxes came;
Foxes in council, and in fight too grave;
Seldom true, and now not brave:
They bluster'd out the day with show of fight,
And ran away in the good-natur'd night.

"A bloody battle next was fought,
And then in triumph home a welcome fleet he brought,
With spoils of victory and glory fraught.
To him then every heart was open, down
From the great man to the clown:
In him rejoic'd, to him inclin'd;
And as his health round the glad board did pass,
Each honest fellow cry'd, 'Fill full my glass;'
And show'd the fulness of his mind.
No discontented vermin of ill times
Durst then affront him but in show;
Nor Libel dash him with his dirty rhymes;
Nor may he live in peace that does it now.
And whose heart would not wish so top,
That had but seen,
When his tumultuous misled foes
Against him rose,
With what heroic grace
He chose the weight of wrong to undergo!
No tempest on his brow, unalter'd in his face,
True witness of the innocence within.
But, when the messengers did mandates bring
For his retreat to foreign land,
Since sent from the relenting hand
Of the most loving brother, kindest king;
If in his heart regret did rise,
It never scap'd his tongue or eyes;
With steady virtue 'twas allay'd,
And like a mighty conqueror he obey'd.

"It was a dark and gloomy day,
Sad as the business, sullen too
As proud men, when in vain they woo,
Or soldiers cheated of their pay.
The court, where pleasures us'd to flow,
Became the scene of mourning and of woe:
Desolate was every room,
Where men for news and business us'd to come:
With folded arms and downcast eyes men walk'd
In corners, and with caution talk'd.
All things prepar'd, the hour drew near
When he must part: his last short time was spent
In leaving blessings on his children dear:
To them with eager haste and love he went;
The eldest first embrac'd,
As new-born Day in beauty bright,
But sad in mind as deepest Night:
What tenderest hearts could say, betwixt them past,
Till Grief too close upon them crept;
So sighing he withdrew, she turn'd away and wept.
Much of the father in his breast did rise,
When on the next he fix'd his eyes,
A tender infant in the nurse's arms,
Full of kind play, and pretty charms:
And as to give the farewell kiss he near it drew,
About his manly neck two little arms it threw;
Smil'd in his eyes, as if it begg'd his stay,
And look'd kind things it could not say.

"But the great pomp of Grief was yet to come.
Th' appointed time was almost past,
Th' impatient Tides knock'd at the shore, and bid him haste
To seek a foreign home;
The summons he resolv'd t' obey,
Disdaining of his sufferings to complain,
Though every step seem'd trod with pain;
So forth he came, attended on his way
By a sad lamenting throng,
That blest him and about him hung.
A weight his generous heart could hardly bear;
But for the comfort that was near,
His beauteous mate, the fountain of his joys,
That fed his soul with love;
The cordial that can mortal pains remove,
To which all worldly blessings else are toys.
I saw them ready for departure stand;
Just when approach'd the monarch of our land,
And took th' charming mourner by the hand:
T' express all noblest offices he strove,
Of royal goodness, and a brother's love.
Then down to the shore side,
Where to convey them did two royal barges ride,
With solemn pace they pass'd,
And there so tenderly embrac'd,
All griev'd by sympathy to see them part,
And their kind pains touch'd each by-stander's heart.
Then hand in hand the pity'd pair
Turn'd round to face their fate;
She ev'n amidst afflictions, fair,
He, though opprest, still great.
Into th' expecting boat with haste they went,
Where, as the troubled fair-one to the shore some wishes sent
For that dear pledge she 'ad left behind,
And as her passion grew too mighty for her mind,
She of some tears her eyes beguil'd,
Which, as upon her cheek they lay,
The happy hero kiss'd away,
And, as she wept, blush'd with disdain, and smil'd.
Straight forth they launch into the high-swoln Thames;
The well-struck oars lave up the yielding streams.
All fix'd their longing eyes, and wishing stood,
Till they were got into the wider flood;
Till lessen'd out of sight, and seen no more,
Then sigh'd, and turn'd into the hated shore."

PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

TRANSLATED OUT OF OVID.

THE ARGUMENT.

Theseus, the son of Ægeus, having slain the Minotaur, promised to Ariadne, the daughter of Minos and Pasiphae, for the assistance which she gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his wife; so together with her sister Phædra they went on board and sailed to Chios, where, being warned by Bacchus, he left Ariadne, and married her sister Phædra, who afterwards, in Theseus her husband's absence, fell in love with Hippolytus her son-in-law, who had vowed celibacy, and was a hunter; wherefore, since she could not conveniently otherwise, she chose by this epistle to give him an account of her passion.

If thou 'rt unkind I ne'er shall health enjoy,
Yet much I wish to thee, my lovely boy:
Read this, and reading how my soul is seiz'd,
Rather than not, be with my ruin pleas'd:
Thus secrets safe to furthest shores may move;
By letters foes converse, and learn to love.
Thrice my sad tale, as I to tell it try'd,
Upon my faltering tongue abortive dy'd;
Long Shame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd quite,
But what I blush'd to speak, Love made me write.
'Tis dangerous to resist the power of Love,
The gods obey him, and he 's king above;
He clear'd the doubts that did my mind confound,
And promis'd me to bring thee hither bound:
Oh may he come, and in that breast of thine
Fix a kind dart, and make it flame like mine!
Yet of my wedlock vows I 'll lose no care,
Search back through all my fame, thou 'lt find it fair.
But Love long breeding to worst pain does turn;
Outward unharm'd, within, within I burn!
As the young bull or courser yet untam'd,
When yok'd or bridled first, are pinch'd and maim'd;
So my unpractis'd heart in love can find
No rest, th' unwonted weight so toils my mind:
When young, Love's pangs by arts we may remove,
But in our riper years with rage we love.
To thee I yield then all my dear renown,
And pr'ythee let 's together be undone.
Who would not pluck the new-blown blushing rose,
Or the ripe fruit that courts him as it grows?
But if my virtue hitherto has gain'd
Esteem for spotless, shall it now be stain'd?
Oh, in thy love I shall no hazard run;
'Tis not a sin, but when 'tis coarsely done.
And now should Juno leave her Jove to me,
I 'd quit that Jove, Hippolytus, for thee:
Believe me too, with strange desires I change,
Among wild beasts I long with thee to range.
To thy delights and Delia I incline,
Make her my goddess too, because she 's thine:
I long to know the woods, to drive the deer,
And o'er the mountain's tops my hounds to cheer,
Shaking my dart; then, the chase ended, lie
Stretch'd on the grass; and would'st not thou be by?
Oft in light chariots I with pleasure ride,
And love myself the furious steeds to guide.
Now like a Bacchanal more wild I stray,
Or old Cybele's priests, as mad as they
When under Ida's hills they offerings pay:
Ev'n mad as those the deities of night
And water, Fauns and Dryads, do affright.
But still each little interval I gain,
Easily find 'tis love breeds all my pain.
Sure on our race love like a fate does fall,
And Venus will have tribute of us all.
Jove lov'd Europa, whence my father came,
And, to a bull transform'd, enjoy'd the dame:
She, like my mother, languish'd to obtain,
And fill'd her womb with shame as well as pain.
The faithless Theseus by my sister's aid
The monster slew, and a safe conquest made:
Now, in that family my right to save,
I am at last on the same terms a slave:
'Twas fatal to my sister and to me,
She lov'd thy father, but my choice was thee.
Let monuments of triumph then be shown
For two unhappy nymphs by you undone.
When first our vows were to Eleusis paid,
Would I had in a Cretan grave been laid!
'Twas there thou didst a perfect conquest gain,
Whilst love's fierce fever rag'd in every vein:
White was thy robe, a garland deck'd thy head,
A modest blush thy comely face o'erspread:
That face, which may be terrible in arms,
But graceful seem'd to me, and full of charms:
I love the man whose fashion 's least his care,
And hate my sex's coxcombs fine and fair;
For whilst thus plain thy careless locks let fly,
Th' unpolish'd form is beauty in my eye.
If thou but ride, or shake the trembling dart,
I fix my eyes, and wonder at thy art:
To see thee poise the javelin moves delight,
And all thou dost is lovely in my sight:
But to the woods thy cruelty resign,
Nor treat it with so poor a life as mine.
Must cold Diana be ador'd alone,
Must she have all thy vows, and Venus none?
That pleasure palls, if 'tis enjoy'd too long;
Love makes the weary firm, the feeble strong.
For Cynthia's sake unbend and ease thy bow,
Else to thy arm 'twill weak and useless grow.
Famous was Cephalus in wood and plain,
And by him many a boar and pard was slain,
Yet to Aurora's love he did incline,
Who wisely left old age for youth like thine.
Under the spreading shades her amorous boy,
The fair Adonis, Venus could enjoy;
Atalanta's love too Meleager sought,
And to her tribute paid of all he caught:
Be thou and I the next blest silvan pair;
Where Love 's a stranger, woods but deserts are.
With thee, through dangerous ways unknown before,
I 'll rove, and fearless face the dreadful boar.
Between two seas a little isthmus lies,
Where on each side the beating billows rise,
There in Trazena I thy love will meet,
More blest and pleas'd than in my native Crete.
As we could wish, old Theseus is away
At Thessaly, where always let him stay
With his Perithoüs, whom well I see
Preferr'd above Hippolytus or me.
Nor has he only thus exprest his hate;
We both have suffer'd wrongs of mighty weight:
My brother first he cruelly did slay,
Then from my sister falsely ran away,
And left expos'd to every beast a prey:

A warlike queen to thee thy being gave,
A mother worthy of a son so brave,
From cruel Theseus yet her death did find,
Nor, though she gave him thee, could make him kind.
Unwedded too he murder'd her in spight,
To bastardize, and rob thee of thy right:
And if, to wrong thee more, two sons I've brought,
Believe it his, and none of Phædra's fault:
Rather, thou fairest thing the Earth contains,
I wish at first I'd dy'd of mother's pains.
How canst thou reverence then thy father's bed,
From which himself so abjectly is fled?
The thought affrights not me, but me inflames;
Mother and son are notions, very names
Of worn-out piety, in fashion then
When old dull Saturn rul'd the race of men;
But braver Jove taught pleasure was no sin,
And with his sister did himself begin.
Nearness of blood and kindred best we prove,
When we express it in the closest love.
Nor need we fear our fault should be reveal'd;
'Twill under near relation be conceal'd,
And all who hear our loves, with praise shall crown
A mother's kindness to a grateful son.
No need at midnight in the dark to stray,
T' unlock the gates, and cry, "My love, this way!"
No busy spies our pleasures to betray.
But in one house, as heretofore, we 'll live;
In public, kisses take; in public, give:
Though in my bed thou 'rt seen, 'twill gain applause
From all, whilst none have sense to guess the cause:
Only make haste, and let this league be sign'd;
So may my tyrant Love to thee be kind.
For this I am an humble suppliant grown;
Now where are all my boasts of greatness gone?
I swore I ne'er would yield, resolv'd to fight,
Deceiv'd by Love, that 's seldom in the right;
Now on my own I crawl, to clasp thy knees;
What 's decent no true lover cares or sees:
Shame, like a beaten soldier, leaves the place,
But beauty's blushes still are in my face.
Forgive this fond confession which I make,
And then some pity on my sufferings take.
What though 'midst seas my father's empire lies;
Though my great grandsire thunder from the skies;
What though my father's sire in beams drest gay
Drives round the burning chariot of the day;
Their honour all in me to Love 's a slave,
Then, though thou wilt not me, their honour save.
Jove's famous island, Crete, in dower I 'll bring,
And there shall my Hippolytus be king:
For Venus' sake then hear and grant my prayer,
So may'st thou never love a scornful fair;
In fields so may Diana grace thee still,
And every wood afford thee game to kill;
So may the mountain gods and satyrs all
Be kind, so may the boar before thee fall;
So may the water-nymphs in heat of day,
Though thou their sex despise, thy thirst allay.
Millions of tears to these my prayers I join,
Which as thou read'st with those dear eyes of thine,
Think that thou see'st the streams that flow from mine.

EPISTLE TO MR. DUKE[1].

My much-lov'd friend, when thou art from my eyes,
How do I loath the day, and light despise!
Night, kinder night, 's the much more welcome guest,
For though it bring small ease, it hides at least;
Or if e'er slumbers and my eyes agree, [thee.
'Tis when they 're crown'd with pleasing dreams of
Last night methought (Heaven make the next as [kind!)
Free as first innocence, and unconfin'd
As our first parents in their Eden were,
Ere yet condemn'd to eat their bread with care;
We two together wander'd through a grove,
'Twas green beneath us, and all shade above,
Mild as our friendship, springing as our love;
Hundreds of cheerful birds fill'd every tree,
And sung their joyful songs of liberty;
While through the gladsome choir well pleas'd we walk'd,
And of our present valued state thus talk'd:
How happy are we in this sweet retreat?
Thus humbly blest, who 'd labour to be great?
Who for preferments at a court would wait,
Where every gudgeon 's nibbling at the bait?
What fish of sense would on that shallow lie,
Amongst the little starving wriggling fry,
That throng and crowd each other for a taste
Of the deceitful, painted, poison'd paste;
When the wide river be behind him sees,
Where he may launch to liberty and ease?
No cares or business here disturb our hours,
While, underneath these shady peaceful bowers,
In cool delight and innocence we stray,
And midst a thousand pleasures waste the day:
Sometimes upon a river's bank we lie,
Where skimming swallows o'er the surface fly,
Just as the Sun, declining with his beams,
Kisses and gently warms the gliding streams;
Amidst whose current rising fishes play,
And roll in wanton liberty away.
Perhaps hard by there grows a little bush,
On which the linnet, nightingale, and thrush,
Nightly their solemn orgies meeting keep,
And sing their vespers ere they go to sleep:
There we two lie, between us may be 's spread
Some books, few understand, though many read.
Sometimes we Virgil's sacred leaves turn o'er,
Still wondering, and still finding cause for more.
How Juno's rage did good Æneas vex,
Then how he had revenge upon her sex
In Dido's state, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd;
He knew the fatal danger of her charms,
And scorn'd to melt his virtue in her arms.
Next Nisus and Euryalus we admire,
Their gentle friendship, and their martial fire;
We praise their valour, 'cause yet match'd by none,
And love their friendship, so much like our own.
But when to give our minds a feast indeed,
Horace, best known and lov'd by thee, we read,
Who can our transports, or our longings tell,
To taste of pleasures, prais'd by him so well?
With thoughts of love and wine by him we're fir'd,
Two things in sweet retirement much desir'd:
A generous bottle and a lovesome she,
Are th' only joys in nature next to thee:
To which retiring quietly at night,
If (as that only can) to add delight,
When to our little cottage we repair,
We find a friend or two, we'd wish for there,
Dear Beverley, kind as parting lovers' tears,
Adderly, honest as the sword he wears,
Wilson, professing friendship yet a friend,
Or Short, beyond what numbers can commend,

[1] See the Answer, in Duke's poems.

Finch, full of kindness, generous as his blood,
Watchful to do, to modest merit, good;
Who have forsook the vile tumultuous town,
And for a taste of life to us come down;
With eager arms, how closely we embrace!
What joys in every heart, and every face!
The moderate table 's quickly cover'd o'er,
With choicest meats at least, though not with store:
Of bottles next succeeds a goodly train,
Full of what cheers the heart, and fires the brain:
Each waited on by a bright virgin glass,
Clean, sound, and shining like its drinker's lass.
Then down we sit, while every genius tries
T' improve, till he deserves his sacrifice:
No saucy Hour presumes to stint delight, [night.
We laugh, love, drink, and when that 's done 'tis
Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we 'll part,
Each takes th' obedient treasure of his heart,
And leads her willing to his silent bed,
Where no vexatious cares come near his head,
But every sense with perfect pleasure 's fed;
Till in full joy dissolv'd, each falls asleep
With twining limbs, that still Love's posture keep,
At dawn of morning to renew delight,
So quiet craving Love, till the next night:
Then we the drowsy cells of Sleep forsake,
And to our books our earliest visit make;
Or else our thoughts to their attendance call,
And there, methinks, Fancy sits queen of all;
While the poor under-faculties resort,
And to her fickle majesty make court;
The Understanding first comes plainly clad,
But usefully; no entrance to be had.
Next comes the Will, that bully of the mind,
Follies wait on him in a troop behind;
He meets reception from the antic queen,
Who thinks her majesty 's most honour'd, when
Attended by those fine-drest gentlemen.
Reason, the honest counsellor, this knows,
And into court with resolute virtue goes;
Lets Fancy see her loose irregular sway,
Then how the flattering follies sneak away!
This image, when it came, too fiercely shook
My brain, which its soft quiet straight forsook;
When waking as I cast my eyes around,
Nothing but old loath'd vanities I found;
No grove, no freedom, and, what 's worse to me,
No friend; for I have none compar'd with thee.
Soon then my thoughts with their old tyrant Care
Were seiz'd; which to divert, I fram'd this prayer:
"Gods! life 's your gift, then season 't with such fate,
That what ye meant a blessing prove no weight.
Let me to the remotest part be whirl'd,
Of this your plaything made in haste, the world;
But grant me quiet, liberty, and peace,
By day what 's needful, and at night soft ease;
The friend I trust in, and the she I love,
Then fix me; and if e'er I wish remove,
Make me as great (that 's wretched) as ye can.
Set me in power, the woefull'st state of man;
To be by fools misled, to knaves a prey,
But make life what I ask, or take 't away."

TO MR. CREECH,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIUS.

Sir, when your book the first time came abroad,
I must confess I stood amaz'd and aw'd;
For, as to some good-nature I pretend,
I fear'd to read, lest I should not commend.
Lucretius english'd! 'twas a work might shake
The power of English verse to undertake.
This all men thought; but you are born, we find,
T' outdo the expectations of mankind;
Since you 've so well the noble task perform'd,
Envy 's appeas'd, and Prejudice disarm'd:
For when the rich original we peruse,
And by it try the metal you produce,
Though there indeed the purest ore we find,
Yet still in you it something seems refin'd:
Thus when the great Lucretius gives a loose,
And lashes to her speed his fiery Muse;
Still with him you maintain an equal pace,
And bear full stretch upon him all the race;
But when in rugged way we find him rein
His verse, and not so smooth a stroke maintain;
There the advantage he receives is found,
By you taught temper, and to choose his ground.
Next, his philosophy you 've so exprest
In genuine terms, so plain, yet neatly drest,
Those murderers that now mingle it all day
In schools, may learn from you the easy way
To let us know what they would mean and say:
If Aristotle's friends will show the grace
To wave for once their statute in that case.
Go on then, sir, and since you could aspire,
And reach this height, aim yet at laurels higher:
Secure great injur'd Maro from the wrong
He unredeem'd has labour'd with so long
In Holbourn rhyme, and, lest the book should fail,
Expos'd with pictures to promote the sale:
So tapsters set out signs, for muddy ale.
You 're only able to retrieve his doom,
And make him here as fam'd as once at Rome:
For sure, when Julius first this isle subdued,
Your ancestors then mixt with Roman blood;
Some near ally'd to that whence Ovid came,
Virgil and Horace, those three sons of Fame;
Since to their memory it is so true,
And shows their poetry so much in you.
Go on in pity to this wretched isle,
Which ignorant poetasters do defile
With lousy madrigals for lyric verse;
Instead of comedy with nasty farce.
Would Plautus, Terence e'er, have been so lewd
T' have drest Jack-pudding up to catch the crowd?
Or Sophocles five tedious acts have made,
To show a whining fool in love betray'd
By some false friend or slippery chambermaid,
Then, ere he hangs himself, bemoans his fall
In a dull speech, and that fine language call?
No, since we live in such a fulsome age,
When nonsense loads the press, and chokes the stage;
When blockheads will claim wit in Nature's spite,
And every dunce, that starves, presumes to write,
Exert yourself, defend the Muse's cause,
Proclaim their right, and to maintain their laws
Make the dead ancients speak the British tongue;
That so each chattering daw, who aims at song,
In his own mother-tongue may humbly read
What engines yet are wanting in his head
To make him equal to the mighty dead;
For of all Nature's works we most should scorn
The thing who thinks himself a poet born,
Unbred, untaught, he rhymes, yet hardly spells,
And senselessly, as squirrels jangle bells.
Such things, sir, here abound; may therefore you
Be ever to your friends, the Muses, true!

May our defects be by your powers supply'd,
Till, as our envy now, you grow our pride;
Till by your pen restor'd, in triumph borne,
The majesty of Poetry return!

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN UPON HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK COMING TO THE THEATRE, FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1682.

When too much plenty, luxury, and ease,
Had surfeited this isle to a disease;
When noisome blains did its best parts o'erspread,
And on the rest their dire infection shed;
Our great Physician, who the nature knew
Of the distemper, and from whence it grew,
Fix'd, for three kingdoms' quiet, sir, on you:
He cast his searching eyes o'er all the frame,
And finding whence before one sickness came,
How once before our mischiefs foster'd were,
Knew well your virtue, and apply'd you there:
Where so your goodness, so your justice sway'd,
You but appear'd, and the wild plague was stay'd.
When, from the filthy dunghill-faction bred,
New-form'd Rebellion durst rear up its head,
Answer me all: Who struck the monster dead?
See, see, the injur'd prince, and bless his name,
Think on the martyr from whose loins he came;
Think on the blood was shed for you before,
And curse the parricides that thirst for more.
His foes are yours, then of their wiles beware:
Lay, lay him in your hearts, and guard him there,
Where let his wrongs your zeal for him improve;
He wears a sword will justify your love.
With blood still ready for your good t' expend,
And has a heart that ne'er forgot his friend.
His duteous loyalty before you lay,
And learn of him, unmurmuring, to obey.
Think what he 'as borne, your quiet to restore;
Repent your madness, and rebel no more.
No more let Boutefeus hope to lead petitions,
Scriveners to be treasurers; pedlars, politicians;
Nor every fool, whose wife has tript at court,
Pluck up a spirit, and turn rebel for 't.
In lands where cuckolds multiply like ours,
What prince can be too jealous of their powers,
Or can too often think himself alarm'd?
They 're mal-contents that every where go arm'd:
And when the horned herd 's together got,
Nothing portends a commonwealth like that.
Cast, cast your idols off, your gods of wood,
Ere yet Philistines fatten with your blood:
Renounce your priests of Baal with amen faces,
Your Wapping feasts, and your Mile-end high places.
Nail all your medals on the gallows' post,
In recompense th' original was lost:
At these, illustrious repentance pay,
In his kind hands your humble offerings lay:
Let royal pardon be by him implor'd,
Th' atoning brother of your anger'd lord:
He only brings a med'cine fit t' assuage
A people's folly, and rouz'd monarch's rage.
An infant prince, yet labouring in the womb,
Fated with wondrous happiness to come,
He goes to fetch the mighty blessings home:
Send all your wishes with him, let the air
With gentle breezes waft it safely there,
The seas, like what they 'll carry, calm and fair:
Let the illustrious mother touch our land
Mildly, as hereafter may her son command;
While our glad monarch welcomes her to shore,
With kind assurance she shall part no more.
Be the majestic babe then smiling born,
And all good signs of fate his birth adorn,
So live and grow, a constant pledge to stand
Of Cæsar's love to an obedient land.

SPOKEN TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

ON HER RETURN FROM SCOTLAND, IN THE YEAR 1682.

All you, who this day's jubilee attend,
And every loyal Muse's loyal friend,
That come to treat your longing wishes here,
Turn your desiring eyes, and feast them there.
Thus falling on your knees with me implore,
May this poor land ne'er lose that presence more!
But if there any in this circle be,
That come so curst to envy what they see,
From the vain fool, that would be great too soon,
To the dull knave that writ the last lampoon!
Let such, as victims to that beauty's fame,
Hang their vile blasted heads, and die with shame.
Our mighty blessing is at last return'd,
The joy arriv'd for which so long we mourn'd:
From whom our present peace we expect increas'd,
And all our future generations blest.
Time, have a care: bring safe the hour of joy,
When some blest tongue proclaims a royal boy:
And when 'tis born, let Nature's hand be strong;
Bless him with days of strength, and make them long;
Till charg'd with honours we behold him stand,
Three kingdoms' banners waiting his command,
His father's conquering sword within his hand:
Then th' English lions in the air advance,
And with them roaring music to the dance,
Carry a Quo Warranto into France.

PROLOGUE

TO MRS. BEHN'S CITY HEIRESS, 1682.

How vain have prov'd the labours of the stage,
In striving to reclaim a vicious age!
Poets may write, the mischief to impeach;
You care as little what the poets teach,
As you regard at church what parsons preach.
But where such follies and such vices reign,
What honest pen has patience to refrain?
At church, in pews, ye most devoutly snore,
And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar;
Ye go to church, to glout and ogle there,
And come to meet, more lewd, convenient here:
With equal zeal ye honour either place,
And run so very evenly your race,
Y' improve in wit just as ye do in grace.
It must be so; some demon has possest
Our land, and we have never since been blest.
Y' have seen it all, and heard of its renown,
In reverend shape it stalk'd about the town,
Six yeomen tall attending on its frown.

HEES... UNIV...

Sometimes, with humble note and zealous lore,
'Twould play the apostolic function o'er:
But Heaven have mercy on us when it swore!
Whene'er it swore, to prove the oaths were true,
Out of his mouth at random halters flew
Round some unwary neck, by magic thrown,
Though still the cunning devil sav'd its own:
For when th' enchantment could no longer last,
The subtle Pug, most dextrously uncast,
Left awful form for one more seeming pious,
And in a moment vary'd to defy us;
From silken doctor, home-spun Ananias:
Left the lewd court, and did in city fix,
Where still by its old arts it plays new tricks,
And fills the heads of fools with politics.
This demon lately drew in many a guest,
To part with zealous guinea for—no feast.
Who, but the most incorrigible fops,
For ever doom'd in dismal cells, call'd shops,
To cheat and damn themselves to get their livings,
Would lay sweet money out in sham thanksgivings?
Sham plots you may have paid for o'er and o'er;
But who e'er paid for a sham treat before?
Had you not better sent your offerings all
Hither to us, than Sequestrators' Hall?
I being your steward, justice had been done ye;
I could have entertain'd you worth your money.

THE SIXTEENTH ODE

OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

In storms when clouds the Moon do hide,
And no kind stars the pilot guide,
Show me at sea the boldest there,
Who does not wish for quiet here.
For quiet, friend, the soldier fights,
Bears weary marches, sleepless nights,
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold;
Which can't be bought with hills of gold.
Since wealth and power too weak we find,
To quell the tumults of the mind;
Or from the monarch's roofs of state
Drive thence the cares that round him wait:
Happy the man with little blest,
Of what his father left possest;
No base desires corrupt his head,
No fears disturb him in his bed.
What then in life, which soon must end,
Can all our vain designs intend?
From shore to shore why should we run,
When none his tiresome self can shun?
For baneful Care will still prevail,
And overtake us under sail,
'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
Outrun the roe, outfly the wind.
If then thy soul rejoice to-day,
Drive far to-morrow's cares away.
In laughter let them all be drown'd:
No perfect good is to be found.
One mortal feels Fate's sudden blow,
Another's lingering death comes slow;
And what of life they take from thee,
The gods may give to punish me.
Thy portion is a wealthy stock,
A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,
Horses and chariots for thy ease,
Rich robes to deck and make thee please.
For me, a little cell I choose,
Fit for my mind, fit for my Muse,
Which soft Content does best adorn,
Shunning the knaves and fools I scorn.

THE COMPLAINT.

A SONG. TO A SCOTCH TUNE.

I love, I doat, I rave with pain,
No quiet's in my mind,
Though ne'er could be a happier swain,
Were Sylvia less unkind.
For when, as long her chains I 've worn,
I ask relief from smart,
She only gives me looks of scorn;
Alas! 'twill break my heart!

My rivals, rich in worldly store,
May offer heaps of gold,
But surely I a Heaven adore,
Too precious to be sold;
Can Sylvia such a coxcomb prize,
For wealth, and not desert;
And my poor sighs and tears despise?
Alas! 'twill break my heart!

When, like some panting, hovering dove,
I for my bliss contend,
And plead the cause of eager Love,
She coldly calls me friend.
Ah, Sylvia! thus in vain you strive
To act a healer's part,
'Twill keep but lingering pain alive,
Alas! and break my heart.

When, on my lonely, pensive bed
I lay me down to rest,
In hope to calm my raging head,
And cool my burning breast,
Her cruelty all ease denies;
With some sad dream I start,
All drown'd in tears I find my eyes,
And breaking feel my heart.

Then rising, through the path I rove,
That leads me where she dwells,
Where to the senseless waves my Love
Its mournful story tells:
With sighs I dew and kiss the door,
Till morning bids depart;
Then vent ten thousand sighs and more:
Alas! 'twill break my heart!

But, Sylvia, when this conquest 's won,
And I am dead and cold,
Renounce the cruel deed you 've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told;
For every lovely generous maid
Will take my injur'd part,
And curse thee, Sylvia, I 'm afraid,
For breaking my poor heart.

PROLOGUE

TO N. LEE'S CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

What think ye meant wise Providence, when first
Poets were made? I'd tell you, if I durst,
That 'twas in contradiction to Heaven's word,
That when its spirit o'er the waters stirr'd,

When it saw all, and said that all was good,
The creature poet was not understood:
For, were it worth the pains of six long days,
To mould retailers of dull third-day plays,
That starve out threescore years in hopes of bays?
'Tis plain they ne'er were of the first creation,
But came by mere equivocal generation;
Like rats in ships, without coition bred,
As hated too as they are, and unfed.
Nature their species sure must needs disown,
Scarce knowing poets, less by poets known.
Yet this poor thing, so scorn'd and set at nought,
Ye all pretend to, and would fain be thought.
Disabled wasting whore-masters are not
Prouder to own the brats they never got,
Than fumbling, itching rhymers of the town
T' adopt some base-born song that 's not their own.
Spite of his state, my lord sometimes descends
To please the importunity of friends.
The dullest he, thought most for business fit,
Will venture his bought place to aim at wit;
And though he sinks with his employs of state,
Till Common Sense forsake him, he 'll translate.
The poet and the whore alike complains,
Of trading quality, that spoil their gains;
The lords will write, and ladies will have swains!
Therefore all you who have male issue born
Under the starving sign of Capricorn,
Prevent the malice of their stars in time,
And warn them early from the sin of rhyme:
Tell them how Spenser starv'd, how Cowley mourn'd,
How Butler's faith and service was return'd;
And if such warning they refuse to take,
This last experiment, O parents, make!
With hands behind him see th' offender ty'd,
The parish whip and beadle by his side;
Then lead him to some stall that does expose
The authors he loves most; there rub his nose,
Till, like a spaniel lash'd to know command,
He by the due correction understand,
To keep his brain clean, and not foul the land;
Till he against his nature learn to strive,
And get the knack of dulness how to thrive.

THE

BEGINNING OF A PASTORAL

ON THE DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

What horrour 's this that dwells upon the plain,
And thus disturbs the shepherds' peaceful reign?
A dismal sound breaks through the yielding air,
Forewarning us some dreadful storm is near.
The bleating flocks in wild confusion stray,
The early larks forsake their wandering way,
And cease to welcome-in the new-born day.
Each nymph possest with a distracted fear,
Disorder'd hangs her loose dishevell'd hair.
Diseases with her strong convulsions reign,
And deities, not known before to pain,
Are now with apoplectic seizures slain.
Hence flow our sorrows, hence increase our fears,
Each humble plant does drop her silver tears.
Ye tender lambs, stray not so fast away,
To weep and mourn let us together stay:
O'er all the universe let it be spread,
That now the shepherd of the flock is dead.
The royal Pan, that shepherd of the sheep,
He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,
Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from Death's
eternal sleep!
Begin, Damela, let thy numbers fly
Aloft where the soft milky way does lie;
Mopsus, who Daphnis to the stars did sing,
Shall join with you, and thither waft our king.
Play gently on your reeds a mournful strain,
And tell in notes, through all th' Arcadian plain,
The royal Pan, the shepherd of the sheep,
He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,
Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from Death's
eternal sleep!

THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN POMFRET.

THE

LIFE OF POMFRET,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

Of Mr. John Pomfret nothing is known but from a slight and confused account prefixed to his poems by a nameless friend; who relates, that he was the son of the rev. Mr. Pomfret, rector of Luton in Bedfordshire; that he was bred at Cambridge[1]; entered into orders, and was rector of Malden in Bedfordshire, and might have risen in the church; but that, when he applied to Dr. Compton, bishop of London, for institution to a living of considerable value, to which he had been presented, he found a troublesome obstruction raised by a malicious interpretation of some passage in his Choice; from which it was inferred, that he considered happiness as more likely to be found in the company of a mistress than of a wife.

This reproach was easily obliterated: for it had happened to Pomfret as to almost all other men who plan schemes of life; he had departed from his purpose, and was then married.

The malice of his enemies had however a very fatal consequence: the delay constrained his attendance in London, where he caught the small-pox, and died in 1703, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

He published his poems in 1699; and has been always the favourite of that class of readers, who, without vanity or criticism, seek only their own amusement.

His Choice exhibits a system of life adapted to common notions, and equal to common expectations; such a state as affords plenty and tranquillity, without exclusion of intellectual pleasures. Perhaps no composition in our language has been oftener perused than Pomfret's Choice.

In his other poems there is an easy volubility; the pleasure of smooth metre is afforded to the ear, and the mind is not oppressed with ponderous or entangled with intricate sentiment. He pleases many; and he who pleases many must have some species of merit.

[1] He was of Queen's College there, and, by the university-register, appears to have taken his bachelor's degree in 1684, and his master's 1698. *H.*——His father was of Trinity. *C.*

PREFACE.

It will be to little purpose, the author presumes, to offer any reasons why the following poems appear in public; for it is ten to one whether he gives the true; and if he does, it is much greater odds, whether the gentle reader is so courteous as to believe him. He could tell the world, according to the laudable custom of prefaces, that it was through the irresistible importunity of friends, or some other excuse of ancient renown, that he ventured them to the press; but he thought it much better to leave every man to guess for himself, and then he would be sure to satisfy himself: for, let what will be pretended, people are grown so very apt to fancy they are always in the right, that, unless it hit their humour, it is immediately condemned for a sham and hypocrisy.

In short, that which wants an excuse for being in print, ought not to have been printed at all; but whether the ensuing poems deserve to stand in that class, the world must have leave to determine. What faults the true judgment of the gentleman may find out, it is to be hoped his candour and good-humour will easily pardon; but those, which the peevishness and ill-nature of the critic may discover, must expect to be unmercifully used: though, methinks, it is a very preposterous pleasure, to scratch other persons till the blood comes, and then laugh at and ridicule them.

Some persons, perhaps, may wonder, how things of this nature dare come into the world without the protection of some great name, as they call it, and a fulsome epistle dedicatory to his grace, or right honourable: for, if a poem struts out under my lord's patronage, the author imagines it is no less than *scandalum magnatum* to dislike it; especially if he thinks fit to tell the world, that this same lord is a person of wonderful wit and understanding, a notable judge of poetry, and a very considerable poet himself. But if a poem have no intrinsic excellencies, and real beauties, the greatest name in the world will never induce a man of sense to approve it; and if it has them, Tom Piper's is as good as my lord duke's; the only difference is, Tom claps half an ounce of snuff into the poet's hand, and his grace twenty guineas: for, indeed, there lies the strength of a great name, and the greatest protection an author can receive from it.

To please every one, would be a new thing; and to write so as to please nobody, would be as new: for even Quarles and Withers have their admirers. The author is not so fond of fame, to desire it from the injudicious many; nor of so mortified a temper, not to wish it from the discerning few. It is not the multitude of applauses, but the good sense of the applauders, which establishes a valuable reputation; and if a Rymer or a Congreve say it is well, he will not be at all solicitous how great the majority may be to the contrary.

London, 1699.

POEMS

OF

JOHN POMFRET.

THE CHOICE.

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give,
That I might choose my method how to live;
And all those hours propitious Fate should lend,
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend;
Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great:
Better, if on a rising ground it stood;
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It should within no other things contain,
But what are useful, necessary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauseous; and I'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden, grateful to the eye;
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by:
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes, or sycamores, should grow.
At th' end of which a silent study plac'd,
Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd:
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit, and solid learning, shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew:
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel;
His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well:
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteem'd for learning, and for eloquence.
In some of these, as Fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise:
For sure no minutes bring us more content,
Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.
I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteely, but not great:
As much as I could moderately spend;
A little more, sometimes t' oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of Poverty repine
Too much at Fortune, they should taste of mine;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be relieved with what my wants could spare;
For that our Maker has too largely given,
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my table spread;
With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread:
Enough to satisfy, and something more,
To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
But what 's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.
I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd
With the best wines each vintage could afford.
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse:
By making all our spirits debonair,
Throws off the lees, the sediment of care.
But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends;
So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice
Does many mischievous effects produce.
My house should no such rude disorders know,
As from high drinking consequently flow;
Nor would I use what was so kindly given,
To the dishonour of indulgent Heaven.
If any neighbour came, he should be free,
Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be,
In my retreat, or to himself or me.
What freedom, prudence, and right reason gave,
All men may, with impunity, receive:
But the least swerving from their rule 's too much;
For what 's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.
That life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great;
I'd choose two friends, whose company would be
A great advance to my felicity:
Well-born, of humours suited to my own,
Discreet, and men as well as books have known:
Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free
From loose behaviour, or formality:
Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;
Quick in discerning, and in judging right:
Secret they should be, faithful to their trust;
In reasoning cool, strong, temperate, and just;
Obliging, open, without huffing, brave;
Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave:

Close in dispute, but not tenacious; try'd
By solid reason, and let that decide:
Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate;
Nor busy meddlers with intrigues of state:
Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite;
Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight;
Loyal, and pious, friends to Cæsar; true
As dying martyrs, to their Maker too.
In their society I could not miss
A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.
Would bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I 'd
(For who would so much satisfaction lose, [choose
As witty nymphs, in conversation, give?)
Near some obliging modest fair to live:
For there 's that sweetness in a female mind,
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find;
That, by a secret, but a powerful art,
Winds up the spring of life, and does impart
Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.
I 'd have her reason all her passion sway:
Easy in company, in private gay:
Coy to a fop, to the deserving free;
Still constant to herself, and just to me.
A soul she should have for great actions fit;
Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit:
Courage to look bold danger in the face;
No fear, but only to be proud, or base;
Quick to advise, by an emergence prest,
To give good counsel, or to take the best.
I 'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such,
She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much:
That shows a want of judgment, and of sense;
More than enough is but impertinence.
Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd;
Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind:
Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride;
In all the methods of deceit untry'd:
So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
No censure might upon her actions fall:
Then would ev'n Envy be compell'd to say,
She goes the least of womankind astray.
To this fair creature I 'd sometimes retire;
Her conversation would new joys inspire;
Give life an edge so keen, no surly care
Would venture to assault my soul, or dare
Near my retreat, to hide one secret snare.
But so divine, so noble a repast
I 'd seldom, and with moderation, taste:
For highest cordials all their virtue lose,
By a too frequent and too bold a use;
And what would cheer the spirits in distress,
Ruins our health, when taken to excess.
I 'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er assistance I had power to bring,
T' oblige my country, or to serve my king,
Whene'er they call, I 'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.
Lawsuits I 'd shun, with as much studious care,
As I would dens where hungry lions are;
And rather put up injuries, than be
A plague to him, who 'd be a plague to me.
I value quiet at a price too great,
To give for my revenge so dear a rate:
For what do we by all our bustle gain,
But counterfeit delight for real pain?
If Heaven a date of many years would give,
Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I 'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Whilst I did for a better state prepare.
Then I 'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd;
But by a silent and a peaceful death,
Without a sigh, resign my aged breath.
And when committed to the dust, I 'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave,
Then would my exit so propitious be,
All men would wish to live and die like me.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON.

A VISION.

Tho' gloomy thoughts disturb'd my anxious breast
All the long night, and drove away my rest,
Just as the dawning day began to rise,
A grateful slumber clos'd my waking eyes;
But active Fancy to strange regions flew,
And brought surprising objects to my view.
Methought I walk'd in a delightful grove,
The soft retreat of gods, when gods make love.
Each beauteous object my charm'd soul amaz'd,
And I on each with equal wonder gaz'd;
Nor knew which most delighted: all was fine:
The noble product of some power divine.
But as I travers'd the obliging shade,
Which myrtle, jessamine, and roses made,
I saw a person, whose celestial face
At first declar'd her goddess of the place:
But I discover'd, when approaching near,
An aspect full of beauty, but severe.
Bold and majestic, every awful look
Into my soul a secret horrour struck.
Advancing further on, she made a stand,
And beckon'd me; I, kneeling, kiss'd her hand;
Then thus began—"Bright deity! (for so
You are, no mortals such perfections know)
I may intrude; but how I was convey'd
To this strange place, or by what powerful aid,
I 'm wholly ignorant; nor know I more,
Or where I am, or whom I do adore.
Instruct me then, that I no longer may
In darkness serve the goddess I obey."
"Youth!" she reply'd, "this place belongs to one,
By whom you 'll be, and thousands are, undone.
These pleasant walks, and all these shady bowers,
Are in the government of dangerous powers.
Love's the capricious master of this coast;
This fatal labyrinth, where fools are lost.
I dwell not here amidst these gaudy things,
Whose short enjoyment no true pleasure brings;
But have an empire of a nobler kind:
My regal seat 's in the celestial mind;
Where, with a godlike and a peaceful hand,
I rule, and make those happy I command.
For, while I govern, all within 's at rest;
No stormy passion revels in my breast:
But when my power is despicable grown,
And rebel appetites usurp the throne,
The soul no longer quiet thoughts enjoys;
But all is tumult and eternal noise. [spis'd;
Know, youth! I'm Reason, which you 've oft de-
I am that Reason, which you never priz'd:
And though my argument successless prove,
(For reason seems impertinence in love)
Yet I 'll not see my charge (for all mankind
Are to my guardianship by Heaven assign'd)

Into the grasp of any ruin run,
That I can warn them of, and they may shun.
Fly, youth, these guilty shades: retreat in time,
Ere your mistake 's converted to a crime:
For ignorance no longer can atone,
When once the errour and the fault is known.
You thought, perhaps, as giddy youth inclines,
Imprudently to value all that shines,
In these retirements freely to possess
True joy, and strong substantial happiness:
But here gay Folly keeps her court, and here,
In crowds, her tributary fops appear;
Who, blindly lavish of their golden days,
Consume them all in her fallacious ways.
Pert Love with her, by joint commission, rules
In this capacious realm of idle fools;
Who, by false hearts, and popular deceits,
The careless, fond, unthinking mortal cheats.
'Tis easy to descend into the snare,
By the pernicious conduct of the fair;
But safely to return from this abode,
Requires the wit, the prudence of a god:
Though you, who have not tasted that delight,
Which only at a distance charms your sight,
May, with a little toil, retrieve your heart,
Which, lost, is subject to eternal smart.
Bright Delia's beauty, I must needs confess,
Is truly great; nor would I make it less:
That were to wrong her, where she merits most;
But dragons guard the fruit, and rocks the coast.
And who would run, that 's moderately wise,
A certain danger, for a doubtful prize?
If you miscarry, you are lost so far
(For there 's no erring twice in love and war)
You 'll ne'er recover, but must always wear
Those chains you 'll find it difficult to bear.
Delia has charms, I own; such charms would move
Old Age, and frozen Impotence to love:
But do not venture, where such danger lies;
Avoid the sight of those victorious eyes,
Whose poisonous rays do to the soul impart
Delicious ruin, and a pleasing smart.
You draw, insensibly, destruction near;
And love the danger, which you ought to fear.
If the light pains you labour under now
Destroy your ease, and make your spirits bow;
You 'll find them much more grievous to be borne,
When heavier made by an imperious scorn:
Nor can you hope, she will your passion hear
With softer notions, or a kinder ear,
Than those of other swains, who always found,
She rather widen'd than clos'd up the wound.
But grant, she should indulge your flame, and give
Whate'er you 'd ask, nay, all you can receive;
The short-liv'd pleasure would so quickly cloy,
Bring such a weak, and such a feeble joy,
You 'd have but small encouragement to boast
The tinsel rapture worth the pains it cost.
Consider, Strephon, soberly of things,
What strange inquietudes love always brings!
The foolish fears, vain hopes, and jealousies,
Which still attend upon this fond disease:
How you must cringe and bow, submit and whine;
Call every feature, every look, divine:
Command each sentence with an humble smile;
Though nonsense, swear it is a heavenly style:
Servilely rail at all she disapproves;
And as ignobly flatter all she loves:
Renounce your very sense, and silent sit,
While she puts off impertinence for wit:
Like setting-dog, new whipp'd for springing game,
You must be made, by due correction, tame.
But if you can endure the nauseous rule
Of woman, do; love on, and be a fool.
You know the danger, your own methods use;
The good or evil 's in your power to choose:
But who 'd expect a short and dubious bliss
On the declining of a precipice;
Where if he slips, not Fate itself can save
The falling wretch from an untimely grave!"
"Thou great directress of our minds," said I,
"We safely on your dictates may rely;
And that which you have now so kindly prest,
Is true, and, without contradiction, best:
But with a steady sentence to control
The heat and vigour of a youthful soul,
While gay temptations hover in our sight,
And daily bring new objects of delight,
Which on us with surprising beauty smile,
Is difficult; but is a noble toil.
The best may slip, and the most cautious fa'l;
He 's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all.
And though fair Delia has my soul possest,
I 'll chase her bright idea from my breast:
At least, I 'll make one essay. If I fail,
And Delia's charms o'er reason do prevail,
I may be, sure, from rigid censures free,
Love was my foe; and Love 's a deity."
Then she rejoin'd: "May you successful prove
In your attempt to curb impetuous Love:
Then will proud passion on her rightful lord,
You to yourself, I to my throne restor'd:
But to confirm your courage, and inspire
Your resolution with a bolder fire,
Follow me, youth! I 'll show you that shall move
Your soul to curse the tyranny of Love."
Then she convey'd me to a dismal shade,
Which melancholy yew and cypress made;
Where I beheld an antiquated pile
Of rugged building in a narrow isle;
The water round it gave a nauseous smell,
Like vapours steaming from a sulphurous cell.
The ruin'd wall, compos'd of stinking mud,
O'ergrown with hemlock, on supporters stood;
As did the roof, ungrateful to the view:
'T was both an hospital, and bedlam too.
Before the entrance, mouldering bones were spread,
Some skeletons entire, some lately dead;
A little rubbish loosely scatter'd o'er
Their bodies uninterr'd, lay round the door.
No funeral rites to any here were paid,
But dead like dogs into the dust convey'd.
From hence, by Reason's conduct, I was brought,
Through various turnings to a spacious vault,
Where I beheld, and 'twas a mournful sight,
Vast crowds of wretches all debarr'd from light,
But what a few dim lamps, expiring, had;
Which made the prospect more amazing sad.
Some wept, some rav'd, some musically mad:
Some swearing loud, and others laughing: some
Were always talking; others always dumb.
Here one, a dagger in his breast, expires,
And quenches with his blood his amorous fires:
There hangs a second; and, not far remov'd,
A third lies poison'd, who false Celia lov'd.
All sorts of madness, every kind of death,
By which unhappy mortals lose their breath,
Were here expos'd before my wandering eyes,
The sad effects of female treacheries;

Others I saw, who were not quite bereft
Of sense, though very small remains were left,
Cursing the fatal folly of their youth,
For trusting to perjurious woman's truth.
These on the left.——Upon the right a view
Of equal horrour, equal misery too;
Amazing! all employ'd my troubled thought,
And, with new wonder, new aversion brought.
There I beheld a wretched, numerous throng
Of pale, lean mortals; some lay stretch'd along
On beds of straw, disconsolate and poor;
Others extended naked on the floor;
Exil'd from human pity, here they lie,
And know no end of misery till they die,
But Death, which comes in gay and prosperous days
Too soon, in time of misery delays.

These dreadful spectacles had so much power,
I vow'd, and solemnly, to love no more:
For sure that flame is kindled from below,
Which breeds such sad variety of woe.

Then we descended, by some few degrees,
From this stupendous scene of miseries;
Bold Reason brought me to another cave,
Dark as the inmost chambers of the grave.
"Here, youth," she cry'd, "in the acutest pain,
Those villains lie, who have their fathers slain,
Stabb'd their own brothers, nay, their friends, to please
Ambitious, proud, revengeful mistresses;
Who, after all their services, preferr'd
Some rugged fellow of the brawny herd
Before those wretches; who, despairing, dwell
In agonies no human tongue can tell.
Darkness prevents the too amazing sight;
And you may bless the happy want of light."
But my tormented ears were fill'd with sighs,
Expiring groans, and lamentable cries,
So very sad I could endure no more;
Methought I felt the miseries they bore.

Then to my guide said I: "For pity now
Conduct me back; here I confirm my vow.
Which, if I dare infringe, be this my fate,
To die thus wretched, and repent too late.
The charms of beauty I 'll no more pursue:
Delia, farewell, farewell for ever too."

Then we return'd to the delightful grove;
Where Reason still dissuaded me from Love.
"You see," she cry'd, "what misery attends
On Love, and where too frequently it ends;
And let not that unwieldy passion sway
Your soul, which none but whining fools obey.
The masculine, brave spirit scorns to own
The proud usurper of my sacred throne;
Nor with idolatrous devotion pays
To the false god, or sacrifice, or praise.
The Siren's music charms the sailor's ear;
But he is ruin'd if he stops to hear:
And if you listen, Love's harmonious voice
As much delights, as certainly destroys.
Ambrosia mixt with Aconite may have
A pleasant taste, but sends you to the grave:
For though the latent poison may be still
A while, it very seldom fails to kill.
But who 'd partake the food of gods, to die
Within a day, or live in misery?
Who 'd eat with emperors, if o'er his head
A poniard hung but by a single thread[1]?
Love's banquets are extravagantly sweet,
And either kill, or surfeit, all that eat;
Who, when the sated appetite is tir'd,
E'en loath the thoughts of what they once admir'd.
You 've promis'd, Strephon, to forsake the charms
Of Delia, though she courts you to her arms:
And sure I may your resolution trust;
You 'll never want temptation, but be just.
Vows of this nature, youth, must not be broke;
You 're always bound, though 't is a gentle yoke.
Would men be wise, and my advice pursue,
Love's conquests would be small, his triumphs few:
For nothing can oppose his tyranny,
With such a prospect of success as I.
Me he detests, and from my presence flies,
Who knows his arts, and stratagems despise,
By which he cancels mighty Wisdom's rules,
To make himself the deity of fools:
Him dully they adore, him blindly serve,
Some while they 're sots, and others while they starve;
For those who under his wild conduct go,
Either come coxcombs, or he makes them so;
His charms deprive, by their strange influence,
The brave of courage, and the wise of sense:
In vain philosophy would set the mind
At liberty, if once by him confin'd:
The scholar's learning, and the poet's wit,
A while may struggle, but at last submit:
Well-weigh'd results and wise conclusions seem
But empty chat, impertinence to him:
His opiates seize so strongly on the brain,
They make all prudent application vain:
If, therefore, you resolve to live at ease,
To taste the sweetness of internal peace;
Would not for safety to a battle fly,
Or choose a shipwreck, if afraid to die:
Far from these pleasurable shades remove,
And leave the fond, inglorious toil of Love."

This said, she vanish'd, and methought I found
Myself transported to a rising ground;
From whence I did a pleasant vale survey,
Large was the prospect, beautiful, and gay;
There I beheld th' apartments of delight,
Whose curious forms oblig'd the wondering sight;
Some in full view upon the champaign plac'd,
With lofty walls and cooling streams embrac'd:
Others, in shady groves, retir'd from noise,
The seat of private and exalted joys.
At a great distance I perceiv'd there stood
A stately building in a spacious wood,
Whose gilded turrets rais'd their beauteous heads
High in the air, to view the neighbouring meads,
Where vulgar lovers spend their happy days,
In rustic dancing, and delightful plays.
But while I gaz'd with admiration round,
I heard from far celestial music sound:
So soft, so moving, so harmonious, all
The artful charming notes did rise and fall;
My soul, transported with the graceful airs,
Shook off the pressures of its former fears:
I felt afresh the little god begin
To stir himself, and gentle move within.
Then I repented I had vow'd no more
To love, or Delia's beauteous eyes adore.
"Why am now condemn'd to banishment,
And made an exile, by my own consent?"
I sighing, cry'd: "Why should I live in pain
Those fleeting hours which ne'er return again?
O Delia! what can wretched Strephon do!
Inhuman to himself, and false to you!
'Tis true, I 've promis'd Reason to remove
From these retreats, and quit bright Delia's love:

[1] The feast of Democles.

But is not Reason partially unkind?
Are all her votaries, like me, confin'd?
Must none, that under her dominion live,
To Love and Beauty veneration give?
Why then did Nature youthful Delia grace
With a majestic mien, and charming face?
Why did she give her that surprising air;
Make her so gay, so witty, and so fair;
Mistress of all that can affection move,
If Reason will not suffer us to love?
But, since it must be so, I 'll haste away;
'Tis fatal to return, and death to stay.
From you, blest shades! (if I may call you so
Inculpable) with mighty pain I go:
Compell'd from hence, I leave my quiet here;
I may find safety, but I buy it dear."
Then turning round, I saw a beauteous boy,
Such as of old were messengers of joy:
"Who art thou, or from whence? if sent," said I,
"To me, my haste requires a quick reply."
"I come," he cry'd, "from yon celestial grove,
Where stands the temple of the god of Love;
With whose important favour you are grac'd,
And justly in his high protection plac'd:
Be grateful, Strephon, and obey that god,
Whose sceptre ne'er is chang'd into a rod:
That god, to whom the haughty and the proud,
The bold, the bravest, nay, the best, have bow'd:
That god, whom all the lesser gods adore;
First in existence, and the first in power.
From him I come, on embassy divine,
To tell thee, Delia, Delia may be thine;
To whom all beauties rightful tribute pay;
Delia the young, the lovely, and the gay.
If you dare push your fortune, if you dare
But be resolv'd, and press the yielding fair,
Success and glory will your labours crown;
For Fate does rarely on the valiant frown.
But, were you sure to be unkindly us'd,
Boldly receiv'd, and scornfully refus'd;
He greater glory and more fame obtains,
Who loses Delia, than who Phyllis gains.
But, to prevent all fears that may arise,'
(Though fears ne'er move the daring and the wise)
In the dark volumes of Eternal Doom,
Where all things past, and present, and to come,
Are writ, I saw these words——' It is decreed,
That Strephon's love to Delia shall succeed.'
What would you more? While youth and vigour last,
Love, and be happy; they decline too fast.
In youth alone you 're capable to prove
The mighty transports of a generous love:
For dull Old Age, with fumbling labour, cloys
Before the bliss, or gives but wither'd joys.
Youth 's the best time for action mortals have;
That past, they touch the confines of the grave.
Now, if you hope to lie in Delia's arms,
To die in raptures, or dissolve in charms,
Quick to the blissful happy mansion fly,
Where all is one continued ecstasy.
Delia impatiently expects you there:
And sure you will not disappoint the fair.
None but the impotent or old would stay,
When Love invites, and Beauty calls away."
"Oh! you convey," said I, "dear charming boy,
Into my soul a strange disorder'd joy.
I would, but dare not, your advice pursue;
I 've promis'd Reason, and I must be true.
Reason 's the rightful empress of the soul;
Does all exorbitant desires control;
Checks every wild excursion of the mind,'
By her wise dictates happily confin'd:
And he that will not her commands obey,
Leaves a safe convoy in a dangerous sea.
True, I love Delia to a vast excess,
But I must try to make my passion less:
Try if I can, if possible, I will,
For I have vow'd, and must that vow fulfil.
Oh! had I not, with what a vigorous flight
Could I pursue the quarries of delight!
How could I press fair Delia in these arms,
Till I dissolv'd in love, and she in charms!
But now no more must I her beauties view;
Yet tremble at the thoughts to leave her too.
What would I give, I might my flame allow!
But 'tis forbid by Reason, and a vow;
Two mighty obstacles: though Love of old
Has broke through greater, stronger powers control'd.
Should I offend, by high example taught,
'T would not be an inexpiable fault,
The crimes of Malice have found grace above,
And sure kind Heaven will spare the crimes of Love
Could'st thou, my angel, but instruct me how
I might be happy, and not break my vow;
Or, by some subtle art, dissolve the chain;
You 'd soon revive my dying hopes again.
Reason and Love, I know, could ne'er agree;
Both would command, and both superior be.
Reason 's supported by the sinewy force
Of solid argument, and wise discourse:
But Love pretends to use no other arms
Than soft impressions, and persuasive charms.
One must be disobey'd; and shall I prove
A rebel to my Reason, or to Love?
But then, suppose I should my flame pursue,
Delia may be unkind, and faithless too;
Reject my passion with a proud disdain,
And scorn the love of such an humble swain:
Then should I labour under mighty grief,
Beyond all hopes or prospect of relief.
So that, methinks, 't is safer to obey
Right Reason, though she bears a rugged sway,
Than Love's soft rule, whose subjects undergo,
Early or late, too sad a share of woe.
Can I so soon forget that wretched crew,
Reason just now expos'd before my view?
If Delia should be cruel, I must be
A sad partaker of their misery.
But your encouragements so strongly move,
I 'm almost tempted to pursue my love:
For sure no treacherous designs should dwell
In one that argues and persuades so well;
For what could Love by my destruction gain?
Love 's an immortal god, and I a swain;
And sure I may without suspicion trust
A god, for gods can never be unjust."
"Right you conclude," reply'd the smiling boy;
"Love ruins none, 'tis men themselves destroy;
And those vile wretches which you lately saw,
Transgress'd his rules, as well as Reason's law.
They 're not Love's subjects, but the slaves of Lust;
Nor is their punishment so great as just.
For Love and Lust essentially divide,
Like day and night, Humility and Pride;
One darkness hides, t' other does always shine;
This of infernal make, and that divine.
Reason no generous passion does oppose;
'Tis Lust (not Love) and Reason that are foes.
She bids you scorn a base inglorious flame,
Black as the gloomy shade from whence it came:

In this her precepts should obedience find;
But yours is not of that ignoble kind.
You err in thinking she would disapprove
The brave pursuit of honourable love:
And therefore judge what 's harmless an offence;
Invert her meaning, and mistake her sense.
She could not such insipid counsel give,
As not to love at all; 'tis not to live,
But where bright virtue and true beauty lies,
And that in Delia, charming Delia's eyes.
Could you contented see th' angelic maid
In old Alexis' dull embraces laid?
Or rough-hewn Tityrus possess those charms,
Which are in heaven, the heaven of Delia's arms?
Consider, youth, what transport you forego,
The most entire felicity below;
Which is by Fate alone reserv'd for you:
Monarchs have been deny'd; for monarchs sue.
I own 'tis difficult to gain the prize;
Or 't would be cheap and low in noble eyes:
But there is one soft minute, when the mind
Is left unguarded, waiting to be kind;
Which the wise lover understanding right,
Steals in like day upon the wings of light.
You urge your vow, but can those vows prevail,
Whose first foundation and whose reason fail?
You vow'd to leave fair Delia; but you thought
Your passion was a crime, your flame a fault.
But since your judgment err'd, it has no force
To bind at all, but is dissolv'd of course;
And therefore hesitate no longer here,
But banish all the dull remains of fear.
Dare you be happy, youth? but dare, and be;
I 'll be your convoy to the charming she.
What! still irresolute? debating still?
View her, and then forsake her if you will."
"I 'll go," said I; "once more I 'll venture all;
'Tis brave to perish by a noble fall.
Beauty no mortal can resist; and Jove
Laid by his grandeur, to indulge his love.
Reason, if I do err, my crime forgive:
Angels alone without offending live.
I go astray but as the wise have done;
And act a folly which they did not shun."
Then we, descending to a spacious plain,
Were soon saluted by a numerous train
Of happy lovers, who consum'd their hours,
With constant jollity, in shady bowers.
There I beheld the blest variety
Of joy, from all corroding troubles free:
Each follow'd his own fancy to delight;
Though all went different ways, yet all went right.
None err'd, or miss'd the happiness he sought;
Love to one centre every twining brought.
We pass'd through numerous pleasant fields and glades,
By murmuring fountains, and by peaceful shades;
Till we approach'd the confines of the wood,
Where mighty Love's immortal temple stood;
Round the celestial fane, in goodly rows,
And beauteous order, amorous myrtle grows;
Beneath whose shade expecting lovers wait
For the kind minute of indulgent Fate:
Each had his guardian Cupid, whose chief care,
By secret motions, was to warm the fair;
To kindle eager longings for the joy;
To move the slow, and to incline the coy.
The glorious fabric charm'd my wondering sight;
Of vast extent, and of prodigious height:
The case was marble, but the polish'd stone
With such an admirable lustre shone,
As if some architect divine had strove
T' outdo the palace of imperial Jove;
The ponderous gates of massy gold were made,
With di'monds of a mighty size inlaid;
Here stood the winged guards, in order plac'd,
With shining darts and golden quivers grac'd:
As we approach'd, they clapp'd their joyful wings,
And cry'd aloud, "Tune, tune your warbling strings;
The grateful youth is come, to sacrifice
At Delia's altar to bright Delia's eyes:
With harmony divine his soul inspire,
That he may boldly touch the sacred fire;
And ye that wait upon the blushing fair,
Celestial incense and perfumes prepare;
While our great god her panting bosom warms,
Refines her beauties, and improves her charms."
Entering the spacious dome, my ravish'd eyes
A wondrous scene of glory did surprise:
The riches, symmetry, and brightness, all
Did equally for admiration call!
But the description is a labour fit
For none beneath a laureat angel's wit.
Amidst the temple was an altar made
Of solid gold, where adoration 's paid;
Here I perform'd the usual rites with fear,
Not daring boldly to approach too near;
Till from the god a smiling Cupid came,
And bid me touch the consecrated flame:
Which done, my guide my eager steps convey'd
To the apartment of the beauteous maid.
Before the entrance was her altar rais'd,
On pedestals of polish'd marble plac'd,
By it her guardian Cupid always stands,
Who troops of missionary Loves command:
To him, with soft addresses all repair:
Each for his captive humbly begs the fair:
Though still in vain they importun'd; for he
Would give encouragement to none but me.
"There stands the youth," he cry'd, "must take a bliss,
The lovely Delia can be none but his:
Fate has selected him; and mighty Love
Confirms below what that decrees above.
Then press no more; there's not another swain
On Earth, but Strephon, can bright Delia gain.
Kneel, youth, and with a grateful mind renew
Your vows; swear you 'll eternally be true.
But if you dare be false, dare perjur'd prove,
You 'll find, in sure revenge, affronted Love
As hot, as fierce, as terrible, as Jove."
"Hear me, ye gods," said I, "now hear me swear,
By all that 's sacred, and by all that 's fair!
If I prove false to Delia, let me fall
The common obloquy, condemn'd by all!
Let me the utmost of your vengeance tay;
Forc'd to live wretched, and unpity'd die!"
Then he expos'd the lovely sleeping maid,
Upon a couch of new-blown roses laid.
The blushing colour in her cheeks express'd
What tender thoughts inspir'd her heaving breast.
Sometimes a sigh half-smother'd stole away;
Then she would "Strephon, charming Strephon," say.
Sometimes she, smiling, cry'd, "You love, 'tis true;
But will you always, and be faithful too?"
Ten thousand graces play'd about her face;
Ten thousand charms attending every grace:
Each admirable feature did impart
A secret rapture to my throbbing heart,

The nymph [2] imprison'd in the brazen tower,
When Jove descended in a golden shower,
Less beautiful appear'd, and yet her eyes
Brought down that god from the neglected skies.
So moving, so transporting was the sight,
So much a goddess Delia seem'd, so bright,
My ravish'd soul, with secret wonder fraught,
Lay all dissolv'd in ecstasy of thought.
Long time I gaz'd: but, as I trembling drew
Nearer, to make a more obliging view,
It thunder'd loud, and the ungrateful noise
Wak'd me, and put an end to all my joys.

THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

As Strephon, in a wither'd cypress shade,
For anxious thought and sighing lovers made,
Revolving lay upon his wretched state,
And the hard usage of too partial Fate;
Thus the sad youth complain'd: "Once happy swain,
Now the most abject shepherd of the plain!
Where 's that harmonious concert of delights,
Those peaceful days, and pleasurable nights,
That generous mirth and noble jollity,
Which gaily made the dancing minutes flee?
Dispers'd and banish'd from my troubled breast;
Nor leave me one short interval of rest.
"Why do I prosecute a hopeless flame,
And play in torment such a losing game?
All things conspire to make my ruin sure:
When wounds are mortal, they admit no cure.
But Heaven sometimes does a miraculous thing,
When our last hope is just upon the wing;
And in a moment drives those clouds away,
Whose sullen darkness hid a glorious day.
"Why was I born, or why do I survive;
To be made wretched only, kept alive?
Fate is too cruel in the harsh decree,
That I must live, yet live in misery.
Are all its pleasing happy moments gone?
Must Strephon be unfortunate alone?
On other swains it lavishly bestows;
On them each nymph neglected favour throws:
They meet compliance still in every face,
And lodge their passions in a kind embrace;
Obtaining from the soft incurious maid
True love for counterfeit, and gold for lead.
Success on Mævius always does attend;
Inconstant Fortune is his constant friend:
He levels blindly, yet the mark does hit;
And owes the victory to chance, not wit.
But, let him conquer ere one blow be struck;
I 'd not be Mævius, to have Mævius's luck.
Proud of my fate, I would not change my chains
For all the trophies purring Mævius gains;
But rather still live Delia's slave, than be
Like Mævius silly, and like Mævius free.
But he is happy, loves the common road,
And, pack-horse like, jogs on beneath his load.
If Phyllis peevish or unkind does prove,
It ne'er disturbs his grave mechanic love.
A little joy his languid flame contents,
And makes him easy under all events.
But when a passion 's noble and sublime,
And higher still would every moment climb,
If 't is accepted with a just return,
The fire 's immortal, will for ever burn;
And with such raptures fills the lover's breast,
That saints in Paradise are scarce more blest.
"But I lament my miseries in vain;
For Delia hears me, pitiless, complain.
Suppose she pities, and believes me true,
What satisfaction can from thence accrue,
Unless her pity makes her love me too?
Perhaps she loves ('t is but perhaps, I fear,
For that 's a blessing can 't be bought too dear)
If she has scruples that oppose her will,
I must, alas! be miserable still.
Though, if she loves, those scruples soon will fly
Before the reasoning of the deity:
For, where Love enters, he will rule alone,
And suffer no co-partner in his throne;
And those false arguments, that would repel
His high injunctions, teach us to rebel.
"What method can poor Strephon then propound,
To cure the bleeding of his fatal wound,
If she, who guided the vexatious dart,
Resolves to cherish and increase the smart?
Go, youth, from these unhappy plains remove,
Leave the pursuit of unsuccessful love:
Go, and to foreign swains thy griefs relate,
Tell them the cruelty of frowning Fate;
Tell them the noble charms of Delia's mind,
Tell them how fair, but tell them how unkind.
And when few years thou hast in sorrow spent,
(For sure they cannot be of large extent)
In prayers for her thou lov'st, resign thy breath,
And bless the minute gives thee ease and death."
Here paus'd the swain—when Delia, driving by
Her bleating flock to some fresh pasture nigh,
By Love directed, did her steps convey
Where Strephon, wrapp'd in silent sorrow, lay.
As soon as he perceiv'd the beauteous maid,
He rose to meet her, and thus, trembling, said:
"When humble suppliants would the gods appease,
And in severe afflictions beg for ease,
With constant importunity they sue,
And their petitions every day renew;
Grow still more earnest as they are deny'd,
Nor one well-weigh'd expedient leave untry'd,
Till Heaven those blessings they enjoy'd before,
Not only does return, but gives them more.
"O, do not blame me, Delia! if I press
So much, and with impatience, for redress.
My pond'rous griefs no ease my soul allow;
For they are next t' intolerable now:
How shall I then support them, when they grow
To an excess, to a distracting woe?
Since you 're endow'd with a celestial mind,
Relieve like Heaven, and like the gods be kind.
Did you perceive the torments I endure,
Which you first caus'd, and you alone can cure,
They would your virgin soul to pity move,
And pity may at last be chang'd to love.
Some swains, I own, impose upon the fair,
And lead the incautious maid into a snare;
But let them suffer for their perjury,
And do not punish others' crimes with me.
If there 's so many of our sex untrue,
Yours should more kindly use the faithful few;
Though innocence too oft incurs the fate
Of guilt, and clears itself sometimes too late.
Your nature is to tenderness inclin'd;
And why to me, to me alone unkind?

[2] Danaë.

A common love, by other persons shown,
Meets with a full return; but mine has none:
Nay, scarce believ'd, though from deceit as free
As angels flames can for archangels be.
A passion feign'd, at no repulse is griev'd,
And values little if it be n't receiv'd:
But, love sincere resents the smallest scorn,
And the unkindness does in secret mourn.
"Sometimes I please myself, and think you are
Too good to make me wretched by despair:
That tenderness, which in your soul is plac'd,
Will move you to compassion sure at last.
But, when I come to take a second view
Of my own merits, I despond of you:
For what can Delia, beauteous Delia, see,
To raise in her the least esteem for me:
I 've nought that can encourage my address;
My fortune 's little, and my worth is less:
But, if a love of the sublimest kind
Can make impression on a generous mind;
If all has real value that 's divine,
There cannot be a nobler flame than mine.
"Perhaps you pity me; I know you must,
And my affection can no more distrust:
But what, alas! will helpless pity do?
You pity, but you may despise me too.
Still I am wretched if no more you give,
The starving orphan can't on pity live:
He must receive the food for which he cries,
Or he consumes; and, though much pity'd, dies.
"My torments still do with my passion grow;
The more I love, the more I undergo.
But suffer me no longer to remain
Beneath the pressure of so vast a pain.
My wound requires some speedy remedy:
Delays are fatal, when despair is nigh.
Much I 've endur'd, much more than I can tell;
Too much, indeed, for one that loves so well.
When will the end of all my sorrows be?
Can you not love? I 'm sure you pity me.
But, if I must new miseries sustain,
And be condemn'd to more and stronger pain,
I 'll not accuse you, since my fate is such,
I please too little, and I love too much."
"Strephon, no more," the blushing Delia said;
"Excuse the conduct of a timorous maid:
Now I 'm convinc'd your love 's sublime and true,
Such as I always wish'd to find in you.
Each kind expression, every tender thought,
A mighty transport in my bosom wrought:
And though in secret I your flame approv'd,
I sigh'd, and griev'd, but durst not own I lov'd.
Though now—O Strephon! be so kind to guess,
What shame will not allow me to confess."
The youth, encompass'd with a joy so bright,
Had hardly strength to bear the vast delight.
By too sublime an ecstasy possest,
He trembled, gaz'd, and clasp'd her to his breast;
Ador'd the nymph that did his pain remove,
Vow'd endless truth, and everlasting love.

STREPHON'S LOVE FOR DELIA

JUSTIFIED.

IN AN EPISTLE TO CELADON.

All men have follies, which they blindly trace
Through the dark turnings of a dubious maze.
But happy those, who, by a prudent care,
Retreat betimes from the fallacious snare.
The eldest sons of Wisdom were not free
From the same failure you condemn in me:
They lov'd, and, by that glorious passion led,
Forgot what Plato and themselves had said.
Love triumph'd o'er those dull, pedantic rules,
They had collected from the wrangling schools,
And made them to his noble sway submit,
In spite of all their learning, art, and wit:
Their grave, starch'd morals, then unuseful prov'd;
These dusty characters he soon remov'd;
For, when his shining squadrons came in view,
Their boasted Reason murmur'd, and withdrew;
Unable to oppose their mighty force
With phlegmatic resolves, and dry discourse.
If, as the wisest of the wise have err'd,
I go astray, and am condemn'd unheard,
My faults you too severely reprehend,
More like a rigid censor than a friend.
Love is the monarch passion of the mind,
Knows no superior, by no laws confin'd,
But triumphs still, impatient of control,
O'er all the proud endowments of the soul.
You own'd my Delia, friend, divinely fair,
When in the bud her native beauties were;
Your praise did then her early charms confess,
Yet you 'd persuade me to adore her less.
You but the non-age of her beauty saw,
But might from thence sublime ideas draw,
And what she is, by what she was, conclude;
For now she governs those she then subdued.
Her aspect noble and mature is grown,
And every charm in its full vigour known.
There we may wondering view, distinctly writ,
The lines of goodness, and the marks of wit:
Each feature, emulous of pleasing most,
Does justly some peculiar sweetness boast;
And her composure 's of so fine a frame,
Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame.
When the immortal beauties of the skies
Contended naked for the golden prize,
The apple had not fall'n to Venus' share,
Had I been Paris, and my Delia there;
In whom alone we all their graces find,
The moving gaiety of Venus, join'd
With Juno's aspect, and Minerva's mind.
View both those nymphs whom other swains adore,
You 'll value charming Delia still the more.
Dorinda's mien 's majestic, but her mind
Is to revenge and peevishness inclin'd:
Myrtilla 's fair; and yet Myrtilla 's proud:
Chloe has wit; but noisy, vain, and loud:
Melania doats upon the silliest things;
And yet Melania like an angel sings.
But in my Delia all endowments meet,
All that is just, agreeable, or sweet;
All that can praise and admiration move,
All that the wisest and the bravest love.
In all discourse she 's apposite and gay,
And ne'er wants something pertinent to say;
For, if the subject 's of a serious kind,
Her thoughts are manly, and her sense refin'd;
But if divertive, her expression 's fit,
Good language, join'd with inoffensive wit;
So cautious always, that she ne'er affords
An idle thought the charity of words.
The vices common to her sex can find
No room, ev'n in the suburbs of her mind;

Concluding wisely she 's in danger still,
From the mere neighbourhood of industrious ill.
Therefore at distance keeps the subtle foe,
Whose near approach would formidable grow;
While the unwary virgin is undone,
And meets the misery which she ought to shun.
Her wit is penetrating, clear, and gay;
But let true judgment and right reason sway;
Modestly bold, and quick to apprehend;
Prompt in replies, but cautious to offend.
Her darts are keen, but level'd with such care,
They ne'er fall short, and seldom fly too far:
For when she rallies, 'tis with so much art,
We blush with pleasure, and with rapture smart.
O, Celadon! you would my flame approve,
Did you but hear her talk of love.
That tender passion to her fancy brings
The prettiest notions, and the softest things;
Which are by her so movingly exprest,
They fill with ecstasy my throbbing breast.
'Tis then the charms of eloquence impart
Their native glories unimprov'd by art:
By what she says I measure things above,
And guess the language of seraphic love.
To the cool bosom of a peaceful shade,
By some wild beech or lofty poplar made,
When evening comes, we secretly repair
To breathe in private, and unbend our care:
And while our flocks in fruitful pastures feed,
Some well-design'd, instructive poem read;
Where useful morals, with soft numbers join'd,
At once delight and cultivate the mind:
Which are by her to more perfection brought,
By wise remarks upon the poet's thought;
So well she knows the stamp of eloquence,
The empty sound of words from solid sense.
The florid fustian of a rhyming spark,
Whose random arrow ne'er comes near the mark,
Can't on her judgment be impos'd, and pass
For standard gold, when 't is but gilded brass.
Oft in the walks of an adjacent grove,
Where first we mutually engag'd to love,
She smiling ask'd me, "Whether I 'd prefer
An humble cottage on the plains with her,
Before the pompous building of the great;
And find content in that inferior state?"
Said I, "The question you propose to me,
Perhaps a matter of debate might be,
Were the degrees of my affection less
Than burning martyrs to the gods express.
In you I 've all I can desire below,
That Earth can give me, or the gods bestow;
And, blest with you, I know not where to find
A second choice, you take up all my mind.
I 'd not forsake that dear, delightful plain,
Where charming Delia, Love and Delia reign,
For all the splendour that a court can give,
Where gaudy fools and busy statesmen live.
Though youthful Paris, when his birth was known
(Too fatally related to a throne)
Forsook Oenone, and his rural sports,
For dangerous greatness, and tumultuous courts;
Yet Fate should offer still its power in vain;
For what is power to such an humble swain?
I would not leave my Delia, leave my fair,
Though half the globe should be assign'd my share."
And would you have me, friend, reflect again,
Become the basest and the worst of men?
O, do not urge me, Celadon; forbear;
I cannot leave her, she 's too charming fair!
Should I your counsel in this case pursue,
You might suspect me for a villain too:
For sure that perjur'd wretch can never prove
Just to his friend, who 's faithless to his love.

EPISTLE TO DELIA.

As those who hope hereafter Heaven to share,
A rigorous exile here can calmly bear,
And, with collected spirits, undergo
The sad variety of pain below;
Yet, with intense reflections, antedate
The mighty raptures of a future state:
While the bright prospect of approaching joy
Creates a bliss no trouble can destroy:
So, though I 'm toss'd by giddy Fortune's hand,
Ev'n to the confines of my native land;
Where I can hear the stormy ocean roar,
And break its waves upon the foaming shore:
Though from my Delia banish'd; all that 's dear,
That 's good, or beautiful, or charming here:
Yet flattering hopes encourage me to live,
And tell me Fate will kinder minutes give;
That the dark treasury of times contains
A glorious day, will finish all my pains:
And, while I contemplate on joys to come,
My griefs are silent, and my sorrows dumb.
Believe me, nymph, believe me, charming fair,
(When truth 's conspicuous, we need not swear;
Oaths will suppose a diffidence in you,
That I am false, my flame fictitious too)
Were I condemn'd by Fate's imperial power,
Ne'er to return to your embraces more,
I'd scorn whate'er the busy world could give;
'T would be the worst of miseries to live:
For all my wishes and desires pursue,
All I admire, or covet here, is you.
Were I possess'd of your surprising charms,
And lodg'd again within my Delia's arms;
Then would my joys ascend to that degree,
Could angels envy, they would envy me.
Oft, as I wander in a silent shade,
When bold vexations would my soul invade,
I banish the rough thought, and none pursue,
But what inclines my willing mind to you.
The soft reflections on your sacred love,
Like sovereign antidotes, all cares remove;
Composing every faculty to rest,
They leave a grateful flavour in my breast.
Retir'd sometimes into a lonely grove,
I think o'er all the stories of our love.
What mighty pleasure have I oft possess'd,
When, in a masculine embrace, I prest
The lovely Delia to my heaving breast!
Then I remember, and with vast delight,
The kind expressions of the parting night:
Methought the Sun too quick return'd again,
And day seem'd ne'er impertinent till then.
Strong and contracted was our eager bliss;
An age of pleasure in each generous kiss:
Years of delight in moments we compris'd;
And Heaven itself was there epitomis'd.
But, when the glories of the eastern light
O'erflow'd the twinkling tapers of the night;
"Farewell, my Delia, O farewell!" said I,
"The utmost period of my time is nigh:
Too cruel Fate forbids my longer stay,
And wretched Strephon is compell'd away.

But, though I must my native plains forego,
Forsake these fields, forsake my Delia too;
No change of fortune shall for ever move
The settled base of my immortal love."
"And must my Strephon, must my faithful swain,
Be forc'd," you cry'd, "to a remoter plain!
The darling of my soul so soon remov'd!
The only valu'd, and the best belov'd!
Though other swains to me themselves address'd,
Strephon was still distinguish'd from the rest:
Flat and insipid all their courtship seem'd;
Little themselves, their passions less, esteem'd:
For my aversion with their flames increas'd,
And none but Strephon partial Delia pleas'd.
Though I 'm depriv'd of my kind shepherd's sight,
Joy of the day, and blessing of the night,
Yet will you, Strephon, will you love me still?
However, flatter me, and say you will.
For, should you entertain a rival love,
Should you unkind to me, or faithless prove,
No mortal e'er could half so wretched be;
For sure no mortal ever lov'd like me."
"Your beauty, nymph," said I, "my faith secures;
Those you once conquer, must be always yours:
For hearts, subdued by your victorious eyes,
No force can storm, no stratagem surprise;
Nor can I of captivity complain,
While lovely Delia holds the glorious chain.
The Cyprian queen, in young Adonis' arms,
Might fear, at least, he would despise her charms;
But I can never such a monster prove,
To slight the blessings of my Delia's love.
Would those who at celestial tables sit,
Blest with immortal wine, immortal wit,
Choose to descend to some inferior board,
Which nought but scum and nonsense can afford?
Nor can I e'er to those gay nymphs address,
Whose pride is greater, and whose charms are less:
Their tinsel beauty, may, perhaps, subdue
A gaudy coxcomb, or a fulsome beau;
But seem at best indifferent to me,
Who none but you with admiration see.
"Now, would the rolling orbs obey my will,
I 'd make the Sun a second time stand still,
And to the lower world their light repay,
When conquering Joshua robb'd them of a day:
Though our two souls would different passions prove;
His was a thirst of glory, mine of love.
It will not be; the Sun makes haste to rise,
And take possession of the eastern skies;
Yet one more kiss, though millions are too few;
And, Delia, since we must, must part, adieu."
As Adam, by an injur'd Maker driven
From Eden's groves, the vicinage of Heaven,
Compell'd to wander, and oblig'd to bear
The harsh impressions of a ruder air,
With mighty sorrow, and with weeping eyes,
Look'd back, and mourn'd the loss of Paradise,
With a concern like his did I review
My native plains, my charming Delia too;
For I left Paradise in leaving you.
If, as I walk, a pleasant shade I find,
It brings your fair idea to my mind:
"Such was the happy place," I sighing say,
"Where I and Delia, lovely Delia, lay;
When first I did my tender thoughts impart,
And made a grateful present of my heart."
Or, if my friend, in his apartment, shows
Some piece of Van Dyck's, or of Angelo's,
In which the artist has, with wondrous care,
Describ'd the face of one exceeding fair;
Though, at first sight, it may my passion raise,
And every feature I admire and praise;
Yet still, methinks, upon a second view,
'Tis not so beautiful, so fair as you.
If I converse with those whom most admit
To have a ready, gay, vivacious, wit;
They want some amiable, moving grace,
Some turn of fancy that my Delia has:
For ten good thoughts amongst the crowd they vent,
Methinks ten thousand are impertinent.
Let other shepherds, that are prone to range,
With each caprice, their giddy humours change:
They from variety less joys receive,
Than you alone are capable to give.
Nor will I envy those ill-judging swains
(What they enjoy 's the refuse of the plains)
If, for my share of happiness below,
Kind Heaven upon me Delia would bestow;
Whatever blessings it can give beside,
Let all mankind among themselves divide.

A PASTORAL ESSAY

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARY, ANNO 1694.

As gentle Strephon to his fold convey'd
A wandering lamb, which from the flocks had stray'd,
Beneath a mournful cypress shade he found
Cosmelia weeping on the dewy ground.
Amaz'd, with eager haste he ran to know
The fatal cause of her intemperate woe;
And, clasping her to his impatient breast,
In these soft words his tender care exprest.

STREPHON.

Why mourns my dear Cosmelia? Why appears
My life, my soul, dissolv'd in briny tears?
Has some fierce tiger thy lov'd heifer slain,
While I was wandering on the neighbouring plain?
Or, has some greedy wolf devour'd thy sheep?
What sad misfortune makes Cosmelia weep?
Speak, that I may prevent thy grief's increase,
Partake thy sorrows, or restore thy peace.

COSMELIA.

Do you not hear from far that mournful bell?
'Tis for——I cannot the sad tidings tell.
Oh, whither are my fainting spirits fled?
'Tis for Cælestia—Strephon, oh—she 's dead!
The brightest nymph, the princess of the plain,
By an untimely dart, untimely slain!

STREPHON.

Dead! 'Tis impossible! She cannot die:
She 's too divine, too much a deity:
'Tis a false rumour some ill swains have spread,
Who wish, perhaps, the good Cælestia dead.

COSMELIA.

Ah! no; the truth in every face appears;
For every face you meet 's o'erflow'd with tears.
Trembling, and pale, I ran through all the plain,
From flock to flock, and ask'd of every swain;
But each, scarce lifting his dejected head,
Cry'd, "Oh, Cosmelia! Oh, Cælestia 's dead!"

STREPHON.

Something was meant by that ill-broading croak
Of the prophetic raven from the oak,
Which straight by lightning was in shivers broke.
But we our mischief feel, before we see;
Seiz'd and o'erwhelm'd at once with misery.

COSMELIA.

Since then we have no trophies to bestow,
No pompous things to make a glorious show,
(For all the tribute a poor swain can bring,
In rural numbers, is to mourn and sing)
Let us, beneath the gloomy shade, rehearse
Cælestia's sacred name in no less sacred verse.

STREPHON.

Cælestia dead! Then 'tis in vain to live;
What 's all the comfort that the plains can give;
Since she, by whose bright influence alone
Our flocks increas'd, and we rejoic'd, is gone;
Since she, who round such beams of goodness spread
As gave new life to every swain, is dead?

COSMELIA.

In vain we wish for the delightful spring;
What joys can flowery May or April bring,
When she, for whom the spacious plains were spread
With early flowers and cheerful greens, is dead?
In vain did courtly Damon warm the earth,
To give to summer fruits a winter birth;
In vain we autumn wait, which crowns the fields
With wealthy crops, and various plenty yields;
Since that fair nymph, for whom the boundless store
Of Nature was preserv'd, is now no more.

STREPHON.

Farewell for ever then to all that 's gay:
You will forget to sing, and I to play.
No more with cheerful songs, in cooling bowers,
Shall we consume the pleasurable hours:
All joys are banish'd, all delights are fled,
Ne'er to return, now fair Cælestia 's dead.

COSMELIA.

If e'er I sing, they shall be mournful lays
Of great Cælestia's name, Cælestia's praise:
How good she was, how generous, how wise!
How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes!
How charming all; how much she was ador'd,
Alive; when dead, how much her loss deplor'd!
A noble theme, and able to inspire
The humblest Muse with the sublimest fire.
And since we do of such a princess sing,
Let ours ascend upon a stronger wing;
And, while we do the lofty numbers join,
Her name will make the harmony divine.
Raise then thy tuneful voice; and be the song
Sweet as her temper, as her virtue strong.

STREPHON.

When her great lord to foreign wars was gone,
And left Cælestia here to rule alone;
With how serene a brow, how void of fear,
When storms arose, did she the vessel steer!
And when the raging of the waves did cease,
How gentle was her sway in times of peace!
Justice and Mercy did their beams unite,
And round her temples spread a glorious light;
So quick she eas'd the wrongs of every swain,
She hardly gave them leisure to complain:
Impatient to reward, but slow to draw
Th' avenging sword of necessary Law:
Like Heaven, she took no pleasure to destroy;
With grief she punish'd, and she sav'd with joy.

COSMELIA.

When godlike Belliger, from war's alarms,
Return'd in triumph to Cælestia's arms,
She met her hero with a full desire;
But chaste as light, and vigorous as fire:
Such mutual flames, so equally divine,
Did in each breast with such a lustre shine,
His could not seem the greater, her's the less:
Both were immense, for both were in excess.

STREPHON.

Oh, godlike princess! Oh, thrice happy swains!
Whilst she presided o'er the fruitful plains!
Whilst she, for ever ravish'd from our eyes,
To mingle with the kindred of the skies,
Did for your peace her constant thoughts employ!
The nymph's good angel, and the shepherd's joy!

COSMELIA.

All that was noble beautify'd her mind;
There Wisdom sat, with solid Reason join'd:
There too did Piety and Greatness wait;
Meekness on Grandeur, Modesty on State:
Humble amidst the splendours of a throne;
Plac'd above all, and yet despising none.
And when a crown was forc'd on her by Fate,
She with some pains submitted to be great.

STREPHON.

Her pious soul with emulation strove
To gain the mighty Pan's important love:
To whose mysterious rites she always came,
With such an active, so intense a flame;
The duties of religion seem'd to be
No more her care than her felicity.

COSMELIA.

Virtue unmix'd, without the least allay,
Pure as the light of a celestial ray,
Commanded all the motions of the soul
With such a soft, but absolute control,
That, as she knew what best great Pan would please,
She still perform'd it with the greatest ease.
Him for her high exemplar she design'd,
Like him, benevolent to all mankind.
Her foes she pity'd, nor desir'd their blood;
And, to revenge their crimes, she did them good:
Nay, all affronts so unconcern'd she bore,
(Maugre that violent temptation, power)
As if she thought it vulgar to resent,
Or wish'd forgiveness their worst punishment.

STREPHON.

Next mighty Pan, was her illustrious lord,
His high vicegerent, sacredly ador'd:
Him with such piety and zeal she lov'd,
The noble passion every hour improv'd:
Till it ascended to that glorious height,
'Twas next (if only next) to infinite.
This made her so entire a duty pay,
She grew at last impatient to obey;
And met his wishes with as prompt a zeal
As an archangel his Creator's will.

COSMELIA.

Mature for Heaven, the fatal mandate came,
With it a chariot of ethereal flame;
In which, Elijah like, she pass'd the spheres;
Brought joy to Heaven, but left the the world in tears.

STREPHON.

Methinks I see her on the plains of light,
All glorious, all incomparably bright!
While the immortal minds around her gaze
On the excessive splendour of her rays;
And scarce believe a human soul could be
Endow'd with such stupendous majesty.

COSMELIA.

Who can lament too much! O, who can mourn
Enough o'er beautiful Cælestia's urn!
So great a loss as this deserves excess
Of sorrows; all 's too little that is less.
But, to supply the universal woe,
Tears from all eyes, without cessation, flow:
All that have power to weep, or voice to groan,
With throbbing breasts, Cælestia's fate bemoan;
While marble rocks the common griefs partake,
And echo back those cries they cannot make.

STREPHON.

Weep then (once fruitful vales) and spring with yew!
Ye thirsty, barren mountains, weep with dew!
Let every flower on this extended plain
Not droop, but shrink into its womb again,
Ne'er to receive anew its yearly birth!
Let every thing that 's grateful leave the Earth!
Let mournful cypress, with each noxious weed,
And baneful venoms, in their place succeed!
Ye purling, querulous brooks, o'ercharg'd with grief,
Haste swiftly to the sea for more relief;
Then tiding back, each to his sacred head,
Tell your astonish'd springs, Cælestia 's dead!

COSMELIA.

Well have you sung, in an exalted strain,
The fairest nymph e'er grac'd the British plain.
Who knows but some officious angel may
Your grateful numbers to her ears convey!
That she may smile upon us from above,
And bless our mournful plains with peace and love!

STREPHON.

But see, our flocks do to their folds repair;
For night with sable clouds obscures the air:
Cold damps descend from the unwholesome sky,
And safety bids us to our cottage fly.
Though with each morn our sorrows will return;
Each ev'n, like nightingales, we 'll sing and mourn,
Till Death conveys us to the peaceful urn.

TO HIS FRIEND,

UNDER AFFLICTION.

None lives in this tumultuous state of things,
Where every morning soon new troubles brings,
But bold inquietudes will break his rest,
And gloomy thoughts disturb his anxious breast.
Angelic forms, and happy spirits, are
Above the malice of perplexing care:
But that 's a blessing too sublime, too high,
For those who bend beneath mortality.
If in the body there was but one part
Subject to pain, and sensible of smart,
And but one passion could torment the mind;
That part, that passion, busy Fate would find:
But, since infirmities in both abound,
Since sorrow both so many ways can wound,
'Tis not so great a wonder that we grieve
Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.
The happiest man that ever breath'd on Earth,
With all the glories of estate and birth,
Had yet some anxious care, to make him know,
No grandeur was above the reach of woe.
To be from all things that disquiet, free,
Is not consistent with humanity.
Youth, wit, and beauty, are such charming things,
O'er which, if Affluence spreads her gaudy wings,
We think the person who enjoys so much,
No care can move, and no affliction touch;
Yet could we but some secret method find
To view the dark recesses of the mind,
We there might see the hidden seed of strife,
And woes in embryo ripening into life:
How some fierce lust, or boisterous passion, fills
The labouring spirit with prolific ills;
Pride, Envy, or Revenge, distract the soul,
And all right Reason's godlike powers control;
But if she must not be allow'd to sway,
Though all without appears serene and gay,
A cankerous venom on the vitals preys,
And poisons all the comforts of his days.
External pomp and visible success
Sometimes contribute to our happiness;
But that which makes it genuine, refin'd,
Is a good conscience and a soul resign'd.
Then, to whatever end affliction 's sent,
To try our virtues, or for punishment,
We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow:
For, in misfortunes this advantage lies;
They make us humble, and they make us wise;
And he that can acquire such virtues, gains
An ample recompense for all his pains.
Too soft caresses of a prosperous fate
The pious fervours of the soul abate;
Tempt to luxurious ease our careless days,
And gloomy vapour round the spirits raise.
Thus lull'd into a sleep, we dozing lie,
And find our ruin in security;
Unless some sorrow comes to our relief,
And breaks th' enchantment by a timely grief.
But as we are allow'd, to cheer our sight,
In blackest days, some glimmerings of light,
So, in the most dejected hours, we may
The secret pleasure have to weep and pray;
And those requests the speediest passage find
To Heaven, which flow from an afflicted mind:
And while to him we open our distress,
Our pains grow lighter, and our sorrows less.
The finest music of the grove we owe
To mourning Philomel's harmonious woe;
And while her grief 's in charming notes express'd,
A thorny bramble pricks her tender breast;
In warbling melody she spends the night,
And moves at once compassion and delight.
No choice had e'er so happy an event,
But he that made it did that choice repent,
So weak 's our judgment, and so short 's our sight,
We cannot level our own wishes right:
And if sometimes we make a wise advance,
T' ourselves we little owe, but much to chance.

So that when Providence, for secret ends,
Corroding cares, or sharp affliction, sends;
We must conclude it best it should be so,
And not desponding or impatient grow.
For he that will his confidence remove
From boundless wisdom and eternal love,
To place it on himself, or human aid,
Will meet those woes he labours to evade.
But, in the keenest agonies of grief,
Content 's a cordial that still gives relief:
Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,
But most chastises those whom most he likes;
And, if with humble spirits they complain,
Relieves the anguish, or rewards the pain.

TO ANOTHER FRIEND,

UNDER AFFLICTION.

Since the first man by disobedience fell
An easy conquest to the powers of Hell,
There 's none in every stage of life can be
From the insults of bold affliction free.
If a short respite gives us some relief,
And interrupts the series of our grief,
So quick the pangs of misery return,
We joy by minutes, but by years we mourn.
Reason refin'd and to perfection brought,
By wise philosophy, and serious thought,
Support the soul beneath the pond'rous weight
Of angry stars, and unpropitious fate:
Then is the time she should exert her power,
And make us practise what she taught before.
For why are such voluminous authors read,
The learned labours of the famous dead,
But to prepare the mind for its defence,
By sage results, and well-digested sense;
That, when the storm of misery appears,
With all its real or fantastic fears,
We either may the rolling danger fly,
Or stem the tide before it swells too high?
But though the theory of wisdom 's known
With ease, what should, and what should not be done;
Yet all the labour in the practice lies,
To be, in more than words and notion, wise;
The sacred truth of sound philosophy
We study early, but we late apply.
When stubborn anguish seizes on the soul,
Right reason would its haughty rage control;
But, if it may n't be suffer'd to endure,
The pain is just, when we reject the cure.
For many men, close observation finds,
Of copious learning, and exalted minds,
Who tremble at the sight of daring woes,
And stoop ignobly to the vilest foes;
As if they understood not how to be
Or wise, or brave, but in felicity;
And by some action, servile or unjust,
Lay all their former glories in the dust.
For wisdom first the wretched mortal flies,
And leaves him naked to his enemies:
So that, when most his prudence should be shown,
The most imprudent, giddy things are done.
For when the mind 's surrounded with distress,
Fear or inconstancy the judgment press,
And render it incapable to make
Wise resolutions, or good counsels take.
Yet there 's a steadiness of soul and thought,
By reason bred, and by religion taught,
Which, like a rock amidst the stormy waves,
Unmov'd remains, and all affliction braves.
In sharp misfortunes, some will search too deep
What Heaven prohibits, and would secret keep:
But those events 'tis better not to know,
Which, known, serve only to increase our woe.
Knowledge forbid ('tis dangerous to pursue)
With guilt begins, and ends with ruin too.
For, had our earliest parents been content
Not to know more than to be innocent,
Their ignorance of evil had preserv'd
Their joys entire; for then they had not swerv'd.
But they imagin'd (their desires were such)
They knew too little, till they knew too much.
E'er since my folly must to wisdom rise;
And few are, but by sad experience, wise.
Consider, friend! who all your blessings gave,
What are recall'd again, and what you have;
And do not murmur when you are bereft
Of little, if you have abundance left:
Consider too, how many thousands are
Under the worst of miseries, despair;
And do n't repine at what you now endure;
Custom will give you ease, or time will cure:
Once more consider, that the present ill,
Though it be great, may yet be greater still;
And be not anxious; for, to undergo
One grief, is nothing to a numerous woe.
But since it is impossible to be
Human, and not expos'd to misery,
Bear it, my friend, as bravely as you can:
You are not more, and be not less than man!
Afflictions past can no existence find,
But in the wild ideas of the mind:
And why should we for those misfortunes mourn,
Which have been suffer'd, and can ne'er return?
Those that have weather'd a tempestuous night,
And find a calm approaching with the light,
Will not, unless their reason they disown,
Still make those dangers present that are gone.
What is behind the curtain none can see;
It may be joy: suppose it misery;
'Tis future still; and that which is not here,
May never come, or we may never bear.
Therefore the present ill alone we ought
To view, in reason, with a troubled thought:
But, if we may the sacred pages trust,
He 's always happy, that is always just.

TO HIS FRIEND,

INCLINED TO MARRY.

I would not have you, Strephon, choose a mate,
From too exalted, or too mean a state;
For in both these we may expect to find
A creeping spirit, or a haughty mind.
Who moves within the middle region, shares
The least disquiets, and the smallest cares.
Let her extraction with true lustre shine;
If something brighter, not too bright for thine:
Her education liberal, not great;
Neither inferior, nor above her state.
Let her have wit; but let that wit be free
From affectation, pride, and pedantry:
For the effect of woman's wit is such,
Too little is as dangerous as too much.
But chiefly let her humour close with thine;
Unless where yours does to a fault incline;

The least disparity in this destroys,
Like sulphurous blasts, the very buds of joys.
Her person amiable, straight, and free
From natural, or chance, deformity.
Let not her years exceed, if equal thine;
For women, past their vigour, soon decline:
Her fortune competent; and, if thy s'ght
Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right.
If thine 's enough, then her's may be the less:
Do not aspire to riches in excess.
For that which makes our lives delightful prove,
Is 'a genteel sufficiency and love.

TO A PAINTER

DRAWING DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER, the utmost of thy judgment show;
Exceed ev'n Titian, and great Angelo:
With all the liveliness of thought express
The moving features of Dorinda's face.
Thou canst not flatter, where such beauty dwells;
Her charms thy colours, and thy art, excels.
Others less fair, may from thy pencil have
Graces, which sparing Nature never gave:
But in Dorinda's aspect thou wilt see
Such as will pose thy famous art, and thee;
So great, so many in her face unite,
So well proportion'd, and so wondrous bright,
No human skill can e'er express them all,
But must do wrong to th' fair original.
An angel's hand alone the pencil fits,
To mix the colours when an angel sits.
Thy picture may as like Dorinda be
As art of man can paint a deity;
And justly may perhaps, when she withdraws,
Excite our wonder, and deserve applause:
But when compared, you 'll be oblig'd to own,
No art can equal what 's by Nature done.
Great Lely's noble hand, excell'd by few,
The picture fairer than the person drew:
He took the best that Nature could impart,
And made it better by his powerful art.
But had he seen that bright, surprising grace,
Which spreads itself o'er all Dorinda's face,
Vain had been all the essays of his skill;
She must have been confest the fairest still.
Heaven in a landscape may be wondrous fine,
And look as bright as painted light can shine;
But still the real glories of the place
All art, by infinite degrees, surpass.

TO THE PAINTER, AFTER HE HAD FINISHED DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER, thou hast perform'd what man can do;
Only Dorinda's self more charms can shew.
Bold are thy strokes, and delicate each touch;
But still the beauties of her face are such
As cannot justly be describ'd; though all
Confess 't is like the bright original.
In her, and in thy picture, we may view
The utmost Nature, or that Art, can do;
Each is a masterpiece, design'd so well,
That future times may strive to parallel;
But neither Art nor Nature 's able to excel.

CRUELTY AND LUST.

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY [1].

WHERE can the wretched'st of all creatures fly,
To tell the story of her misery?
Where, but to faithful Cælia, in whose mind
A manly bravery 's with soft pity join'd.
I fear, these lines will scarce be understood,
Blurr'd with incessant tears, and writ in blood;
But if you can the mournful pages read,
The sad relation shows you such a deed,
As all the annals of th' infernal reign
Shall strive to equal, or exceed in vain.
Neronior's fame, no doubt, has reach'd your ears,
Whose cruelty has caus'd a sea of tears;
Fill'd each lamenting town with funeral sighs,
Deploring widows' shrieks, and orphans' cries.
At every health the horrid monster quaff'd,
Ten wretches dy'd, and as they dy'd he laugh'd:
Till, tir'd with acting Devil, he was led,
Drunk with excess of blood and wine, to bed.
Oh, cursed place!——I can no more command
My pen: shame and confusion shake my hand:
But I must on, and let my Cælia know
How barbarous are my wrongs, how vast my woe.
Among the crowds of western youths who ran
To meet the brave, betray'd, unhappy man [2],
My husband, fatally uniting, went;
Unus'd to arms, and thoughtless of th' event.
But when the battle was by treachery won,
The chief, and all but his false friend, undone;
Though, in the tumult of that desperate night,
He 'scap'd the dreadful slaughter of the fight;
Yet the sagacious bloodhounds, skill'd too well
In all the murdering qualities of Hell,
Each secret place so regularly beat,
They soon discover'd his unsafe retreat.
As hungry wolves triumphing o'er their prey,
To sure destruction hurry them away;
So the purveyors of fierce Moloc's son
With Charion to the common butchery run;
Where proud Neronior by his gibbet stood,
To glut himself with fresh supplies of blood.
Our friends, by powerful intercession, gain'd
A short reprieve, but for three days obtain'd,
To try all ways might to compassion move
The savage general; but in vain they strove.
When I perceiv'd that all addresses fail'd,
And nothing o'er his stubborn soul prevail'd;
Distracted almost, to his tent I flew,
To make the last effort, what tears could do.
Low on my knees I fell; then thus began:
"Great genius of success, thou more than man!
Whose arms to every clime have terrour hurl'd,
And carry'd conquest round the trembling world!
Still may the brightest glories Fame can lend,
Your sword, your conduct, and your cause, attend.
Here now the arbiter of fate you sit,
While suppliant slaves their rebel heads submit.
Oh, pity the unfortunate! and give
But this one thing: oh, let but Charion live!

[1] This piece was occasioned by the barbarity of Kirke, a commander in the western rebellion, 1685, who debauched a young lady with a promise to save her husband's life, but hanged him the next morning.

[2] The duke of Monmouth.

And take the little all that we possess.
I 'll bear the meagre anguish of distress
Content, nay, pleas'd, to beg or earn my bread:
Let Charion live, no matter how I 'm fed.
The fall of such a youth no lustre brings
To him whose sword performs such wondrous things
As saving kingdoms, and supporting kings.
That triumph only with true grandeur shines,
Where godlike courage, godlike pity joins.
Cæsar, the eldest favourite of war,
Took not more pleasure to submit, than spare:
And since in battle you can greater be,
That over, be n't less merciful than he.
Ignoble spirits by revenge are known,
And cruel actions spoil the conqueror's crown;
In future histories fill each mournful page
With tales of blood, and monuments of rage:
And, while his annals are with horrour read,
Men curse him living, and detest him dead.
Oh! do not sully with a sanguine dye
(The foulest stain) so fair a memory!
Then, as you 'll live the glory of our isle,
And Fate on all your expeditions smile:
So, when a noble course you 've bravely ran,
Die the best soldier, and the happiest man.
None can the turns of Providence foresee,
Or what their own catastrophe may be;
Therefore, to persons labouring under woe,
That mercy they may want, should always show:
For in the chance of war the slightest thing
May lose the battle, or the victory bring.
And how would you that general's honour prize,
Should in cool blood his captive sacrifice?
"He that with rebel arms to fight is led,
To justice forfeits his opprobrious head:
But 't is unhappy Charion's first offence,
Seduc'd by some too plausible pretence,
To take the injuring side by errour brought;
He had no malice, though he has the fault.
Let the old tempters find a shameful grave,
But, the half innocent, the tempted, save;
Vengeance divine, though for the greatest crime,
But rarely strikes the first or second time:
And he best follows th' Almighty's will,
Who spares the guilty he has power to kill.
When proud rebellions would unhinge a state,
And wild disorders in a land create,
'T is requisite the first promoters should
Put out the flames they kindled, with their blood:
But sure 't is a degree of murder, all
That draw their swords should undistinguish'd fall.
And since a mercy must to some be shown,
Let Charion 'mongst the happy few be one:
For as none guilty has less guilt than he,
So none for pardon has a fairer plea.
"When David's general had won the field,
And Absalom, the lov'd ungrateful, kill'd,
The trumpets sounding made all slaughter cease,
And misled Israelites return'd in peace.
The action past, where so much blood was spilt,
We hear of none arraign'd for that day's guilt;
But all concludes with the desir'd event,
The monarch pardons, and the Jews repent.
"As great example your great courage warms,
And to illustrious deeds excites your arms;
So when you instances of mercy view,
They should inspire you with compassion too:
For he that emulates the truly brave,
Would always conquer, and should always save."

Here, interrupting, stern Neronior cry'd,
(Swell'd with success, and blubber'd up with pride)
"Madam, his life depends upon my will,
For every rebel I can spare or kill.
I 'll think of what you 've said: this night return
At ten, perhaps you 'll have no cause to mourn.
Go, see your husband, bid him not despair;
His crime is great, but you are wondrous fair."
When anxious miseries the soul amaze,
And dire confusion in the spirits raise,
Upon the least appearance of relief,
Our hopes revive, and mitigate our grief;
Impatience makes our wishes earnest grow,
Which through false optics our deliverance show,
For while we fancy danger does appear
Most at a distance, it is oft too near,
And many times, secure from obvious foes,
We fall into an ambuscade of woes.
Pleas'd with the false Neronior's dark reply,
I thought the end of all my sorrows nigh,
And to the main-guard hasten'd, where the prey,
Of this blood-thirsty fiend, in durance lay.
When Charion saw me, from his turfy bed
With eagerness he rais'd his drooping head:
"Oh! fly, my dear, this guilty place," he cry'd,
"And in some distant clime thy virtue hide!
Here nothing but the foulest demons dwell,
The refuge of the damn'd, and mob of Hell.
The air they breathe is every atom curst:
There 's no degree of ills, for all are worst.
In rapes and murders they alone delight,
And villanies of less importance slight:
Act them indeed, but scorn they should be nam'd,
For all their glory 's to be more than damn'd.
Neronior 's chief of this infernal crew,
And seems to merit that high station too:
Nothing but rage and lust inspire his breast,
By Asmodai and Moloc both possest.
When told you went to intercede for me,
It threw my soul into an agony;
Not that I would not for my freedom give
What 's requisite, or do not wish to live;
But for my safety I can ne'er be base,
Or buy a few short years with long disgrace;
Nor would I have your yet unspotted fame
For me expos'd to an eternal shame.
With ignominy to preserve my breath,
Is worse, by infinite degrees, than death.
But if I can 't my life with honour save,
With honour I 'll descend into the grave.
For though revenge and malice both combine
(As both to fix my ruin seem to join)
Yet, maugre all their violence and skill,
I can die just, and I 'm resolv'd I will.
"But what is death we so unwisely fear?
An end of all our busy tumults here:
The equal lot of poverty and state,
Which all partake of by a certain fate.
Whoe'er the prospect of mankind surveys,
At divers ages, and by divers ways,
Will find them from this noisy scene retire;
Some the first minute that they breathe, expire:
Others, perhaps, survive to talk, and go;
But die, before they good or evil know.
Here one to puberty arrives; and then
Returns lamented to the dust again:
Another there maintains a longer strife
With all the powerful enemies of life;
Till, with vexation tir'd, and threescore years,
He drops into the dark, and disappears.

I 'm young, indeed, and might expect to see
Times future, long and late posterity,
'Tis what with reason I could wish to do,
If to be old, were to be happy too.
But since substantial grief so soon destroys
The gust of all imaginary joys,
Who would be too importunate to live,
Or more for life, than it can merit, give!
"Beyond the grave stupendous regions lie,
The boundless realms of vast eternity;
Where minds, remov'd from earthly bodies, dwell;
But who their government or laws can tell?
What 's their employment till the final doom
And Time 's eternal period shall come?
Thus much the sacred oracles declare,
That all are bless'd or miserable there;
Though, if there 's such variety of fate,
None good expire too soon, nor bad too late.
For my own part, with resignation, still
I can submit to my Creator's will;
Let him recall the breath from him I drew,
When he thinks fit, and when he pleases too.
The way of dying is my least concern;
That will give no disturbance to my urn.
If to the seats of happiness I go,
There end all possible returns of woe:
And when to those blest mansions I arrive,
With pity I 'll behold those that survive.
Once more I beg, you 'd from these tents retreat,
And leave me to my innocence and Fate."
"Charion," said I, "oh, do not urge my flight!
I 'll see the event of this important night:
Some strange presages in my soul forebode
The worst of miseries, or the greatest good.
Few hours will show the utmost of my doom;
A joyful safety, or a peaceful tomb.
If you miscarry, I 'm resolv'd to try
If gracious Heaven will suffer me to die:
For, when you are to endless raptures gone,
If I survive, 't is but to be undone.
Who will support an injur'd widow's right,
From sly Injustice, or oppressive Might?
Protect her person, or her cause defend?
She rarely wants a foe, or finds a friend:
I 've no distrust of Providence; but still
'Tis best to go beyond the reach of ill:
And those can have no reason to repent,
Who, though they die betimes, die innocent.
But to a world of everlasting bliss
Why would you go, and leave me here in this!
'Tis a dark passage; but our foes shall view,
I 'll die as calm, though not so brave, as you:
That my behaviour to the last may prove
Your courage is not greater than my love."
The hour approach'd; as to Neronior's tent,
With trembling, but impatient steps, I went,
A thousand horrours throng'd into my breast,
By sad ideas and strong fears possest:
Where'er I pass'd, the glaring lights would show
Fresh objects of despair, and scenes of woe.
Here, in a crowd of drunken soldiers, stood
A wretched, poor, old man, besmear'd with blood;
And at his feet, just through the body run,
Struggling for life, was laid his only son;
By whose hard labour he was daily fed,
Dividing still, with pious care, his bread:
And while he mourn'd, with floods of aged tears,
The sole support of his decrepid years,
The barbarous mob, whose rage no limit knows,
With blasphemous derision, mock'd his woes.
There, under a wide oak, disconsolate,
And drown'd in tears, a mournful widow sate.
High in the boughs the murder'd father hung;
Beneath, the children round the mother clung:
They cry'd for food, but 't was without relief:
For all they had to live upon, was grief.
A sorrow so intense, such deep despair,
No creature, merely human, long could bear.
First in her arms her weeping babes she took,
And, with a groan, did to her husband look:
Then lean'd her head on theirs, and, sighing, cry'd,
"Pity me, Saviour of the world!" and dy'd.
From this sad spectacle my eyes I turn'd,
Where sons their fathers, maids their lovers, mourn'd;
Friends for their friends, sisters for brothers, wept,
Prisoners of war, in chains, for slaughter kept:
Each every hour did the black message dread,
Which should declare the person lov'd was dead.
Then I beheld, with brutal shouts of mirth,
A comely youth, and of no common birth,
To execution led; who hardly bore
The wounds in battle he receiv'd before:
And, as he pass'd, I heard him bravely cry,
"I neither wish to live, nor fear to die."
At the curs'd tent arriv'd, without delay,
They did me to the general convey:
Who thus began ———
"Madam! by fresh intelligence, I find,
That Charion's treason 's of the blackest kind;
And my commission is express to spare
None that so deeply in rebellion are:
New measures therefore it is vain to try;
No pardon can be granted; he must die.
Must, or I hazard all: which yet I 'd do
To be oblig'd in one request by you:
And, maugre all the dangers I foresee,
Be mine this night, I 'll set your husband free.
Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope success
By supple flattery, and by soft address;
The pert, gay coxcomb, by these little arts,
Gains an ascendant o'er the ladies' hearts.
But I can no such whining methods use:
Consent, he lives; he dies, if you refuse."
Amaz'd at this demand; said I, "The brave,
Upon ignoble terms, disdain to save:
They let their captives still with honour live,
No more require, than what themselves would give;
For, generous victors, as they scorn to do
Dishonest things, scorn to propose them too.
Mercy, the brightest virtue of the mind,
Should with no devious appetite be join'd:
For if, when exercis'd, a crime it cost,
Th' intrinsic lustre of the deed is lost.
Great men their actions of a piece should have;
Heroic all, and each entirely brave;
From the nice rules of Honour none should swerve;
Done, because good, without a mean reserve.
"The crimes new charg'd upon the unhappy youth
May have revenge, and malice, but no truth.
Suppose the accusation justly brought,
And clearly prov'd to the minutest thought;
Yet mercies next to infinite abate
Offences next to infinitely great:
And 't is the glory of a noble mind,
In full forgiveness not to be confin'd.
Your prince's frowns, if you have cause to fear,
This act will more illustrious appear;
Though his excuse can never be withstood,
Who disobeys, but only to be good.

Perhaps the hazard 's more than you express;
The glory would be, were the danger less.
For he that, to his prejudice, will do
A noble action, and a generous too,
Deserves to wear a more resplendent crown,
Than he that has a thousand battles won.
Do not invert divine compassion so,
As to be cruel, and no mercy show!
Of what renown can such an action be,
Which saves my husband's life, but ruins me?
Though, if you finally resolve to stand
Upon so vile, inglorious a demand,
He must submit; if 't is my fate to mourn
His death, I 'll bathe with virtuous tears his urn."
"Well, madam," haughtily, Neronior cry'd,
"Your courage and your virtue shall be try'd.
But to prevent all prospect of a flight,
Some of my lambs [3] shall be your guard to-night:
By them, no doubt, you 'll tenderly be us'd;
They seldom ask a favour that 's refus'd:
Perhaps you 'll find them so genteelly bred,
They 'll leave you but few virtuous tears to shed.
Surrounded with so innocent a throng,
The night must pass delightfully along:
And in the morning, since you will not give
What I require, to let your husband live,
You shall behold him sigh his latest breath,
And gently swing into the arms of Death.
His fate he merits, as to rebels due:
And yours will be as much deserv'd by you."
Oh, Cælia, think! so far as thought can show,
What pangs of grief, what agonies of woe,
At this dire resolution, seiz'd my breast!
By all things sad and terrible possest.
In vain I wept, and 't was in vain I pray'd,
For all my prayers were to a tiger made:
A tiger! worse; for, 't is beyond dispute,
No fiend 's so cruel as a reasoning brute.
Encompass'd thus, and hopeless of relief,
With all the squadrons of despair and grief,
Ruin——it was not possible to shun:
What could I do? Oh! what would you have done?
The hours that pass'd, till the black morn return'd,
With tears of blood should be for ever mourn'd.
When, to involve me with consummate grief,
Beyond expression, and above belief,
"Madam," the monster cry'd, "that you may find
I can be grateful to the fair that 's kind;
Step to the door, I 'll show you such a sight,
Shall overwhelm your spirits with delight.
Does not that wretch, who would dethrone his king,
Become the gibbet, and adorn the string?
You need not now an injur'd husband dread;
Living he might, he 'll not upbraid you dead.
'T was for your sake I seiz'd upon his life;
He would perhaps have scorn'd so chaste a wife.
And, madam, you 'll excuse the zeal I show,
To keep that secret none alive should know."
"Curs'd of all creatures! for, compar'd with thee,
The devils," said I, "are dull in cruelty.
Oh, may that tongue eternal vipers breed,
And wasteless their eternal hunger feed;
In fires too hot for salamanders dwell,
The burning earnest of a hotter Hell;
May that vile lump of execrable lust
Corrupt alive, and rot into the dust!
May'st thou, despairing at the point of death,
With oaths and blasphemies resign thy breath;
And the worst torments that the damn'd should share,
In thine own person all united bear!"
Oh Cælia! oh my friend! what age can show
Sorrows like mine, so exquisite a woe?
Indeed it does not infinite appear,
Because it can 't be everlasting here:
But it 's so vast, that it can ne'er increase;
And so confirm'd, it never can be less.

[3] Kirke used to call the most inhuman of his soldiers his lambs.

ON THE MARRIAGE

OF THE EARL OF A—— WITH THE COUNTESS OF S——.

Triumphant beauty never looks so gay
As on the morning of a nuptial day,
Love then within a larger circle moves,
New graces adds, and every charm improves:
While Hymen does his sacred rites prepare,
The busy nymphs attend the trembling fair;
Whose veins are swell'd with an unusual heat,
And eager pulses with strange motions beat:
Alternate passions various thoughts impart,
And painful joys distend her throbbing heart:
Her fears are great, and her desires are strong:
The minutes fly too fast—yet stay too long:
Now she is ready—the next moment not;
All things are done—then something is forgot:
She fears—yet wishes the strange work were done;
Delays—yet is impatient to be gone.
Disorders thus from every thought arise;
What loves persuades, I know not what denies.
Achates' choice does his firm judgment prove,
And shows at once he can be wise and love;
Because it from no spurious passion came,
But was the product of a noble flame:
Bold, without rudeness; without blazing, bright:
Pure as fix'd stars, and uncorrupt as light:
By just degrees it to perfection grew;
An early ripeness, and a lasting too.
So the bright Sun, ascending to his noon,
Moves not too slowly, nor is there too soon.
But, though Achates was unkindly driven
From his own land, he 's banish'd into Heaven:
For sure the raptures of Cosmelia's love
Are next, if only next, to those above.
Thus Power Divine does with his foes engage;
Rewards his virtues, and defeats their rage:
For first it did to fair Cosmelia give
All that a human creature could receive;
Whate'er can raise our wonder or delight,
Transport the soul, or gratify the sight.
Then in the full perfection of her charms,
Lodg'd the bright virgin in Achates' arms.
What angels are, is in Cosmelia seen;
Their awful glories, and their godlike mien:
For, in her aspect all the graces meet;
All that is noble, beautiful, or sweet:
There every charm in lofty triumph sits,
Scorns poor defect, and to no fault submits:
There symmetry, complexion, air, unite,
Sublimely noble, and amazing bright.
So, newly finish'd by the hand Divine,
Before her fall, did the first woman shine.
But Eve in one great point she does excel:
Cosmelia never err'd at all; she fell.
From her Temptation in despair withdrew,
Nor more assaults, whom it could ne'er subdue.

Virtue confirm'd, and regularly brought
To full maturity, by serious thought,
Her actions with a watchful eye surveys;
Each passion guides, and every moment sways;
Not the least failure in her conduct lies;
So gaily modest, and so freely wise.
Her judgment sure, impartial, and refin'd,
With wit, that 's clear and penetrating, join'd,
O'er all the efforts of her mind presides,
And to the noblest end her labours guides:
She knows the best, and does the best pursue,
And treads the maze of life without a clue.
That, the weak only and the wavering lack,
When they 're mistaken, to conduct them back.
She does, amidst ten thousand ways, prefer
The right, as if not capable to err.
Her fancy, strong, vivacious, and sublime,
Seldom betrays her converse to a crime;
And though it moves with a luxuriant heat,
'Tis ne'er precipitous, but always great:
For each expression, every teeming thought,
Is to the scanning of her judgment brought;
Which wisely separates the finest gold,
And casts the image in a beauteous mould.
No trifling words debase her eloquence,
But all 's pathetic, all is sterling sense;
Refin'd from drossy chat, and idle noise,
With which the female conversation cloys.
So well she knows, what 's understood by few,
To time her thoughts, and to express them too;
That what she speaks does to the soul transmit
The fair idea of delightful wit.
Illustrious born, and as illustrious bred,
By great example to wise actions led:
Much to the fame her lineal heroes bore
She owes, but to her own high genius more;
And, by a noble emulation mov'd,
Excell'd their virtues, and her own improv'd;
Till they arriv'd to that celestial height,
Scarce angels greater be, or saints so bright.
But, if Cosmelia could yet lovelier be,
Of nobler birth, or more a deity,
Achates merits her, though none but he;
Whose generous soul abhors a base disguise;
Resolv'd in action, and in counsel wise;
Too well confirm'd and fortify'd within,
For threats to force, or flattery to win.
Unmov'd amidst the hurricane he stood;
He dares be guiltless, and he will be good.
Since the first pair in Paradise were join'd,
Two hearts were ne'er so happily combin'd.
Achates life to fair Cosmelia gives:
In fair Cosmelia great Achates lives.
Each is to other the divinest bliss;
He is her Heaven, and she is more than his.
O may the kindest influence above
Protect their persons, and indulge their love!

AN INSCRIPTION

FOR THE MONUMENT OF DIANA, COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ELGIN.

DIANA, OXONII et ELGINI Comitissa;
QUÆ
Illustri orta sanguine, sanguinem illustravit:
Ceciliorum meritis, clara, suis clarissima;
Ut quæ nesciret minor esse maximis,
Vitam ineuntem innocentia;
Procedentem ampla virtutum cohors:
Exeuntem mors beatissima decoravit;
(Volente Numine)
Ut nuspiam decesset aut virtus aut felicitas,
Duobus conjuncta maritis
Utrique charissima:
Primum
(Quem ad annum habuit)
Impense dilexit:
Secundum
(Quem ad annos viginti quatuor)
Tanta pietate et amore coluit;
Ut qui, vivens,
Obsequium, tanquam patri præstitit;
Moriens,
Patrimonium, tanquam filio, reliquit.
Noverca cum esset,
Maternam pietatem facile superavit.
Famulitii adeo mitem prudentemque curam gessit,
Ut non tam domina familiæ præesse,
Quam anima corpori inesse videretur.
Denique,
Cum pudico, humili, forti, sancto animo,
Virginibus, conjugibus, viduis, omnibus,
Exemplum consecrasset integerrimum,
Terris anima major, ad similes evolavit superos.

THE FOREGOING INSCRIPTION ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

DIANA, COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ELGIN;

WHO from a race of noble heroes came,
And added lustre to its ancient fame:
Round her the virtues of the Cecils shone,
But with inferior brightness to her own:
Which she refin'd to that sublime degree,
The greatest mortal could not greater be.
Each stage of life peculiar splendour had;
Her tender years with innocence were clad:
Maturer grown, whate'er was brave and good
In the retinue of her virtues stood;
And at the final period of her breath,
She crown'd her life with a propitious death;
That no occasion might be wanting here
To make her virtues fam'd, or joys sincere.
Two noble lords her genial bed possest;
A wife to both, the dearest and the best.
Oxford submitted in one year to Fate;
For whom her passion was exceeding great.
To Elgin full six lustra were assign'd:
And him she lov'd with so intense a mind,
That, living like a father, she obey'd;
Dying, as to a son, left all she had.
When a step-mother, she soon soar'd above
The common height even of maternal love.
She did her numerous family command
With such a tender care, so wise a hand,
She seem'd no otherwise a mistress there,
Than godlike souls in human bodies are.
But when to all she had example shew'd,
How to be great and humble, chaste and good,
Her soul, for Earth too excellent, too high,
Flew to its peers, the princes of the sky.

UPON

THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

Εις ἐςιν Θεος
Ὁς ὀυρανον τίτυχε και γαιαν μακραν. Sophoc.

UNITY. ETERNITY.

WHENCE sprang this glorious frame? or when began
Things to exist? They could not always be;
To what stupendous energy
Shall we ascribe the origin of man?
That Cause, from whence all beings else arose,
Must self-existent be alone;
Entirely perfect, and but one;
Nor equal nor superior knows:
Two firsts, in reason, we can ne'er suppose.
If that, in false opinion, we allow,
That once there absolutely nothing was,
Then nothing could be now.
For, by what instrument, or how,
Shall non-existence to existence pass?
Thus, something must from everlasting be;
Or matter, or a Deity.
If matter only uncreate we grant,
We shall volition, wit, and reason, want;
An agent infinite, and action free;
Whence does volition, whence does reason, flow?
How came we to reflect, design, and know?
This from a nobler nature springs,
Distinct in essence from material things:
For, thoughtless matter cannot thought bestow,
But, if we own a God supreme,
And all perfection 's possible in him;
In him does boundless excellence reside,
Power to create, and providence to guide;
Unmade himself, could no beginning have,
But to all substance prime existence gave:
Can what he will destroy, and what he pleases save.

POWER.

The undesigning hand of giddy Chance
Could never fill the globes of light,
So beautiful, and so amazing bright,
The lofty concave of the vast expanse:
These could proceed from no less power than infinite.
There 's not one atom of this wondrous frame,
Nor essence intellectual, but took
Existence when the great Creator spoke,
And from the common womb of empty nothing came.
"Let substance be," he cry'd; and straight arose
Angelic, and corporeal too;
All that material nature shows,
And what does things invisible compose,
At the same instant sprung, and into being flew:
Mount to the convex of the highest sphere,
Which draws a mighty circle round
Th' inferior orbs, as their capacious bound;
There millions of new miracles appear:
There dwell the eldest sons of Power immense,
Who first were to perfection wrought,
First to complete existence brought,
To whom their Maker did dispense
The largest portions of created excellence,
Eternal now, not of necessity,
As if they could not cease to be,
Or were from possible destruction free;
But on the will of God depend:
For that which could begin, can end.
Who, when the lower worlds were made,
Without the least miscarriage or defect,
By the almighty Architect,
United adoration paid,
And with ecstatic gratitude his laws obey'd.

Philosophy of old in vain essay'd
To tell us how this mighty frame
Into such beauteous order came;
But, by false reasonings, false foundations laid:
She labour'd hard; but still the more she wrought,
The more was wilder'd in the maze of thought.
Sometimes she fancy'd things to be
Coeval with the Deity,
And in the form which now they are
From everlasting ages were.
Sometimes the casual event,
Of atoms floating in a space immense,
Void of all wisdom, rule, and sense;
But, by a lucky accident,
Jumbled into this scheme of wondrous excellence.
'Twas an establish'd article of old,
Chief of the philosophic creed,
And does in natural productions hold;
That from mere nothing, nothing could proceed:
Material substance never could have rose,
If some existence had not been before,
In wisdom infinite, immense in power.
Whate'er is made, a maker must suppose,
As an effect a cause that could produce it shows.
Nature and Art, indeed, have bounds assign'd,
And only forms to things, not being, give;
That from Omnipotence they must receive:
But the eternal self-existent mind
Can, with a single fiat, cause to be
All that the wondrous eye surveys,
And all it cannot see.
Nature may shape a beauteous tree,
And Art a noble palace raise,
But must not to creative power aspire;
But their God alone can claim,
As pre-existing substance doth require;
So, where they nothing find, can nothing frame.

WISDOM.

Matter produc'd, had still a chaos been:
For jarring elements engag'd,
Eternal battles would have wag'd,
And fill'd with endless horrour the tumultuous scene;
If Wisdom infinite, for less
Could not the vast prodigious embryo wield,
Or strength complete to labouring Nature yield,
Had not, with actual address,
Compos'd the bellowing hurry, and establish'd peace.
Whate'er this visible creation shows
That 's lovely, uniform, and bright,
That gilds the morning, or adorns the night,
To her its eminence and beauty owes.
By her all creatures have their ends assign'd,
Proportion'd to their nature, and their kind;
To which they steadily advance,
Mov'd by right Reason's high command,
Or guided by the secret hand
Of real Instinct, or imaginary Chance.
Nothing but men reject her sacred rules;
Who from the end of their creation fly,
And deviate into misery:
As if the liberty to act like fools
Were the chief cause that Heaven made them free.

PROVIDENCE.

Bold is the wretch, and blasphemous the man,
Who, finite, will attempt to scan
The works of him that 's infinitely wise,
And those he cannot comprehend, denies;
As if a space immense were measurable by a span.
Thus the proud sceptic will not own
That Providence the world directs,
Or its affairs inspects;
But leaves it to itself alone.
How does it with almighty grandeur suit,
To be concern'd with our impertinence;
Or interpose his power for the defence
Of a poor mortal, or a senseless brute?
Villains could never so successful prove,
And unmolested in those pleasures live,
Which honour, ease, and affluence give;
While such as Heaven adore, and virtue love,
And most the care of Providence deserve,
Oppress'd with pain and ignominy starve.
What reason can the wisest show,
Why murder does unpunish'd go,
If the Most High, that 's just and good,
Intends and governs all below,
And yet regards not the loud cries of guiltless blood?
But shall we things unsearchable deny,
Because our reason cannot tell us why
They are allow'd, or acted by the Deity?
'Tis equally above the reach of thought,
To comprehend how matter should be brought
From nothing, as existent be
From all eternity;
And yet that matter is, we feel and see:
Nor is it easier to define,
What ligatures the soul and body join;
Or, how the memory does th' impression take
Of things, and to the mind restores them back.
Did not th' Almighty, with immediate care,
Direct and govern this capacious all,
How soon would things into confusion fall!
Earthquakes the trembling ground would tear,
And blazing comets rule the troubled air;
Wide inundations, with resistless force,
The lower provinces o'erflow,
In spite of all that human strength could do
To stop the raging sea's impetuous course:
Murder and Rapine every place would fill,
And sinking Virtue stoop to prosperous Ill;
Devouring Pestilence rave,
And all that part of nature which has breath
Deliver to the tyranny of Death,
And hurry to the dungeons of the grave,
If watchful Providence were not concern'd to save.
Let the brave speak, who oft has been
In dreadful sieges, and fierce battles seen,
How he 's preserv'd, when bombs and bullets fly
So thick, that scarce one inch of air is free;
And though he does ten thousand see
Fall at his feet, and in a moment die,
Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the victory.
Let the poor shipwreck'd sailor show,
To what invisible protecting power
He did his life and safety owe,
When the loud storm his well-built vessel tore,
And a half-shatter'd plank convey'd him to the shore.
Nay, let th' ungrateful sceptic tell us how
His tender infancy protection found,
And helpless childhood was with safety crown'd,
If he 'll no Providence allow;
When he had nothing but his nurse's arms
To guard him from innumerable fatal harms:
From childhood how to youth he ran
Securely, and from thence to man;
How, in the strength and vigour of his years,
The feeble bark of life he saves,
Amidst the fury of tempestuous waves,
From all the dangers he foresees, or fears;
Yet every hour 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis steers,
If Providence, which can the seas command,
Held not the rudder with a steady hand.

OMNIPRESENCE.

'Tis happy for the sons of men, that he,
Who all existence out of nothing made,
Supports his creatures by immediate aid:
But then this all-intending Deity
Must Omnipresent be:
For how shall we by demonstration show
The Godhead is this moment here,
If he 's not present every where,
And always so?
What 's not perceptible by sense, may be
Ten thousand miles remote from me;
Unless his nature is from limitation free,
In vain we for protection pray;
For benefits receiv'd high altars raise,
And offer up our hymns and praise;
In vain his anger dread, or laws obey.
An absent god from ruin can defend
No more than can an absent friend;
No more is capable to know
How gratefully we make returns,
When the loud music sounds, or victim burns,
Than a poor Indian slave of Mexico.
If so, 'tis equally in vain
The prosperous sings, and wretched mourns;
He cannot hear the praise, or mitigate the pain.
But by what Being is confin'd
The Godhead we adore?
He must have equal or superior power.
If equal only, they each other bind,
So neither 's God, if we define him right,
For neither 's infinite.
But if the other have superior might,
Then he, we worship, can't pretend to be
Omnipotent, and free
From all restraint, and so no Deity.
If God is limited in space; his view,
His knowledge, power, and wisdom, is so too:
Unless we 'll own, that these perfections are
At all times present every where,
Yet he himself not actually there.
Which to suppose, that strange conclusion brings,
His essence and his attributes are different things.

IMMUTABILITY.

As the supreme, omniscient mind,
Is by no boundaries confin'd;
So Reason must acknowledge him to be
From possible mutation free:
For what He is, He was from all eternity.
Change, whether the effect of force or will,
Must argue imperfection still.
But imperfection in a Deity,
That 's absolutely perfect, cannot be:
Who can compel, without his own consent,
A God to change that is omnipotent?
And every alteration without force,
Is for the better or the worse.

He that is infinitely wise,
To alter for the worse will never choose,
That a depravity of nature shews:
And He, in whom all true perfection lies,
Cannot by change to greater excellencies rise.
If God be mutable, which way, or how,
Shall we demonstrate, that will please him now,
Which did a thousand years ago?
And 't is impossible to know,
What He forbids, or what He will allow.
Murder, enchantment, lust, and perjury,
Did in the foremost rank of vices stand,
Prohibited by an express command:
But whether such they still remain to be,
No argument will positively prove,
Without immediate notice from above;
If the Almighty Legislator can
Be chang'd, like his inconstant subject, man,
Uncertain thus what to perform or shun,
We all intolerable hazards run,
When an eternal stake is to be lost or won.

JUSTICE.

Rejoice, ye sons of Piety, and sing
Loud Hallelujahs to his glorious name,
Who was, and will for ever be the same:
Your grateful incense to his temples bring,
That from the smoking altars may arise
Clouds of perfumes to the imperial skies.
His promises stand firm to you,
And endless joys will be bestow'd,
As sure as that there is a God,
On all who virtue choose, and righteous paths pursue.
Nor should we more his menaces distrust,
For while he is a Deity he must
(As infinitely good) be infinitely just.
But does it with a gracious Godhead suit,
Whose mercy is his darling attribute,
To punish crimes that temporary be,
And those but trivial offences too,
Mere slips of human nature, small and few,
With everlasting misery?
This shocks the mind with deep reflections fraught,
And Reason bends beneath the ponderous thought;
Crimes take their estimate from guilt, and grow
More heinous still, the more they do incense
That God to whom all creatures owe
Profoundest reverence:
Though as to that degree they raise
The anger of the merciful Most High,
We have no standard to discern it by,
But the infliction he on the offender lays.
So that if endless punishment on all
Our unrepented sins must fall,
None, not the least, can be accounted small.
That God is in perfection just, must be
Allow'd by all that own a Deity:
If so, from equity he cannot swerve,
Nor punish sinners more than they deserve.
His will reveal'd, is both express and clear:
"Ye cursed of my Father, go
To everlasting woe."
If everlasting means eternal here,
Duration absolutely without end;
Against which sense some zealously contend,
That when applied to pains, it only means,
They shall ten thousand ages last:
Ten thousand, more, perhaps, when they are past;
But not eternal in a literal sense:
Yet own the pleasures of the just remain
So long as there 's a God exists to reign.
Though none can give a solid reason, why
The word eternity,
To Heaven and Hell indifferent join'd,
Should carry sense of a different kind;
And 't is a sad experiment to try.

GOODNESS.

But if there be one attribute divine
With greater lustre than the rest can shine,
'T is goodness, which we every moment see
The Godhead exercise with such delight,
It seems, it only seems, to be
The best-belov'd perfection of the Deity,
And more than infinite.
Without that, he could never prove
The proper objects of our praise or love;
Were he not good, he 'd be no more concern'd
To hear the wretched in affliction cry,
Or see the guiltless for the guilty die,
Than Nero, when the flaming city burn'd,
And weeping Romans o'er its ruins mourn'd.
Eternal justice then would be
But everlasting cruelty;
Power unrestrain'd, almighty violence;
And wisdom unconfin'd, but craft immense.
'T is goodness constitutes him that he is;
And those
Who will deny him this,
A god without a deity suppose.
When the lewd atheist blasphemously swears,
By his tremendous name,
There is no God, but all 's a sham;
Insipid tattle, praise, and prayers,
Virtue, pretence; and all the sacred rules
Religion teaches, tricks to cully fools:
Justice would strike th' audacious villain dead,
But Mercy, boundless, saves his guilty head;
Gives him protection, and allows him bread.
Does not the sinner whom no danger awes,
Without restraint, his infamy pursue,
Rejoice, and glory in it too;
Laugh at the power divine, and ridicule his laws;
Labour in vice his rivals to excel,
That, when he 's dead, they may their pupils tell
How wittily the fool was damn'd, how hard he fell?
Yet this vile wretch in safety lives,
Blessings in common with the best receives;
Though he is proud t' affront the God those blessings gives.
The cheerful Sun his influence sheds on all;
Has no respect to good or ill:
And fruitful showers without distinction fall,
Which fields with corn, with grass the pastures, fill.
The bounteous hand of Heaven bestows
Success and honour many times on those,
Who scorn his favourites, and caress his foes.

To this good God, whom my adventurous pen
Has dar'd to celebrate
In lofty Pindar's strain;
Though with unequal strength to bear the weight
Of such a ponderous theme so infinitely great:
To this good God, celestial spirits pay,
With ecstasy divine, incessant praise:
While on the glories of his face they gaze,
In the bright regions of eternal day.

To him each rational existence here,
Whose breast one spark of gratitude contains,
In whom there are the least remains
Of piety or fear,
His tribute brings of joyful sacrifice,
For pardon prays, and for protection flies:
Nay, the inanimate creation give,
By prompt obedience to his word,
Instinctive honour to their lord;
And shame the thinking world, who in rebellion live.
With Heaven and Earth then, O my soul, unite,
And the great God of both adore and bless,
Who gives thee competence, content, and peace;
The only fountains of sincere delight;
That from the transitory joys below,
Thou by a happy exit may'st remove
To those ineffable above;
Which from the vision of the Godhead flow,
And neither end, decrease, nor interruption know.

ELEAZAR'S LAMENTATION
OVER JERUSALEM.
PARAPHRASED OUT OF JOSEPHUS.

Alas, Jerusalem! alas! where 's now
Thy pristine glory, thy unmatch'd renown,
To which the heathen monarchies did bow?
Ah, hapless, miserable town!
Where 's all thy majesty, thy beauty gone,
Thou once most noble, celebrated place,
The joy and the delight of all the Earth;
Who gav'st to godlike princes birth,
And bred up heroes, an immortal race?
Where 's now the vast magnificence, which made
The souls of foreigners adore
Thy wondrous brightness, which no more
Shall shine, but lie in an eternal shade?
Oh misery! where 's all her mighty state,
Her splendid train of numerous kings,
Her noble edifices, noble things,
Which made her seem so eminently great,
That barbarous princes in her gates appear'd,
And wealthy presents, as their tribute, brought,
To court her friendship? For her strength they fear'd,
And all her wide protection sought.
But now, ah! now they laugh and cry,
See how her lofty buildings lie!
See how her flaming turrets gild the sky!

Where 's all the young, the valiant, and the gay,
That on her festivals were us'd to play
Harmonious tunes, and beautify the day?
The glittering troops, which did from far
Bring home the trophies, and the spoils of war,
Whom all the nations round with terrour view'd,
Nor durst their godlike valour try?
Where'er they fought, they certainly subdued,
And every combat gain'd a victory.
Ah! where 's the house of the Eternal King;
The beauteous temple of the Lord of Hosts,
To whose large treasuries our fleet did bring
The gold and jewels of remotest coasts?
There had the infinite Creator plac'd
His terrible, amazing name,
And with his more peculiar presence grac'd
That heavenly sanctum, where no mortal came,
The high-priest only; he but once a year
In that divine apartment might appear:
So full of glory, and so sacred then,
But now corrupted with the heaps of slain,
Which scatter'd round with blood, defile the mighty fane.

Alas, Jerusalem! each spacious street
Was once so fill'd, the numerous throng
Was forc'd to jostle as they pass'd along,
And thousands did with thousands meet;
The darling then of God, and man's belov'd retreat.
In thee was the bright throne of Justice fix'd,
Justice impartial, and vain fraud unmix'd!
She scorn'd the beauties of fallacious gold,
Despising the most wealthy bribes;
But did the sacred balance hold
With godlike faith to all our happy tribes.
Thy well-built streets, and every noble square,
Were once with polish'd marble laid,
And all thy lofty bulwarks made
With wondrous labour, and with artful care.
Thy ponderous gates, surprising to behold,
Were cover'd o'er with solid gold;
Whose splendour did so glorious appear,
It ravish'd and amaz'd the eye;
And strangers passing to themselves would cry,
"What mighty heaps of wealth are here!
How thick the bars of massy silver lie!
O happy people! and still happy be,
Celestial city! from destruction free,
May'st thou enjoy a long, entire prosperity!"

But now, oh wretched, wretched place!
Thy streets and palaces are spread
With heaps of carcasses, and mountains of the dead,
The bleeding relics of the Jewish race!
Each corner of the town, no vacant space,
But is with breathless bodies fill'd,
Some by the sword, and some by famine, kill'd,
Natives and strangers are together laid:
Death's arrows all at random flew
Amongst the crowd, and no distinction made,
But both the coward and the valiant slew.
All in one dismal ruin join'd,
(For swords and pestilence are blind)
The fair, the good, the brave, no mercy find:
Those that from far, with joyful haste,
Came to attend thy festival,
Of the same bitter poison taste,
And by the black, destructive poison fall;
For the avenging sentence pass'd on all.
Oh! see how the delight of human eyes
In horrid desolation lies!
See how the burning ruins flame!
Nothing now left, but a sad, empty name!
And the triumphant victor cries,
"This was the fam'd Jerusalem!"

The most obdurate creature must
Be griev'd to see thy palaces in dust,
Those ancient habitations of the just:
And could the marble rocks but know
The miseries of thy fatal overthrow,
They 'd strive to find some secret way unknown,
Maugre the senseless nature of the stone,
Their pity and concern to show:
For now, where lofty buildings stood,
Thy sons' corrupted carcasses are laid;
And all by this destruction made
One common Golgotha, one field of blood!
See! how those ancient men, who rul'd thy state,
And made thee happy, made thee great;

Who sat upon the awful chair
Of mighty Moses, in long scarlet clad,
The good to cherish, and chastise the bad,
Now sit in the corrupted air,
In silent melancholy, and in sad despair!
See how their murder'd children round them lie!
Ah, dismal scene! hark how they cry!
"Woe! woe! one beam of mercy give,
Good Heaven! alas, for we would live!
Be pitiful, and suffer us to die!"
Thus they lament, thus beg for ease;
While in their feeble aged arms they hold
The bodies of their offspring, stiff and cold,
To guard them from the ravenous savages:
Till their increasing sorrows Death persuade
(For Death must sure with pity see
The horrid desolation he has made)
To put a period to all their misery.
Thy wretched daughters that survive,
Are by the heathen kept alive,
Only to gratify their lust,
And then be mix'd with common dust.
Oh! insupportable, stupendous woe!
What shall we do? ah! whither shall we go?
Down to the grave, down to those happy shades below,
Where all our brave progenitors are blest
With endless triumph and eternal rest.

But who, without a flood of tears, can see
Thy mournful, sad catastrophe?
Who can behold thy glorious temple lie
In ashes, and not be in pain to die?
Unhappy, dear Jerusalem! thy woes
Have rais'd my griefs to such a vast excess,
Their mighty weight no mortal knows,
Thought cannot comprehend, or words express,
Nor can they possibly, while I survive, be less.
Good Heaven had been extremely kind,
If it had struck me dead, or struck me blind,
Before this cursed time, this worst of days.
Is Death quite tir'd? are all his arrows spent?
If not, why then so many dull delays?
Quick, quick, let the obliging dart be sent!
Nay, at me only let ten thousand fly,
Whoe'er shall wretchedly survive; that I
May, happily, be sure to die.
Yet still we live, live in excess of pain!
Our friends and relatives are slain!
Nothing but ruins round us see,
Nothing but desolation, woe, and misery!
Nay, while we thus, with bleeding hearts, complain,
Our enemies without prepare
Their direful engines to pursue the war;
And you may slavishly preserve your breath,
Or seek for freedom in the arms of Death.

Thus then resolve; nor tremble at the thought:
Can glory be too dearly bought?
Since the Almighty wisdom has decreed,
That we, and all our progeny, should bleed,
It shall be after such a noble way,
Succeeding ages will with wonder view
What brave Despair compell'd us to!
No, we will ne'er survive another day!
Bring then your wives, your children, all
That 's valuable, good, or dear,
With ready hands, and place them here;
They shall unite in one vast funeral.
I know your courages are truly brave,
And dare do any thing but ill:
Who would an aged father save,
That he may live in chains and be a slave,
Or for remorseless enemies to kill?
Let your bold hands then give the fatal blow:
For, what at any other time would be
The dire effect of rage and cruelty,
Is mercy, tenderness, and pity, now!
This then perform'd, we 'll to the battle fly,
And there, amidst our slaughter'd foes, expire.
If 't is revenge and glory you desire,
Now you may have them, if you dare but die!
Nay, more, ev'n freedom and eternity!

A PROSPECT OF DEATH.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

..... Sed omnes una manet nox,
Et calcanda semel via lethi. Horace.

Since we can die but once, and after death
Our state no alteration knows;
But, when we have resign'd our breath,
Th' immortal spirit goes
To endless joys, or everlasting woes:
Wise is the man who labours to secure
That mighty and important stake;
And, by all methods, strives to make
His passage safe, and his reception sure.
Merely to die, no man of reason fears;
For certainly we must,
As we are born, return to dust:
'T is the last point of many lingering years:
But whither then we go,
Whither, we fain would know;
But human understanding cannot show.
This makes us tremble, and creates
Strange apprehensions in the mind;
Fills it with restless doubts, and wild debates,
Concerning what we, living, cannot find.
None know what Death is, but the dead;
Therefore we all, by nature, dying dread,
As a strange, doubtful way, we know not how to tread.

When to the margin of the grave we come,
And scarce have one black, painful hour to live;
No hopes, no prospect of a kind reprieve,
To stop our speedy passage to the tomb;
How moving, and how mournful. is the sight!
How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous sad!
Where then is refuge, where is comfort, to be had
In the dark minutes of the dreadful night,
To cheer our drooping souls for their amazing flight?
Feeble and languishing in bed we lie,
Despairing to recover, void of rest;
Wishing for Death, and yet afraid to die:
Terrors and doubts distract our breast,
With mighty agonies and mighty pains oppress.

Our face is moisten'd with a clammy sweat;
Faint and irregular the pulses beat;
The blood unactive grows,
And thickens as it flows,
Depriv'd of all its vigour, all its vital heat.
Our dying eyes roll heavily about,
Their light just going out;

And for some kind assistance call:
But pity, useless pity 's all
Our weeping friends can give,
Or we receive;
Though their desires are great, their powers are small,
The tongue 's unable to declare
The pains and griefs, the miseries we bear;
How insupportable our torments are.
Music no more delights our deafening ears,
Restores our joys, or dissipates our fears;
But all is melancholy, all is sad,
In robes of deepest mourning clad;
For, every faculty, and every sense,
Partakes the woe of this dire exigence.

Then we are sensible too late,
'Tis no advantage to be rich or great:
For, all the fulsome pride and pageantry of state
No consolation brings.
Riches and honours then are useless things,
Tasteless, or bitter, all;
And, like the book which the apostle eat,
To the ill-judging palate sweet,
But turn at last to nauseousness and gall.
Nothing will then our drooping spirits cheer,
But the remembrance of good actions past.
Virtue 's a joy that will for ever last,
And makes pale Death less terrible appear;
Takes out his baneful sting, and palliates our fear.
In the dark anti-chamber of the grave
What would we give (ev'n all we have,
All that our care and industry have gain'd,
All that our policy, our fraud, our art, obtain'd)
Could we recall those fatal hours again,
Which we consum'd in senseless vanities,
Ambitious follies, or luxurious ease!
For then they urge our terrours, and increase our pain.

Our friends and relatives stand weeping by,
Dissolv'd in tears, to see us die,
And plunge into the deep abyss of wide eternity.
In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve:
Their sorrows cannot ours relieve.
They pity our deplorable estate:
But what, alas! can pitysdo
To soften the decrees of Fate?
Besides, the sentence is irrevocable too.
All their endeavours to preserve our breath,
Though they do unsuccessful prove,
Show us how much, how tenderly, they love,
But cannot cut off the entail of Death.
Mournful they look, and crowd about our bed:
One, with officious haste,
Brings us a cordial we want sense to taste;
Another softly raises up our head;
This wipes away the sweat; that, sighing, cries,
"See what convulsions, what strong agonies,
Both soul and body undergo!
His pains no intermission know;
For every gasp of air he draws, returns in sighs."
Each would his kind assistance lend,
To save his dear relation, or his dearer friend;
But still in vain with Destiny they all contend.

Our father, pale with grief and watching grown,
Takes our cold hand in his, and cries, "Adieu!
Adieu, my child! now I must follow you:"
Then weeps, and gently lays it down.
Our sons, who, in their tender years,
Were objects of our cares, and of our fears,
Come trembling to our bed, and, kneeling, cry,
"Bless us, O father! now before you die;
Bless us, and be you bless'd to all eternity."
Our friend, whom equal to ourselves we love,
Compassionate and kind,
Cries, "Will you leave me here behind?
Without me fly to the bless'd seats above?
Without me, did I say? Ah, no!
Without thy friend thou canst not go:
For, though thou leav'st me groveling here below,
My soul with thee shall upward fly,
And bear thy spirit company,
Through the bright passage of the yielding sky.
Ev'n Death, that parts thee from thyself, shall be
Incapable to separate
(For 'tis not in the power of Fate)
My friend, my best, my dearest friend, and me:
But since it must be so, farewell;
For ever? No; for we shall meet again,
And live like gods, though now we die like men,
In the eternal regions, where just spirits dwell."

The soul, unable longer to maintain
The fruitless and unequal strife,
Finding her weak endeavours vain,
To keep the counterscarp of life,
By slow degrees retires towards the heart,
And fortifies that little fort
With all its kind artilleries of art;
Botanic legions guarding every port.
But Death, whose arms no mortal can repel,
A formal siege disdains to lay;
Summons his fierce battalions to the fray,
And in a minute storms the feeble citadel.
Sometimes we may capitulate, and he
Pretends to make a solid peace;
But 'tis all sham, all artifice,
That we may negligent and careless be:
For, if his armies are withdrawn to-day,
And we believe no danger near,
But all is peaceable, and all is clear:
His troops return some unsuspected way;
While in the soft embrace of Sleep we lie,
The secret murderers stab us, and we die.

Since our first parents' fall,
Inevitable death descends on all;
A portion none of human race can miss
But that which makes it sweet or bitter, is
The fears of misery, or certain hopes of bliss.
For, when th' impenitent and wicked die,
Loaded with crimes and infamy,
If any sense at that sad time remains,
They feel amazing terrours, mighty pains;
The earnest of that vast, stupendous woe,
Which they to all eternity must undergo,
Confin'd in Hell with everlasting chains.
Infernal spirits hover in the air,
Like ravenous wolves to seize upon the prey,
And hurry the departed souls away
To the dark receptacles of Despair:
Where they must dwell till that tremendous day,
When the loud trump shall call them to appear
Before a Judge most terrible, and most severe;
By whose just sentence they must go
To everlasting pains, and endless woe.

But the good man, whose soul is pure,
Unspotted, regular, and free
From all the ugly stains of lust and villany,
Of mercy and of pardon sure,
Looks through the darkness of the gloomy night:
And sees the dawning of a glorious day;
Sees crowds of angels ready to convey
His soul whene'er she takes her flight
To the surprising mansions of immortal light.
Then the celestial guards around him stand;
Nor suffer the black demons of the air
T' oppose his passage to the promis'd land,
Or terrify his thoughts with wild despair;
But all is calm within, and all without is fair.
His prayers, his charity, his virtues, press
To plead for mercy when he wants it most;
Not one of all the happy number 's lost:
And those bright advocates ne'er want success,
But when the soul 's releas'd from dull mortality,
She passes up in triumph through the sky;
Where she 's united to a glorious throng
Of angels; who, with a celestial song,
Congratulate her conquest as she flies along.

If therefore all must quit the stage,
When, or how soon, we cannot know;
But, late or early, we are sure to go;
In the fresh bloom of youth, or wither'd age;
We cannot take too sedulous a care,
In this important, grand affair:
For as we die, we must remain;
Hereafter all our hopes are vain,
To make our peace with Heaven, or to return again.
The Heathen, who no better understood
Than what the light of Nature taught, declar'd,
No future misery could be prepar'd
For the sincere, the merciful, the good;
But, if there was a state of rest,
They should with the same happiness be blest,
As the immortal gods, if gods there were, possest.
We have the promise of th' eternal Truth,
Those who live well, and pious paths pursue,
To man, and to their Maker, true,
Let them expire in age, or youth,
Can never miss
Their way to everlasting bliss:
But from a world of misery and care
To mansions of eternal ease repair;
Where joy in full perfection flows,
And in an endless circle moves,
Through the vast round of beatific love,
Which no cessation knows.

ON THE

GENERAL CONFLAGRATION,

AND ENSUING JUDGMENT.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

Esse quoque in fatis, reminiscitur, affore tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laborat.
Ovid. Met.

Now the black days of universal doom,
Which wondrous prophecies foretold, are come:
What strong convulsions, what stupendous woe,
Must sinking Nature undergo;
Amidst the dreadful wreck, and final overthrow!
Methinks I hear her, conscious of her fate,
With fearful groans, and hideous cries,
Fill the presaging skies;
Unable to support the weight
Or of the present, or approaching miseries.
Methinks I hear her summon all
Her guilty offspring raving with despair,
And trembling, cry aloud, "Prepare,
Ye sublunary powers, t' attend my funeral!"

See, see the tragical portents,
Those dismal harbingers of dire events!
Loud thunders roar, and darting lightnings fly
Through the dark concave of the troubled sky;
The fiery ravage is begun, the end is nigh.
See how the glaring meteors blaze!
Like baleful torches, O they come,
To light dissolving Nature to her tomb!
And, scattering round their pestilential rays,
Strike the affrighted nations with a wild amaze.
Vast sheets of flame, and globes of fire,
By an impetuous wind are driven
Through all the regions of th' inferior Heaven;
Till, hid in sulphurous smoke, they seemingly
expire.

Sad and amazing 'tis to see
What mad confusion rages over all
This scorching ball!
No country is exempt, no nation free,
But each partakes the epidemic misery.
What dismal havoc of mankind is made
By wars, and pestilence, and dearth,
Through the whole mournful Earth?
Which with a murdering fury they invade,
Forsook by Providence, and all propitious aid!
Whilst fiends let loose, their utmost rage employ,
To ruin all things here below;
Their malice and revenge no limits know,
But, in the universal tumult, all destroy.

Distracted mortals from their cities fly,
For safety to their champaign ground.
But there no safety can be found;
The vengeance of an angry Deity,
With unrelenting fury, does enclose them round:
And whilst for mercy some aloud implore
The God they ridicul'd before;
And others, raving with their woe,
(For hunger, thirst, despair, they undergo)
Blaspheme and curse the Power they should adore:
The Earth, parch'd up with drought, her jaws extends,
And opening wide a dreadful tomb,
The howling multitude at once descends
Together all into her burning womb.

The trembling Alps abscond their aged heads
In mighty pillars of infernal smoke,
Which from their bellowing caverns broke,
And suffocates whole nations where it spreads.
Sometimes the fire within divides
The massy rivers of those secret chains,
Which hold together their prodigious sides,
And hurls the shatter'd rocks o'er all the plains:
While towns and cities, every thing below,
Is overwhelm'd with the same burst of woe.

No showers descend from the malignant sky,
To cool the burning of the thirsty field;
The trees no leaves, no grass the meadows, yield,
But all is barren, all is dry.

The little rivulets no more
To larger streams their tribute pay,
Nor to the ebbing ocean they;
Which, with a strange unusual roar,
Forsakes those ancient bounds it would have pass'd before:
And to the monstrous deep in vain retire:
For even the deep itself is not secure,
But belching subterraneous fires,
Increases still the scalding calenture,
Which neither earth, nor air, nor water, can endure.

The Sun, by sympathy, concern'd
At those convulsions, pangs, and agonies,
Which on the whole creation seize,
Is to substantial darkness turn'd.
The neighbouring Moon, as if a purple flood
O'erflow'd her tottering orb, appears
Like a huge mass of black corrupted blood;
For she herself a dissolution fears.
The larger planets, which once shone so bright,
With the reflected rays of borrow'd light,
Shook from their centre, without motion lie,
Unwieldy globes of solid night,
And ruinous lumber of the sky.

Amidst this dreadful hurricane of woes,
(For fire, confusion, horrour, and despair,
Fill every region of the tortur'd Earth and air)
The great archangel his loud trumpet blows;
At whose amazing sound fresh agonies
Upon expiring Nature seize:
For now she 'll in few minutes know
The ultimate event and fate of all below.
"Awake, ye dead, awake," he cries;
(For all must come)
"All that had human breath, arise,
To hear your last, unalterable doom."

At this the ghastly tyrant, who had sway'd
So many thousand ages uncontroll'd,
No longer could his sceptre hold;
But gave up all, and was himself a captive made.
The scatter'd particles of human clay,
Which in the silent grave's dark chambers lay,
Resume their pristine forms again,
And now from mortal, grow immortal men.
Stupendous energy of sacred Power,
Which can collect whatever cast
The smallest atoms, and that shape restore
Which they had worn so many years before,
That through strange accidents and numerous changes past!

See how the joyful angels fly
From every quarter of the sky,
To gather and to convoy all
The pious sons of human race,
To one capacious place,
Above the confines of this flaming ball.
See with what tenderness and love they bear
Those righteous souls through the tumultuous air;
Whilst the ungodly stand below,
Raging with shame, confusion, and despair,
Amidst the burning overthrow,
Expecting fiercer torment, and acuter woe.
Round them infernal spirits howling fly;
"O horrour, curses, tortures, chains!" they cry,
And roar aloud with execrable blasphemy.

Hark how the daring sons of Infamy,
Who once dissolv'd in Pleasure's lap,
And laugh'd at this tremendous day,
To rocks and mountains now to hide them cry;
But rocks and mountains all in ashes lie.
Their shame 's so mighty, and so strong their fear,
That, rather than appear
Before a God incens'd, they would be hurl'd
Amongst the burning ruins of the world,
And lie conceal'd, if possible, for ever there.
Time was they would not own a Deity,
Nor after death a future state;
But now, by sad experience, find, too late,
There is, and terrible to that degree,
That rather than behold his face, they 'd cease to be.
And sure 't is better, if Heaven would give consent,
To have no being; but they must remain,
For ever, and for ever be in pain.
O inexpressible, stupendous punishment,
Which cannot be endur'd, yet must be underwent!

But now the eastern skies expanding wide,
The glorious Judge omnipotent descends,
And to the sublunary world his passage bends;
Where, cloth'd with human nature, he did once reside,
Round him the bright ethereal armies fly,
And loud triumphant hallelujahs sing,
With songs of praise, and hymns of victory,
To their celestial king;
"All glory, power, dominion, majesty,
Now, and for everlasting ages, be
To the Essential One, and Co-eternal Three.
Perish that world, as 'tis decreed,
Which saw the God incarnate bleed!
Perish by thy almighty vengeance those
Who durst thy person, or thy laws expose;
The cursed refuge of mankind, and Hell's proud seed.
Now to the unbelieving nations show,
Thou art a God from all eternity;
Not titular, or but by office so;
And let them the mysterious union see
Of human nature with the Deity."

With mighty transports, yet with awful fears,
The good behold this glorious sight!
Their God in all his majesty appears,
Ineffable, amazing bright,
And seated on a throne of everlasting light.
Round the tribunal, next to the Most High,
In sacred discipline and order, stand
The peers and princes of the sky,
As they excel in glory or command.
Upon the right hand that illustrious crowd,
In the white bosom of a shining cloud,
Whose souls abhorring all ignoble crimes,
Did, with a steady course, pursue
His holy precepts in the worst of times,
Maugre what Earth or Hell, what man or devils could do.
And now that God they did to death adore,
For whom such torments and such pains they bore,
Returns to place them on those thrones above,
Where, undisturb'd, uncloy'd, they will possess
Divine, substantial happiness,
Unbounded as his power, and lasting as his love.

"Go, bring," the Judge impartial, frowning, cries,
"Those rebel sons, who did my laws despise;
Whom neither threats nor promises could move,
Not all my sufferings, nor all my love,
To save themselves from everlasting miseries."

At this ten millions of archangels flew
Swifter than lightning, or the swiftest thought,
And less than in an instant brought
The wretched, curs'd, infernal, crew;
Who with distorted aspects come,
To hear their sad, intolerable doom.
"Alas!" they cry, "one beam of mercy show,
Thou all-forgiving Deity!
To pardon crimes, is natural to thee:
Crush us to nothing, or suspend our woe,
But if it cannot, cannot be,
And we must go into a gulf of fire,
(For who can with Omnipotence contend?)
Grant, for thou art a God, it may at last expire,
And all our tortures have an end.
Eternal burnings, O, we cannot bear!
Though now our bodies too immortal are,
Let them be pungent to the last degree:
And let our pains innumerable be;
But let them not extend to all eternity!"

Lo, now there does no place remain
For penitence and tears, but all
Must by their actions stand or fall:
To hope for pity, is in vain;
The die is cast, and not to be recall'd again.
Two mighty books are by two angels brought:
In this, impartially recorded, stands
The law of Nature, and divine commands:
In that, each action, word, and thought,
Whate'er was said in secret, or in secret wrought.
Then first the virtuous and the good,
Who all the fury of temptation stood,
And bravely pass'd through ignominy, chains, and blood,
Attended by their guardian angels, come
To the tremendous bar of final doom.
In vain the grand accuser, railing, brings
A long indictment of enormous things,
Whose guilt wip'd off by penitential tears,
And their Redeemer's blood and agonies,
No more to their astonishment appears,
But in the secret womb of dark Oblivion lies.

"Come, now, my friends," he cries, "ye sons of Grace,
Partakers once of all my wrongs and shame,
Despis'd and hated for my name;
Come to your Saviour's and your God's embrace;
Ascend, and those bright diadems possess,
For you by my eternal Father made,
Ere the foundation of the world was laid;
And that surprising happiness,
Immense as my own Godhead, and will ne'er be less.
For when I languishing in prison lay,
Naked, and starv'd almost for want of bread,
You did your kindly visits pay,
Both cloth'd my body, and my hunger fed.
Weary'd with sickness, or oppress'd with grief,
Your hand was always ready to supply:
Whene'er I wanted, you were always by,
To share my sorrows, or to give relief.
In all distress so tender was your love,
I could no anxious trouble bear;
No black misfortune, or vexatious care,
But you were still impatient to remove,
And mourn'd your charitable hand should unsuccessful prove:
All this you did, though not to me
In person, yet to mine in misery:
And shall for ever live
In all the glories that a God can give,
Or a created being 's able to receive."

At this the architects divine on high
Innumerable thrones of glory raise,
On which they, in appointed order, place
The human coheirs of eternity,
And with united hymns the God incarnate praise:
"O holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Eternal God, Almighty One,
Be Thou for ever, and be Thou alone,
By all thy creatures, constantly ador'd!
Ineffable, co-equal Three,
Who from non-entity gave birth
To angels and to men, to Heaven and to Earth,
Yet always wast Thyself, and wilt for ever be.
But for thy mercy, we had ne'er possest
These thrones, and this immense felicity;
Could ne'er have been so infinitely blest!
Therefore all glory, power, dominion, majesty,
To Thee, O Lamb of God, to Thee,
For ever, longer than for ever, be!"

Then the incarnate Godhead turns his face
To those upon the left, and cries,
(Almighty vengeance flashing in his eyes)
"Ye impious, unbelieving race,
To those eternal torments go,
Prepar'd for those rebellious sons of light,
In burning darkness and in flaming night,
Which shall no limit or cessation know,
But always are extreme, and always will be so."
The final sentence past, a dreadful cloud
Enclosing all the miserable crowd,
A mighty hurricane of thunder rose,
And hurl'd them all into a lake of fire,
Which never, never, never can expire;
The vast abyss of endless woes:
Whilst with their God the righteous mount on high,
In glorious triumph passing through the sky,
To joys immense, and everlasting ecstasy.

REASON:

A POEM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1700.

UNHAPPY man! who, through successive years,
From early youth to life's last childhood errs:
No sooner born but proves a foe to truth;
For infant Reason is o'erpower'd in youth.
The cheats of sense will half our learning share;
And pre-conceptions all our knowledge are.
Reason, 'tis true, should over sense preside:
Correct our notions, and our judgments guide;
But false opinions, rooted in the mind,
Hoodwink the soul, and keep our reason blind.
Reason 's a taper, which but faintly burns;
A languid flame, that glows, and dies by turns:
We see 't a little while, and but a little way;
We travel by its light, as men by day:
But quickly dying, it forsakes us soon,
Like morning-stars, that never stay till noon.
The soul can scarce above the body rise;
And all we see is with corporeal eyes.
Life now does scarce one glimpse of light display;
We mourn in darkness, and despair of day:

That natural night, once drest with orient beams,
Is now diminish'd, and a twilight seems;
A miscellaneous composition, made
Of night and day, of sunshine and of shade.
Through an uncertain medium now we look,
And find that falsehood, which for truth we took:
So rays projected from the eastern skies,
Show the false day before the Sun can rise.
That little knowledge now which man obtains,
From outward objects, and from sense he gains:
He, like a wretched slave, must plod and sweat;
By day must toil, by night that toil repeat;
And yet, at last, what little fruit he gains!
A beggar's harvest, glean'd with mighty pains!
The passions, still predominant, will rule
Ungovern'd, rude, not bred in Reason's school;
Our understanding they with darkness fill,
Cause strong corruptions, and pervert the will.
On these the soul, as on some flowing tide,
Must sit, and on the raging billows ride,
Hurried away; for how can be withstood
Th' impetuous torrent of the boiling blood?
Begone, false hopes, for all our learning 's vain;
Can we be free where these the rule maintain?
These are the tools of knowledge which we use;
The spirits heated, will strange things produce.
Tell me, whoe'er the passions could control,
Or from the body disengage the soul:
Till this is done, our best pursuits are vain,
To conquer truth, and unmix'd knowledge gain:
Through all the bulky volumes of the dead, [bred,
And through those books that modern times have
With pain we travel, as through moorish ground,
Where scarce one useful plant is ever found;
O'er-run with errours, which so thick appear,
Our search proves vain, no spark of truth is there.
What 's all the noisy jargon of the schools,
But idle nonsense of laborious fools,
Who fetter Reason with perplexing rules?
What in Aquina's bulky works are found,
Does not enlighten Reason, but confound:
Who travels Scotus' swelling tomes, shall find
A cloud of darkness rising on the mind;
In controverted points can Reason sway,
When passion, or conceit, still hurries us away!
Thus his new notions Sherlock would instil,
And clear the greatest mysteries at will;
But, by unlucky wit, perplex'd them more,
And made them darker than they were before.
South soon oppos'd him, out of Christian zeal;
Showing how well he could dispute and rail.
How shall we e'er discover which is right,
When both so eagerly maintain the fight?
Each does the other's arguments deride;
Each has the church and scripture on his side.
The sharp, ill-natur'd combat 's but a jest;
Both may be wrong; one, perhaps, errs the least.
How shall we know which articles are true,
The old ones of the church, or Burnet's new?
In paths uncertain and unsafe he treads,
Who blindly follows other fertile heads:
What sure, what certain mark have we to know,
The right or wrong, 'twixt Burgess, Wake, and Howe?
Should unturn'd Nature crave the medic art,
What health can that contentious tribe impart?
Every physician writes a different bill,
And gives no other reason but his will.
No longer boast your art, ye impious race;
Let wars 'twixt alkalies and acids cease;
And proud G—ll with Colbatch be at peace.
Gibbons and Radcliffe do but rarely guess;
To-day they 've good, to-morrow, no success.
Ev'n Garth and Maurus[1] sometimes shall prevail,
When Gibson, learned Hannes, and Tyson, fail.
And, more than once, we've seen, that blundering Sloane,
Missing the gout, by chance has hit the stone;
The patient does the lucky errour find:
A cure he works, though not the cure design'd.
Custom, the world 's great idol, we adore;
And knowing this, we seek to know no more.
What education did at first receive,
Our ripen'd age confirms us to believe.
The careful nurse, and priest, are all we need,
To learn opinions, and our country's creed:
The parent's precepts early are instill'd,
And spoil the man, while they instruct the child.
To what hard fate is human kind betray'd,
When thus implicit faith, a virtue made;
When education more than truth prevails,
And nought is current but what custom seals?
Thus, from the time we first began to know,
We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.
We seldom use our liberty aright,
Nor judge of things by universal light:
Our prepossessions and affections bind
The soul in chains, and lord it o'er the mind;
And if self-interest be but in the case,
Our unexamin'd principles may pass!
Good Heavens! that man should thus himself deceive,
To learn on credit, and on trust believe!
Better the mind no notions had retain'd,
But still a fair, unwritten blank remain'd:
For now, who truth from falsehood would discern,
Must first disrobe the mind, and all unlearn.
Errours, contracted in unmindful youth,
When once remov'd, will smooth the way to truth:
To dispossess the child, the mortal lives;
But Death approaches ere the man arrives.
Those who would learning's glorious kingdom find,
The dear-bought purchase of the trading mind,
From many dangers must themselves acquit,
And more than Scylla and Charybdis meet.
Oh! what an ocean must be voyag'd o'er,
To gain a prospect of the shining shore!
Resisting rocks oppose th' inquiring soul,
And adverse waves retard it as they roll.
Does not that foolish deference we pay
To men that liv'd long since, our passage stay?
What odd, preposterous paths at first we tread,
And learn to walk by stumbling on the dead!
First we a blessing from the grave implore,
Worship old urns, and monuments adore!
The reverend sage, with vast esteem, we prize:
He liv'd long since, and must be wondrous wise!
Thus are we debtors to the famous dead,
For all those errours which their fancies bred:
Errours indeed! for real knowledge stay'd
With those first times, not further was convey'd:
While light opinions are much lower brought,
For on the waves of ignorance they float:
But solid truth scarce ever gains the shore,
So soon it sinks, and ne'er emerges more.
Suppose those many dreadful dangers past;
Will knowledge dawn, and bless the mind, at last?
Ah, no, 't is now environ'd from our eyes,
Hides all its charms, and undiscover'd lies!

[1] Sir Richard Blackmore.

Truth, like a single point, escapes the sight,
And claims attention to perceive it right!
But what resembles truth is soon descry'd,
Spreads like a surface, and expanded wide!
The first man rarely, very rarely finds
The tedious search of long inquiring minds:
But yet what 's worse, we know not what we err;
What mark does truth, what bright distinction bear?
How do we know that what we know is true?
How shall we falsehood fly, and truth pursue?
Let none then here his certain knowledge boast;
'T is all but probability at most:
This is the easy purchase of the mind;
The vulgar's treasure, which we soon may find!
But truth lies hid, and ere we can explore
The glittering gem, our fleeting life is o'er.

DIES NOVISSIMA:

OR, THE LAST EPIPHANY.

A PINDARIC ODE, ON CHRIST'S SECOND APPEARANCE, TO JUDGE THE WORLD.

Adieu, ye toyish reeds, that once could please
My softer lips, and lull my cares to ease:
Begone; I 'll waste no more vain hours with you:
And, smiling Sylvia too, adieu.
A brighter power invokes my Muse,
And loftier thoughts and raptures does infuse.
See, beckoning from yon cloud, he stands,
And promises assistance with his hands:
I feel the heavy-rolling God,
Incumbent, revel in his frail abode.
How my breast heaves, and pulses beat!
I sink, I sink, beneath the furious heat:
The weighty bliss o'erwhelms my breast,
And overflowing joys profusely waste.
Some nobler bard, O sacred Power, inspire,
Or soul more large, th' elapses to receive:
And, brighter yet, to catch the fire,
And each gay following charm from death to save!
——In vain the suit—the God inflames my breast;
I rave, with ecstasies oppress't:
I rise, the mountains lessen, and retire;
And now I mix, unsing'd, with elemental fire!
The leading deity I have in view;
Nor mortal knows, as yet, what wonders will ensue.

We pass'd through regions of unsullied light;
I gaz'd, and sicken'd at the blissful sight;
A shuddering paleness seiz'd my look:
At last the pest flew off, and thus I spoke:
"Say, Sacred Guide, shall this bright clime
Survive the fatal test of time,
Or perish, with our mortal globe below,
When yon Sun no longer shines?"
Straight I finish'd——veiling low:
The visionary power rejoins:
"'T is not for you to ask, nor mine to say,
The niceties of that tremendous day.
Know, when o'er-jaded Time his round has run,
And finish'd are the radiant journeys of the Sun,
The great decisive morn shall rise,
And Heaven's bright Judge appear in opening skies!
Eternal grace and justice he 'll bestow
On all the trembling world below."
He said. I mus'd; and thus return'd:
"What ensigns, courteous stranger, tell,
Shall the brooding day reveal?"
He answer'd mild——
"Already, stupid with their crimes,
Blind mortals prostrate to their idols lie:
Such were the boding times,
Ere ruin blasted from the sluicy sky;
Dissolv'd they lay in fulsome ease,
And revel'd in luxuriant peace;
In bacchanals they did their hours consume,
And bacchanals led on their swift advancing doom."

Adulterate Christs already rise,
And dare t' assuage the angry skies;
Erratic throngs their Saviour's blood deny,
And from the cross, alas! he does neglected sigh;
The Anti-Christian Power has rais'd his Hydra head,
And ruin, only less than Jesus' health, does spread.
So long the gore through poison'd veins has flow'd,
That scarcely ranker is a fury's blood;
Yet specious artifice, and fair disguise,
The monster's shape, and curst design, belies:
A fiend's black venom, in an angel's mien,
He quaffs, and scatters, the contagious spleen:
Straight, when he finishes his lawless reign,
Nature shall paint the shining scene,
Quick as the lightning which inspires the train.

Forward Confusion shall provoke the fray,
And Nature from her ancient order stray;
Black tempests, gathering from the seas around,
In horrid ranges shall advance;
And, as they march, in thickest sables drown'd,
The rival thunder from the clouds shall sound,
And lightnings join the fearful dance:
The blustering armies o'er the skies shall spread,
And universal terrour shed;
Loud issuing peals, and rising sheets of smoke,
Th' encumber'd region of the air shall choke;
The noisy main shall lash the suffering shore,
And from the rocks the breaking billows roar!
Black thunder bursts, blue lightning burns,
And melting worlds to heaps of ashes turns!
The forests shall beneath the tempest bend,
And rugged winds the nodding cedars rend.

Reverse all Nature's web shall run,
And spotless Misrule all around,
Order, its flying foe, confound;
Whilst backward all the threads shall haste to be unspun.
Triumphant Chaos, with his oblique wand,
(The wand with which, ere time begun,
His wandering slaves he did command,
And made them scamper right, and in rude ranges run)
The hostile Harmony shall chase;
And as the nymph resigns her place,
And, panting, to the neighbouring refuge flies,
The formless ruffian slaughters with his eyes,
And, following, storms the perching dame's retreat,
Adding the terrour of his threat;
The globe shall faintly tremble round,
And backward jolt, distorted with the wound.

Swath'd in substantial shrowds of night,
The sickening Sun shall from the world retire,
Stripp'd of his dazzling robes of fire; [light!
Which, dangling, once shed round a lavish flood of

No frail eclipse, but all essential shade,
Not yielding to primeval gloom,
Whilst Day was yet an embryo in the womb;
Nor glimmering in its source, with silver streamers play'd,
A jetty mixture of the darkness spread
O'er murmuring Egypt's head;
And that which angels drew
O'er Nature's face, when Jesus died;
Which sleeping ghosts for this mistook,
And, rising, off their hanging funerals shook,
And fleeting pass'd expos'd their bloodless breast to view,
Yet find it not so dark, and to their dormitories glide.

Now bolder fires appear,
And o'er the palpable obscurement sport,
Glaring and gay as falling Lucifer, [court,
Yet mark'd with fate, as when he fled th' ethereal
And plung'd into the opening gulf of night;
A sabre of immortal flame I bore,
And, with this arm, his flourishing plume I tore,
And straight the fiend retreated from the fight.

Mean time the lambient prodigies on high
Take gamesome measures in the sky;
Joy'd with his future feast, the thunder roars
In chorus to th' enormous harmony;
And holloos to his offspring from sulphureous stores:
Applauding how they tilt, and how they fly,
And their each nimble turn, and radiant embassy.

The Moon turns paler at the sight,
And all the blazing orbs deny their light;
The lightning with its livid tail
A train of glittering terrours draws behind,
Which o'er the trembling world prevail;
Wing'd and blown on by storms of wind,
They show the hideous leaps, on either hand,
Of Night, that spreads her ebon curtains round,
And there erects her royal stand,
In seven-fold winding jet her conscious temples bound.

The stars, next starting from their spheres,
In giddy revolutions leap and bound;
Whilst this with doubtful fury glares,
And meditate new wars,
And wheels in sportive gyres around,
Its neighbour shall advance to fight;
And while each offers to enlarge its right,
The general ruin shall increase,
And banish all the votaries of peace.
No more the stars, with paler beams,
Shall tremble o'er the midnight streams,
But travel downward to behold
What mimics them so twinkling there:
And, like Narcissus, as they gain'd more near,
For the lov'd image straight expire,
And agonize in warm desire,
Or slake their lust, as in the stream they roll.

Whilst the world burns, and all the orbs below
In their viperous ruins glow,
They sink, and unsupported leave the skies,
Which fall abrupt, and tell their torment in the noise.
Then see th' Almighty Judge, sedate and bright,
Cloth'd in imperial robes of light!
His wings the wind, rough storms the chariot bear,
And nimble harbingers before him fly,
And with officious rudeness brush the air;
Halt as he halts, then doubling in their flight,
In horrid sport with one another vie,
And leave behind quick-winding tracts of light;
Then urging, to their ranks they close, [pose.
And shivering, lest they start, a sailing caravan com-

The Mighty Judge rides in tempestuous state,
Whilst mighty guards his orders wait:
His waving vestments shine
Bright as the Sun, which lately did its beam resign,
And burnish'd wreaths of light shall make his form divine.
Strong beams of majesty around his temples play,
And the transcendent gaiety of his face allay:
His Father's reverend characters he 'll wear,
And both o'erwhelm with light, and overawe with fear.
Myriads of angels shall be there,
And I, perhaps, close the tremendous rear;
Angels, the first and fairest sons of Day, [gay.
Clad with eternal youth, and as their vestments

Nor for magnificence alone,
To brighten and enlarge the pageant scene,
Shall we encircle his more dazzling throne,
And swell the lustre of his pompous train;
The nimble ministers of bliss or woe
We shall attend, and save, or deal the blow,
As he admits to joy, or bids to pain.

The welcome news
Through every angel's breast fresh rapture shall diffuse.
The day is come,
When Satan with his powers shall sink to endless doom.
No more shall we his hostile troops pursue
From cloud to cloud, nor the long fight renew.

Then Raphael, big with life, the trump shall sound,
From falling spheres the joyful music shall rebound,
And seas and shores shall catch and propagate it round:
Louder he 'll blow, and it shall speak more shrill,
Than when, from Sinai's hill,
In thunder, through the horrid reddening smoke,
Th' Almighty spoke;
We 'll shout around with martial joy,
And thrice the vaulted skies shall rend, and thrice our shouts reply.
Then first th' Archangel's voice, aloud,
Shall cheerfully salute the day and throng,
And hallelujah fill the crowd;
And I, perhaps, shall close the song.

From its long sleep all human race shall rise,
And see the morn and Judge advancing in the skies:
To their old tenements the souls return,
Whilst down the steep of Heaven as swift the Judge descends!
These look illustrious bright, no more to mourn:
Whilst, see, distracted looks yon stalking shades attend.
The saints no more shall conflict on the deep,
Nor rugged waves insult the labouring ship;
But from the wreck in triumph they arise,
And borne to bliss shall tread empyreal skies.

THE

POEMS

OF THE

EARL OF DORSET.

THE

LIFE OF DORSET, (Buckhurst)

BY DR. JOHNSON.

Of the earl of Dorset the character has been drawn so largely and so elegantly by Prior, to whom he was familiarly known, that nothing can be added by a casual hand; and, as its author is so generally read, it would be useless officiousness to transcribe it.

Charles Sackville was born January 24, 1637. Having been educated under a private tutor, he travelled into Italy, and returned a little before the Restoration. He was chosen into the first parliament that was called, for East Grinstead in Sussex, and soon became a favourite of Charles the Second; but undertook no public employment, being too eager of the riotous and licentious pleasures which young men of high rank, who aspired to be thought wits, at that time imagined themselves entitled to indulge.

One of these frolics has, by the industry of Wood, come down to posterity. Sackville, who was then lord Buckhurst, with sir Charles Sedley and sir Thomas Ogle, got drunk at the Cock in Bow-street, by Covent-garden, and, going into the balcony, exposed themselves to the populace in very indecent postures. At last, as they grew warmer, Sedley stood forth naked, and harangued the populace in such profane language, that the public indignation was awakened; the crowd attempted to force the door, and, being repulsed, drove in the performers with stones, and broke the windows of the house.

For this misdemeanor they were indicted, and Sedley was fined five hundred pounds: what was the sentence of the others is not known. Sedley employed Killigrew and another to procure a remission from the king; but (mark the friendship of the dissolute!) they begged the fine for themselves, and exacted it to the last groat.

In 1665, lord Buckhurst attended the duke of York as a volunteer in the Dutch war; and was in the battle of June 3, when eighteen great Dutch ships were taken, fourteen others were destroyed, and Opdam the admiral, who engaged the duke, was blown up beside him, with all his crew.

On the day before the battle, he is said to have composed the celebrated song, "To all you ladies now at land," with equal tranquillity of mind and promptitude of wit. Seldom any splendid story is wholly true. I have heard, from the late earl of Orrery,

who was likely to have good hereditary intelligence, that lord Buckhurst had been a week employed upon it, and only retouched or finished it on the memorable evening. But even this, whatever it may subtract from his facility, leaves him his courage.

He was soon after made a gentleman of the bedchamber, and sent on short embassies to France.

In 1674, the estate of his uncle, James Cranfield, earl of Middlesex, came to him by its owner's death, and the title was conferred on him the year after. In 1677, he became, by the death of his father, earl of Dorset, and inherited the estate of his family.

In 1684, having buried his first wife, of the family of Bagot, who left him no child, he married a daughter of the earl of Northampton, celebrated both for beauty and understanding.

He received some favourable notice from king James; but soon found it necessary to oppose the violence of his innovations, and, with some other lords, appeared in Westminster-hall to countenance the bishops at their trial.

As enormities grew every day less supportable, he found it necessary to concur in the Revolution. He was one of those lords who sat every day in council to preserve the public peace, after the king's departure; and, what is not the most illustrious action of his life, was employed to conduct the princess Anne to Nottingham with a guard, such as might alarm the populace, as they passed, with false apprehensions of her danger. Whatever end may be designed, there is always something despicable in a trick.

He became, as may be easily supposed, a favourite of king William, who, the day after his accession, made him lord chamberlain of the household, and gave him afterwards the garter. He happened to be among those that were tossed with the king in an open boat sixteen hours, in very rough and cold weather, on the coast of Holland. His health afterwards declined; and on January 19, 1705-6, he died at Bath.

He was a man whose elegance and judgment were universally confessed, and whose bounty to the learned and witty was generally known. To the indulgent affection of the public, lord Rochester bore ample testimony in this remark: "I know not how it is, but lord Buckhurst may do what he will, yet is never in the wrong."

If such a man attempted poetry, we cannot wonder that his works were praised. Dryden, whom, if Prior tells truth, he distinguished by his beneficence, and who lavished his blandishments on those who are not known to have so well deserved them, undertaking to produce authors of our own country superior to those of antiquity, says, "I would instance your lordship in satire, and Shakspeare in tragedy." Would it be imagined that, of this rival to antiquity, all the satires were little personal invectives, and that his longest composition was a song of eleven stanzas?

The blame, however, of this exaggerated praise falls on the encomiast, not upon the author; whose performances are, what they pretend to be, the effusions of a man of wit; gay, vigorous, and airy. His verses to Howard show great fertility of mind; and his Dorinda has been imitated by Pope.

POEMS

OF THE

EARL OF DORSET.

TO MR. EDWARD HOWARD,

ON HIS INCOMPARABLE, INCOMPREHENSIBLE POEM, CALLED THE BRITISH PRINCES.

Come on, ye critics, find one fault who dares;
For read it backward, like a witch's prayers,
'Twill do as well; throw not away your jests
On solid nonsense, that abides all tests.
Wit, like tierce-claret, when 't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and 's of no use at all,
But, in its full perfection of decay,
Turns vinegar, and comes again in play.
Thou hast a brain, such as it is indeed;
On what else should thy worm of fancy feed!
Yet in a filbert I have often known
Maggots survive, when all the kernel 's gone.
This simile shall stand in thy defence, [sense.
'Gainst those dull rogues who now and then write
Thy style 's the same, whatever be thy theme,
As some digestions turn all meat to phlegm:
They lie, dear Ned, who say thy brain is barren,
Where deep conceits, like maggots, breed in carrion.
Thy stumbling founder'd jade can trot as high
As any other Pegasus can fly:
So the dull eel moves nimbler in the mud,
Than all the swift-finn'd racers of the flood.
As skilful divers to the bottom fall
Sooner than those who cannot swim at all;
So in this way of writing, without thinking,
Thou hast a strange alacrity in sinking.
Thou writ'st below even thy own natural parts,
And with acquir'd dulness and new arts
Of study'd nonsense, tak'st kind readers hearts.
Therefore, dear Ned, at my advice, forbear
Such loud complaints 'gainst critics to prefer,
Since thou art turn'd an arrant libeller;
Thou sett'st thy name to what thyself dost write;
Did ever libel yet so sharply bite?

TO THE SAME, ON HIS PLAYS.

Thou damn'd Antipodes to common sense,
Thou foil to Flecknoe, pr'ythee tell from whence
Does all this mighty stock of dulness spring?
Is it thy own, or hast it from Snow-hill,
Assisted by some ballad-making quill?
No, they fly higher yet, thy plays are such,
I 'd swear they were translated out of Dutch.
Fain would I know what diet thou dost keep,
If thou dost always, or dost never sleep?
Sure hasty-pudding is thy chiefest dish,
With bullock's liver, or some stinking fish:
Garbage, ox-cheeks, and tripes, do feast thy brain,
Which nobly pays this tribute back again.
With daisy-roots thy dwarfish Muse is fed,
A giant's body, with a pigmy's head.
Canst thou not find, among thy numerous race
Of kindred, one to tell thee that thy plays
Are laught at by the pit, box, galleries, nay, stage?
Think on 't a while, and thou wilt quickly find
Thy body made for labour, not thy mind.
No other use of paper thou shouldst make,
Than carrying loads and reams upon thy back.
Carry vast burdens till thy shoulders shrink,
But curst be he that gives thee pen and ink:
Such dangerous weapons should be kept from fools,
As nurses from their children keep edg'd tools:
For thy dull fancy a muckinder is fit
To wipe the slabberings of thy snotty wit:
And though 'tis late if justice could be found,
Thy plays, like blind-born puppies, should be drown'd.
For were it not that we respect afford
Unto the son of an heroic lord,
Thine in the ducking-stool should take her seat,
Drest like herself in a great chair of state;
Where like a Muse of quality she'd die,
And thou thyself shalt make her elegy,
In the same strain thou writ'st thy comedy.

TO SIR THOMAS ST. SERFE,

ON THE PRINTING HIS PLAY CALLED TARUGO'S WILES, 1668.

Tarugo gave us wonder and delight,
When he oblig'd the world by candle-light:

But now he 'as ventur'd on the face of day,
T' oblige and serve his friends a nobler way;
Make all our old men wits; statesmen, the young:
And teach ev'n Englishmen the English tongue.
James, on whose reign all peaceful stars did smile,
Did but attempt th' uniting of our isle.
What kings and Nature only could design,
Shall be accomplish'd by this work of thine.
For, who is such a Cockney in his heart,
Proud of the plenty of the southern part,
To scorn that union, by which we may
Boast 'twas his countryman that writ this play?
Phœbus himself, indulgent to my Muse,
Has to the country sent this kind excuse;
Fair Northern Lass, it is not through neglect
I court thee at a distance, but respect;
I cannot act, my passion is so great,
But I'll make up in light what wants in heat;
On thee I will bestow my longest days,
And crown thy sons with everlasting bays:
My beams that reach thee shall employ their powers
To ripen souls of men, not fruits or flowers.
Let warmer climes my fading favours boast,
Poets and stars shine brightest in the frost.

EPILOGUE TO MOLIERE'S TARTUFFE,

TRANSLATED BY MR. MEDBURNE.

SPOKEN BY TARTUFFE.

Many have been the vain attempts of wit,
Against the still-prevailing hypocrite:
Once, and but once, a poet got the day,
And vanquish'd Busy in a puppet-play;
And Busy, rallying, arm'd with zeal and rage,
Possess'd the pulpit, and pull'd down the stage.
To laugh at English knaves is dangerous then,
While English fools will think them honest men:
But sure no zealous brother can deny us
Free leave with this our monsieur Ananias:
A man may say, without being call'd an atheist,
There are damn'd rogues among the French and papist,
That fix salvation to short band and air,
That belch and snuffle to prolong a prayer;
That use "enjoy the creature," to express
Plain whoring, gluttony, and drunkenness;
And, in a decent way, perform them too
As well, nay better far, perhaps, than you.
Whose fleshly failings are but fornication,
We godly phrase it "gospel-propagation,"
Just as rebellion was call'd reformation.
Zeal stands but sentry at the gate of Sin,
Whilst all that have the word pass freely in:
Silent, and in the dark, for fear of spies,
We march, and take Damnation by surprise.
There 's not a roaring blade in all this town
Can go so far towards Hell for half-a-crown
As I for sixpence, for I know the way;
For want of guides men are too apt to stray:
Therefore give ear to what I shall advise,
Let every marry'd man, that 's grave and wise,
Take a Tartuffe of known ability,
To teach and to increase his family;
Who shall so settle lasting reformation,
First get his son, then give him education.

EPILOGUE

ON THE REVIVAL OF BEN JONSON'S PLAY, CALLED EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

Entreaty shall not serve, nor violence,
To make me speak in such a play's defence;
A play, where Wit and Humour do agree
To break all practis'd laws of Comedy.
The scene (what more absurd!) in England lies,
No gods descend, nor dancing devils rise;
No captive prince from unknown country brought,
No battle, nay, there 's scarce a duel fought:
And something yet more sharply might be said,
But I consider the poor author 's dead:
Let that be his excuse—now for our own,
Why—faith, in my opinion, we need none.
The parts were fitted well; but some will say,
"Pox on them, rogues, what made them choose this play?"
I do not doubt but you will credit me,
It was not choice but mere necessity:
To all our writing friends, in town, we sent,
But not a wit durst venture out in Lent:
Have patience but till Easter-term, and then,
You shall have jigg and hobby-horse again.
Here 's Mr. Matthew, our domestic wit[1],
Does promise one o' th' ten plays he has writ:
But since great bribes weigh nothing with the just,
Know, we have merits, and to them we trust.
When any fasts, or holidays, defer
The public labours of the theatre,
We ride not forth, although the day be fair,
On ambling tit, to take the suburb air;
But with our authors meet, and spend that time
To make up quarrels between Sense and Rhyme.
Wednesdays and Fridays constantly we sate,
Till after many a long and free debate,
For diverse weighty reasons 't was thought fit,
Unruly Sense should still to Rhyme submit:
This, the most wholesome law we ever made,
So strictly in his epilogue obey'd,
Sure no man here will ever dare to break——
[*Enter Jonson's Ghost.*]
"Hold, and give way, for I myself will speak;
Can you encourage so much insolence,
And add new faults still to the great offence,
Your ancestors so rashly did commit,
Against the mighty powers of Art and Wit;
When they condemn'd those noble works of mine,
Sejanus, and my best-lov'd Catiline?
Repent, or on your guilty heads shall fall
The curse of many a rhyming pastoral.
The three bold Beauchamps shall revive again,
And with the London 'prentice conquer Spain.
All the dull follies of the former age
Shall find applause on this corrupted stage:
But if you pay the great arrears of praise,
So long since due to my much-injur'd plays,
From all past crimes I first will set you free,
And then inspire some one to write like me."

SONG,

WRITTEN AT SEA, IN THE FIRST DUTCH WAR, 1665, THE NIGHT BEFORE AN ENGAGEMENT.

To all you ladies now at land,
We men, at sea, indite;
But first would have you understand,
How hard it is to write;

[1] Matthew Medbourn, an eminent actor.

The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you,
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, &c.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost,
By Dutchmen, or by wind:
Our tears we 'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a-day
With a fa, &c.

The king, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they us'd of old:
But let him know, it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who 've left their hearts behind?
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who 's our friend, or who 's our foe.
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But, why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps, permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote;
Think how often love we 've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse,
To think of our distress;
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

And now we 've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears;
Let 's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

ON THE COUNTESS OF DORCHESTER,

MISTRESS TO KING JAMES THE SECOND, 1680.

Tell me, Dorinda, why so gay,
Why such embroidery, fringe, and lace?
Can any dresses find a way,
To stop th' approaches of decay,
And mend a ruin'd face?

Wilt thou still sparkle in the box,
Still ogle in the ring?
Canst thou forget thy age and pox?
Can all that shines on shells and rocks
Make thee a fine young thing?

So have I seen in larder dark
Of veal a lucid loin;
Replete with many a brilliant spark,
As wise philosophers remark,
At once both stink and shine.

ON THE SAME.

Proud with the spoils of royal cully,
With false pretence to wit and parts,
She swaggers like a batter'd bully,
To try the tempers of mens' hearts.

Though she appear as glittering fine,
As gems, and jetts, and paint, can make her;
She ne'er can win a breast like mine;
The Devil and sir David[1] take her.

KNOTTING.

At noon, in a sunshiny day,
The brighter lady of the May,
Young Chloris, innocent and gay,
Sat knotting in a shade:

Each slender finger play'd its part,
With such activity and art,
As would inflame a youthful heart,
And warm the most decay'd.

Her favourite swain, by chance, came by,
He saw no anger in her eye;
Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh,
She would have seem'd afraid.

She let her ivory needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twisted ball:
But straight gave Strephon such a call,
As would have rais'd the dead.

[1] Sir David Colpear, late earl of Portmore.

"Dear gentle youth, is 't none but thee?
With innocence I dare be free;
By so much truth and modesty
No nymph was e'er betray'd.

"Come lean thy head upon my lap;
While thy smooth cheeks I stroke and clap,
Thou may'st securely take a nap;"
Which he, poor fool, obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,
And found him fast asleep all o'er.
She sigh'd, and could endure no more,
But starting up, she said:

"Such virtue shall rewarded be:
For this thy dull fidelity,
I 'll trust you with my flocks, not me,
Pursue thy grazing trade;

"Go, milk thy goats, and shear thy sheep,
And watch all night thy flocks to keep;
Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
By me, mistaken maid."

THE ANTIQUATED COQUET,

A SATIRE ON A LADY OF IRELAND [1],

PHYLLIS, if you will not agree
To give me back my liberty,
In spite of you, I must regain
My loss of time, and break your chain.
You were mistaken, if you thought
I was so grossly to be caught;
Or that I was so blindly bred,
As not to be in woman read.
Perhaps you took me for a fool,
Design'd alone your sex's tool;
Nay, you might think so mad a thing,
That, with a little fashioning,
I might in time, for your dear sake,
That monster call'd a husband make:
Perhaps I might, had I not found
One darling vice in you abound;
A vice to me, which e'er will prove
An antidote to banish love.
O! I could better bear an old,
Ugly, diseas'd, mis-shapen scold,
Or one who games, or will be drunk,
A fool, a spendthrift, bawd, or punk,
Than one at all who wildly flies,
And, with soft, asking, giving eyes,
And thousand other wanton arts,
So meanly trades in begging hearts.
How might such wondrous charms perplex,
Give chains, or death, to all our sex,
Did she not so unwisely set,
For every fluttering fool, her net!
So poorly proud of vulgar praise,
Her very look her thoughts betrays;
She never stays till we begin,
But beckons us herself to sin.
Ere we can ask, she cries consent,
So quick her yielding looks are sent,
They hope forestal, and even desire prevent.
But Nature's turn'd when women woo,
We hate in them what we should do;
Desire 's asleep, and cannot wake,
When women such advances make:
Both time and charms thus Phyllis wastes,
Since each must surfeit ere he tastes.
Nothing escapes her wandering eyes,
No one she thinks too mean a prize;
Ev'n Lynch [2], the lag of human kind,
Nearest to brutes by God design'd,
May boast the smiles of this coquet,
As much as any man of wit.
The signs hang thinner in the Strand,
The Dutch scarce more infest the land,
Though Egypt's locusts they outvie,
In number and voracity.
Whores are not half so plenty found,
In play-house, or that hallow'd ground
Of Temple-walks or Whetstone's Park;
Caresses less abound in Spark [3].
Then with kind looks for all who come,
At bawdy-house, the drawing-room:
But all in vain she throws her darts,
They hit, but cannot hurt our hearts:
Age has enerv'd her charms so much,
That fearless all her eyes approach;
Each her autumnal face degrades
With "Reverend Mother of the Maids!"
But 'tis ill-natur'd to run on,
Forgetting what her charms have done;
To Teagueland we this beauty owe,
Teagueland her earliest charms did know:
There first her tyrant beauties reign'd;
Where'er she look'd, she conquest gain'd.
No heart the glances could repel,
The Teagues in shoals before her fell;
And trotting bogs was all the art
The Sound had left to save his heart.
She kill'd so fast, by my salvation,
She near dispeopled half the nation:
Though she, good soul, to save took care
All, all she could from sad despair.
From thence she hither came to prove
If yet her charms could kindle love:
But, ah! it was too late to try,
For Spring was gone, and Winter nigh:
Yet though her eyes such conquests made,
That they were shunn'd, or else obey'd,
Yet now her charms are so decay'd,
She thanks each coxcomb that will deign
To praise her face, and wear her chain.
So some old soldier, who had done
Wonders in youth, and battles won,
When feeble years his strength depose,
That he too weak to vanquish grows,
With mangled face and wooden leg,
Reduc'd about for alms to beg,
O'erjoy'd, a thousand thanks bestows
On him who but a farthing throws.

SONG TO CHLORIS,

FROM THE BLIND ARCHER.

AH! Chloris, 'tis time to disarm your bright eyes,
And lay by those terrible glances;
We live in an age that 's more civil and wise,
Than to follow the rules of romances,

[1] Supposed to be of the name of Clanbrazil.

[2] A notorious debauchee.

[3] Elizabeth Spark, a noted courtezan.

When once your round bubbies begin but to pout,
They 'll allow you no long time of courting;
And you 'll find it a very hard task to hold out;
For all maidens are mortal at fourteen.

SONG.

Methinks the poor town has been troubled too long,
With Phyllis and Chloris in every song,
By fools, who at once can both love and despair,
And will never leave calling them cruel and fair;
Which justly provokes me in rhyme to express
The truth that I know of bonny Black Bess.

This Bess of my heart, this Bess of my soul,
Has a skin white as milk, and hair as black as a coal;
She 's plump, yet with ease you may span round her waist,
But her round swelling thighs can scarce be embrac'd:
Her belly is soft, not a word of the rest:
But I know what I think, when I drink to the best.

The ploughman and 'squire, the arranter clown,
At home she subdued in her paragon gown;
But now she adorns both the boxes and pit,
And the proudest town gallants are forc'd to submit;
All hearts fall a-leaping wherever she comes,
And beat day and night, like my lord Craven's drums.

I dare not permit her to come to Whitehall,
For she 'd outshine the ladies, paint, jewels, and all;
If a lord should but whisper his love in the crowd,
She 'd sell him a bargain, and laugh out aloud:
Then the queen, overhearing what Betty did say,
Would send Mr. Roper to take her away.

But to those that have had my dear Bess in their arms,
She 's gentle, and knows how to soften her charms;
And to every beauty can add a new grace,
Having learn'd how to lisp, and to trip in her pace;
And with head on one side, and a languishing eye,
To kill us by looking as if she would die.

SONG.

May the ambitious ever find
Success in crowds and noise,
While gentle Love does fill my mind
With silent real joys!

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
And the world think them wise,
While I lie dying at her feet,
And all the world despise.

Let conquering kings new triumphs raise,
And melt in court delights;
Her eyes can give much brighter days,
Her arms much softer nights.

A FRENCH SONG PARAPHRASED.

In grey-hair'd Cælia's wither'd arms
As mighty Lewis lay,
She cry'd, "If I have any charms,
My dearest, let 's away.

"For you, my love, is all my fear!
Hark, how the drums do rattle!
Alas, sir! what should you do here
In dreadful day of battle?

"Let little Orange stay and fight,
For danger 's his diversion;
The wise will think you in the right,
Not to expose your person:

"Nor vex your thoughts how to repair
The ruins of your glory;
You ought to leave so mean a care
To those who pen your story.

"Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
For panegyric writing?
They know how heroes may be made,
Without the help of fighting.

"When foes too saucily approach,
'Tis best to leave them fairly:
Put six good horses to your coach,
And carry me to Marly.

"Let Boufflers, to secure your fame,
Go take some town or buy it;
Whilst you, great sir, at Nôtre Dame,
Te Deum sing in quiet."

SONG.

Phyllis, the fairest of Love's foes,
Though fiercer than a dragon,
Phyllis, that scorn'd the powder'd beaux,
What has she now to brag on?
So long she kept her legs so close,
Till they had scarce a rag on.

Compell'd through want, this wretched maid
Did sad complaints begin;
Which surly Strephon hearing, said,
"It was both shame and sin,
To pity such a lazy jade,
As will neither play nor spin."

SONG.

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer gentler joy,
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

SONG.

Sylvia, methinks you are unfit
For your great lord's embrace;
For though we all allow you wit,
We can 't a handsome face.

Then where 's the pleasure, where 's the good,
  Of spending time and cost?
For if your wit be n't understood,
  Your keeper's bliss is lost.

SONG.

Phyllis, for shame, let us improve,
  A thousand different ways,
Those few short moments snatch'd by love,
  From many tedious days.

If you want courage to despise
  The censure of the grave,
Though Love's a tyrant in your eyes,
  Your heart is but a slave.

My love is full of noble pride,
  Nor can it e'er submit,
To let that fop, Discretion, ride
  In triumph over it.

False friends I have, as well as you,
  Who daily counsel me
Fame and Ambition to pursue,
  And leave off loving thee.

But when the least regard I show
  To fools who thus advise,
May I be dull enough to grow
  Most miserably wise!

SONG.

Corydon beneath a willow,
  By a murmuring current laid,
His arm reclin'd, the lover's pillow,
  Thus address'd the charming maid.

"O! my Sacharissa, tell
  How could Nature take delight,
That a heart so hard should dwell
  In a frame so soft and white.

"Could you feel but half the anguish,
  Half the tortures that I bear,
How for you I daily languish,
  You 'd be kind as you are fair.

"See the fire that in me reigns,
  O! behold the burning man;
Think I feel my dying pains,
  And be cruel if you can."

With her conquest pleas'd, the dame
  Cry'd, with an insulting look,
"Yes, I fain would quench your flame;"
  She spoke, and pointed to the brook.

THE

POEMS

OF

GEORGE STEPNEY.

REES
UNI

THE

LIFE OF STEPNEY,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

GEORGE STEPNEY, descended from the Stepneys of Pendigrast in Pembrokeshire, was born at Westminster in 1663. Of his father's condition or fortune I have no account [1]. Having received the first part of his education at Westminster, where he passed six years in the college, he went at nineteen to Cambridge [2], where he continued a friendship begun at school with Mr. Montague, afterwards earl of Halifax. They came to London together, and are said to have been invited into public life by the duke of Dorset.

His qualifications recommended him to many foreign employments, so that his time seems to have been spent in negociations. In 1692 he was sent envoy to the elector of Brandenburgh; in 1693, to the imperial court; in 1694, to the elector of Saxony; in 1696, to the electors of Mentz and Cologne, and the congress at Frankfort; in 1698, a second time to Brandenburgh; in 1699, to the king of Poland; in 1701, again to the emperor; and in 1706, to the states general. In 1697 he was made one of the commissioners of trade. His life was busy, and not long. He died in 1707; and is buried in Westminster Abbey, with this epitaph, which Jacob transcribed:

H. S. E.
GEORGIUS STEPNEIUS, Armiger,
Vir
Ob Ingenii acumen,
Literarum Scientiam,
Morum Suavitatem,
Rerum Usum,
Virorum Amplissimorum Consuetudinem,
Linguæ, Styli, ac Vitæ Elegantiam,
Præclara Officia cum Britanniæ tum Europæ præstita,
Suâ ætate multum celebratus,
Apud posteros semper celebrandus;

[1] It has been conjectured, that our poet was either son or grandson of Charles, third son of sir John Stepney, the first baronet of that family. See Granger's History, vol. ii. p. 396, edit. 8vo. 1775. Mr. Cole says, the poet's father was a grocer. Cole's MSS. in Brit. Mus. *C.*

[2] He was entered of Trinity College, and took his master's degree in 1689. *H.*

Plurimas Legationes obiit
Eâ Fide, Diligentiâ, ac Felicitate,
Ut Augustissimorum Principum
Gulielmi et Annæ
Spem in illo repositam
Nunquam fefellerit,
Haud rarò superaverit.
Post longum honorum Cursum
Brevi Temporis Spatio confectum,
Cum Naturæ parum, Famæ satis vixerat,
Animam ad altiora aspirantem placidè effavit.

On the left hand,

G. S.
Ex Equestri Familiâ Stepnelorum,
De Pendegrast, in Comitatu
Pembrochiensi oriundus,
Westmonasterii natus est, A. D. 1663,
Electus in Collegium
Sancti Petri Westmonast. A. 1676.
Sancti Trinitatis Cantab. 1682.
Consiliariorum quibus Commercii
Cura commissa est 1697.
Chelseiæ mortuus, et, comitante
Magnâ Procerum
Frequentiâ, huc elatus, 1707.

It is reported that the juvenile compositions of Stepney "made grey authors blush." I know not whether his poems will appear such wonders to the present age. One cannot always easily find the reason for which the world has sometimes conspired to squander praise. It is not very unlikely, that he wrote very early as well as he ever wrote; and the performances of youth have many favourers, because the authors yet lay no claim to public honours, and are therefore not considered as rivals by the distributors of fame.

He apparently professed himself a poet, and added his name to those of the other wits in the version of Juvenal; but he is a very licentious translator, and does not recompense his neglect of the author by beauties of his own. In his original poems, now and then, a happy line may perhaps be found, and now and then a short composition may give pleasure. But there is, in the whole, little either of the grace of wit, or the vigour of nature.

POEMS

OF

GEORGE STEPNEY.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF

GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK,

AND THE LADY ANNE[1].

Circumvolantum blanda Cupidinum
Hæc Mater axes flectat eburneos,
Dum sævientis flagra dextræ
Chaoniæ metuant Columbæ.

Seu, ne jugales heu! nimium pigros
Damnent Amantes, ociùs, ociùs
Impelle currum fortiori
Remigio volitans Olorum.

Junctum marinæ Pelea Conjugi[2],
Senique junctam Cyprida Troico,
Delira ne jactet vetustas,
Connubio superata nostro:

Illustriori stemmate regiam
Ditabit aulam nobilior Parens;
Virtute et Æneas Nepotes,
Viribus et superent Achillem.

Quin belliccosæ gloria Cimbriæ,
Nunc invidendæ spes, decus Angliæ,
Ira, horror, et vultus minaces
In Dominæ tumulentur ulnis.

Cessate lites; spicula, machinæ
Dormite lethi; libret et unicus,
Præbent puellæ quas ocelli,
Armiger innocuus sagittas!

Quàm dulce vultu virgineo rubet
Pandora! (quantum, dum rubet, allicit!)
Tacetque, sed narrant vicissim
Lumina luminibus calores.

Liquisset Evan Gnosida, floridam
Tu, Phœbe, Daphnen hanc peteres magis;
Nec non Tonantis pluma mendax,
Cornua seu tegerent amores.

Lacæna nunquam damna modestiæ
Tulisset, Idæ si puer huc vagus
Errasset, ardentes videret
Funere tergemino penates.

Flammasque viles crederet Ilii.
Mercede tali quis stadium piger
Fatale vitet? quis timeret
Oenomai fremitum sequentis?

Te præda nullo parta periculo,
Te gaza nullis empta laboribus
Expectat ultrò: fata, Princeps,
Hæc meritis statuêre tantis,

Ætas ut aptis vernet amoribus,
Blando fideles murmure turtures,
Nexuque vites arctiori, et
Basiolis superate conchas.

[1] From the Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis. Cantabrigiæ, 1683. "It is reported," says Dr. Johnson, "that the juvenile compositions of Stepney *made grey authors blush.* I know not whether his poems will appear such wonders to the present age. One cannot always easily find the reason for which the world has sometimes conspired to squander praise. It is not very unlikely, that he wrote very early as well as he ever wrote; and the performances of youth have many favourers." The present poem is earlier than any one by Stepney hitherto printed; and will therefore without doubt be acceptable to the public. *J. N.*

[2] Mr. Addison has made a fine use of the same allusion, in his beautiful verses to Kneller——

> The troubled Ocean's queen
> Match'd with a mortal, &c.

But he had the advantage of being able to add,

> —— her short-liv'd darling son.

J. Duncomb.

Cum dextra Cœli prodiga Carolum
Ornârit omni dote, Britanniæ
Oblita, et hæredis futuri,
Nec dederit similem aut secundum;

Te, spes ruentis faustior imperi,
Nomen beabit Patris amabile,
Heroas illustres daturum,
Qui domitum moderentur orbem.

Infans Parenti laudibus æmulus
Assurgat, annos dissimulans breves:
Patris decorem mas verendum,
Matris et os referant Puellæ.

GEORGIUS STEPNEY,
Coll. Trin.

TO KING JAMES II.

UPON HIS ACCESSION TO THE THRONE, 1684-5.

As victors lose the trouble they sustain
In greater trophies which the triumphs gain;
And martyrs, when the joyful crown is given,
Forget the pain by which they purchas'd Heaven:
So when the Phenix of our empire dy'd,
And with a greater heir the empty throne supply'd,
Your glory dissipates our mournful dew,
And turns our grief for Charles to joy for you.
Mysterious Fate, whose one decree could prove
The high extreme of cruelty, and love!
May then no flight of a blaspheming Muse,
Those wise resolves of Providence accuse,
Which eas'd our Atlas of his glorious weight,
Since stronger Hercules supports the state.
England no more shall pensive thoughts employ
On him she 'as lost; but him she has, enjoy.
So Ariadne, when her lover fled,
And Bacchus honour'd the deserted bed,
Ceas'd with her tears to raise the swelling flood,
Forgot her Theseus, and embrac'd the god.

ON THE

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE'S

BURNING THE

DUKE OF MONMOUTH'S PICTURE, 1685, WHO WAS FORMERLY THEIR CHANCELLOR.

IN ANSWER TO THIS QUESTION,

..... Sed quid
Turba Remi? sequitur fortunam, et semper, et odit
Damnatos .....

Yes, fickle Cambridge, Perkins found this true,
Both from your rabble and your doctors too,
With what applause you once receiv'd his grace,
And begg'd a copy of his godlike face;
But when the sage vice-chancellor was sure
The original in limbo lay secure,
As greasy as himself he sends a lictor,
To vent his loyal malice on the picture.
The beadle's wife endeavours all she can
To save the image of the tall young man,
Which she so oft when pregnant did embrace,
That with strong thoughts she might improve her race;
But all in vain, since the wise house conspire
To damn the canvass-traitor to the fire,
Lest it, like bones of Scanderbeg, incite
Scythe-men next harvest to renew the fight.
Then in comes mayor Eagle, and does gravely allege,
He 'll subscribe, if he can, for a bundle of Sedge;
But the man of Clare-hall that proffer refuses,
'Snigs, he'll be beholden to none but the Muses;
And orders ten porters to bring the dull reams
On the death of good Charles, and crowning of James;
And swears he will borrow of the provost more stuff
On the marriage of Anne, if that be n't enough.
The heads, lest he get all the profit t' himself,
Too greedy of honour, too lavish of pelf,
This motion deny, and vote that Tite Tillet
Should gather from each noble doctor a billet.
The kindness was common, and so they 'd return it,
The gift was to all, all therefore would burn it:
Thus joining their stocks for a bonfire together,
As they club for a cheese in the parish of Chedder;
Confusedly crowd on the sophs and the doctors,
The hangman, the townsmen, their wives, and the proctors,
While the troops from each part of the countries in [ale
Come to quaff his confusion in bumpers of stale;
But Rosalin, never unkind to a duke,
Does by her absence their folly rebuke,
The tender creature could not see his fate,
With whom she 'ad danc'd a minuet so late.
The heads, who never could hope for such frames,
Out of envy condemn'd sixscore pounds to the flames,
Then his air was too proud, and his features amiss,
As if being a traitor had alter'd his phiz:
So the rabble of Rome, whose favour ne'er settles,
Melt down their Sejanus to pots and brass kettles.

AN

EPISTLE TO CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.

AFTERWARDS EARL OF HALIFAX,

ON HIS MAJESTY'S VOYAGE TO HOLLAND.

SIR,

Since you oft invite me to renew
Art I 've either lost, or never knew,
Pleas'd my past follies kindly to commend,
And fondly lose the critic in the friend;
Though my warm youth untimely be decay'd,
From grave to dull insensibly betray'd,
I 'll contradict the humour of the times,
Inclin'd to business, and averse to rhymes,
And, to obey the man I love, in spite
Of the world's genius and my own, I 'll write.
But think not that I vainly do aspire
To rival what I only would admire,
The heat and beauty of your manly thought,
And force like that with which your hero fought;
Like Samson's riddle is that powerful song,
Sweet as the honey, as the lion strong;
The colours there so artfully are laid,
They fear no lustre, and they want no shade;
But shall of writing a just model give,
While Boyne shall flow, and William's glory live.
Yet since his every act may well infuse
Some happy rapture in the humblest Muse,
Though mine despairs to reach the wondrous height,
She prunes her pinions, eager of the flight;
The king 's the theme, and I 've a subject's right.

When William's deeds, and rescued Europe's joy,
Do every tongue and every pen employ,
Tis to think treason sure, to show no zeal,
And not to write, is almost to rebel.
Let Albion then forgive her meanest son,
Who would continue what her best begun;
Who, leaving conquests and the pomp of war,
Would sing the pious king's divided care;
How eagerly he flew, when Europe's fate
Did for the seed of future actions wait;
And how two nations did with transport boast,
Which was belov'd, and lov'd the victor most:
How joyful Belgia gratefully prepar'd
Trophies and vows for her returning lord;
How the fair Isle with rival passion strove,
How by her sorrow she express'd her love,
When he withdrew from what his arm had freed,
And how she bless'd his way, yet sigh'd, and said:
"Is it decreed my hero ne'er shall rest,
Ne'er be of me, and I of him possess'd?
Scarce had I met his virtue with my throne,
By right, by merit, and by arms his own,
But Ireland's freedom, and the war's alarms,
Call'd him from me and his Maria's charms.
O generous prince, too prodigally kind!
Can the diffusive goodness of your mind
Be in no bounds, but of the world, confin'd?
Should sinking nations summon you away,
Maria's love might justify your stay.
Imperfectly the many vows are paid,
Which for your safety to the gods were made,
While on the Boyne they labour'd to outdo
Your zeal for Albion by their care for you;
When, too impatient of a glorious ease,
You tempt new dangers on the winter seas.
The Belgic state has rested long secure
Within the circle of thy guardian power;
Rear'd by thy care, that noble lion, grown
Mature in strength, can range the woods alone;
When to my arms they did the prince resign,
I bless'd the change, and thought him wholly mine;
Conceiv'd long hopes I jointly should obey
His stronger, and Maria's gentle sway;
He fierce as thunder, she as lightning bright;
One my defence, and t'other my delight:
Yet go—where honour calls the hero, go;
Nor let your eyes behold how mine do flow:
To meet your country's joy, your virtue's due;
Receive their triumphs, and prepare for new;
Enlarge my empire, and let France afford
The next large harvest to thy prosperous sword:
Again in Cressy let my arms be rear'd,
And o'er the continent Britannia fear'd:
While under Mary's tutelary care,
Far from the danger, or the noise of war,
A honourable pleasure I possess
The spoils of conquest, and the charms of peace.
As the great lamp by which the globe is bless'd,
Constant in toil, and ignorant of rest,
Through different regions does his course pursue,
And leaves one world but to revive a new;
While, by a pleasing change, the queen of Night
Relieves his lustre with a milder light:
So when your beams do distant nations cheer,
The partner of your crown shall mount the sphere,
Able alone my empire to sustain,
And carry on the glories of thy reign—
But why has Fate maliciously decreed,
That greatest blessings must by turns succeed?"
Here she relented, and would urge his stay
By all that fondness and that grief could say;
But soon did her presaging thoughts employ
On scenes of triumphs and returning joy.
Thus, like the tide, while her unconstant breast
Was swell'd with rapture, by despair depress'd,
Fate call'd; the hero must his way pursue,
And her cries lessen'd as the shore withdrew.
The winds were silent, and the gentle main
Bore an auspicious omen of his reign;
When Neptune, owning whom those seas obey,
Nodded, and bade the cheerful Tritons play.
Each chose a different subject for their lays,
But Orange was the burthen of their praise:
Some in their strains up to the fountain ran,
From whence this stream of virtue first began:
Others chose heroes of a later date,
And sung the founder[1] of the neighbouring state;
How daringly he tyranny withstood,
And seal'd his country's freedom with his blood;
Then to the two illustrious brethren[2] came,
The glorious rivals of their father's fame;
And to the youth[3], whose pregnant hopes outran
The steps of Time, and early show'd the man;
For whose alliance monarchs did contend,
And gave a daughter to secure a friend.
But as by Nature's law the Phenix dies,
That from its urn a nobler bird may rise,
So Fate ordain'd the parent[4] soon should set,
To make the glories of his heir complete.
At William's name each fill'd his vocal shell,
And on the happy sound rejoic'd to dwell:
Some sung his birth, and how discerning Fate
Sav'd infant Virtue against powerful Hate;
Of poisonous snakes by young Alcides quell'd,
And palms that spread the more, the more withheld.
Some sung Seneffe, and early wonders done
By the bold youth, himself a war alone;
And how his firmer courage did oppose
His country's foreign and intestine foes;
The lion he, who held their arrows close.
Others sung Perseus, and the injur'd maid,
Redeem'd by the wing'd warrior's timely aid;
Or in mysterious numbers did unfold
Sad modern truths, wrapt up in tales of old;
How Saturn, flush'd with arbitrary power,
Design'd his lawful issue to devour;
But Jove, reserv'd for better fate, withstood
The black contrivance of the doating god;
With arms he came, his guilty father fled,
'Twas Italy secur'd his frighted head,
And by his flight resign'd his empty throne
And triple empire to his worthier son.
Then in one note their artful force they join,
Eager to reach the victor and the Boyne;
How on the wondering bank the hero stood,
Lavishly bold and desperately good:
Till Fate, designing to convince the brave,
That they can dare no more than Heaven can save,
Let Death approach, and yet withheld the sting,
Wounded the man, distinguishing the king.
They had enlarg'd, but found the strain too strong,
And in soft notes allay'd the bolder song:
"Flow, gentle Boyne," they cry'd, "and round thy bed
For ever may victorious wreaths be spread;

[1] William. [2] Maurice and Henry.
[3] William. [4] James II.

No more may travellers desire to know
Where Simois and Granicus did flow;
Nor Rubicon, a poor forgotten stream,
Be or the soldier's rant, or poet's theme:
All waters shall unite their fame in thee,
Lost in thy waves, as those are in the sea."
They breath'd afresh, unwilling to give o'er,
And begg'd thick mists long to conceal the shore:
Smooth was the liquid plain; the sleeping wind,
More to the sea, than to it's master kind,
Detain'd a treasure, which we value more
Than all the deep e'er hid, or waters bore.
But he, with a superior genius born,
Treats Chance with insolence, and Death with scorn:
Darkness and ice in vain obstruct his way,
Holland is near, and Nature must obey;
Charg'd with our hopes the boat securely rode,
For Cæsar and his fortune were the load.
With eager transport Belgia met her son,
Yet trembling for the danger he had run;
Till, certain of her joy, she bow'd her head,
Confess'd her lord, bless'd his return, and said:
"If passion by long absence does improve,
And makes that rapture, which before was love,
Think on my old, my intermitted bliss,
And by my former pleasure measure this:
Nor by these feeble pillars which I raise,
Unequal to sustain the hero's praise;
Too faint the colours, and too mean the art,
To represent your glories, or my heart:
These humble emblems are design'd to show,
Not how we would reward, but what we owe.
Here from your childhood take a short review,
How Holland's happiness advanc'd with you;
How her stout vessel did in triumph ride,
And mock'd her storms, while Orange was her guide.
What since has been our fate—I need not say,
Ill suiting with the blessings of the day,
Our better fortune with our prince was gone,
Conquest was only there where he led on.
Like the Palladium, wheresoe'er you go,
You turn all death and danger on the foe.
In you we but too sadly understood
How angels have their spheres of doing good;
Else the same soul which did our troops possess,
And crown'd their daring courage with success,
Had taught our fleet to triumph o'er the main,
And Fleurus had been still a guiltless plain.
What pity 'tis, ye gods! an arm and mind
Like yours should be to time and place confin'd!
But thy return shall fix our kinder fate,
For thee our councils, thee our armies wait;
Discording princes shall with thee combine,
And centre all their interests in thine;
Proud of thy friendship, shall forego their sway,
As Rome her great dictator did obey;
And all united make a Gordian knot,
Which neither craft shall loose, nor force shall cut."

ON THE LATE

HORRID CONSPIRACY.

The youth[1] whose fortune the vast globe obey'd,
Finding his royal enemy[2] betray'd,
And in his chariot by vile hands[3] oppress'd,
With noble pity and just rage possess'd,
Wept at his fall from so sublime a state,
And by the traitor's death reveng'd the fate
Of majesty profan'd—so acted too
The generous Cæsar, when the Roman knew
A coward king[4] had treacherously slain,
Whom[5] scarce he foil'd on the Pharsalian plain:
The doom of his fam'd rival he bemoan'd,
And the base author of the crime dethron'd.
Such were the virtuous maxims of the great,
Free from the servile arts of barbarous hate:
They knew no foe but in the open field,
And to their cause and to the gods appeal'd.
So William acts—and if his rivals dare
Dispute his reign by arms, he 'll meet them there,
Where Jove, as once on Ida, holds the scale,
And lets the good, the just, and brave, prevail.

[1] Alexander. [2] Darius. [3] Bessus. [4] Ptolemy. [5] Pompey.

TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE,

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS SON BEFORE LUXEMBURGH.

He's gone! and was it then by your decree,
Ye envious powers, that we should only see
This copy of your own divinity?
Or thought ye it surpassing human state,
To have a blessing lasting as 't was great?
Your cruel skill you better ne'er had shown,
Since you so soon design'd him all your own.
Such fostering favours to the damn'd are given,
When, to increase their Hell, you show them Heaven,
Was it too godlike, he should long inherit
At once his father's and his uncle's spirit?
Yet as much beauty, and as calm a breast,
As the mild dame whose teeming womb he blest.
He 'ad all the favours Providence could give,
Except its own prerogative to live;
Reserv'd in pleasures, and in dangers bold,
Youthful in action, and in prudence old:
His humble greatness, and submissive state,
Made his life full of wonder, as his fate;
One, who, to all the heights of learning bred,
Read books and men, and practis'd what he read.
Round the wide globe scarce did the busy Sun
With greater haste and greater lustre run.
True gallantry and grandeur he descry'd,
From the French fopperies, and German pride.
And like the industrious bee, where'er he flew,
Gather'd the sweets which on sweet blossoms grew.
Babel's confused speeches on his tongue,
With a sweet harmony and concord hung.
More countries than for Homer did contest
Do strive who most were by his presence blest.
Nor did his wisdom damp his martial fire,
Minerva both her portions did inspire,
Use of the warlike bow and peaceful lyre.
So Cæsar doubly triumph'd when he wrote,
Showing like wit, as valour when he fought.
If God, as Plato taught, example takes
From his own works, and souls by patterns makes,
Much of himself in him he did unfold,
And cast them in his darling Sidney's mold,
Of too refin'd a substance to be old.
Both did alike disdain an hero's rage
Should come like an inheritance by age.
Ambitiously did both conspire to twist
Bays with the ivy, which their temples kist:

Scorning to wait the slow advance of Time,
Both fell like early blossoms in their prime,
By blind events, and Providence's crime.
Yet both, like Codrus, o'er their yielding foe,
Obtain'd the conquest, in their overthrow;
And longer life do purchase by their death,
In fame completing what they want in breath.
Oh! had kind Fate stretch'd the contracted span
To the full glories of a perfect man;
And, as he grew, could every rolling year
A new addition to our wonder bear,
He 'ad paid to his illustrious line that stock
Of ancient honour, which from thence he took.
But oh!
To hasty fruits, and too ambitious flowers,
Scorning the midwifery of ripening showers,
In spite of frosts, spring from th' unwilling Earth,
But find a nip untimely as their birth:
Abortive issues so delude the womb,
And scarce have being, ere they want a tomb.
Forgive, my lord, the Muse that does aspire
With a new breath to fan your raging fire;
Who each officious and unskilful sound
Can with fresh torture but enlarge the wound.
Could I, with David, curse the guilty plain,
Where one more lov'd than Jonathan was slain;
Or could I flights high as his merits raise,
Clear as his virtue, deathless as his praise;
None who, though laurels crown'd their aged head,
Admir'd him living, and ador'd him dead,
With more devotion should enrol his name
In the long-consecrated list of Fame.
But, since my artless and unhallow'd strain
Will the high worth, it should commend, profane;
Since I despair my humble verse should prove
Great as your loss, or tender as your love;
My heart with sighings, and with tears mine eye,
Shall the defect of written grief supply.

A POEM,

DEDICATED TO THE BLESSED MEMORY OF HER LATE GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN MARY.

Once more, my Muse, we must an altar raise;
May it prove lasting, as Maria's praise!
And, the song ended, be the swan's thy doom,
Best ever silent, as Maria's tomb.
But whence shall we begin? or whither steer?
Her virtues like a perfect round appear,
Where Judgment lies in admiration lost,
Not knowing which it should distinguish most.
Some angel, from your own, describe her frame,
For sure your godlike beings are the same:
All that was charming in the fairer kind,
With manly sense and resolution join'd;
A mien compos'd of mildness and of state,
Not by constraint or affectation great;
But form'd by Nature for supreme command,
Like Eve just moulded by the Maker's hand;
Yet such her meekness, as half-veil'd the throne,
Lest, being in too great a lustre shown,
It might debar the subject of access,
And make her mercies and our comforts less.
So gods, of old, descending from their sphere
To visit men, like mortals did appear:
Lest their too awful presence should affright
Those whom they meant to bless, and to delight.

Thus to the noon of her high glory run,
From her bright orb, diffusive like the Sun,
She did her healing influence display,
And cherish'd all our nether world, that lay
Within the circle of her radiant day;
Reliev'd not only those who bounty sought,
But gave unask'd, and as she gave forgot;
Found modest Want in her obscure retreat,
And courted timorous Virtue to be great.
The Church, which William sav'd, was Mary's care,
Taught by her life, and guarded by her pray'r;
What her devotions were, ye cherubs, tell,
Who ever round the seat of Mercy dwell;
For here she would not have her goodness known,
But you beheld how she address'd the throne,
And wonder'd at a zeal so like your own.
Since she was form'd, and lov'd, and pray'd like you,
She should, alas! have been immortal too.
A mind so good, in beauteous strength array'd,
Assur'd our hopes she might be long obey'd,
And we, with heighten'd reverence, might have seen
The hoary grandeur of an aged queen,
Who might, with William, jointly govern here,
As that bright pair which rules the heavenly sphere.
Grace and mild mercy best in her were shown,
In him the rougher virtues of the throne;
Of Justice she at home the balance held;
Abroad, Oppression by his sword was quell'd;
The generous lion, and the peaceful dove,
The god of battle, and the queen of love,
Did in their happy nuptials well agree;
Like Mars, he led our armies out; and she
With smiles presided o'er her native sea.
Such too their meetings, when our monarch came
With laurels loaden, and immortal fame:
As when the god on Hæmus quits his arms,
Softening his toils in Cytherea's charms:
Then with what joy did she the victor meet,
And lay the reins of empire at his feet!
With the same temper as the Latian hind [1]
Was made dictator, conquer'd, and resign'd;
So Pallas from the dusty field withdrew,
And, when imperial Jove appear'd in view,
Resum'd her female arts, the spindle and the clew;
Forgot the sceptre she so well had sway'd,
And, with that mildness she had rul'd, obey'd;
Pleas'd with the change, and unconcern'd as Jove,
When in disguise he leaves his power above,
And drowns all other attributes in love.
Such, mighty sir, if yet the sacred ear
Of majesty in grief vouchsafe to hear,
Was the lov'd consort of thy crown and bed,
Our joy while living, our despair now dead.
Yet though with Mary one supporter fall,
Thy virtue can alone sustain the ball.
Of Sibyl's books, that volume which remain'd,
The perfect value of the whole retain'd.
When in the fiery car Elijah fled,
His spirit doubled on his partner's head;
So will thy people's love, now Mary 's gone,
Unite both streams, and flow on thee alone.
The grateful senate with one voice combine
To breathe their sorrows, and to comfort thine,
By bringing to thy view how Europe's fate
Does on thy counsels and thy courage wait:
But, when the vastness of thy grief they see,
They own 'tis just, and melt in tears with thee.

[1] Lucius Quintius.

Blush not, great soul, thus to reveal thy woe;
Sighs will have vent, and eyes too full o'erflow:
Shed by degrees, they pass unfelt away;
But raise a storm and deluge where they stay.
The bravest heroes have the softest mind,
Their nature 's, like the gods, to love inclin'd.
Homer, who human passions nicely knew,
When his illustrious Grecian chief he drew,
Left likewise in his soul one mortal part,
Whence love and anguish too might reach his heart.
For a lost mistress, in despair he sate,
And let declining Troy still struggle with her fate:
But when the partner of his cares lay dead,
Like a rous'd lion from his tent he fled,
Whole hecatombs of trembling Trojans slew,
And mangled Hector at his chariot drew.
Still greater is thy loss,——be such thy rage,
As conquer'd Gallia only may assuage.
She who on Earth secur'd thee by her prayer,
Return'd to Heaven, shall prove thy guardian angel there,
And, hovering round thee with her heavenly shield,
Unseen protect thee in the doubtful field.
Go then, by different paths to glory go,
The Church's both estates with Mary show;
And while above she triumphs, fight below.—
'Tis done—our monarch to the camp returns,—
The Gallic armies fly—their navy burns,
And Earth and Seas all bow at his command,
And Europe owns her peace from his victorious hand.

THE AUSTRIAN EAGLE.

At Anna's call the Austrian eagle flies,
Bearing her thunder to the southern skies;
Where a rash prince, with an unequal sway,
Inflames the region, and misguides the day;
Till the usurper, from his chariot hurl'd,
Leaves the true monarch to command the world.

THE NATURE OF DREAMS.

At dead of night imperial Reason sleeps,
And Fancy with her train loose revels keeps,
Then airy phantoms a mix'd scene display,
Of what we heard, or saw, or wish'd by day;
For Memory those images retains,
Which Passion form'd, and still the strongest reigns.
Huntsmen renew the chase they lately run,
And generals fight again their battles won.
Spectres and furies haunt the murderer's dreams,
Grants or disgraces are the courtier's themes.
The miser spies a thief, or a new hoard,
The cit 's a knight, the sycophant a lord.
Thus Fancy 's in the wild distraction lost,
With what we most abhor, or covet most.
But of all passions that our dreams control,
Love prints the deepest image in the soul;
For vigorous fancy and warm blood dispense
Pleasures so lively, that they rival sense.
Such are the transports of a willing maid,
Not yet by time and place to act betray'd,
Whom spies or some faint virtue forc'd to fly
That scene of joy, which yet she dies to try;
Till Fancy bawds, and, by mysterious charms,
Brings the dear object to her longing arms:
Unguarded then she melts, acts fierce delight,
And curses the returns of envious light.
In such blest dreams Byblis enjoys a flame,
Which waking she detests, and dares not name:
Ixion gives a loose to his wild love,
And in his airy visions cuckolds Jove.
Honours and state before this phantom fall;
For Sleep, like Death, its image, equals all.

VERSES

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MONS. MAYNARD, TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

When money and my blood ran high,
My Muse was reckon'd wondrous pretty;
The sports and smiles did round her fly,
Enamour'd with her smart concetti.

Now (who 'd have thought it once?) with pain
She strings her harp, whilst freezing age
But feebly runs through every vein,
And chills my brisk poetic rage.

I properly have ceas'd to live,
To wine and women, dead in law;
And soon from Fate I shall receive
A summons to the shades to go.

The warrior ghosts will round me come
To hear of fam'd Ramillia's fight,
Whilst the vext Bourbons through the gloom
Retire to th' utmost realms of Night.

Then I, my lord, will tell how you
With pensions every Muse inspire;
Who Marlborough's conquests did pursue,
And to his trumpets tun'd the lyre.

But should some drolling sprite demand,
"Well, sir, what place had you, I pray?"
How like a coxcomb should I stand!
What would your lordship have me say?

JUNENAL. SATIRE VIII[1].

THE ARGUMENT.

In this satire, the poet proves that nobility does not consist in statues and pedigrees, but in honourable and good actions. He lashes Rubellius Plancus, for being insolent, by reason of his high birth; and lays down an instance, that we ought to make the like judgment of men, as we do of horses, who are valued rather according to their personal qualities, than by the race of whence they come. He advises his noble friend Ponticus (to whom he dedicates the satire) to lead a virtuous life, dissuading him from debauchery, luxury, oppression, cruelty, and other vices, by his severe censures on Lateranus, Damasippus, Gracchus, Nero, Catiline; and, in opposition to these, displays the worth of persons meanly born, such as Cicero, Marius, Servius Tullius, and the Decii.

What 's the advantage, or the real good,
In tracing from the source our ancient blood?

[1] The translator of this satire industriously avoided imposing upon the reader, and perplexing the printer with tedious common-place notes: but finding towards the latter end many examples of

'o have our ancestors in paint or stone,
'reserv'd as relics, or like monsters shown?
'he brave Æmilii, as in triumph plac'd,
'he virtuous Curii, half by time defac'd,
'orvinus, with a mouldering nose, that bears
'njurious scars, the sad effects of years,
'nd Galba grinning without nose or ears?
'ain are their hopes, who fancy to inherit
'y trees of pedigrees, or fame, or merit:
'hough plodding heralds through each branch may trace
'ld captains and dictators of their race,
'hile their ill lives that family bely,
'nd grieve the brass which stands dishonour'd by.
'Tis mere burlesque, that to our generals praise
'heir progeny immortal statues raise,
'et (far from that old gallantry) delight
'o game before their images all night,
'nd steal to bed at the approach of day,
'he hour when these their ensigns did display.
Why should soft Fabius impudently bear
'ames gain'd by conquests in the Gallic war?
'hy lays he claim to Hercules's strain,
'et dares be base, effeminate, and vain?
'he glorious altar to that hero built
'dds but a greater lustre to his guilt,
'hose tender limbs and polish'd skin disgrace
'he grisly beauty of his manly race;
'nd who, by practising the dismal skill
'f poisoning, and such treacherous ways to kill,
'akes his unhappy kindred marble sweat,
'hen his degenerate head by theirs is set.
Long galleries of ancestors, and all
'he follies which ill-grace a country hall,
'hallenge no wonder or esteem from me;
' Virtue alone is true nobility."
'ive therefore well: to men and gods appear,
'ich as good Paulus, Cossus, Drusus, were;
'nd in thy consular, triumphal show,
'et these before thy father's statues go;
'lace them before the ensigns of the state,
's choosing rather to be good than great.
'onvince the world that you 're devout and true,
'e just in all you say, and all you do;
'hatever be your birth, you 're sure to be
' peer of the first magnitude to me;
'ome for your sake shall push her conquests on,
'nd bring new titles home from nations won,
'o dignify so eminent a-son.
'ith your blest name shall every region sound,
'oud as mad Egypt, when her priests have found
' new Osiris for the ox they drown'd.
But who will call those noble, who deface,
'y meaner acts, the glories of their race;
'hose only title to our fathers' fame
's couch'd in the dead letters of their name?
' dwarf as well may for a giant pass;
' Negro for a swan; a crook-back'd lass
'e call'd Europa; and a cur may bear
'he name of tiger, lion, or whate'er
Denotes the noblest or the fiercest beast:
Be therefore careful, lest the world in jest
Should thee just so with the mock titles greet
Of Camerinus, or of conquer'd Crete.
To whom is this advice and censure due?
Rubellius Plancus, 'tis applied to you;
Who think your person second to divine,
Because descended from the Drusian line;
Though yet you no illustrious act have done,
To make the world distinguish Julia's son
From the vile offspring of a trull, who sits
By the town wall, and for a living knits.
"You are poor rogues," you cry, "the baser scum
And inconsiderable dregs of Rome;
Who know not from what corner of the Earth
The obscure wretch, who got you, stole his birth:
Mine I derive from Cecrops."—May your grace
Live and enjoy the splendour of your race!—
Yet of these base plebeians we have known
Some, who, by charming eloquence, have grown
Great senators, and honours to that gown:
Some at the bar with subtilty defend
The cause of an unlearned noble friend;
Or on the bench the knotty laws untie:
Others their stronger youth to arms apply,
Go to Euphrates, or those forces join
Which garrison the conquests near the Rhine.
While you, Rubellius, on your birth rely;
Though you resemble your great family
No more, than those rough statues on the road
(Which we call Mercuries) are like that god:
Your blockhead though excels in this alone,
You are a living statue, that of stone.
Great son of Troy, whoever prais'd a beast
For being of a race above the rest,
But rather meant his courage, and his force?
To give an instance—We commend a horse
(Without regard of pasture or of breed)
For his undaunted mettle and his speed;
Who wins most plates with greatest ease, and first
Prints with his hoofs his conquests on the dust.
But if fleet Dragon's progeny at last
Prove jaded, and in frequent matches cast,
No favour for the stallion we retain,
And no respect for the degenerate strain;
The worthless brute is from Newmarket brought,
And at an under-rate in Smithfield bought,
To turn a mill, or drag a loaded life
Beneath two panniers and a baker's wife.
That we may therefore you, not yours, admire;
First, sir, some honour of your own acquire;
Add to that stock which justly we bestow
On those blest shades to whom you all things owe.
This may suffice the haughty youth to shame,
Whose swelling veins (if we may credit, Fame)
Burst almost with the vanity and pride
That their rich blood to Nero's is ally'd:
The rumour 's likely; for "We seldom find
Much sense with an exalted fortune join'd."

noblemen, who disgraced their ancestors by vicious practices, and of men meanly born, who ennobled their families by virtuous and brave actions, he thought some historical relations were necessary towards rendering those instances more intelligible: which is all he pretends to by his remarks. He would gladly have left out the heavy passage of the Mirmillo and Retiarius, which he honestly confesses he either does not rightly understand, or cannot sufficiently explain. If he has not confined himself to the strict rules of translation, but has frequently taken the liberty of imitating, paraphrasing, or reconciling the Roman customs to our modern usage, he hopes this freedom is pardonable, since he has not used it but when he found the original flat, obscure, or defective; and where the humour and connection of the author might naturally allow of such a change.

But Ponticus, I would not you should raise
Your credit by hereditary praise;
Let your own acts immortalize your name;
"'Tis poor relying on another's fame;"
For, take the pillars but away, and all
The superstructure must in ruins fall;
As a Vine droops, when by divorce remov'd
From the embraces of the Elm she lov'd.
Be a good soldier, or upright trustee,
An arbitrator from corruption free.
And if a witness in a doubtful cause,
Where a brib'd judge means to elude the laws;
Though Phalaris's brazen bull were there,
And he would dictate what he 'd have you swear,
Be not so profligate, but rather choose
To guard your honour, and your life to lose,
Rather than let your virtue be betray'd;
Virtue the noblest cause for which you 're made.
"Improperly we measure life by breath;
Such do not truly live who merit death;"
Though they their wanton senses nicely please
With all the charms of luxury and ease;
Though mingled flowers adorn their careless brow,
And round them costly sweets neglected flow,
As if they in their funeral state were laid,
And to the world, as they 're to virtue, dead.
When you the province you expect, obtain,
From passion and from avarice refrain;
Let our associates' poverty provoke
Thy generous heart not to increase their yoke,
Since riches cannot rescue from the grave,
Which claims alike the monarch and the slave.
To what the laws enjoin, submission pay;
And what the senate shall command, obey.
Think what rewards upon the good attend,
And how those fall unpitied who offend:
Tutor and Capito may warnings be,
Who felt the thunder of the states' decree,
For robbing the Cecilians, though they
(Like lesser pikes) only subsist on prey.
But what avails the rigour of their doom?
Which cannot future violence o'ercome,
Nor give the miserable province ease,
Since what one plunderer left, the next will seize.
Cherippus then, in time yourself bethink,
And what your rags will yield by auction, sink;
Ne'er put yourself to charges to complain
Of wrong which heretofore you did sustain,
Make not a voyage to detect the theft:
'Tis mad to lavish what their rapine left.
When Rome at first our rich allies subdued,
From gentle taxes noble spoils accrued;
Each wealthy province, but in part opprest,
Thought the loss trivial, and enjoy'd the rest.
All treasuries did then with heaps abound;
In every wardrobe costly silks were found;
The least apartment of the meanest house
Could all the wealthy pride of art produce;
Pictures which from Parrhasius did receive
Motion and warmth; and statues taught to live:
Some Polyclete's, some Myron's work declar'd,
In others Phidias' masterpiece appear'd;
And crowding plate did on the cupboard stand,
Emboss'd by curious Mentor's artful hand.
Prizes like these oppressors might invite,
These Dolabella's rapine did excite,
These Anthony for his own theft thought fit,
Verres for these did sacrilege commit;
And when their reigns were ended, ships full fraught
The hidden fruits of their exaction brought,
Which made in peace a treasure richer far,
Than what is plunder'd in the rage of war.
This was of old; but our confederates now
Have nothing left but oxen for the plough,
Or some few mares reserv'd alone for breed;
Yet lest this provident design succeed,
They drive the father of the herd away,
Making both stallion and his pasture prey.
Their rapine is so abject and profane,
They not from trifles nor from gods refrain;
But the poor Lares from the niches seize,
If they be little images that please.
Such are the spoils which now provoke their theft,
And are the greatest, nay, they 're all that 's left.
Thus may you Corinth or weak Rhodes oppress,
Who dare not bravely what they feel redress:
For how can fops thy tyranny control,
"Smooth limbs are symptoms of a servile soul."
But trespass not too far on sturdy Spain,
Sclavonia, France; thy gripes from those restrain,
Who with their sweat Rome's luxury maintain,
And send us plenty, while our wanton day
Is lavish'd at the Circus, or the play.
For, should you to extortion be inclin'd,
Your cruel guilt will little booty find,
Since gleaning Marius has already seiz'd
All that from sun-burnt Afric can be squeez'd.
But, above all, "Be careful to withhold
Your talons from the wretched and the bold;
Tempt not the brave and needy to despair;
For, though your violence should leave them bare
Of gold and silver, swords and darts remain,
And will revenge the wrongs which they sustain;
The plunder'd still have arms———."
Think not the precept I have here laid down
A fond, uncertain notion of my own;
No, 'tis a Sibyl's leaf what I relate,
As fix'd and sure, as the decrees of Fate.
Let none but men of honour you attend;
Choose him that has most virtue for your friend,
And give no way to any darling youth
To sell your favour, and pervert the truth.
Reclaim your wife from strolling up and down,
To all assizes and through every town,
With claws like harpies, eager for the prey,
(For which your justice and your fame will pay.)
Keep yourself free from scandals such as these;
Then trace your birth from Picus, if you please:
If he 's too modern, and your pride aspire
To seek the author of your being higher,
Choose any Titan, who the gods withstood,
To be the founder of your ancient blood,
Prometheus, and that race before the flood,
Or any other story you can find
From heralds, or in poets, to your mind.
But should you prove ambitious, lustful, vain;
Or could you see with pleasure and disdain,
Rods broke on our associates' bleeding backs,
And heads-men labouring till they blunt their ax,
Your father's glory will your sin proclaim,
And to a clearer light expose your shame;
"For still more public scandal vice extends,
As he is great and noble who offends."
How dare you then your high extraction plead?
Yet blush not when you go to forge a deed,
In the same temple which your grandsire built;
Making his statue privy to the guilt.
Or in a bawdy masquerade are led,
Muffled by night, to some polluted bed,

Fat Lateranus does his revels keep
Where his forefathers' peaceful ashes sleep;
Driving himself a chariot down the hill,
And (though a consul) links himself the wheel:
To do him justice, 'tis indeed by night,
Yet the Moon sees, and every smaller light
Cries as a witness of the shameful sight.
May when his year of honour 's ended, soon
He 'll leave that nicety, and mount at noon;
Nor blush should he some grave acquaintance meet,
But, proud of being known, will jerk and greet:
And when his fellow-beasts are weary grown,
He 'll play the groom, give oats, and rub them down.
If, after Numa's ceremonial way,
He at Jove's altar would a victim slay,
To no clean goddess he directs his prayers,
But by Hippona most devoutly swears,
Or some rank deity, whose filthy face
We suitably o'er stinking stables place.
When he has run his length, and does begin
To steer his course directly for the inn,
Where they have watch'd, expecting him all night)
A greasy Syrian, ere he can alight,
Presents him essence, while his courteous host
Well knowing nothing by good-breeding 's lost)
Tags every sentence with some fawning word,
Such as "My king, my prince," at least "My lord;"
And a tight maid, ere he for wine can ask,
Guesses his meaning, and unoils the flask.
Some, friends to vice, industriously defend
These innocent diversions, and pretend
That I the tricks of youth too roughly blame,
Alleging, that when young we did the same.
I grant we did, yet when that age was past,
The frolic humour did no longer last;
We did not cherish and indulge the crime;
What 's foul in acting, should be left in time.
Tis true, some faults, of course, with childhood end,
We therefore wink at wags when they offend,
And spare the boy, in hopes the man may mend.
But Lateranus, (now his vigorous age
Should prompt him for his country to engage,
The circuit of our empire to extend,
And all our lives in Cæsar's to defend)
Mature in riots, places his delight
All day in plying bumpers, and at night
Reels to the bawds, over whose doors are set
Pictures and bills, with "Here are whores to let."
Should any desperate unexpected fate
Summon all heads and hands to guard the state,
Cæsar, send quickly to secure the port;
But where 's the general? where does he resort?"
Send to the sutler's; there y' are sure to find
The bully match'd with rascals of his kind,
Quacks, coffin-makers, fugitives, and sailors; [lors;
Cooks, common soldiers, hangmen, thieves, and tai-
With Cybele's priests, who, weary'd with processions,
Drink there, and sleep with knaves of all professions:
A friendly gang! each equal to the best;
And all, who can, have liberty to jest:
The flaggon walks the round, that none should think
They either change, or stint him of his drink:
And, lest exceptions may for place be found,
Their stools are all alike, their table round.
What think you, Ponticus, yourself might do,
Should any slave so lewd belong to you?
No doubt, you 'd send the rogue in fetters bound
To work in Bridewell, or to plough your ground:
But nobles, you, who trace your birth from Troy,
Think, you the great prerogative enjoy
Of doing ill, by virtue of that race;
As if what we esteem in cobblers base,
Would the high family of Brutus grace.
Shameful are these examples, yet we find
(To Rome's disgrace) far worse than these behind;
Poor Damasippus, whom we once have known
Fluttering with coach and six about the town,
Is forc'd to make the stage his last retreat,
And pawns his voice, the all he has, for meat:
For now he must (since his estate is lost)
Or represent, or be himself, a ghost:
And Lentulus acts hanging with such art,
Were I a judge, he should not feign the part.
Nor would I their vile insolence acquit,
Who can with patience, nay diversion, sit,
Applauding my lord's buffoonry for wit,
And clapping farces acted by the court,
While the peers cuff, to make the rabble sport:
Or hirelings, at a prize, their fortunes toss;
Certain to fall unpity'd if they die;
Since none can have the favourable thought
That to obey a tyrant's will they fought,
But that their lives they willingly expose,
Bought by the pretors to adorn their shows.
Yet say, the stage and lists were both in sight,
And you must either choose to act, or fight;
Death never sure bears such a ghastly shape,
That a rank coward basely would escape
By playing a foul harlot's jealous tool,
Or a feign'd Andrew to a real fool.
Yet a peer actor is no monstrous thing,
Since Rome has own'd a fiddler for a king:
After such pranks, the world itself at best
May be imagin'd nothing but a jest.
Go to the lists where feats of arms are shown,
There you 'll find Gracchus (from patrician) grown
A fencer and the scandal of the town.
Nor will he the Mirmillo's weapons bear,
The modest helmet he disdains to wear;
As Retiarius he attacks his foe;
First waves his trident ready for the throw,
Next casts his net, but neither level'd right,
He stares about expos'd to public sight,
Then places all his safety in his flight.
Room for the noble gladiator! See
His coat and hatband show his quality.
Thus when at last the brave Mirmillo knew
'Twas Gracchus was the wretch he did pursue,
To conquer such a coward griev'd him more,
Than if he many glorious wounds had bore.
Had we the freedom to express our mind,
There 's not a wretch so much to vice inclin'd,
But will own, Seneca did far excel
His pupil, by whose tyranny he fell:
To expiate whose complicated guilt,
With some proportion to the blood he spilt,
Rome should more serpents, apes, and sacks provide,
Than one for the compendious parricide.
'Tis true, Orestes a like crime did act;
Yet weigh the cause, there 's difference in the fact:
He slew his mother at the gods' command,
They bid him strike, and did direct his hand;
To punish falsehood, and appease the ghost
Of his poor father treacherously lost,
Just in the minute when the flowing bowl
With a full tide enlarg'd his cheerful soul.
Yet kill'd he not his sister, or his wife,
Nor aim'd at any near relation's life;
Orestes, in the heat of all his rage,
Ne'er play'd or sung upon a public stage;

Never on verse did his wild thoughts employ,
To paint the horrid scene of burning Troy,
Like Nero, who, to raise his fancy higher,
And finish the great work, set Rome on fire.
Such crimes make treason just, and might compel
Virginius, Vindex, Galba, to rebel;
For what could Nero's self have acted worse
To aggravate the wretched nation's curse?
These are the blest endowments, studies, arts,
Which exercise our mighty emperor's parts;
Such frolics with his roving genius suit,
On foreign theatres to prostitute
His voice and honour, for the poor renown
Of putting all the Grecian actors down,
And winning at a wake their parsley crown.
Let this triumphal chaplet find some place
Among the other trophies of thy race:
By the Domitii's statues shall be laid
The habit and the mask in which you play'd
Antigone's, or bold Thyestes' part,
(While your wild nature little wanted art)
And on the marble pillar shall be hung
The lute to which the royal madman sung.
Who, Catiline, can boast a nobler line
Than thy lewd friend Cethegus's, and thine?
Yet you took arms, and did by night conspire
To set your houses and our gods on fire:
(An enterprise which might indeed become
Our enemies, the Gauls, not sons of Rome,
To recompense whose barbarous intent
Pitch'd shirts would be too mild a punishment)
But Tully, our wise consul, watch'd the blow,
With care discover'd, and disarm'd the foe;
Tully, the humble mushroom, scarcely known,
The lowly native of a country town,
(Who till of late could never reach the height
Of being honour'd as a Roman knight)
Throughout the trembling city plac'd a guard,
Dealing an equal share to every ward,
And by the peaceful robe got more renown
Within our walls, than young Octavius won
By victories at Actium, or the plain
Of Thessaly, discolour'd by the slain:
Him therefore Rome in gratitude decreed
The Father of his Country, which he freed.
Marius, (another consul we admire)
In the same village born, first plough'd for hire;
His next advance was to the soldier's trade,
Where, if he did not nimbly ply the spade,
His surly officer ne'er fail'd to crack
His knotty cudgel on his tougher back:
Yet he alone secur'd the tottering state,
Withstood the Cimbrians, and redeem'd our fate:
So when the eagles to their quarry flew,
(Who never such a goodly banquet knew)
Only a second laurel did adorn
His colleague Catulus, though nobly born;
He shar'd the pride of the triumphal bay,
But Marius won the glory of the day.
From a mean stock the pious Decii came,
Small their estates, and vulgar was their name;
Yet such their virtues, that their loss alone
For Rome and all our legions did atone;
Their country's doom they by their own retriev'd,
Themselves more worth than all the host they sav'd.
The last good king whom willing Rome obey'd
Was the poor offspring of a captive maid;
Yet he those robes of empire justly bore,
Which Romulus, our sacred founder, wore:
Nicely he gain'd, and well possest the throne,
Not for his father's merit, but his own,
And reign'd, himself a family alone.
When Tarquin, his proud successor, was quell'd,
And with him Lust and Tyranny expell'd,
The consul's sons (who, for their country's good,
And to enhance the honour of their blood,
Should have asserted what their father won,
And, to confirm that liberty, have done
Actions which Cocles might have wish'd his own;
What might to Mutius wonderful appear,
And what bold Clelia might with envy hear)
Open'd the gates, endeavouring to restore
Their banish'd king, and arbitrary power:
Whilst a poor slave, with scarce a name, betray'd
The horrid ills these well-born rogues had laid;
Who therefore for their treason justly bore
The rods and ax, ne'er us'd in Rome before.
If you have strength Achilles' arms to bear,
And courage to sustain a ten years war;
Though foul Thersites got thee, thou shalt be
More lov'd by all, and more esteem'd by me,
Than if by chance you from some hero came,
In nothing like your father but his name.
Boast then your blood, and your long lineage stretch
As high as Rome, and its great founders reach;
You 'll find, in these hereditary tales,
Your ancestors the scum of broken jails;
And Romulus, your honour's ancient source,
But a poor shepherd's boy, or something worse.

HORACE. BOOK III. ODE VII.

IMITATED.

Dear Molly, why so oft in tears?
Why all these jealousies and fears,
For thy bold Son of Thunder?
Have patience till we 've conquer'd France,
Thy closet shall be stor'd with Nantz;
Ye ladies like such plunder.

Before Toulon thy yoke-mate lies,
Where all the live-long night he sighs
For thee in lousy cabin:
And though the captain's Chloe cries,
"'Tis I, dear Bully, pr'ythee rise"——
He will not let the drab in.

But she, the cunning'st jade alive,
Says, 'tis the ready way to thrive,
By sharing female bounties:
And, if he 'll be but kind one night,
She vows he shall be dubb'd a knight,
When she is made a countess.

Then tells of smooth young pages whipp'd,
Cashier'd, and of their liveries stripp'd;
Who late to peers belonging,
Are nightly now compell'd to trudge
With links, because they would not drudge
To save their ladies' longing.

But Val, the eunuch, cannot be
A colder cavalier than he,
In all such love-adventures:
Then pray do you, dear Molly, take
Some Christian care, and do not break
Your conjugal indentures.

Bellair! (who does not Bellair know?
The wit, the beauty, and the beau)
Gives out, he loves you dearly:
And many a nymph attack'd with sighs,
And soft impertinence and noise,
Full oft has beat a parley.

But, pretty turtle, when the blade
Shall come with amorous serenade,
Soon from the window rate him:
But if reproof will not prevail,
And he perchance attempt to scale,
Discharge the jordan at him.

HORACE. BOOK IV., ODE IX.

Varus immortal as my bays I sing,
When suited to my trembling string:
When by strange art both voice and lyre agree
To make one pleasing harmony.
All poets are by their blind captain led,
(For none e'er had the sacrilegious pride
To tear the well-plac'd laurel from his aged head.)
Yet Pindar's rolling dithyrambic tide
Hath still this praise, that none presume to fly
Like him, but flag too low, or soar too high.
Still does Stesichorus's tongue
Sing sweeter than the bird which on it hung.
Anacreon ne'er too old can grow,
Love from every verse does flow;
Still Sappho's strings do seem to move,
Instructing all her sex to love.

Golden rings of flowing hair
More than Helen did ensnare;
Others a prince's grandeur did admire,
And, wondering, melted to desire.
Not only skilful Teucer knew
To direct arrows from the bended yew.
Troy more than once did fall,
Though hireling gods rebuilt its nodding wall.
Was Sthenelus the only valiant he,
A subject fit for lasting poetry?
Was Hector that prodigious man alone,
Who, to save others lives, expos'd his own?
Was only he so brave to dare his fate,
And be the pillar of a tottering state?
No; others bury'd in oblivion lie,
As silent as their grave,
Because no charitable poet gave
Their well-deserved immortality.

Virtue with sloth, and cowards with the brave,
Are level'd in th' impartial grave,
If they no poet have.
But I will lay my music by,
And bid the mournful strings in silence lie;
Unless my songs begin and end with you,
To whom my strings, to whom my songs, are due.
No pride does with your rising honours grow,
You meekly look on suppliant crowds below.
Should Fortune change your happy state,
You could admire, yet envy not, the great.
Your equal hand holds an unbiass'd scale,
Where no rich vices, gilded baits, prevail:
You with a generous honesty despise
What all the meaner world so dearly prize:
Nor does your virtue disappear
With the small circle of one short-liv'd year:
Others, like comets, visit and away;
Your lustre, great as theirs, finds no decay,
But with the constant Sun makes an eternal day.

We barbarously call those blest,
Who are of largest tenements possest,
Whilst swelling coffers break their owner's rest.
More truly happy those, who can
Govern that little empire, Man;
Bridle their passions, and direct their will
Through all the glittering paths of charming ill;
Who spend their treasure freely as 'twas given
By the large bounty of indulgent Heaven;
Who, in a fixt unalterable state,
Smile at the doubtful tide of Fate,
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate;
Who poison less than falsehood fear,
Loth to purchase life so dear;
But kindly for their friend embrace cold Death,
And seal their country's love with their departing breath.

TRANSLATION

OF THE FOLLOWING VERSE FROM LUCAN:

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

The gods and Cato did in this divide,
They choose the conquering, he the conquer'd side.

TO

MR. EDMUND SMITH.

Mun, rarely credit Common Fame,
Unheeded let her praise or blame,
As whimsies guide the gossip tattles
Of wits, of beauties, and of battles;
To-day the warrior's brow she crowns,
For naval spoils, and taken towns;
To-morrow all her spite shê rallies,
And votes the victor to the gallies.
Nor in her visits can she spare
The reputation of the fair.
For instance:—Chloe's bloom did boast
A while to be the reigning toast;
Lean hectic sparks abandon'd bohea,
And in beer-glasses pledg'd to Chloe:
What fops of figure did she bring
To the front boxes and the ring?
While nymphs of quality look sullen,
As breeding wives, or moulting pullen,
Blest charmer she, till prying Fame
Incog. to miss's toilet came;
Where in the gallipots she spy'd
Lilies and roses, that defy'd
The frost of Age, with certain pickles
They call—cosmetics for the freckles:
Away she flew with what she wanted,
And told at court that Chloe painted.
"Then who 'd on common Fame rely,
Whose chief employment 's to decry?
A cogging, fickle, jilting female,
As ever ply'd at six in the Mall;

The father of all fibs begat her
On some old newsman's fusty daughter."
O captain! Taisez-vous—'twere hard
Her novels ne'er should have regard:
One proof I 'll in her favour give,
Which none but you will disbelieve.
When Phœbus sent her to recite
The praises of the most polite,
Whose scenes have been, in every age,
The glories of the British stage,
Then she, to rigid truth confin'd,
Your name with lofty Shakspeare join'd;
And, speaking as the god directed,
The praise she gave was unsuspected.

THE SPELL[1].

"Whene'er I wive," young Strephon cry'd,
"Ye powers, that o'er the noose preside!
Wit, beauty, wealth, and humour, give,
Or let me still a rover live:
But if all these no nymph can share,
And I 'm predestin'd to the snare,
Let mine, ye powers! be doubly fair."
Thus pray'd the swain in heat of blood,
Whilst Cupid at his elbow stood;
And twitching him, said, "Youth, be wise,
Ask not impossibilities:
A faultless make, a unsnag'd wit,
Humour and fortune never met:
But if a beauty you 'd obtain,
Court some bright Phyllis of the brain;
The dear idea long enjoy,
Clean is the bliss, and will not cloy.
But trust me, youth, for I 'm sincere,
And know the ladies to a hair,
Howe'er small poets whine upon it,
In madrigal, and song, and sonnet,
Their beauty 's but a *Spell*, to bring
A lover to th' enchanted ring;
Ere the sack-posset is digested,
Or half of Hymen's taper wasted,
The winning air, the wanton trip,
The radiant eye, the velvet lip,
From which you fragrant kisses stole,
And seem to suck her springing soul—
These, and the rest, you doated on,
Are nauseous or insipid grown;
The *Spell* dissolves, the cloud is gone,
And Sacharissa turns to Joan."

ELEGY

UPON

THE DEATH OF TIBULLUS.

FROM OVID.

If Memnon's fate, bewail'd with constant dew,
Does, with the day, his mother's grief renew;
If her son's death mov'd tender Thetis' mind
To swell with tears the waves, with sighs the wind;
If mighty gods can mortals' sorrow know,
And be the humble partners of our woe;
Now loose your tresses, pensive Elegy,
(Too well your office and your name agree)
Tibullus, once the joy and pride of Fame,
Lies now rich fuel on the trembling flame.
Sad Cupid now despairs of conquering hearts,
Throws by his empty quiver, breaks his darts;
Eases his useless bows from idle strings,
Nor flies, but humbly creeps with dagging wings.
He wants, of which he robb'd fond lovers, rest,
And wounds with furious hands his pensive breast.
Those graceful curls which wantonly did flow,
The whiter rivals of the falling snow,
Forget their beauty, and in discord lie,
Drunk with the fountain from his melting eye.
Not more Æneas' loss the boy did move;
Like passions for them both, prove equal love.
Tibullus' death grieves the fair goddess more,
More swells her eyes, than when the savage boar
Her beautiful, her lov'd Adonis tore.
Poets' large souls Heaven's noblest stamps do bear;
(Poets, the watchful angels darling care)
Yet Death, (blind archer) that no difference knows,
Without respect his roving arrows throws.
Nor Phœbus, nor the Muses' queen, could give
Their son, their own prerogative, to live.
Orpheus, the heir of both his parents' skill,
Tam'd wondering beasts, and Death's more cruel will.
Linus' sad strings on the dumb lute do lie,
In silence forc'd to let their master die.
Homer (the spring to whom we poets owe
Our little all does in sweet numbers flow)
Remains immortal only in his fame,
His works alone survive the envious flame.
In vain to gods (if gods there are) we pray,
And needless victims prodigally pay,
Worship their sleeping deities: yet Death
Scorns votaries, and stops the praying breath,
To hallow'd shrines intruding Fate will come,
And drag you from the altar to the tomb.
Go, frantic poet, with delusions fed,
Think laurels guard your consecrated head,
Now the sweet master of your art is dead.
What can we hope? since that a narrow span
Can measure the remains of thee, great man!
The bold rash flame that durst approach so nigh,
And see Tibullus, and not trembling die,
Durst seize on temples, and their gods defy.
Fair Venus (fair ev'n in such sorrows) stands,
Closing her heavy eyes with trembling hands:
Anon, in vain, officiously she tries
To quench the flame with rivers from her eyes.
His mother weeping does his eyelids close,
And on his urn, tears, her last gift, bestows.
His sister too, with hair dishevell'd, bears
Part of her mother's nature, and her tears.
With those, two fair, two mournful rivals come,
And add a greater triumph to his tomb:
Both hug his urn, both his lov'd ashes kiss,
And both contend which reap'd the greater bliss.
Thus Delia spoke, (when sighs no more could last)
Renewing by remembrance pleasures past;
"When youth with vigour did for joy combine,
I was Tibullus' life, Tibullus mine:
I entertain'd his hot, his first desire,
And kept alive, till age, his active fire."

[1] This poem, with a few alterations, is to be found in Fenton, (see vol. x.) under the title of the Platonic Spell. *N.*

To her then Nemesis, (when groans gave leave)
"As I alone was lov'd, alone I 'll grieve:
Spare your vain tears, Tibullus' heart was mine,
About my neck his dying arms did twine;
I match'd his soul, which true to me did prove:
Age ended yours, Death only stopp'd my love."
If any poor remains survive the flames,
Except thin shadows, and more empty names;
Free in Elysium shall Tibullus rove,
Nor fear a second death should cross his love,
There shall Catullus, crown'd with bays, impart
To his far dearer friend his open heart:
There Gallus (if Fame's hundred tongues all lie)
Shall, free from censure, no more rashly die.
Such shall our poet's blest companions be,
And in their deaths, as in their lives, agree.
But thou, rich Urn, obey my strict commands,
Guard thy great charge from sacrilegious hands.
Thou, Earth, Tibullus' ashes gently use,
And be as soft and easy as his Muse.

TO THE

EVENING STAR.

ENGLISHED FROM A GREEK IDYLLIUM.

Bright Star! by Venus fix'd above,
To rule the happy realms of Love;
Who in the dewy rear of day,
Advancing thy distinguish'd ray,
Dost other lights as far outshine
As Cynthia's silver glories thine;
Known by superior beauty there,
As much as Pastorella here.
Exert, bright Star, thy friendly light,
And guide me through the dusky night;
Defrauded of her beams, the Moon
Shines dim, and will be vanish'd soon.
I would not rob the shepherd's fold;
I seek no miser's hoarded gold;
To find a nymph, I 'm forc'd to stray,
Who lately stole my heart away.

THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN PHILIPS.

THE

LIFE OF J. PHILIPS,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

JOHN PHILIPS was born on the 30th of December, 1676, at Bampton in Oxfordshire; of which place his father, Dr. Stephen Philips, archdeacon of Salop, was minister. The first part of his education was domestic; after which he was sent to Winchester, where, as we are told by Dr. Sewel, his biographer, he was soon distinguished by the superiority of his exercises; and, what is less easily to be credited, so much endeared himself to his schoolfellows by his civility and good-nature, that they, without murmur or ill-will, saw him indulged by the master with particular immunities. It is related, that, when he was at school, he seldom mingled in play with the other boys, but retired to his chamber; where his sovereign pleasure was to sit, hour after hour, while his hair was combed by somebody, whose service he found means to procure [1].

At school he became acquainted with the poets ancient and modern, and fixed his attention particularly on Milton.

In 1694 he entered himself at Christ-church, a college at that time in the highest reputation, by the transmission of Busby's scholars to the care first of Fell, and afterwards of Aldrich. Here he was distinguished as a genius eminent among the eminent, and for friendship particularly intimate with Mr. Smith, the author of Phædra and Hippolytus. The profession which he intended to follow was that of physic; and he took much delight in natural history, of which botany was his favourite part.

His reputation was confined to his friends and to the university, till about 1703 he extended it to a wider circle by the Splendid Shilling, which struck the public attention with a mode of writing new and unexpected.

[1] Isaac Vossius relates, that he also delighted in having his hair combed, when he could have it done by barbers or other persons skilled in the rules of prosody. Of the passage that contains this ridiculous fancy, the following is a translation: "Many people take delight in the rubbing of their limbs, and the combing of their hair; but these exercises would delight much more, if the servants at the baths, and of the barbers, were so skilful in this art, that they could express any measures with their fingers. I remember that more than once I have fallen into the hands of men of this sort, who could imitate any measure of songs in combing the hair, so as sometimes to express very intelligibly iambics, trochees, dactyls, &c. from whence there arose to me no small delight." See his Treatise de Poematum cantu et viribus Rythmi. Oxon. 1673, p. 63. *H.*

This performance raised him so high, that, when Europe resounded with the victory of Blenheim, he was, probably with an occult opposition to Addison, employed to deliver the acclamation of the Tories. It is said, that he would willingly have declined the task, but that his friends urged it upon him. It appears that he wrote this poem at the house of Mr. St. John.

Blenheim was published in 1705. The next year produced his great work, the poem upon Cider, in two books; which was received with loud praises, and continued long to be read, as an imitation of Virgil's Georgic, which needed not shun the presence of the original.

He then grew probably more confident of his own abilities, and began to meditate a poem on the Last Day; a subject on which no mind can hope to equal expectation.

This work he did not live to finish; his diseases, a slow consumption and an asthma, put a stop to his studies, and on February 15, 1708, at the beginning of his thirty-third year, put an end to his life.

He was buried in the cathedral of Hereford; and sir Simon Harcourt, afterward lord chancellor, gave him a monument in Westminster Abbey. The inscription at Westminster was written, as I have heard, by Dr. Atterbury, though commonly given to Dr. Freind.

His Epitaph at Hereford.

JOHANNES PHILIPS
Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno { Dom. 1708. / Ætat. suæ 32.
Cujus
Ossa si requiras, hanc Urnam inspice:
Si Ingenium nescias, ipsius Opera consule:
Si Tumulum desideras,
Templum adi Westmonasteriense:
Qualis quantusque Vir fuerit,
Dicat elegans illa et præclara,
Quæ cenotaphium ibi decorat,
Inscriptio.
Quàm interim erga Cognatos pius et officiosus,
Testetur hoc saxum
A Maria Philips Matre ipsius pientissimâ,
Dilecti Filii Memoriæ non sine Lacrymis dicatum.

His Epitaph at Westminster.

Herefordiæ conduntur Ossa,
Hoc in Delubro statuitur Imago,
Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama,
JOHANNIS PHILIPS:
Qui Viris bonis doctisque juxta charus,
Immortale suum Ingenium,
Eruditione multiplici excultum,
Miro animi candore,
Eximiâ morum simplicitate,
Honestavit.
Litterarum Amœniorum sitim,
Quam Wintoniæ Puer sentire cœperat,
Inter Ædis Christi Alumnos jugiter explevit,

In illo Musarum Domicilio
Præclaris Æmulorum studiis excitatus,
Optimis scribendi Magistris semper intentus,
Carmina sermone Patrio composuit
A Græcis Latinisque fontibus feliciter deducta,
Atticis Romanisque auribus omnino digna,
Versuum quippe Harmoniam
Rythmo didicerat.
Antiquo illo, libero, multiformi
Ad res ipsas apto prorsus, et attemperato,
Non numeris in eundem ferè orbem redeuntibus,
Non Clausularum similiter cadentium sono
Metiri:
Uni in hoc laudis genere Miltono secundus,
Primoque pœne par.
Res seu Tenues, seu Grandes, seu Mediocres
Ornandas sumserat,
Nusquam, non quod decuit,
Et videt, et assecutus est,
Egregius, quocunque Stylum verteret,
Fandi author, et Modorum artifex.
Fas sit Huic,
Auso licèt à tuâ Metrorum Lege discedere,
O Poesis Anglicanæ Pater, atque Conditor, Chaucere,
Alterum tibi latus claudere,
Vatum certe Cineres, tuos undique stipantium
Non dedecebit Chorum.
Simon Harcourt, Miles,
Viri benè de se, de Litteris meriti
Quoad viveret Fautor,
Post Obitum piè memor,
Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.
J. Philips, Stephani, S. T. P. Archidiaconi
Salop. Filius, natus est Bamptoniæ
In agro Oxon. Dec. 30, 1676.
Obiit Herefordiæ, Feb. 15, 1708.

Philips has been always praised, without contradiction, as a man modest, blameless, and pious; who bore narrowness of fortune without discontent, and tedious and painful maladies without impatience; beloved by those that knew him, but not ambitious to be known. He was probably not formed for a wide circle. His conversation is commended for its innocent gaiety, which seems to have flowed only among his intimates; for I have been told, that he was in company silent and barren, and employed only upon the pleasure of his pipe. His addiction to tobacco is mentioned by one of his biographers, who remarks, that in all his writings, except Blenheim, he has found an opportunity of celebrating the fragrant fume. In common life he was probably one of those who please by not offending, and whose person was loved because his writings were admired. He died honoured and lamented, before any part of his reputation had withered, and before his patron St. John had disgraced him.

His works are few. The Splendid Shilling has the uncommon merit of an original design, unless it may be thought precluded by the ancient Centos. To degrade the sounding words and stately construction of Milton, by an application to the lowest and most trivial things, gratifies the mind with a momentary triumph over that grandeur, which hitherto held its captives in admiration; the words and things are presented with a new appearance, and novelty is always grateful where it gives no pain.

But the merit of such performances begins and ends with the first author. He that should again adapt Milton's phrase to the gross incidents of common life, and even adapt it with more art, which would not be difficult, must yet expect but a small part of the praise which Philips has obtained; he can only hope to be considered as the repeater of a jest.

"The parody on Milton," says Gildon, "is the only tolerable production of its author." This is a censure too dogmatical and violent. The poem of Blenheim was never denied to be tolerable, even by those who do not allow it supreme excellence. It is indeed the poem of a scholar, *all inexpert of war;* of a man who writes books from books, and studies the world in a college. He seems to have formed his ideas of the field of Blenheim from the battles of the heroic ages, or the tales of chivalry, with very little comprehension of the qualities necessary to the composition of a modern hero, which Addison has displayed with so much propriety. He makes Marlborough behold at a distance the slaughter made by Tallard, then haste to encounter and restrain him, and mow his way through ranks made headless by his sword.

He imitates Milton's numbers indeed, but imitates them very injudiciously. Deformity is easily copied; and whatever there is in Milton which the reader wishes away, all that is obsolete, peculiar, or licentious, is accumulated with great care by Philips. Milton's verse was harmonious, in proportion to the general state of our metre in Milton's age; and, if he had written after the improvements made by Dryden, it is reasonable to believe, that he would have admitted a more pleasing modulation of numbers into his work; but Philips sits down with a resolution to make no more music than he found; to want all that his master wanted, though he is very far from having what his master had. Those asperities, therefore, that are venerable in the Paradise Lost, are contemptible in the Blenheim.

There is a Latin ode written to his patron St. John, in return for a present of wine and tobacco, which cannot be passed without notice. It is gay and elegant, and exhibits several artful accommodations of classic expressions to new purposes. It seems better turned than the ode of Hannes[2].

To the poem on Cider, written in imitation of the Georgics, may be given this peculiar praise, that it is grounded in truth; that the precepts which it contains are exact and just; and that it is therefore, at once, a book of entertainment and of science. This I was told by Miller, the great gardener and botanist, whose expression was, that "there were many books written on the same subject in prose, which do not contain so much truth as that poem."

In the disposition of his matter, so as to intersperse precepts relating to the culture of trees with sentiments more generally alluring, and in easy and graceful transitions from one subject to another, he has very diligently imitated his master; but he unhappily pleased himself with blank verse, and supposed that the numbers of Milton,

[2] This ode I am willing to mention, because there seems to be an errour in all the printed copies, which is, I find, retained in the last. They all read:

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
O! O! labellis cui Venus insidet.

The author probably wrote,

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
Ornat; labellis cui Venus insidet. *Dr. J.*

which impress the mind with veneration, combined as they are with subjects of inconceivable grandeur, could be sustained by images which at most can rise only to elegance. Contending angels may shake the regions of Heaven in blank verse; but the flow of equal measures, and the embellishment of rhyme, must recommend to our attention the art of engrafting, and decide the merit of the *redstreak* and *pearmain*.

What study could confer, Philips had obtained; but natural deficience cannot be supplied. He seems not born to greatness and elevation. He is never lofty, nor does he often surprise with unexpected excellence; but perhaps to his last poem may be applied what Tully said of the work of Lucretius, that "it is written with much art, though with few blazes of genius."

The following fragment, written by Edmund Smith, upon the works of Philips, has been transcribed from the Bodleian manuscripts.

"*A Prefatory Discourse to the poem on Mr. Philips, with a character of his writings.*

"It is altogether as equitable some account should be given of those who have distinguished themselves by their writings, as of those who are renowned for great actions. It is but reasonable they, who contribute so much to the immortality of others, should have some share in it themselves; and since their genius only is discovered by their works, it is just that their virtues should be recorded by their friends. For no modest men (as the person I write of was in perfection) will write their own panegyrics; and it is very hard that they should go without reputation, only because they the more deserve it. The end of writing lives is for the imitation of the readers. It will be in the power of very few to imitate the duke of Marlborough; we must be content with admiring his great qualities and actions, without hopes of following them. The private and social virtues are more easily transcribed. The life of Cowley is more instructive, as well as more fine, than any we have in our language. And it is to be wished, since Mr. Philips had so many of the good qualities of that poet, that I had some of the abilities of his historian.

"The Grecian philosophers have had their lives written, their morals commended, and their sayings recorded. Mr. Philips had all the virtues to which most of them only pretended, and all their integrity without any of their affectation.

"The French are very just to eminent men in this point; not a learned man nor a poet can die, but all Europe must be acquainted with his accomplishments. They give praise, and expect it in their turns; they commend their Patrus and Molieres as well as their Condés and Turennes; their Pellisons and Racines have their elogies, as well as the prince whom they celebrate; and their poems, their mercuries, and orations, nay their very gazettes, are filled with the praises of the learned.

"I am satisfied, had they a Philips among them, and known how to value him; had they one of his learning, his temper, but above all of that particular turn of humour, that altogether new genius, he had been an example to their poets, and a subject of their panegyrics, and perhaps set in competition with the ancients, to whom only he ought to submit.

"I shall therefore endeavour to do justice to his memory, since nobody else undertakes it. And indeed I can assign no cause why so many of his acquaintance (that are as willing and more able than myself to give an account of him) should forbear to celebrate

the memory of one so dear to them, but only that they look upon it as a work entirely belonging to me.

"I shall content myself with giving only a character of the person and his writings, without meddling with the transactions of his life, which was altogether private. I shall only make this known observation of his family, that there was scarcely so many extraordinary men in any one. I have been acquainted with five of his brothers, (of which three are still living) all men of fine parts, yet all of a very unlike temper and genius. So that their fruitful mother, like the mother of the gods, seems to have produced a numerous offspring, all of different though uncommon faculties. Of the living, neither their modesty, nor the humour of the present age, permits me to speak: of the dead, I may say something.

"One of them had made the greatest progress in the study of the law of nature and nations of any one I know. He had perfectly mastered, and even improved, the notions of Grotius, and the more refined ones of Puffendorf. He could refute Hobbes with as much solidity as some of greater name, and expose him with as much wit as Eclard. That noble study, which requires the greatest reach of reason and nicety of distinction, was not at all difficult to him. 'Twas a national loss to be deprived of one who understood a science so necessary, and yet so unknown in England. I shall add only, he had the same honesty and sincerity as the person I write of, but more heat: the former was more inclined to argue, the latter to divert: one employed his reason more; the other his imagination: the former had been well qualified for those posts, which the modesty of the latter made him refuse. His other dead brother would have been an ornament to the college of which he was a member. He had a genius either for poetry or oratory; and, though very young, composed several very agreeable pieces. In all probability he would have written as finely as his brother did nobly. He might have been the Waller, as the other was the Milton of his time. The one might celebrate Marlborough, the other his beautiful offspring. This had not been so fit to describe the actions of heroes as the virtues of private men. In a word, he had been fitter for my place; and, while his brother was writing upon the greatest men that any age ever produced, in a style equal to them, he might have served as a panegyrist on him.

"This is all I think necessary to say of his family. I shall proceed to himself and his writings; which I shall first treat of, because I know they are censured by some out of envy, and more out of ignorance.

"The Splendid Shilling, which is far the least considerable, has the more general reputation, and perhaps hinders the character of the rest. The style agreed so well with the burlesque, that the ignorant thought it could become nothing else. Every body is pleased with that work. But to judge rightly of the other requires a perfect mastery of poetry and criticism, a just contempt of the little turns and witticisms now in vogue, and, above all, a perfect understanding of poetical diction and description.

"All that have any taste for poetry will agree, that the great burlesque is much to be preferred to the low. It is much easier to make a great thing appear little, than a little one great: Cotton and others of a very low genius have done the former; but Philips, Garth, and Boileau, only the latter.

"A picture in miniature is every painter's talent; but a piece for a cupola, where all the figures are enlarged, yet proportioned to the eye, requires a master's hand.

"It must still be more acceptable than the low burlesque, because the images of the latter are mean and filthy, and the language itself entirely unknown to all men of good

breeding. The style of Billingsgate would not make a very agreeable figure at St. James's. A gentleman would take but little pleasure in language which he would think it hard to be accosted in, or in reading words which he could not pronounce without blushing. The lofty burlesque is the more to be admired, because, to write it, the author must be master of two of the most different talents in nature. A talent to find out and expose what is ridiculous, is very different from that which is to raise and elevate. We must read Virgil and Milton for the one, and Horace and Hudibras for the other. We know that the authors of excellent comedies have often failed in the grave style, and the tragedian as often in comedy. Admiration and laughter are of such opposite natures, that they are seldom created by the same person. The man of mirth is always observing the follies and weaknesses, the serious writer the virtues or crimes, of mankind; one is pleased with contemplating a beau, the other a hero: even from the same object they would draw different ideas: Achilles would appear in very different lights to Thersites and Alexander; the one would admire the courage and greatness of his soul; the other would ridicule the vanity and rashness of his temper. As the satirist says to Hanibal:

> ..... I, curre per Alpes,
> Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fias.

"The contrariety of style to the subject pleases the more strongly, because it is more surprising; the expectation of the reader is pleasantly deceived, who expects a humble style from the subject, or a great subject from the style. It pleases the more universally, because it is agreeable to the taste both of the grave and the merry; but more particularly so to those who have a relish of the best writers, and the noblest sort of poetry. I shall produce only one passage out of this poet, which is the misfortune of his galligaskins:

> My galligaskins, which have long withstood
> The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
> By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)

This is admirably pathetical, and shows very well the vicissitudes of sublunary things. The rest goes on to a prodigious height; and a man in Greenland could hardly have made a more pathetic and terrible complaint. Is it not surprising, that the subject should be so mean, and the verse so pompous, that the least things in his poetry, as in a microscope, should grow great and formidable to the eye; especially considering that, not understanding French, he had no model for his style? that he should have no writer to imitate, and himself be inimitable? that he should do all this before he was twenty? at an age which is usually pleased with a glare of false thoughts, little turns, and unnatural fustian? at an age, at which Cowley, Dryden, and I had almost said Virgil, were inconsiderable? So soon was his imagination at its full strength, his judgment ripe, and his humour complete.

"This poem was written for his own diversion, without any design of publication. It was communicated but to *me*; but soon spread, and fell into the hands of pirates. It was put out, vilely mangled, by Ben Bragge; *and impudently said to be corrected by the author*. This grievance is now grown more epidemical; and no man now has a right to his own thoughts, or a title to his own writings. Xenophon answered the Persian, who demanded his arms, 'We have nothing now left but our arms and our valour: if we surrender the one, how shall we make use of the other?' Poets have

nothing but their wits and their writings; and if they are plundered of the latter, I don't see what good the former can do them. To pirate, and publicly own it, to prefix their names to the works they steal, to own and avow the theft, I believe, was never yet heard of but in England. It will sound oddly to posterity, that, in a polite nation, in an enlightened age, under the direction of the most wise, most learned, and most generous encouragers of knowledge in the world, the property of a mechanic should be better secured than that of a scholar! that the poorest manual operations should be more valued than the noblest products of the brain! that it should be felony to rob a cobbler of a pair of shoes, and no crime to deprive the best author of his whole subsistence; that nothing should make a man a sure title to his own writings but the stupidity of them! that the works of Dryden should meet with less encouragement than those of his own Flecknoe, or Blackmore! that Tillotson and St. George, Tom Thumb and Temple, should be set on an equal foot! This is the reason why this very paper has been so long delayed; and, while the most impudent and scandalous libels are publicly vended by the pirates, this innocent work is forced to steal abroad as if it were a libel.

"Our present writers are by these wretches reduced to the same condition Virgil was, when the centurion seized on his estate. But I don't doubt but I can fix upon the Mæcenas of the present age, that will retrieve them from it. But, whatever effect this piracy may have upon us, it contributed very much to the advantage of Mr. Philips; it helped him to a reputation which he neither desired nor expected, and to the honour of being put upon a work of which he did not think himself capable; but the event showed his modesty. And it was reasonable to hope, that he, who could raise mean subjects so high, should still be more elevated on greater themes; that he, that could draw such noble ideas from a shilling, could not fail upon such a subject as the duke of Marlborough, *which is capable of heightening even the most low and trifling genius.* And, indeed, most of the great works which have been produced in the world have been owing less to the poet than the patron. Men of the greatest genius are sometimes lazy, and want a spur; often modest, and dare not venture in public; they certainly know their faults in the worst things; and even their best things they are not fond of, because the idea of what they ought to be is far above what they are. This induced me to believe, that Virgil desired his works might be burnt, had not the same Augustus, that desired him to write them, preserved them from destruction. A scribbling beau may imagine a poet may be induced to write, by the very pleasure he finds in writing; but that is seldom, when people are necessitated to it. I have known men row, and use very hard labour, for diversion, which, if they had been tied to, they would have thought themselves very unhappy.

"But to return to Blenheim, that work so much admired by some, and censured by others. I have often wished he had wrote it in Latin, that he might be out of the reach of the empty critic, who could have as little understood his meaning in that language, as they do his beauties in his own.

"False critics have been the plague of all ages; Milton himself, in a very polite court, has been compared to the rumbling of a wheelbarrow: he had been on the wrong side, and therefore could not be a good poet. *And this, perhaps, may be Mr. Philips's case.*

"But I take generally the ignorance of his readers to be the occasion of their dislike. People that have formed their taste upon the French writers can have no relish for Philips; they admire points and turns, and consequently have no judgment of what is

great and majestic; he must look little in their eyes, when he soars so high as to be almost out of their view. I cannot therefore allow any admirer of the French to be a judge of Blenheim, nor any who takes Bouhours for a complete critic. He generally judges of the ancients by the moderns, and not the moderns by the ancients; he takes those passages of their own authors to be really sublime which come the nearest to it; he often calls that a noble and a great thought which is only a pretty and a fine one: and has more instances of the sublime out of Ovid de Tristibus, than he has out of all Virgil.

"I shall allow, therefore, only those to be judges of Philips, who make the ancients, and particularly Virgil, their standard.

"But, before I enter on this subject, I shall consider what is particular in the style of Philips, and examine what ought to be the style of heroic poetry; and next inquire how far he is come up to that style.

"His style is particular, because he lays aside rhyme, and writes in blank verse, and uses old words, and frequently postpones the adjective to the substantive, and the substantive to the verb; and leaves out little particles, *a*, and *the; her*, and *his;* and uses frequent appositions. Now let us examine, whether these alterations of style be conformable to the true sublime."

.....

MR. PHILIPS'S

DESIGNED DEDICATION

TO THE

SPLENDID SHILLING.

TO W. BROME, ESQ. OF EWITHINGTON, IN THE COUNTY OF HEREFORD.

SIR,

It would be too tedious an undertaking, at this time, to examine the rise and progress of dedications. The use of them is certainly ancient, as appears both from Greek and Latin authors; and we have reason to believe, that it was continued without any interruption till the beginning of this century; at which time, mottos, anagrams, and frontispieces being introduced, dedications were mightily discouraged, and at last abdicated. But to discover precisely when they were restored, and by whom they were first ushered in, is a work that far transcends my knowledge; a work that can justly be expected from no other pen but that of your operose doctor Bentley. Let us therefore at present acquiesce in the dubiousness of their antiquity, and think the authority of the past and present times a sufficient plea for your patronising, and my dedicating, this poem: especially since, in this age, dedications are not only fashionable, but almost necessary; and indeed they are now so much in vogue, that a book without one, is as seldom seen as a bawdy-house without a Practice of Piety, or a poet with money. Upon this account, sir, those who have no friends, dedicate to all good Christians; some to their booksellers; some, for want of a sublunary patron, to the manes of a departed one. There are, that have dedicated to their whores: God help those henpecked writers, that have been forced to dedicate to their own wives! But while I talk so much of other men's patrons, I have forgot my own; and seem rather to make an essay on dedications, than to write one. However, sir, I presume you will pardon me for that fault; and perhaps like me the better for saying nothing to the purpose. You, sir, are a person more tender of other men's reputation than your own; and would hear every body commended but yourself. Should

I but mention your skill in turning, and the compassion you showed to my fingers' ends when you gave me a tobacco-stopper, you would blush, and be confounded with your just praises. How much more would you, should I tell you what a progress you have made in that abstruse and useful language, the Saxon? Since, therefore, the recital of your excellencies would prove so troublesome, I shall offend your modesty no longer. Give me leave to speak a word or two concerning the poem, and I have done. This poem, sir, if we consider the moral, the newness of the subject, the variety of images, and the exactness of the similitudes that compose it, must be allowed a piece that was never equalled by the moderns or ancients. The subject of the poem is myself, a subject never yet handled by any poets. How fit to be handled by all, we may learn by those few divine commendatory verses written by the admirable monsieur Le Bog. Yet since I am the subject, and the poet too, I shall say no more of it, lest I should seem vainglorious. As for the moral, I have taken particular care that it should lie incognito, not like the ancients, who let you know at first sight they design something by their verses. But here you may look a good while, and perhaps, after all, find that the poet has no aim or design, which must needs be a diverting surprise to the reader. What shall I say of the similes, that are so full of geography, that you must get a Welshman to understand them? that so raise our ideas of the things they are applied to? that are so extraordinarily quaint and well-chosen, that there is nothing like them? So that I think I may, without vanity, say, *Avia Pieridum peragro loca, &c.* Yet, however excellent this poem is, in the reading of it you will find a vast difference between some parts and others; which proceeds not from your humble servant's negligence, but diet. This poem was begun when he had little victuals, and no money, and was finished when he had the misfortune at a virtuous lady's house to meet with both. But I hope, in time, sir, when hunger and poverty shall once more be my companions, to make amends for the defaults of this poem, by an essay on Minced Pies, which shall be devoted to you with all submission, by,

SIR,

your most obliged,

and humble servant,

J. PHILIPS.

POEMS

OF

JOHN PHILIPS.

THE

SPLENDID SHILLING.

" .....Sing, heavenly Muse!
Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,"
A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-hall [1] repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping Penury surrounds,
And Hunger, sure attendant upon Want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the antient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

[1] Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel ascends,
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow,
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forbode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods,
With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.
Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
The caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,

Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She towering flies to her expected spoils;
Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.
So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrours of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy 's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the Sun's genial rays
Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay;
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
An horrid chasm disclos'd with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)
She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming; horrours seize
The mariners; Death in their eyes appears,
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray:
(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

BLENHEIM.

From low and abject themes the groveling Muse
Now mounts aërial, to sing of arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
Of Britain's hero; may the verse not sink
Beneath his merits, but detain a while
Thy ear, O Harley[1]! (though thy country's weal
Depends on thee, though mighty Anne requires
Thy hourly counsels) since, with every art
Thyself adorn'd, the mean essays of youth
Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
The willing genius to the Muses' seat:
Therefore thee first, and last, the Muse shall sing.
Long had the Gallic monarch, uncontrol'd,
Enlarg'd his borders, and of human force
Opponent slightly thought, in heart elate,
As erst Sesostris; (proud Egyptian king,
That monarchs harness'd to his chariot yok'd,
(Base servitude!) and his dethron'd compeers
Lash'd furious; they in sullen majesty
Drew the uneasy load) nor less he aim'd
At universal sway: for William's arm
Could nought avail, however fam'd in war;
Nor armies leagu'd, that diversly essay'd
To curb his power enormous; like an oak,
That stands secure, though all the winds employ
Their ceaseless roar, and only sheds its leaves,
Or mast, which the revolving spring restores:
So stood he, and alone; alone defy'd
The European thrones combin'd, and still
Had set at nought their machinations vain,
But that great Anne, weighing th' events of war
Momentous, in her prudent heart, thee chose,
Thee, Churchill! to direct in nice extremes
Her banner'd legions. Now their pristine worth
The Britons recollect, and gladly change
Sweet native home for unaccustom'd air,
And other climes, where different food and soil
Portend distempers; over dank, and dry,
They journey toilsome, unfatigued with length
Of march, unstruck with horrour at the sight
Of Alpine ridges bleak, high-stretching hills,
All white with summer's snows. They go beyond
The trace of English steps, where scarce the sound
Of Henry's arms arriv'd; such strength of heart
Thy conduct and example gives; nor small
Encouragement: Godolphin, wise and just,
Equal in merit, honour, and success,
To Burleigh: (fortunate alike to serve
The best of queens) he, of the royal store
Splendidly frugal, sits whole nights devoid
Of sweet repose, industrious to procure
The soldier's ease; to regions far remote
His care extends; and to the British host
Makes ravish'd countries plenteous as their own.
And now, O Churchill! at thy wish'd approach
The Germans, hopeless of success, forlorn,
With many an inroad gor'd, their drooping cheer
New-animated rouze; not more rejoice
The miserable race of men, that live
Benighted half the year, benumb'd with frosts
Perpetual, and rough Boreas' keenest breath,
Under the polar Bear, inclement sky!
When first the Sun with new-born light removes

[1] This poem was inscribed to the right honourable Robert Harley, esq. 1705, then speaker of the honourable house of commons, and secretary of state.

The long-incumbent gloom; gladly to thee
Heroic laurel'd Eugene yields the prime,
Nor thinks it diminution to be rank'd
In military honour next, although
His deadly hand shook the Turchestan throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in far-divided lands
Victorious; on thy powerful sword alone
Germania and the Belgic coast relies, [Anne
Won from th' encroaching sea: that sword great
Fix'd not in vain on thy puissant side,
When thee sh' enroll'd her garter'd knights among,
Illustrating the noble list; her hand
Assures good omens, and Saint George's worth
Enkindles like desire of high exploits.
Immediate sieges, and the tire of war,
Roll in thy eager mind; thy plumy crest
Nods horrible; with more terrific port
Thou walk'st, and seem'st already in the fight.
What spoils, what conquests, then did Albion hope
From thy achievements! yet thou hast surpast
Her boldest vows, exceeded what thy foes
Could fear or fancy; they, in multitude
Superior, fed their thoughts with prospect vain
Of victory and rapine, reckoning what
From ransom'd captives would accrue. Thus one
Jovial his mate bespoke: "O friend, observe
How gay with all th' accoutrements of war
The Britons come, with gold well fraught, they come
Thus far our prey, and tempt us to subdue
Their recreant force; how will their bodies stript
Enrich the victors, while the vultures sate
Their maws with full repast!"—Another, warm'd
With high ambition, and conceit of prowess
Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd:
"What if this sword, full often drench'd in blood
Of base antagonists, with griding edge
Should now cleave sheer the execrable head
Of Churchill, met in arms! or if this hand,
Soon as his army disarray'd 'gins swerve,
Should stay him flying, with retentive gripe,
Confounded and appall'd! no trivial price
Should set him free, nor small should be my praise
To lead him shackled, and expos'd to scorn
Of gathering crowds, the Britons' boasted chief."
Thus they, in sportive mood, their empty taunts
And menaces exprest; nor could their prince
In arms, vain Tallard, from opprobrious speech
Refrain: "Why halt ye thus, ye Britons? Why
Decline the war? Shall a morass forbid
Your easy march? Advance; we 'll bridge a way,
Safe of access." Imprudent, thus t' invite
A furious lion to his folds! That boast
He ill abides; captiv'd, in other plight
He soon revisits Britany, that once
Resplendent came, with stretch'd retinue girt,
And pompous pageantry; O hapless fate,
If any arm, but Churchill's, had prevail'd!
No need such boasts, or exprobrations false
Of cowardice; the military mound
The British files transcend, in evil hour
For their proud foes, that fondly brav'd their fate.
And now on either side the trumpets blew,
Signal of onset, resolution firm
Inspiring, and pernicious love of war.
The adverse fronts in rueful conflict meet,
Collecting all their might; for on th' event
Decisive of this bloody day depends
The fate of kingdoms: with less vehemence
The great competitors for Rome engag'd,
Cæsar, and Pompey, on Pharsalian plains,
Where stern Bellona, with one final stroke,
Adjudg'd the empire of this globe to one.
Here the Bavarian duke his brigades leads,
Gallant in arms, and gaudy to behold,
Bold champion! brandishing his Noric blade,
Best-temper'd steel, successless prov'd in field!
Next Tallard, with his Celtic infantry
Presumptuous comes; here Churchill, not so prompt
To vaunt as fight, his hardy cohorts joins
With Eugene's German force. Now from each
The brazen instruments of Death discharge
Horrific flames, and turbid streaming clouds
Of smoke sulphureous; intermixt with these
Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiss,
Singeing the air, and from long distance bring
Surprising slaughter; on each side they fly
By chains connext, and with destructive sweep
Behead whole troops at once; the hairy scalps
Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous trunks bestrew
Th' ensanguin'd field: with latent mischief stor'd
Showers of granadoes rain, by sudden burst
Disploding murderous bowels, fragments of steel,
And stones, and glass, and nitrous grain adust;
A thousand ways at once the shiver'd orbs
Fly diverse, working torment, and foul rout
With deadly bruise, and gashes furrow'd deep.
Of pain impatient, the high-prancing steeds
Disdain the curb, and, flinging to and fro,
Spurn their dismounted riders; they expire
Indignant, by unhostile wounds destroy'd.
Thus through each army Death in various shapes
Prevail'd; here mangled limbs, here brains and gore
Lie clotted; lifeless some: with anguish these
Gnashing, and loud laments invoking aid,
Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder din
Of guns, and trumpets' clang, and solemn sound
Of drums, o'ercame their groans. In equal scale
Long hung the fight; few marks of fear were seen,
None of retreat. As when two adverse winds,
Sublim'd from dewy vapours, in mid-sky
Engage with horrid shock, the ruffled brine
Roars stormy, they together dash the clouds,
Levying their equal force with utmost rage;
Long undecided lasts the airy strife:
So they incens'd; till Churchill, viewing where
The violence of Tallard most prevail'd,
Came to oppose his slaughtering arm; with speed
Precipitant he rode, urging his way
O'er hills of gasping heroes, and fall'n steeds
Rolling in death: Destruction, grim with blood,
Attends his furious course. Him thus enrag'd,
Descrying from afar, some engineer,
Dextrous to guide th' unerring charge, design'd
By one nice shot to terminate the war.
With aim direct the levell'd bullet flew,
But miss'd her scope (for Destiny withstood
Th' approaching wound) and guiltless plough'd her
Beneath his courser; round his sacred head [way
The glowing balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows
Amongst the scatter'd Gauls. But O! beware,
Great warrior! nor, too prodigal of life,
Expose the British safety: hath not Jove
Already warn'd thee to withdraw? Reserve
Thyself for other palms. Ev'n now thy aid,
Eugene, with regiments unequal prest,
Awaits; this day of all his honours gain'd
Despoils him, if thy succour opportune
Defends not the sad hour: permit not thou
So brave a leader with the vulgar herd

To bite the ground unnoted.—Swift, and fierce
As wintry storm, he flies, to reinforce
The yielding wing; in Gallic blood again
He dews his reeking sword, and strews the ground
With headless ranks: (so Ajax interpos'd
His sevenfold shield, and screen'd Laertes' son,
For valour much, and warlike wiles, renown'd,
When the insulting Trojans urg'd him sore
With tilted spears) unmanly dread invades
The French astony'd; straight their useless arms
They quit, and in ignoble flight confide,
Unseemly yelling; distant hills return
The hideous noise. What can they do? or how
Withstand his wide-destroying sword? or where
Find shelter, thus repuls'd? Behind, with wrath
Resistless, th' eager English champions press,
Chastizing tardy flight; before them rolls
His current swift, the Danube vast and deep,
Supreme of rivers! to the frightful brink,
Urg'd by compulsive arms, soon as they reach'd,
New horrour chill'd their veins: devote they saw
Themselves to wretched doom; with efforts vain,
Encourag'd by despair, or obstinate
To fall like men in arms, some dare renew
Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate
On the firm land; the rest, discomfited,
And push'd by Marlborough's avengeful hand,
Leap plunging in the wide-extended flood.
Bands numerous as the Memphian soldiery,
That swell'd the Erythræan wave, when wall'd
The unfroze waters marvellously stood,
Observant of the great command. Upborne
By frothy billows thousands float the stream
In cumbrous mail, with love of further shore;
Confiding in their hands, that sed'lous strive
To cut th' outrageous fluent: in this distress,
Ev'n in the sight of Death, some tokens show
Of fearless friendship, and their sinking mates
Sustain: vain love, though laudable! absorb'd
By a fierce eddy, they together sound
The vast profundity; their horses paw
The swelling surge with fruitless toil: surcharg'd,
And in his course obstructed by large spoil,
The river flows redundant, and attacks
The lingering remnant with unusual tide;
Then rolling back, in his capacious lap
Ingulfs their whole militia, quick immers'd.
So when some sweltering travellers retire
To leafy shades, near the cool sunless verge
Of Paraba, Brazilian stream; her tail
Of vast extension from her watry den,
A grisly Hydra suddenly shoots forth,
Insidious, and with curl'd envenom'd train
Embracing horridly, at once the crew
Into the river whirls: th' unweeting prey
Entwisted roars, th' affrighted flood rebounds.
Nor did the British squadrons now surcease
To gall their foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt
In the moist element a scorching death,
Pierc'd sinking; shrouded in a dusky cloud
The current flows, with livid missive flames
Boiling, as once Pergamean Xanthus boil'd,
Inflam'd by Vulcan, when the swift-footed son
Of Peleus to his baleful banks pursued
The straggling Trojans: nor less eager drove
Victorious Churchill his desponding foes
Into the deep immense, that many a league
Empurpled ran, with gushing gore distain'd.
Thus the experienc'd valour of one man,
Mighty in conflict, rescued harass'd powers
From ruin impendent, and th' afflicted throne
Imperial, that once lorded o'er the world,
Sustain'd. With prudent stay, he long deferr'd
The rough contention, nor would deign to rout
An host disparted; when in union firm
Embody'd they advanc'd, collecting all
Their strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdued:
He the proud boasters sent, with stern assault,
Down to the realms of Night. The British souls,
(A lamentable race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
On Landen-plains, this heavenly gladsome air,
Exult to see the crowding ghosts descend
Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the cares
Of mortal life, and drink th' oblivious lake.
Not so the new inhabitants: they roam
Erroneous, and disconsolate; themselves
Accusing, and their chiefs, improvident
Of military chance; when 'o! they see,
Through the dun mist, in blooming beauty fresh,
Two lovely youths, that amicably walked
O'er verdant meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd
Anna's late conquests; one [2], to empire born,
Egregious prince, whose manly childhood show'd
His mingled parents, and portended joy
Unspeakable; thou [3], his associate dear
Once in this world, nor now by Fate disjoin'd,
Had thy presiding star propitious shone,
Should'st Churchill be! but Heaven severe cut short
Their springing years, nor would this isle should boast
Gifts so important! them the Gallic shades
Surveying, read in either radiant look
Marks of excessive dignity and grace,
Delighted; till, in one, their curious eye
Discerns their great subduer's awful mien,
And corresponding features fear; to them
Confusion! straight the airy phantoms fleet,
With headlong haste, and dread a new pursuit.
The image pleas'd with joy paternal smiles.
Enough, O Muse: the sadly-pleasing theme
Leave, with these dark abodes, and reascend
To breathe the upper air, where triumphs wait
The conqueror, and sav'd nations' joint acclaim.
Hark! how the cannon, inoffensive now,
Gives signs of gratulation; struggling crowds
From every city flow; with ardent gaze
Fix'd they behold the British guide, of sight
Insatiate; whilst his great redeeming hand
Each prince affects to touch respectful. See
How Prussia's king transported entertains
His mighty guest! to him the royal pledge,
Hope of his realm, commits (with better fate,
Than to the Trojan chief Evander gave
Unhappy Pallas) and entreats to show
The skill and rudiments austere of war.
See, with what joy, him Leopold declares
His great deliverer; and courts t' accept
Of titles, with superior modesty
Better refus'd! Meanwhile the haughty king
Far humbler thoughts now learns: despair, and fear,
Now first he feels; his laurels all at once
Torn from his aged head in life's extreme,
Distract his soul! nor can great Boileau's harp
Of various sounding wire, best taught to calm
Whatever passion, and exalt the soul
With highest strains, his languid spirits cheer:
Rage, shame, and grief, alternate in his breast.
But who can tell what pangs, what sharp remorse,
Torment the Boian prince? from native soil

[2] Duke of Gloucester. [3] Marquis of Blandford.

Exil'd by Fate, torn from the dear embrace
Of weeping consort, and depriv'd the sight
Of his young guiltless progeny, he seeks
Inglorious shelter, in an alien land;
Deplorable! but that his mind averse
To right, and insincere, would violate
His plighted faith: why did he not accept
Friendly composure offer'd? or well weigh
With whom he must contend? encountering fierce
The Solymean sultan, he o'erthrew
His moony troops, returning bravely smear'd
With Painim blood effus'd; nor did the Gaul
Not find him once a baleful foe: but when,
Of counsel rash, new measures he pursues,
Unhappy prince! (no more a prince) he sees
Too late his errour, forc'd t' implore relief
Of him, he once defy'd. O destitute
Of hope, unpity'd! thou should'st first have thought
Of persevering stedfast; now upbraid
Thy own inconstant, ill-aspiring heart.
Lo! how the Noric plains, through thy default
Rise hilly, with large piles of slaughter'd knights,
Best men, that warr'd still firmly for their prince
Though faithless, and unshaken duty show'd;
Worthy of better end. Where cities stood,
Well fenc'd and numerous, desolation reigns,
And emptiness; dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd,
The widow and the orphan strole around
The desert wide; with oft-retorted eye
They view the gaping walls, and poor remains
Of mansions, once their own, (now loathsome haunts
Of birds obscene) bewailing loud the loss
Of spouse, or sire, or son, ere manly prime,
Slain in sad conflict, and complain of Fate
As partial, and too rigorous; nor find
Where to retire themselves, or where appease
Th' afflictive keen desire of food, expos'd
To winds, and storms, and jaws of savage beasts.
Thrice happy Albion! from the world disjoin'd
By Heaven propitious, blissful seat of peace!
Learn from thy neighbours' miseries to prize
Thy welfare; crown'd with Nature's choicest gift.
Remote thou hear'st the dire effect of war,
Depopulation, void alone of fear
And peril, whilst the dismal symphony
Of drums and clarions, other realms annoys.
Th' Iberian sceptre undecided, here
Engages mighty hosts in wasteful strife:
From different climes the flower of youth descends
Down to the Lusitanian vales, resolv'd
With utmost hazard to enthrone their prince,
Gallic or Austrian; havoc dire ensues,
And wild uproar: the natives, dubious whom
They must obey, in consternation wait,
Till rigid Conquest will pronounce their liege.
Nor is the brazen voice of War unheard
On the mild Latian shore: what sighs and tears
Hath Eugene caus'd! how many widows curse
His cleaving falchion! fertile soil in vain!
What do thy pastures, or thy vines avail,
Best boon of Heaven! or huge Taburnus, cloth'd
With olives, when the cruel battle mows
The planters, with their harvest immature?
See, with what outrage from the frosty north,
The early-valiant Swede draws forth his wings
In battailous array, while Volga's stream
Sends opposite, in shaggy armour clad,
Her borderers: on mutual slaughter bent,
They rend their countries. How is Poland vex'd
With civil broils, while two elected kings
Contend for sway? unhappy nation, left
Thus free of choice! The English, undisturb'd
With such sad privilege, submiss obey
Whom Heaven ordains supreme, with reverence due,
Not thraldom, in fit liberty secure:
From sceptred kings, in long descent deriv'd,
Thou, Anna, rulest; prudent to promote
Thy people's ease at home, nor studious less
Of Europe's good; to thee, of kingly right,
Sole arbitress, declining thrones, and powers
Sue for relief; thou bid'st thy Churchill go,
Succour the injur'd realms, defeat the hopes
Of haughty Louis, unconfin'd; he goes
Obsequious, and the dread command fulfils,
In one great day. Again thou giv'st in charge
To Rooke, that he should let that monarch know,
The empire of the ocean wide diffus'd
Is thine; behold! with winged speed he rides
Undaunted o'er the labouring main t' assert
Thy liquid kingdoms; at his near approach
The Gallic navies, impotent to bear
His volly'd thunder, torn, dissever'd, scud,
And bless the friendly interposing night.
Hail, mighty queen! reserv'd by Fate to grace
The new-born age: what hopes may we conceive
Of future years, when to thy early reign
Neptune submits his trident, and thy arms
Already have prevail'd to th' utmost bound
Hesperian, Calpe, by Alcides fix'd,
Mountain sublime, that casts a shade of length
Immeasurable, and rules the inland waves!
Let others, with insatiate thirst of rule,
Invade their neighbours lands, neglect the ties
Of leagues and oaths; this thy peculiar praise
Be still, to study right, and quell the force
Of kings perfidious; let them learn from thee,
That neither strength, nor policy refin'd,
Shall with success be crown'd, where justice fails.
Thou, with thy own content, not for thyself,
Subduest regions, generous to raise
The suppliant knee, and curb the rebel neck.
The German boasts thy conquests, and enjoys
The great advantage; nought to thee redounds
But satisfaction from thy conscious mind.
Auspicious queen! since in thy realms secure
Of peace thou reign'st, and victory attends
Thy distant ensigns, with compassion view
Europe embroil'd; still thou (for thou alone
Sufficient art) the jarring kingdoms' ire,
Reciprocally ruinous; say who
Shall wield th' Hesperian, who the Polish sword,
By thy decree? the trembling lands shall hear
Thy voice, obedient, lest thy scourge should bruise
Their stubborn necks, and Churchill, in his wrath,
Make them remember Blenheim with regret.
Thus shall the nations, aw'd to peace, extol
Thy power and justice: Jealousies and Fears,
And Hate infernal, banish'd, shall retire
To Mauritania, or the Bactrian coasts,
Or Tartary, engendering discords fell
Amongst the enemies of Truth; while arts
Pacific, and inviolable love,
Flourish in Europe. Hail, Saturnian days
Returning! in perpetual tenour run
Delectable, and shed your influence sweet
On virtuous Anna's head: ye happy days,
By her restor'd, her just designs complete,
And, mildly on her shining, bless the world!
Thus, from the noisy world exempt, with ease
And plenty blest, amid the mazy groves,

(Sweet solitude!) where warbling birds provoke
The silent Muse, delicious rural seat
Of St. John, English Memmius, I presum'd
To sing Britannic trophies, inexpert
Of war, with mean attempt! while he intent
(So Anna's will ordains) to expedite
His military charge[4], no leisure finds
To string his charming shell: but when return'd
Consummate Peace shall rear her cheerful head,
Then shall his Churchill, in sublimer verse,
For ever triumph; latest times shall learn
From such a chief to fight, and bard to sing.

ODE

AD HENRICUM ST. JOHN, ARMIG. 1706.

O qui recisæ finibus Indicis
Benignus herbæ, das mihi divitem
Haurire succum, et sauveolentes
Sæpe tubis iterare fumos;

Qui solus acri respicis asperum
Siti palatum, proluis et mero,
Dulcem elaborant cui saporem
Hesperii pretiumque, soles:

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium
Exors bonorum? prome reconditum,
Pimplæa, carmen, desidésque
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

Ferri secundo mens avet impetu,
Quà cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
Te, diva, vim præbente, vates
Explicuit venusinus alas:

Solers modorum, seu puerum trucem,
Cum matre flavâ, seu caneret rosas
Et vina, cyrrhæis Hetruscum
Rite beans equitem sub antris.

At non Lyæi vis generosior
Affluxit illi; sæpe licet cadum
Jactet Falernum, sæpe Chiæ
Munera, lætitiamque testæ.

Patronus illi non fuit artium
Celebriorum; sed nec amantior
Nec charus æquè. O! quæ medullas
Flamma subit, tacitosque sensus!

Pertentat, ut téque et tua munera
Gratus recordor, mercurialium
Princeps virorum! et ipse Musæ
Cultor, et usque colende Musis!

Sed me minantem grandia deficit
Receptus ægrè spiritus, ilia
Dum pulsat ima, ac inquietum
Tussis agens sine more pectus.

Altè petito quassat anhelitu;
Funesta planè, ni mihi balsamum
Distillet in venas, tuæque
Lenis opem ferat haustus uvæ.

Hanc sumo, parcis et tibi poculis
Libo salutem; quin precor, optima
Ut usque conjux sospitetur,
Perpetuo recreans amore.

Te consulentem militiæ super
Rebus togatum. Macte! tori decus,
Formosa cui Francisca cessit,
Crine placens, niveoque collo!

[4] He was then secretary of war.

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
O! O! labellis cui Venus insidet!
Tu sorte felix: me Maria
Macerat (ah miserum!) videndo:

Maria, quæ me sidereo tuens
Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
Trajecit, atque excussit omnes
Protinus ex animo puellas.

Hanc ulla mentis spe mihi mutuæ
Utcunque desit, nocte, die vigil
Suspiro; nec jam vina somnos
Nec revocant, tua dona, fumi.

AN ODE

TO HENRY ST. JOHN, ESQ. 1706 [1].

O thou, from India's fruitful soil,
That dost that sovereign herb [2] prepare,
In whose rich fumes I lose the toil
Of life, and every anxious care:
While from the fragrant lighted bowl
I suck new life into my soul.

Thou, only thou! art kind to view
The parching flames that I sustain;
Which with cool draughts thy casks subdue,
And wash away the thirsty pain
With wines, whose strength and taste we prize,
From Latian suns and nearer skies.

O! say, to bless thy pious love,
What vows, what offerings, shall I bring?
Since I can spare, and thou approve,
No other gift, O hear me sing!
In numbers Phœbus does inspire,
Who strings for thee the charming lyre.

Aloft, above the liquid sky,
I stretch my wing, and fain would go
Where Rome's sweet swain did whilom fly;
And, soaring, left the clouds below;
The Muse invoking to endue
With strength his pinions, as he flew.

Whether he sings great Beauty's praise,
Love's gentle pain, or tender woes;
Or choose, the subject of his lays,
The blushing grape, or blooming rose:
Or near cool Cyrrha's rocky springs
Mæcenas listens while he sings.

Yet he no nobler draught could boast,
His Muse or music to inspire,
Though all Falernum's purple coast
Flow'd in each glass, to lend him fire;
And on his tables us'd to smile
The vintage of rich Chio's isle.

Mæcenas deign'd to hear his songs,
His Muse extoll'd, his voice approv'd:
To thee a fairer fame belongs,
At once more pleasing, more belov'd.
Oh! teach my heart to bound its flame,
As I record thy love and fame.

[1] This piece was translated by the reverend Thomas Newcomb, M. A. of Corpus Christi College, Oxon.

[2] Tobacco.

Teach me the passion to restrain,
As I my grateful homage bring;
And last in Phœbus' humble train,
The first and brightest genius sing.
The Muses' favourite pleas'd to live,
Paying them back the fame they give.

But oh! as greatly I aspire
To tell my love, to speak thy praise,
Boasting no more its sprightly fire,
My bosom heaves, my voice decays;
With pain I touch the mournful string,
And pant and languish as I sing.

Faint Nature now demands that breath,
That feebly strives thy worth to sing!
And would be hush'd, and lost in death,
Did not thy care kind succours bring!
Thy pitying cares my soul sustain,
And call new life in every vein.

The sober glass I now behold,
Thy health, with fair Francisca's join,
Wishing her cheeks may long unfold
Such beauties, and be ever thine;
No chance the tender joy remove,
While she can please, and thou canst love.

Thus while by you the British arms
Triumphs and distant fame pursue;
The yielding fair resigns her charms,
And gives you leave to conquer too;
Her snowy neck, her breast, her eyes,
And all the nymph becomes your prize.

What comely grace, what beauty smiles!
Upon her lips what sweetness dwells!
Not Love himself so oft beguiles,
Nor Venus self so much excels.
What different fates our passions share,
While you enjoy, and I despair!

Maria's[3] form as I survey,
Her smiles a thousand wounds impart;
Each feature steals my soul away,
Each glance deprives me of my heart!
And chasing thence each other fair,
Leaves her own image only there.

Although my anxious breast despair,
And, sighing, hopes no kind return;
Yet, for the lov'd relentless fair,
By night I wake, by day I burn!
Nor can thy gifts, soft Sleep, supply,
Or sooth my pains, or close my eye.

CIDER,

A POEM, IN TWO BOOKS.

..... Honos erit huic quoque Pomo? Virg.

BOOK I.

What soil the apple loves, what care is due
To orchats, timeliest when to press the fruits,
Thy gift, Pomona, in Miltonian verse
Adventurous I presume to sing; of verse
Nor skill'd, nor studious: but my native soil
Invites me, and the theme as yet unsung.
Ye Ariconian knights, and fairest dames,
To whom propitious Heaven these blessings grants,
Attend my lays, nor hence disdain to learn,
How Nature's gifts may be improv'd by art.
And thou, O Mostyn, whose benevolence,
And candour, oft experienc'd, me vouchsaf'd
To knit in friendship, growing still with years,
Accept this pledge of gratitude and love.
May it a lasting monument remain
Of dear respect; that, when this body frail
Is moulder'd into dust, and I become
As I had never been, late times may know
I once was bless'd in such a matchless friend!
Whoe'er expects his labouring trees should bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harvest yield,
Be this his first concern, to find a tract
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills
That intercept the Hyperborean blasts
Tempestuous, and cold Eurus' nipping force,
Noxious to feeble buds: but to the west
Let him free entrance grant, let Zephyrs bland
Administer their tepid genial airs;
Nought fear he from the west, whose gentle warmth
Discloses well the Earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender seeds; whose breath
Nurtures the orange, and the citron groves,
Hesperian fruits, and wafts their odours sweet
Wide through the air, and distant shores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds:
But when the blackening clouds in sprinkling showers
Distil, from the high summits down the rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile moisture cheer'd,
The orchats smile; joyous the farmers see
Their thriving plants, and bless the heavenly dew.
Next let the planter, with discretion meet,
The force and genius of each soil explore;
To what adapted, what it shuns averse:
Without this necessary care, in vain
He hopes an apple-vintage, and invokes
Pomona's aid in vain. The miry fields,
Rejoicing in rich mould, most ample fruit
Of beauteous form produce; pleasing to sight,
But to the tongue inelegant and flat.
So Nature has decreed: so oft we see
Men passing fair, in outward lineaments
Elaborate; less, inwardly, exact.
Nor from the sable ground expect success,
Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune:
The Must, of pallid hue, declares the soil
Devoid of spirit; wretched he, that quaffs
Such wheyish liquors; oft with colic pangs,
With pungent colic pangs distress'd he'll roar,
And toss, and turn, and curse th'unwholesome draught.
But, farmer, look where full-ear'd sheaves of rye
Grow wavy on the tilth, that soil select
For apples: thence thy industry shall gain
Ten-fold reward; thy garners, thence with store
Surcharg'd, shall burst; thy press with purest juice
Shall flow, which, in revolving years, may try
Thy feeble feet, and bind thy faltering tongue.
Such is the Kentchurch, such Dantzeyan ground,
Such thine, O learned Brome, and Capel such,
Willisian Burlton, much-lov'd Geers his Marsh,
And Sutton-acres, drench'd with regal blood
Of Ethelbert, when to th' unhallow'd feast
Of Mercian Offa he invited came,
To treat of spousals: long connubial joys
He promis'd to himself, allur'd by fair

[3] Miss Mary Meers, daughter of the late principal of Brazen-Nose College, Oxon.

Elfrida's beauty; but, deluded, dy'd
In height of hopes——oh! hardest fate, to fall
By show of friendship, and pretended love!
I nor advise, nor reprehend the choice
Of Marcley-hill; the apple no where finds
A kinder mould: yet 'tis unsafe to trust
Deceitful ground: who knows but that, once more,
This mount may journey, and, his present site
Forsaking, to thy neighbour's bounds transfer
The goodly plants, affording matter strange
For law-debates[1]? if therefore thou incline
To deck this rise with fruits of various tastes,
Fail not by frequent vows t' implore success;
Thus piteous Heaven may fix the wandering glebe.
But if (for Nature doth not share alike
Her gifts) an happy soil should be withheld;
If a penurious clay should be thy lot,
Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough,
Nor to the cattle kind, with sandy stones
And gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
Beneath thy toil; the sturdy pear-tree here
Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest root
Pierce the obstructing grit, and restive marle.
Thus nought is useless made; nor is there land,
But what, or of itself, or else compell'd,
Affords advantage. On the barren heath
The shepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
Their verdant dinner from the mossy turf,
Sufficient; after them the cackling goose,
Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her want.
What should I more? Ev'n on the cliffy height
Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
Astonish'd, how the goats their shrubby browze
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canst thou see,
How from a scraggy rock, whose prominence
Half overshades the ocean, hardy men,
Fearless of rending winds, and dashing waves,
Cut samphire, to excite the squeamish gust
Of pamper'd luxury. Then, let thy ground
Not lie unlabor'd; if the richest stem
Refuse to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
Somewhat, that may to human use redound,
And penury, the worst of ills, remove?
There are, who, fondly studious of increase,
Rich foreign mould on their ill-natur'd land
Induce laborious, and with fattening muck
Besmear the roots; in vain! the nursling grove
Seems fair a while, cherish'd with foster earth:
But when the alien compost is exhaust,
Its native poverty again prevails.
Though this art fails, despond not; little pains,
In a due hour employ'd, great profit yield.
Th' industrious, when the Sun in Leo rides,
And darts his sultriest beams, portending drought,
Forgets not at the foot of every plant
To sink a circling trench, and daily pour
A just supply of alimental streams,
Exhausted sap recruiting; else false hopes
He cherishes, nor will his fruit expect
Th' autumnal season, but, in summer's pride,
When other orchats smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great light of Heaven, that in his course
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted fields, and often men
Perceive his influence dire; sweltering they run
To grots, and caves, and the cool umbrage seek
Of woven arborets, and oft the rills
Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay
Thirst inextinguishable: but if the spring
Preceding should be destitute of rain,
Or blast septentrional with brushing wings
Sweep up the smoky mists, and vapours damp,
Then woe to mortals! Titan then exerts
His heat intense, and on our vitals preys;
Then maladies of various kinds, and names
Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
To blooming beauty, which imprints the face
Of fairest nymph, and checks our growing love,
Reign far and near; grim Death in different shapes
Depopulates the nations; thousands fall
His victims; youths, and virgins, in their flower,
Reluctant die, and sighing leave their loves
Unfinish'd, by infectious heaven destroy'd.
Such heats prevail'd, when fair Eliza, last
Of Winchcomb's name (next thee in blood and worth,
O fairest St. John!) left this toilsome world
In beauty's prime, and sadden'd all the year:
Nor could her virtues, nor repeated vows
Of thousand lovers, the relentless hand
Of Death arrest; she with the vulgar fell,
Only distinguish'd by this humble verse.
But if it please the Sun's intemperate force
To know, attend; whilst I of ancient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind,
How our forefathers, (luckless men!) ingulft
By the wide-yawning Earth, to Stygian shades
Went quick, in one sad sepulchre enclos'd.
In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious, this our other world subdued,
A spacious city stood, with firmest walls
Sure mounded, and with numerous turrets crown'd,
Aërial spires, and citadels, the seat
Of kings, and heroes resolute in war,
Fam'd Ariconium: uncontrol'd and free,
Till all-subduing Latian arms prevail'd.
Then also, though to foreign yoke submiss,
She undemolish'd stood, and ev'n till now
Perhaps had stood, of ancient British art
A pleasing monument, not less admir'd
Than what from Attic, or Etruscan hands
Arose; had not the heavenly Powers averse
Decreed her final doom: for now the fields
Labour'd with thirst; Aquarius had not shed
His wonted showers, and Sirius parch'd with heat
Solstitial the green herb: hence 'gan relax
The ground's contexture, hence Tartarian dregs,
Sulphur, and nitrous spume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darksome caves, by far
More dismal than the loud disploded roar
Of brazen enginry, that ceaseless storm
The bastion of a well-built city, deem'd
Impregnable: th' infernal winds, till now
Closely imprison'd, by Titanian warmth

[1] February the seventh, 1571, at six o'clock in the evening, this hill roused itself with a roaring noise, and by seven the next morning had moved forty paces; it kept moving for three days together, carrying with it sheep in their cotes, hedge-rows and trees, and in its passage overthrew Kinnaston Chapple, and turned two highways near an hundred yards from their former position. The ground thus moved was about twenty-six acres, which opened itself, and carried the earth before it for four hundred yards space, leaving that which was pasture in the place of the tillage, and the tillage overspread with pasture. See Speed's Account of Herefordshire, page 49, and Camden's Britannia

Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
Disdain'd their narrow cells; and, their full strength
Collecting, from beneath the solid mass
Upheav'd, and all her castles rooted deep
Shook from their lowest seat: old Vaga's stream,
Forc'd by the sudden shock, her wonted track
Forsook, and drew her humid train aslope,
Crankling her banks: and now the lowering sky,
And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
Of angry gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
The sinking hearts of men. Where should they turn
Distress'd? whence seek for aid? when from below
Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives signs
Of wrath and desolation? vain were vows,
And plaints, and suppliant hands to Heaven erect!
Yet some to fanes repair'd, and humble rites
Perform'd to Thor, and Woden, fabled gods,
Who with their votaries in one ruin shar'd,
Crush'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others in frantic mood
Run howling through the streets; their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin; Horror stalks around,
Wild-staring, and, his sad concomitant,
Despair, of abject look: at every gate
The thronging populace with hasty strides
Press furious, and, too eager of escape,
Obstruct the easy way; the rocking town
Supplants their footsteps: to, and fro, they reel
Astonish'd, as o'ercharg'd with wine; when lo!
The ground adust her riven mouth disparts,
Horrible chasm; profound! with swift descent
Old Ariconium sinks, and all her tribes,
Heroes, and senators, down to the realms
Of endless night. Meanwhile, the loosen'd winds,
Infuriate, molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurl'd high above the clouds; till all their force
Consum'd, her ravenous jaws th' Earth satiate clos'd.
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
Survives alone; nor is there found a mark,
Whereby the curious passenger may learn
Her ample site, save coins, and mouldering urns,
And huge unwieldy bones, lasting remains
Of that gigantic race; which, as he breaks
The clotted glebe, the ploughman haply finds,
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous tract of land,
The whilome stood; now Ceres, in her prime,
Smiles fertile, and with ruddiest freight bedeck'd,
The apple-tree, by our forefathers blood
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,
Urging her destin'd labours to pursue.
The prudent will observe, what passions reign
In various plants (for not to man alone,
But all the wide creation, Nature gave
Love, and aversion): everlasting hate
The Vine to Ivy bears, nor less abhors
The Colewort's rankness; but with amorous twine
Clasps the tall Elm: the Paestan Rose unfolds
Her bud more lovely, near the fetid Leek,
Crest of stout Britons) and enhances thence
The price of her celestial scent: the Gourd,
And thirsty Cucumber, when they perceive
Th' approaching Olive, with resentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
Diverse, detesting contact; whilst the Fig
Contemns not Rue, nor Sage's humble leaf,
Close-neighbouring: th' Herefordian plant
Caresses freely the contiguous Peach,
Hazel, and weight-resisting Palm, and likes
To approach the Quince, and the Elder's pithy stem;
Uneasy, seated by funereal Yew,
Or Walnut, (whose malignant touch impairs
All generous fruits) or near the bitter dews
Of Cherries. Therefore weigh the habits well
Of plants, how they associate best, nor let
Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful graffs.
Would'st thou thy vats with gen'rous juice should froth?
Respect thy orchats; think not, that the trees
Spontaneous will produce an wholesome draught.
Let Art correct thy breed: from parent bough
A cion meetly sever: after, force
A way into the crabstock's close-wrought grain
By wedges, and within the living wound
Enclose the foster twig; nor over-nice
Refuse with thy own hands around to spread
The binding clay: ere-long their differing veins
Unite, and kindly nourishment convey
To the new pupil; now he shoots his arms
With quickest growth; now shake the teeming trunk,
Down rain th' empurpled balls, ambrosial fruit.
Whether the Wilding's fibres are contriv'd
To draw th' earth's purest spirit, and resist
It's feculence, which in more porous stocks
Of cider-plants finds passage free, or else
The native verjuice of the Crab, deriv'd
Through th' infix'd graff, a grateful mixture forms
Of tart and sweet; whatever be the cause,
This doubtful progeny by nicest tastes
Expected best acceptance finds, and pays
Largest revenues to the orchat-lord.
Some think the Quince and Apple would combine
In happy union; others fitter deem
The Sloe-stem bearing Sylvan Plumbs austere.
Who knows but both may thrive? howe'er, what loss
To try the powers of both, and search how far
Two different natures may concur to mix
In close embraces, and strange offspring bear?
Thou 'lt find that plants will frequent changes try,
Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms
Conjoin with others. So Silurian plants
Admit the Peach's odoriferous globe,
And Pears of sundry forms; at different times
Adopted Plumbs will alien branches grace;
And men have gather'd from the Hawthorn's branch
Large Medlars, imitating regal crowns.
Nor is it hard to beautify each month
With files of parti-colour'd fruits, that please
The tongue, and view, at once. So Maro's Muse,
Thrice sacred Muse! commodious precepts gives
Instructive to the swains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: sometimes she diverts
From solid counsels, shows the force of love
In savage beasts; how virgin face divine
Attracts the helpless youth through storms and waves,
Alone, in deep of night: then she describes
The Scythian winter, nor disdains to sing
How under ground the rude Riphæan race
Mimic brisk Cyder with the brakes product wild;
Sloes pounded, Hips, and Servis' harshest juice.
Let sage Experience teach thee all the arts
Of grafting and in-eyeing; when to lop
The flowing branches; what trees answer best
From root, or kernel: she will best the hours
Of harvest, and seed-time declare; by her
The different qualities of things were found,
And secret motions; how with heavy bulk
Volatile Hermes, fluid and unmoist,
Mounts on the wings of air; to her we owe
The Indian weed [2], unknown to ancient times,

[2] Tobacco.

Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
Extracts superfluous juices, and refines
The blood distemper'd from its noxious salts;
Friend to the spirits, which with vapours bland
It gently mitigates, companion fit
Of pleasantry, and wine; nor to the bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal shell
Warble melodious their well-labour'd songs.
She found the polish'd glass, whose small convex
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees
The mite, invisible else, of Nature's hand
Least animal; and shows, what laws of life
The cheese-inhabitants observe, and how
Fabric their mansions in the harden'd milk,
Wonderful artists! But the hidden ways
Of Nature would'st thou know? how first she frames
All things in miniature? Thy specular orb
Apply to well-dissected kernels; lo!
Strange forms arise, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs: observe the slender threads
Of first beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
In narrow seeds describ'd; thou'lt wondering say,
An inmate orchat every apple boasts.
Thus all things by experience are display'd,
And most improv'd. Then sedulously think
To meliorate thy stock; no way, or rule,
Be unassay'd; prevent the morning star
Assiduous, nor with the western Sun
Surcease to work; lo! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the live-long day
Consume in meditation deep, recluse
From human converse, nor, at shut of eve,
Enjoy repose; but oft at midnight lamp
Ply my brain-racking studies, if by chance
Thee I may counsel right; and oft this care
Disturbs me slumbering. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thyself? and rather choose
To lie supinely, hoping Heaven will bless
Thy slighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd?
'Twill profit, when the stork, sworn foe of snakes,
Returns, to show compassion to thy plants,
Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife
Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading shades
Of vegetables, and their thirsty limbs
Dissever: for the genial moisture, due
To apples, otherwise mispends itself
In barren twigs, and for th' expected crop,
Nought but vain shoots, and empty leaves abound.
When swelling buds their odorous foliage shed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wise
Spare not the little offsprings, if they grow
Redundant; but the thronging clusters thin
By kind avulsion: else the starveling brood,
Void of sufficient sustenance, will yield
A slender autumn; which the niggard soul
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty hand,
That would not timely ease the ponderous boughs.
It much conduces, all the cares to know
Of gardening, how to scare nocturnal thieves,
And how the little race of birds that hop
From spray to spray, scooping the costliest fruit
Insatiate, undisturb'd. Priapus' form
Avails but little; rather guard each row
With the false terrours of a breathless kite.
This done, the timorous flock with swiftest wing
Scud through the air; their fancy represents
His mortal talons, and his ravenous beak
Destructive; glad to shun his hostile gripe,
They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.
Besides, the filthy swine will oft invade
Thy firm enclosure, and with delving snout
The rooted forest undermine: forthwith
Halloo thy furious mastiff, bid him vex
The noxious herd, and print upon their ears
A sad memorial of their past offence.
The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring
Large shoals of slow house-bearing snails, that creep
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring slimy tracts
In the sleek rinds, and unprest Cider drink.
No art averts this pest; on thee it lies,
With morning and with evening hand to rid
The preying reptiles; nor, if wise, wilt thou
Decline this labour, which itself rewards
With pleasing gain, whilst the warm limbec draws
Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.
Myriads of wasps now also clustering hang,
And drain a spurious honey from thy groves,
Their winter food; though oft repuls'd, again
They rally, undismay'd; but fraud with ease
Ensnares the noisome swarms; let every bough
Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs
Of Moyle, or Mum, or Treacle's viscous juice;
They, by th' alluring odour drawn, in haste
Fly to the dulcet cates, and crowding sip
Their palatable bane; joyful thou 'lt see
The clammy surface all o'erstrown with tribes
Of greedy insects, that with fruitless toil
Flap filmy pennons oft, to extricate
Their feet, in liquid shackles bound, till death
Bereave them of their worthless souls: such doom
Waits luxury, and lawless love of gain!
Howe'er thou may'st forbid external force,
Intestine evils will prevail; damp airs,
And rainy winters, to the centre pierce
The firmest fruits, and by unseen decay
The proper relish vitiate: then the grub
Oft unobserv'd invades the vital core,
Pernicious tenant, and her secret cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
Ceaseless; meanwhile the apple's outward form
Delectable the witless swain beguiles,
Till, with a writhen mouth, and spattering noise,
He tastes the bitter morsel, and rejects
Disrelish'd; not with less surprise, than when
Embattled troops with flowing banners pass
Through flowery meads delighted, nor distrust
The smiling surface; whilst the cavern'd ground,
With grain incentive stor'd, by sudden blaze
Bursts fatal, and involves the hopes of war,
In fiery whirls; full of victorious thoughts,
Torn and dismember'd, they aloft expire.
Now turn thine eye to view Alcinous' groves,
The pride of the Phæacian isle, from whence,
Sailing the spaces of the boundless deep,
To Ariconium precious fruits arriv'd:
The Pippin burnish'd o'er with gold, the Moyle
Of sweetest honied taste, the fair Permain
Temper'd, like comliest nymph, with red and white.
Salopian acres flourish with a growth
Peculiar, styl'd the Ottley: be thou first
This apple to transplant; if to the name
Its merit answers, no where shalt thou find
A wine more priz'd, or laudable of taste.
Nor does the Eliot least deserve thy care,
Nor John-Apple, whose wither'd rind, intrenchi
With many a furrow, aptly represents
Decrepid age, nor that from Harvey nam'd,
Quick-relishing: why should we sing the Thrift,
Codling, or Pomroy, or of pimpled coat
The Russet, or the Cat's-Head's weighty orb,

hormous in its growth, for various use
hough these are meet, though after full repast
re oft requir'd, and crown the rich dessert?
What, though the Pear-tree rival not the worth
f Ariconian products? yet her freight
s not contemn'd, yet her wide-branching arms
est screen thy mansion from the fervent Dog,
dverse to life; the wintry hurricanes
a vain employ their roar, her trunk unmov'd
reaks the strong onset, and controls their rage.
hiefly the Bosbury, whose large increase,
nnual, in sumptuous banquets claims applause.
hrice acceptable beverage! could but Art
ubdue the floating lee, Pomona's self
Vould dread thy praise, and shun the dubious strife.
e it thy choice, when summer-heats annoy,
o sit beneath her leafy canopy,
uaffing rich liquids! oh! how sweet t' enjoy,
t once her fruits, and hospitable shade!
But how with equal numbers shall we match
he Musk's surpassing worth; that earliest gives
ure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
n tender nonage, loads the spreading boughs
Vith large and juicy offspring, that defies
he vernal nippings, and cold sideral blasts!
et let her to the Red-streak yield, that once
Vas of the sylvan kind, unciviliz'd,
f no regard, till Scudamore's skilful hand
mprov'd her, and by courtly discipline
aught her the savage nature to forget:
ence styl'd the Scudamorean plant; whose wine
Whoever tastes, let him with grateful heart
espect that ancient loyal house, and wish
he nobler peer, that now transcends our hopes
n early worth, his country's justest pride,
Uninterrupted joy, and health entire.
Let every tree in every garden own
he Red-streak as supreme, whose pulpous fruit
Vith gold irradiate, and vermilion shines
empting, not fatal, as the birth of that
rimeval interdicted plant that won
ond Eve in hapless hour to taste, and die.
his, of more bounteous influence, inspires
oetic raptures, and the lowly Muse
indles to loftier strains; even I perceive
er sacred virtue. See! the numbers flow
asy, whilst, cheer'd with her nectareous juice,
lers, and my country's praises I exalt.
ail Herefordian plant, that dost disdain
ll other fields! Heaven's sweetest blessing, hail!
e thou the copious matter of my song,
nd thy choice nectar; on which always waits
aughter, and sport, and care-beguiling wit,
nd friendship, chief delight of human life.
What should we wish for more? or why, in quest
f foreign vintage, insincere, and mixt,
raverse th' extremest world? why tempt the rage
f the rough ocean? when our native glebe
mparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits
f wine delectable, that far surmounts
allic, or Latin grapes, or those that see
he setting sun near Calpe's towering height.
Nor let the Rhodian, nor the Lesbian vines
aunt their rich Must, nor let Tokay contend
or sovereignty; Phanæus self must bow
o th' Ariconian vales: and shall we doubt
' improve our vegetable wealth, or let
he soil lie idle, which, with fit manure,
With largest usury repay, alone
Empowered to supply what Nature asks
Frugal, or what nice appetite requires?
The meadows here, with battening ooze enrich'd,
Give spirit to the grass; three cubits high
The jointed herbage shoots; th' unfallow'd glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with store
Of golden wheat, the strength of human life.
Lo, on auxiliary poles, the hops
Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet array!
Lo, how the arable with barley-grain
Stands thick, o'ershadow'd, to the thirsty hind
Transporting prospect! these, as modern use
Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compose,
Wholesome, of deathless fame. Here, to the sight,
Apples of price, and plenteous sheaves of corn,
Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
Fitting congenial juice; so rich the soil,
So much does fructuous moisture o'er-abound!
Nor are the hills unamiable, whose tops
To Heaven aspire, affording prospect sweet
To human ken; nor at their feet the vales
Descending gently, where the lowing herd
Chew verdurous pasture; nor the yellow fields
Gaily' interchang'd, with rich variety
Pleasing; as when an emerald green, enchas'd
In flamy gold, from the bright mass acquires
A nobler hue, more delicate to sight.
Next add the sylvan shades, and silent groves,
(Haunt of the Druids) whence the Earth is fed
With copious fuel; whence the sturdy oak,
A prince's refuge once, th' eternal guard
Of England's throne, by sweating peasants fell'd,
Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war
To distant nations, or with sov'reign sway
Awes the divided world to peace and love.
Why should the Chalybes, or Bilboa boast
Their harden'd iron; when our mines produce
As perfect martial ore? can Tmolus' head
Vie with our saffron odours? or the fleece
Bætic, or finest Tarentine, compare
With Lemster's silken wool? where shall we find
Men more undaunted, for their country's weal
More prodigal of life? In ancient days
The Roman legions, and great Cæsar, found
Our fathers no mean foes: and Cressy's plains,
And Agincourt, deep-ting'd with blood, confess
What the Silures vigour unwithstood
Could do in rigid fight; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-wasting hand, first garter'd knight,
Puissant author of great Chandos' stem,
High Chandos, that transmits paternal worth,
Prudence, and ancient prowess, and renown,
T' his noble offspring. O thrice happy peer!
That, blest with hoary vigour, view'st thyself
Fresh blooming in thy generous son; whose lips,
Flowing with nervous eloquence exact,
Charm the wise senate, and attention win
In deepest councils: Ariconium pleas'd,
Him, as her chosen worthy, first salutes.
Him on th' Iberian, on the Gallic shore,
Him bardy Britons bless; his faithful hand
Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
The general's conduct, than his care avails.
Thee also, glorious branch of Cecil's line,
This country claims; with pride and joy to thee
Thy Alterennis calls: yet she endures
Patient thy absence, since thy prudent choice
Has fix'd thee in the Muses' fairest seat a,

a Oxford.

Where Aldrich* reigns, and from his endless store
Of universal knowledge still supplies
His noble care; he generous thoughts instils
Of true nobility, their country's love,
(Chief end of life) and forms their ductile minds
To human virtues: by his genius led,
Thou soon in every art pre-eminent
Shalt grace this isle, and rise to Burleigh's fame.
Hail high-born peer! and thou, great nurse of arts,
And men, from whence conspicuous patriots spring,
Hanmer, and Bromley; thou, to whom with due
Respect Wintonia bows, and joyful owns
Thy mitred offspring; be for ever blest
With like examples, and to future times
Proficuous, such a race of men produce,
As, in the cause of virtue firm, may fix
Her throne inviolate. Hear, ye gods, this vow
From one, the meanest in her numerous train;
Though meanest, not least studious of her praise.
Muse, raise thy voice to Beaufort's spotless fame,
To Beaufort, in a long descent derived
From royal ancestry, of kingly rights
Faithful asserters, in him centering meet
Their glorious virtues, high desert from pride
Disjoin'd, unshaken honour, and contempt
Of strong allurements. O illustrious prince!
O thou of ancient faith! exulting, thee,
In her fair list this happy land enrolls.
Who can refuse a tributary verse
To Weymouth, firmest friend of slighted worth
In evil days? whose hospitable gate,
Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous train
Of daily guests; whose board, with plenty crown'd,
Revives the feast-rites old: meanwhile his care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In acts of secret goodness, shuns the praise,
That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous lord,
To blazon what, though hid, will beauteous shine,
And with thy name to dignify my song.
But who is he, that on the winding stream
Of Vaga first drew vital breath, and now
Approv'd in Anna's secret councils sits,
Weighing the sum of things, with wise forecast
Solicitous of public good? how large
His mind, that comprehends whate'er was known
To old, or present time; yet not elate,
Not conscious of its skill? what praise deserves
His liberal hand, that gathers but to give,
Preventing suit? O not unthankful Muse,
Him lowly reverence, that first deign'd to hear
Thy pipe, and screen'd thee from opprobrious tongues,
Acknowledge thy own Harley, and his name
Inscribe on every bark; the wounded plants
Will fast increase, faster thy just respect.
Such are our heroes, by their virtues known,
Or skill in peace, and war: of softer mould
The female sex, with sweet attractive airs
Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft,
That view their matchless forms with transient glance,
Catch sudden love, and sigh for nymphs unknown,
Smit with the magic of their eyes: nor hath
The dædal hand of Nature only pour'd
Her gifts of outward grace; their innocence
Unfeign'd, and virtue most engaging, free
From pride, or artifice, long joys afford
To th' honest nuptial bed, and in the wane
Of life, rebate the miseries of age.

* Dr. Aldrich, dean of Christ Church.

And is there found a wretch so base of mind,
That woman's powerful beauty dares condemn,
Exactest work of Heaven? He ill deserves
Or love, or pity; friendless let him see
Uneasy, tedious day, despis'd, forlorn,
As stain of human race: but may the man,
That cheerfully recounts the female's praise,
Find equal love, and love's untainted sweets
Enjoy with honour! O, ye gods! might I
Elect my fate, my happiest choice should be
A fair and modest virgin, that invites
With aspect chaste, forbidding loose desire,
Tenderly smiling; in whose heavenly eye
Sits purest love enthron'd: but if the stars
Malignant these my better hopes oppose,
May I, at least, the sacred pleasures know
Of strictest amity; nor ever want
A friend, with whom I mutually may share
Gladness and anguish, by kind intercourse
Of speech and offices. May in my mind,
Indelible a grateful sense remain
Of favours undeserv'd!—O thou! from whom
Gladly both rich and low seek aid; most wise
Interpreter of right, whose gracious voice
Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law
With mild, impartial reason; what returns
Of thanks are due to thy beneficence
Freely vouchsaf'd, when to the gates of Death
I tended prone? if thy indulgent care
Had not preven'd, among unbody'd shades
I now had wander'd; and these empty thoughts
Of apples perish'd; but, uprais'd by thee,
I tune my pipe afresh, each night and day,
Thy unexampled goodness to extol
Desirous; but nor night, nor day, suffice
For that great task; the highly-honour'd name
Of Trevor must employ my willing thoughts
Incessant, dwell for ever on my tongue.
Let me be grateful; but let far from me
Be fawning cringe, and false dissembling look,
And servile flattery, that harbours oft
In courts and gilded roofs. Some loose the bands
Of ancient friendship, cancel Nature's laws
For pageantry, and tawdry gewgaws. Some
Renounce their sires, oppose paternal right
For rule and power; and others realms invade
With specious shows of love. This traitorous wretch
Betrays his sovereign. Others, destitute
Of real zeal, to every altar bend
By lucre sway'd, and act the basest things
To be styl'd honourable: the honest man,
Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want
To ill-got wealth; rather from door to door,
A jocund pilgrim, though distress'd, he 'll rove,
Than break his plighted faith; nor fear, nor hope,
Will shock his stedfast soul; rather debarr'd
Each common privilege, cut off from hopes
Of meanest gain, of present goods despoil'd,
He 'll bear the marks of infamy contemn'd,
Unpity'd; yet his mind, of evil pure,
Supports him, and intention free from fraud.
If no retinue with observant eyes
Attend him, if he can't with purple stain
Of cumbrous vestments, labor'd o'er with gold,
Dazzle the crowd, and set them all agape;
Yet clad in homely weeds, from Envy's darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly pangs
Of conscience, nor with spectres' grisly forms,
Demons, and injur'd souls, at close of day
Annoy'd, sad interrupted slumbers finds;

But (as a child, whose inexperienc'd age
Nor evil purpose fears, nor knows) enjoys
Night's sweet refreshment, humid sleep sincere.
When Chanticleer, with clarion shrill, recalls
The tardy day, he to his labours hies
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious search
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Fossils, and minerals, that th' embowell'd Earth
Displays, if by his industry he can
Benefit human race: or else his thoughts
Are exercis'd with speculations deep
Of good, and just, and meet, and th' wholesome rules
Of temperance, and aught that may improve
The moral life; not sedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd tongue to blast the fame
Of harmless men, or secret whispers spread
Among faithful friends, to breed distrust and hate.
Studious of virtue, he no life observes,
Except his own; his own employs his cares,
Large subject! that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little stock denies
Yet alms to lazers, merciful and meek.
Thus sacred Virgil liv'd from courtly vice,
And bates of pompous Rome secure; at court,
Still thoughtful of the rural honest life,
And how t' improve his grounds, and how himself:
Best poet! fit exemplar for the tribe
Of Phœbus, nor less fit Mæonides,
Poor eyeless pilgrim! and, if after these,
If after these another I may name,
Thus tender Spenser liv'd, with mean repast
Content, depress'd by penury, and pin'd
In foreign realm; yet not debas'd his verse
By Fortune's frowns. And had that other bard[5],
Oh, had but he, that first ennobled song
With holy rapture, like his Abdiel been;
Among many faithless, strictly faithful found;
Unpity'd, he should not have wail'd his orbs,
That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray,
And found no dawn, by dim suffusion veil'd!
But he—however, let the Muse abstain,
Nor blast his fame, from whom she learnt to sing
In much inferior strains, groveling beneath
Th' Olympian hill, on plains, and vales intent,
Mean follower. There let her rest a while,
Pleas'd with the fragrant walks, and cool retreat.

BOOK II.

O Harcourt, whom th' ingenuous love of arts
Has carry'd from thy native soil, beyond
Th' eternal Alpine snows, and now detains
In Italy's waste realms, how long must we
Lament thy absence? whilst in sweet sojourn
Thou view'st the relics of old Rome; or, what
Unrivall'd authors by their presence made
For ever venerable, rural seats,
Tibur, and Tusculum, or Virgil's urn,
Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,
Respecting his great name, dost now approach
With bended knee, and strow with purple flowers;
Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook
This long delay. At length, dear youth, return,
Of wit and judgment ripe in blooming years,
And Britain's isle with Latian knowledge grace.
Return, and let thy father's worth excite
Thirst of pre-eminence; see! how the cause
Of widows, and of orphans, he asserts
With winning rhetoric, and well-argu'd law!
Mark well his footsteps, and, like him, deserve
Thy prince's favour, and thy country's love.
Meanwhile (although the Massic grape delights,
Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills
Temper thy cups, yet) wilt not thou reject
Thy native liquors: lo! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice apples, and the British vats
O'erflow with generous Cider; far remote
Accept this labour, nor despise the Muse,
That, passing lands and seas, on thee attends.
Thus far of trees: the pleasing task remains,
To sing of wines, and Autumn's blest increase.
Th' effects of art are shown, yet what avails
'Gainst Heaven? oft, notwithstanding all thy care
To help thy plants, when the small fruitery seems
Exempt from ills, an oriental blast
Disastrous flies, soon as the hind fatigued
Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unskill'd
To bear the hot disease, distemper'd pines
In the year's prime; the deadly plague annoys
The wide enclosure: think not vainly now
To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,
Thus disappointed. If the former years
Exhibit no supplies, alas! thou must
With tasteless water wash thy droughty throat.
A thousand accidents the farmer's hopes
Subvert, or check; uncertain all his toil,
Till lusty Autumn's lukewarm days, allay'd
With gentle colds, insensibly confirm
His ripening labours: Autumn, to the fruits
Earth's various lap produces, vigour gives
Equal, intenerating milky grain,
Berries, and sky-dy'd Plumbs, and what in coat
Rough, or soft rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell;
Fat Olives, and Pistacio's fragrant nut,
And the Pine's tasteful apple: Autumn paints
Ausonian hills with Grapes; whilst English plains
Blush with pomaceous harvests, breathing sweets.
O let me now, when the kind early dew
Unlocks th' embosom'd odours, walk among
The well-rang'd files of trees, whose full-ag'd store
Diffuse ambrosial steams, than Myrrh, or Nard,
More grateful, or perfuming flowery Bean!
Soft whispering airs, and the lark's mattin song
Then woo to musing, and becalm the mind
Perplex'd with irksome thoughts. Thrice happy time,
Best portion of the various year, in which
Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought! but ah!
Short are our joys, and neighbouring griefs disturb
Our pleasant hours! inclement Winter dwells
Contiguous; forthwith frosty blasts deface
The blithsome year: trees of their shrivell'd fruits
Are widow'd, dreary storms o'er all prevail!
Now, now 's the time, ere hasty suns forbid
To work, disburthen thou thy sapless wood
Of its rich progeny; the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor: now exhort
Thy hinds to exercise the pointed steel
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form
To the expected grinder: now prepare
Materials for thy mill; a sturdy post
Cylindric, to support the grinder's weight
Excessive; and a flexile sallow, entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hord.
Nor must thou not be mindful of thy press,
Long ere the vintage; but with timely care

[5] Milton.

Shave the goat's shaggy beard, lest thou too late
In vain should'st seek a strainer to dispart
The husky, terrene dregs, from purer Must.
Be cautious next a proper steed to find,
Whose prime is past; the vigorous horse disdains
Such servile labours, or, if forc'd, forgets
His past achievements, and victorious palms.
Blind Bayard rather, worn with work, and years,
Shall roll th' unwieldy stone; with sober pace
He 'll tread the circling path till dewy eve,
From early day-spring, pleas'd to find his age
Declining not unuseful to his lord.
Some, when the press, by utmost vigour screw'd,
Has drain'd the pulpous mass, regale their swine
With the dry refuse; thou, more wise, shall steep
Thy husks in water, and again employ
The ponderous engine. Water will imbibe
The small remains of spirit, and acquire
A vinous flavour; this the peasants blithe
Will quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling team
They drive, and sing of Fusca's radiant eyes,
Pleas'd with the medley draught. Nor shalt thou now
Reject the apple-cheese, though quite exhaust;
Even now 'twill cherish, and improve the roots
Of sickly plants; new vigour hence convey'd
Will yield an harvest of unusual growth.
Such profit springs from husks discreetly us'd!
The tender apples, from their parents rent
By stormy shooks, must not neglected lie,
The prey of worms: a frugal man I knew,
Rich in one barren acre, which, subdued
By endless culture, with sufficient Must
His casks repleuish'd yearly: he no more
Desir'd, nor wanted; diligent to learn
The various seasons, and by skill repel
Invading pests, successful in his cares,
Till the damp Libyan wind, with tempests arm'd
Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
His Cider-grove: o'erturn'd by furious blasts,
The sightly ranks fall prostrate, and around
Their fruitage scatter'd, from the genial boughs
Stript immature; yet did he not repine,
Nor curse his stars; but prudent, his fallen heaps
Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid wreaths
Of tedded grass, and the Sun's mellowing beams
Rivall'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd
A costly liquor, by improving time,
Equal'd with what the happiest vintage bears.
But this I warn thee, and shall always warn,
No heterogeneous mixtures use, as some
With wat'ry turnips have debas'd their wines,
Too frugal; nor let the crude humours dance
In heated brass, steaming with fire intense;
Although Devonia much commends the use
Of strengthening Vulcan: with their native strength
Thy wines sufficient, other aid refuse;
And, when th' allotted orb of time's complete,
Are more commended than the labour'd drinks.
Nor let thy avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The priest's appointed share; with cheerful heart
The tenth of thy increase bestow, and own
Heaven's bounteous goodness, that will sure repay
Thy grateful duty: this neglected, fear
Signal avengeance, such as overtook
A miser, that unjustly once withheld
The clergy's due: relying on himself,
His fields he tended, with successless care,
Early and late, when or unwish'd-for rain
Descended, or unseasonable frosts
Curb'd his increasing hopes; or, when around
The clouds dropt fatness, in the middle sky
The dew suspended staid, and left unmoist
His execrable glebe: recording this,
Be just, and wise, and tremble to transgress.
Learn now the promise of the coming year,
To know, that by no flattering signs abus'd,
Thou wisely may'st provide: the various Moon
Prophetic, and attendant stars, explain
Each rising dawn; ere icy crusts surmount
The current stream, the heavenly orbs serene
Twinkle with trembling rays, and Cynthia glows
With light unsully'd: now the fowler, warm'd
By these good omens, with swift early steps
Treads the crimp earth, ranging through fields and glades
Offensive to the birds; sulphureous death
Checks their mid flight, and heedless while they strain
Their tuneful throats, the towering, heavy lead,
O'ertakes their speed; they leave their little lives
Above the clouds, precipitant to Earth.
The woodcocks' early visit, and abode
Of long continuance in our temperate clime,
Foretell a liberal harvest; he of times
Intelligent, the harsh Hyperborean ice
Shuns for our equal winters; when our suns
Cleave the chill'd soil, he backward wings his way
To Scandinavian frozen summers, meet
For his numb'd blood. But nothing profits more
Than frequent snows: O, may'st thou often see
Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain
Nutritious! secret nitre lurks within
The porous wet, quickening the languid glebe.
Sometimes thou shalt with fervent vows implore
A moderate wind; the orchat loves to wave
With winter winds, before the gems exert
Their feeble heads; the loosen'd roots then drink
Large increment, earnest of happy years.
Nor will it nothing profit to observe
The monthly stars, their powerful influence
O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign
Under each sign. On our account has Jove
Indulgent, to all moons some succulent plant
Allotted, that poor helpless man might slack
His present thirst, and matter find for toil.
Now will the Corinths, now the Rasps, supply
Delicious draughts; the Quinces now, or Plumbs,
Or Cherries, or the fair Thisbeian fruit
Are prest to wines; the Britons squeeze the works
Of sedulous bees, and mixing odorous herbs
Prepare balsamic cups, to wheezing lungs
Medicinal, and short-breath'd, ancient sires.
But, if thou 'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarious drinks would'st brew;
Besides the orchat, every hedge and bush
Affords assistance; ev'n afflictive Birch,
Curs'd by unletter'd, idle youth, distils
A limpid current from her wounded bark,
Profuse of nursing sap. When solar beams
Parch thirsty human veins, the damask'd meads,
Unforc'd, display ten thousand painted flowers
Useful in potables. Thy little sons
Permit to range the pastures; gladly they
Will mow the Cowslip-posies, faintly sweet,
From whence thou artificial wines shalt drain
Of icy taste, that, in mid fervours, best
Slack craving thirst, and mitigate the day.
Happy Ierne [1], whose most wholesome air
Poisons envenom'd spiders, and forbids
The baleful toad, and viper, from her shore!

[1] Ireland.

More happy in her balmy draughts, enrich'd
With miscellaneous spices, and the root,
(For thirst-abating sweetness prais'd) which wide
Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart
Present redress, and lively health convey.
See, how the Belgæ, sedulous and stout,
With bowls of fattening Mum, or blissful cups
Of kernel-relish'd fluids, the fair star
Of early Phosphorus salute, at noon
Jocund with frequent-rising fumes! by use
Instructed, thus to q ell their native phlegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.
What need to treat of distant climes, remov'd
Far from the sloping journey of the year,
Beyond Petsora, and Islandic coasts?
Where ever-during snows, perpetual shades
Of darkness, would congeal their livid blood,
Did not the Arctic tract spontaneous yield
A cheering purple berry, big with wine,
Intensely fervent, which each hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming pile of pines, and oft
They interlard their native drinks with choice
Of strongest Brandy, yet scarce with these aids
Enabled to prevent the sudden rot
Of freezing nose, and quick-decaying feet.
Nor less the sable borderers of Nile,
Nor they who Taprobane manure, nor they,
Whom sunny Bornio bears, are stor'd with streams
Egregious, Rum, and Rice's spirit extract.
For here, expos'd to perpendicular rays,
In vain they covet shades, and Thrascia's gales,
Pining with equinoctial heat, unless
The cordial glass perpetual motion keep,
Quick circuiting; nor dare they close their eyes,
Void of a bulky charger near their lips,
With which, in often interrupted sleep,
Their frying blood compels to irrigate
Their dry-furr'd tongues, else minutely to death
Obnoxious, dismal death, th' effect of drought!
More happy they, born in Columbus' world,
Carybbes, and they, whom the Cotton plant
With downy-sprouting vests arrays! their woods
Bow with prodigious nuts, that give at once
Celestial food, and nectar; then, at hand
The Lemon, uncorrupt with voyage long,
To vinous spirits added (heavenly drink!)
They with pneumatic engine ceaseless draw,
Intent on laughter; a continual tide
Flows from th' exhilarating fount. As, when
Against a secret cliff, with sudden shock
A ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the sea,
Th' astonish'd mariners aye ply the pump,
Nor stay, nor rest, till the wide breach is clos'd:
So they (but cheerful) unfatigued, still move
The draining sucker, then alone concern'd
When the dry bowl forbids their pleasing work.
But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes
Are frustrate, should'st thou think thy pipes will flow
With early limpid wine. The hoarded store,
And the harsh draught, must twice endure the Sun's
Kind strengthening heat, twice Winter's purging cold.
There are, that a compounded fluid drain
From different mixtures, Woodcock, Pippin, Moyle,
Rough Eliot, sweet Permain: the blended streams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleasurable medley, of what taste
Hardly distinguish'd; as the showery arch,
With listed colours gay, ore, azure, gules,
Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye,
That views the wat'ry brede, with thousand shows
Of painture vary'd, yet 's unskill'd to tell
Or where one colour rises, or one faints.
Some Ciders have by art, or age, unlearn'd
Their genuine relish, and of sundry vines
Assum'd the flavour; one sort counterfeits
The Spanish product; this, to Gauls has seem'd
The sparkling Nectar of Champaigne; with that,
A German oft has swill'd his throat, and sworn,
Deluded, that imperial Rhine bestow'd
The generous rummer, whilst the owner, pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his guests, thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his cider cask.
Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells
Of close-prest husks is freed, thou must refrain
Thy thirsty soul; let none persuade to broach
Thy thick, unwholesome, undigested cades:
The hoary frosts, and northern blasts, take care
Thy muddy beverage to serene, and drive
Precipitant the baser, ropy lees.
And now thy wine's transpicuous, purg'd from all
Its earthy gross, yet let it feed a while
On the fat refuse, lest, too soon disjoin'd,
From sprightly, it to sharp or vapid change.
When to convenient vigour it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube
Inflext; self-taught, and voluntary, flies
The defecated liquor, through the vent
Ascending, then by downward tract convey'd,
Spouts into subject vessels, lovely clear.
As when a noontide sun, with summer beams,
Darts through a cloud, her wat'ry skirts are edg'd
With lucid amber, or unorossy gold:
So, and so richly, the purg'd liquid shines.
Now also, when the colds abate, nor yet
Full summer shines, a dubious season, close
In glass thy purer streams, and let them gain,
From due confinement, spirit, and flavour new.
For this intent, the subtle chymist feeds
Perpetual flames, whose unresisted force,
O'er sand, and ashes, and the stubborn flint
Prevailing, turns into a fusil sea,
That in his furnace bubbles sunny-red:
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd steel
He takes, and by one efficacious breath
Dilates to a surprising cube, or sphere,
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms
For every liquid, with his plastic lungs,
To human life subservient; by his means
Ciders in metal frail improve: the Moyle,
And tasteful Pippin, in a moon's short year,
Acquire complete perfection: now they smoke
Transparent, sparkling in each drop, delight
Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.
But harsher fluids different lengths of time
Expect: thy flask will slowly mitigate
The Eliot's roughness. Stirom, firmest fruit,
Embottled (long as Priæmian Troy
Withstood the Greeks) endures, ere justly mild.
Soften'd by age, it youthful vigour gains,
Fallacious drink! ye honest men, beware,
Nor trust its smoothness; the third circling glass
Suffices virtue: but may hypocrites,
(That slyly speak one thing, another think,
Hateful as Hell) pleas'd with the relish weak,
Drink on unwarn'd, till by enchanting cups
Infatuate, they their wily thoughts disclose,
And through intemperance grow a while sincere.
The farmer's toil is done; his cades mature
Now call for vent; his lands exhaust permit
T' indulge awhile. Now solemn rites he pays

To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.
His honest friends, at thirsty hour of dusk,
Come uninvited; he with bounteous hand
Imparts his smoking vintage, sweet reward
Of his own industry; the well-fraught bowl
Circles incessant, whilst the humble cell
With quavering laugh and rural jests resounds.
Ease, and content, and undissembled love,
Shine in each face; the thoughts of labour past
Increase their joy: As, from retentive cage
When sullen Philomel escapes, her notes
She varies, and of past imprisonment
Sweetly complains; her liberty retriev'd
Cheers her sad soul, improves her pleasing song.
Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
Of healthy temperance, nor encroach on night,
Season of rest, but well bedew'd repair
Each to his home, with unsupplanted feet.
Ere Heaven 's emblazon'd by the rosy dawn,
Domestic cares awake them; brisk they rise,
Refresh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
From amicable talk, and moderate cups
Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds
Present redress, and long oblivion drinks
Of coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine;
His joys are short, and few; yet when he drinks,
His dread retires, the flowing glasses add
Courage and mirth: magnificent in thought,
Imaginary riches he enjoys,
And in the jail expatiates unconfin'd.
Nor can the poet Bacchus' praise indite,
Debarr'd his grape: the Muses still require
Humid regalement, nor will aught avail
Imploring Phœbus, with unmoisten'd lips.
Thus to the generous bottle all incline,
By parching thirst allur'd: with vehement suns
When dusty Summer bakes the crumbling clods,
How pleasant is 't, beneath the twisted arch
Of a retreating bower, in mid-day's reign
To ply the sweet carouse, remote from noise,
Secur'd of feverish heats! When th' aged year
Inclines, and Boreas' spirit blusters frore,
Beware th' inclement Heavens; now let thy hearth
Crackle with juiceless boughs; thy lingering blood
Now instigate with th' apple's powerful streams.
Perpetual showers, and stormy gusts confine
The willing ploughman, and December warns
To annual jollities; now sportive youth
Carol incondite rhymes, with suiting notes,
And quaver unharmonious; sturdy swains
In clean array for rustic dance prepare,
Mixt with the buxom damsels; hand in hand
They frisk and bound, and various mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien,
Transported, and sometimes an oblique leer
Dart on their loves, sometimes an hasty kiss
Steal from unwary lasses; they with scorn,
And neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd bliss.
Meanwhile blind British bards with volant touch
Traverse loquacious strings, whose solemn notes
Provoke to harmless revels; these among,
A subtle artist stands, with wondrous bag
That bears imprison'd winds (of gentler sort
Than those, which erst Laertes' son enclos'd.)
Peaceful they sleep; but let the tuneful squeeze
Of labouring elbow rouze them, out they fly
Melodious, and with sprightly accents charm.
'Midst these desports, forget they not to drench
Themselves with bellying goblets; nor, when Spring
Returns, can they refuse to usher in
The fresh-born year with loud acclaim, and store
Of jovial draughts, now, when the sappy boughs
Attire themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments
Of future harvest. When the Gnossian crown
Leads on expected autumn, and the trees
Discharge their mellow burthens, let them thank
Boon Nature, that thus annually supplies
Their vaults, and with her former liquid gifts
Exhilarates their languid minds, within
The golden mean confin'd: beyond there 's nought
Of health, or pleasure. Therefore, when thy heart
Dilates with fervent joys, and eager soul
Prompts to pursue the sparkling glass, be sure
'Tis time to shun it; if thou wilt prolong
Dire compotation, forthwith Reason quits
Her empire to confusion, and misrule,
And vain debates; then twenty tongues at once
Conspire in senseless jargon, nought is heard
But din, and various clamour, and mad rant:
Distrust, and jealousy to these succeed,
And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
Of well-knit fellowship. Now horrid frays
Commence, the brimming glasses now are hurl'd
With dire intent; bottles with bottles clash
In rude encounter, round their temples fly
The sharp-edg'd fragments, down their batter'd cheeks
Mix'd gore and cider flow. What shall we say
Of rash Elpenor, who in evil hour
Dry'd an immeasurable bowl, and thought
T' exhale his surfeit by irriguous sleep,
Imprudent? him Death's iron-sleep opprest,
Descending careless from his couch; the fall
Luxt his neck-joint, and spinal marrow bruis'd.
Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend
The tumbulent mirth of wine; nor all the kinds
Of maladies, that lead to Death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemperance, joint-racking gout,
Intestine stone, and pining atrophy,
Chill even when the Sun with July heats
Fries the scorch'd soil, and dropsy all a-float,
Yet craving liquids: nor the Centaurs tale
Be here repeated; how, with lust and wine
Inflam'd, they fought, and split their drunken souls
At feasting hour. Ye heavenly Powers, that guard
The British isles, such dire events remove
Far from fair Albion, nor let civil broils
Ferment from social cups: may we, remote
From the hoarse, brazen sound of war, enjoy
Our humid products, and with seemly draughts
Enkindle mirth, and hospitable love.
Too oft, alas! has mutual hatred drench'd
Our swords in native blood; too oft has pride,
And hellish discord, and insatiate thirst
Of others rights, our quiet discompos'd.
Have we forgot, how fell Destruction rag'd
Wide-spreading, when by Eris' torch incens'd
Our fathers warr'd? what heroes, signaliz'd
For loyalty and prowess, met their fate
Untimely, undeserv'd! how Bertie fell,
Compton, and Granville, dauntless sons of Mars,
Fit themes of endless grief, but that we view
Their virtues yet surviving in their race!
Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong rout
Defy'd their prince to arms, nor made account
Of faith or duty, or allegiance sworn?
Apostate, atheist rebels! bent to ill,
With seeming sanctity, and cover'd fraud,
Instill'd by him, who first presum'd t' oppose
Omnipotence; alike their crime, th' event

Was not alike; these triumph'd, and in height
Of barbarous malice, and insulting pride,
Abstain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
Unparallel'd! O Charles, O best of kings!
What stars their black disastrous influence shed
On thy nativity, that thou should'st fall
Thus, by inglorious hands, in this thy realm,
Supreme and innocent, adjudg'd to death
By those thy mercy only would have sav'd!
Yet was the Cider-land unstain'd with guilt;
The Cider-land obsequious still to thrones,
Abhorr'd such base disloyal deeds, and all
Her pruning-hooks extended into swords,
Undaunted, to assert the trampled rights
Of monarchy; but, ah! successless she,
However faithful! then was no regard
Of right or wrong. And this once happy land,
By homebred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannic sway, till fair revolving years
Our exil'd kings and liberty restor'd.
Now we exult, by mighty Anna's care
Secure at home, while she to foreign realms
Sends forth her dreadful legions, and restrains
The rage of kings: here, nobly she supports
Justice oppress'd; here, her victorious arms
Quell the ambitious: from her hand alone
All Europe fears revenge, or hopes redress.
Rejoice, O Albion! sever'd from the world
By Nature's wise indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without; in one supreme
Entirely blest; and from beginning time
Design'd thus happy; but the fond desire
Of rule and grandeur multiply'd a race
Of kings, and numerous sceptres introduc'd,
Destructive of the public weal. For now
Each potentate, as wary fear, or strength,
Or emulation urg'd, his neighbour's bounds
Invades, and ampler territory seeks
With ruinous assault; on every plain
Host cop'd with host, dire was the din of war,
And ceaseless, or short truce haply procur'd
By havoc, and dismay, till jealousy
Rais'd new combustion. Thus was peace in vain
Sought for by martial deeds, and conflict stern:
Till Edgar grateful (as to those who pine
A dismal half-year night, the orient beam
Of Phœbus' lamp) arose, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending powers,
Pacific monarch; then her lovely head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The spirit of love. At ease, the bards new strung
Their silent harps, and taught the woods and vales,
In uncouth rhymes, to echo Edgar's name.
Then gladness smil'd in every eye; the years
Ran smoothly on, productive of a line
Of wise, heroic kings, that by just laws
Establish'd happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting enemies in furthest climes.
See lion-hearted Richard, with his force
Drawn from the North, to Jewry's hallow'd plains!
Hugely valiant (like a torrent swell'd
With wintry tempests, that disdains all mounds,
Breaking a way impetuous, and involves
Within its sweep, trees, houses, men) he press'd
Amidst the thickest battle, and o'erthrew
Whate'er withstood his zealous rage: no pause,
No stay of slaughter, found his vigorous arm,
But th' unbelieving squadrons turn'd to flight,
Smote in the rear, and with dishonest wounds
Mangled behind. The Soldan, as he fled,
Oft call'd on Alla, gnashing with despite,
And shame, and murmur'd many an empty curse.
Behold third Edward's streamers blazing high
On Gallia's hostile ground! his right withheld,
Awakens vengeance. O imprudent Gauls,
Relying on false hopes, thus to incense
The warlike English! One important day
Shall teach you meaner thoughts. Eager of fight,
Fierce Brutus' offspring to the adverse front
Advance resistless, and their deep array
With furious inroad pierce: the mighty force
Of Edward twice o'erturn'd their desperate king;
Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid shock:
The third time, with his wide-extended wings,
He fugitive declin'd superior strength,
Discomfited; pursued, in the sad chase
Ten thousand ignominious fall; with blood
The vallies float. Great Edward thus aveng'd,
With golden Iris his broad shield emboss'd.
Thrice glorious prince! whom Fame with all her tongues
For ever shall resound. Yet from his loins
New authors of dissention spring; from him
Two branches, that in hosting long contend
For sov'reign sway; and can such anger dwell
In noblest minds? but little now avail'd
The ties of friendship; every man, as led
By inclination, or vain hope, repair'd
To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate,
And dire revenge. Now horrid Slaughter reigns:
Sons against fathers tilt the fatal lance,
Careless of duty, and their native grounds
Distain with kindred blood; the twanging bows
Send showers of shafts, that on their barbed points
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you see
Barons, and peasants on th' embattled field
Slain, or half-dead, in one huge, ghastly heap
Promiscuously amass'd. With dismal groans,
And ejulation, in the pangs of death
Some call for aid, neglected; some o'erturn'd
In the fierce shock, lie gasping, and expire,
Trampled by fiery coursers: Horrour thus,
And wild Uproar, and Desolation, reign'd
Unrespited. Ah! who at length will end
This long, pernicious fray? what man has Fate
Reserv'd for this great work?—Hail, happy prince
Of Tudor's race, whom in the womb of Time
Cadwallador foresaw! thou, thou art he,
Great Richmond Henry, that by nuptial rites
Must close the gates of Janus, and remove
Destructive Discord. Now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangour shrill
Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood;
But joy and pleasure open to the view
Uninterrupted! with presaging skill
Thou to thy own unitest Fergus' line
By wise alliance: from thee James descends,
Heaven's chosen favourite, first Britannic king.
To him alone hereditary right
Gave power supreme; yet still some seeds remain'd
Of discontent: two nations under one,
In laws and interest diverse, still pursued
Peculiar ends, on each side resolute
To fly conjunction; neither fear, nor hope,
Nor the sweet prospect of a mutual gain,
Could aught avail, till prudent Anna said,
Let there be union; strait with reverence due
To her command, they willingly unite,
One in affection, laws and government,

Indissolubly firm; from Dubris south,
To northern Orcades, her long domain.
And now, thus leagued by an eternal bond,
What shall retard the Britons' bold designs,
Or who sustain their force, in union knit,
Sufficient to withstand the powers combin'd
Of all this globe? At this important act
The Mauritanian and Cathaian kings
Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd Turk
Dreads war from utmost Thule. Uncontrol'd
The British navy through the ocean vast
Shall wave her double cross, t' extremest climes
Terrific, and return with odorous spoils
Of Araby well fraught, or Indus' wealth,
Pearl, and barbaric gold: meanwhile the swains
Shall unmolested reap what Plenty strows
From well-stor'd horn, rich grain, and timely fruits.
The elder year, Pomona, pleas'd, shall deck
With ruby-tinctur'd births, whose liquid store
Abundant, flowing in well-blended streams,
The native shall applaud; while glad they talk
Of baleful ills, caus'd by Bellona's wrath
In other realms; where'er the British spread
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd
Diffusive, to the utmost bounds of this
Wide universe, Silurian cider borne
Shall please all tastes, and triumph o'er the vine.

CEREALIA[1], 1706.

Per ambages, Deorumque ministeria
Præcipitandus est liber spiritus.
Petronius.

Of English tipple, and the potent grain,
Which in the conclave of Celestial Powers
Bred fell debate, sing, nymph of heavenly stem,
Who on the hoary top of Pen-main-maur
Merlin the seer didst visit, whilst he sate
With astrolabe prophetic, to foresee
Young actions issuing from the Fates' divan.
Full of thy power infus'd by nappy *ale*,
Darkling he watch'd the planetary orbs,
In their obscure sojourn o'er Heaven's high cope;
Nor ceas'd till the grey dawn with orient dew
Impearl'd his large mustachoes, deep ensconc'd
Beneath his overshadowing orb of hat,
And ample fence of elephantin nose,
Scornful of keenest polar winds, or sleet,
Or hail, sent rattling down from wintry Jove.
(Vain efforts on his seven-fold mantle, made
Of Caledonian rug, immortal woof!)
Such energy of soul to raise the song,
Deign, goddess, now to me; nor then withdraw
Thy sure presiding power, but guide my wing,
Which nobly meditates no vulgar flight.
Now from th' ensanguin'd Ister's reeking flood
Tardy with many a corse of Boïan knight,
And Gallic deep ingulft, with barbed steeds
Promiscuous, Fame to high Olympus flew,
Shearing th' expanse of Heaven with active plume;
Nor swifter from Plinlimmon's steepy top
The staunch Gerfaulcon through the buxom air
Stoops on the steerage of his wings, to truss
The quarry, hern, or mallad, newly sprung
From creek, whence bright Sabrina bubbling forth
Runs fast a Naïs through the flowery meads,
To spread round Uriconium's towers her streams.
Her golden trump the goddess sounded thrice,
Whose shrilling clang reach'd Heaven's extremest sphere.
Rouz'd at the blast, the gods with winged speed
To learn the tidings came: on radiant thrones,
With fair memorials, and impresses quaint
Emblazon'd o'er, they sate, devis'd of old
By Mulciber, nor small his skill I ween.
There she relates what Churchill's arm had wrought,
On Blenheim's bloody plain. Up Bacchus rose,
By his plump cheek and barrel belly known;
The pliant tendrils of a juicy vine
Around his rosy brow in ringlets curl'd,
And in his hand a bunch of grapes he held,
The ensigns of the god! With ardent tone
He mov'd, that straight the nectar'd bowl should flow,
Devote to Churchill's health, and o'er all Heaven
Uncommon orgies should be kept till eve,
Till all were sated with immortal Moust,
Delicious tipple! that, in heavenly veins
Assimilated, vigorous ichor bred,
Superior to Frontiniac, or Bourdeaux,
Or old Falern, Campania's best increase;
Or the more dulcet juice the happy isles
From Palma or Forteventura send.
Joy flush'd on every face, and pleasing glee
Inward assent discover'd, till uprose
Ceres, not blithe, for marks of latent woe
Dim on her visage lour'd: such her deport
When Arethusa from her reedy bed
Told her how Dis young Proserpine had rap'd,
To sway his iron sceptre, and command
In gloom tartareous half his wide domain.
Then, sighing, thus she said—"Have I so long
Employ'd my various art, t' enrich the lap
Of Earth, all-bearing mother; and my lore
Communicated to the unweeting hind,
And shall not this pre-eminence obtain?"
Then from beneath her Tyrian vest she took
The bearded ears of grain she most admir'd,
Which gods call Chrithe, in terrestrial speech
Ycleped Barley. "'Tis to this," she cry'd,
"The British cohorts owe their martial fame
And far-redoubted prowess, matchless youth!
This, when returning from the foughten field,
Or Noric, or Iberian, seam'd with scars,
(Sad signatures of many a dreadful gash!)
The veteran, carousing, soon restores
Puissance to his arm, and strings his nerves!
And, as a snake, when first the rosy hours
Shed vernal sweets o'er every vale and mead,
Rolls tardy from his cell obscure and dank;
But, when by genial rays of summer sun
Purg'd of his slough, he nimbly thrids the brake,
Whetting his sting, his crested head he rears
Terrific, from each eye retort he shoots
Ensanguin'd rays, the distant swains admire
His various neck, and spires bedropt with gold:

[1] This poem is taken from a folio copy, 1706, communicated from the Lambeth Library by Dr. Ducarel, in which the name of Philips was inserted in the hand-writing of archbishop Tenison. It was published by T. Bennet, the bookseller for whom Blenheim was printed: another strong presumptive proof of this being by the same author. *N.*

So at each glass the harass'd warrior feels
Vigour renate; his horrent arms he takes,
And rusting falchion, on whose ample hilt
Long Victory sate dormant: soon she shakes
Her drowsy wings, and follows to the war,
With speed succinct; where soon his martial port
She recognizes, whilst he haughty stands
On the rough edge of battle, and bestows
Wide torment on the serried files, so us'd,
Frequent in bold emprize, to work sad rout,
And havoc dire; these the bold Briton mows,
Dauntless as deities exempt from fate,
Ardent to deck his brow with murald gold,
Or civic wreath of oak, the victor's meed.
Such is the power of Ale with vines embower'd,
While dangling bunches court his thirsting lip;
Sullen he sits, and sighing oft extols
The beverage they quaff, whose happy soil
Prolific Dovus laves, or Trenta's urn
Adorns with waving Chrithe (joyous scenes
Of vegetable gold!) secure they dwell,
Nor feel th' eternal snows that clothe their cliffs:
Nor curse th' inclement Air, whose horrid face
Scowls like that Arctic heaven, that drizzling sheds
Perpetual winter on the frozen skirts
Of Scandinavia and the Baltic main,
Where the young tempests first are taught to roar.
Snug in their straw-built huts, or darkling earth'd
In cavern'd rock they live: (small need of art
To form spruce architrave, or cornice quaint,
On Parian marble, with Corinthian grace
Prepar'd) there on well-fuel'd hearth they chat,
Whilst black pots walk the round with laughing Ale
Surcharg'd; or brew'd in planetary hour,
When March weigh'd night and day in equal scale:
Or in October tunn'd, and mellow grown
With seven revolving suns, the racy juice,
Strong with delicious flavour, strikes the sense.
Nor wants on vast circumference of board,
Of Arthur's imitative, large surloin
Of ox, or virgin-heifer, wont to browse
The meads of Longovicum (fattening soil
Replete with clover-grass, and foodful shrub.)
Planted with sprigs of rosemary it stands,
Meet paragon (as far as great with small
May correspond) for some Panchæan hill,
Embrown'd with sultry skies, thin-set with palm,
And olive rarely interspers'd, whose shade
Screens hospitably from the Tropic Crab
The quiver'd Arabs' vagrant clan, that waits
Insidious some rich caravan, which fares
To Mecca, with Barbaric gold full fraught.
"Thus Britain's hardy sons, of rustic mould,
Patient of arms, still quash th' aspiring Gaul,
Blest by my boon: which when they slightly prize,
Should they, with high defence of triple brass
Wide-circling, live immur'd, (as erst was tried
By Bacon's charms, on which the sickening Moon
Look'd wan, and cheerless mew'd her crescent horns,
Whilst Demogorgon heard his stern behest)
Thrice the prevailing power of Gallia's arms
Should there resistless ravage, as of old
Great Pharamond, the founder of her fame,
Was wont, when first his marshall'd peerage pass'd
The subject Rhene. What though Britannia boasts
Herself a world, with ocean circumfus'd?
'Tis Ale that warms her sons t' assert her claim,
And with full volley makes her naval tubes
Thunder disastrous doom to opponent powers!
"Nor potent only to enkindle Mars,
And fire with knightly prowess recreant souls:
It science can encourage, and excite
The mind to ditties blithe, and charming song.
Thou, Pallas, to my speech just witness bear:
How oft hast thou thy votaries beheld
At Crambo merry met, and hymning shrill
With voice harmonic each, whilst others frisk
In mazy dance, or Cestrian gambols show,
Elate with mighty joy, when to the brim
Chritheian nectar crown'd the lordly bowl.
(Equal to Nestor's ponderous cup, which ask'd
A hero's arm to mount it on the board,
Ere he th' embattail'd Pylians led, to quell
The pride of Dardan youth in hosting dire.)
Or if, with front unbless'd, came towering in
Proctor armipotent, in stern deport
Resembling turban'd Turk, when high he wields
His scimetar with huge two-handed sway.
Alarm'd with threatening accent, harsher far
Than that ill-omen'd sound the bird of night,
With beak uncomely bent, from dodder'd oak
Screams out, the sick man's trump of doleful doom:
Thy jocund sons confront the horrid van,
That crowds his gonfalon of seven foot size:
And with their rubied faces stand the foe;
Whilst they of sober guise contrive retreat,
And run with ears erect; as the tall stag
Unharbour'd by the woodman quits his layre,
And flies the yerning pack which close pursue,
So they not bowsy dread th' approaching foe:
They run, they fly, till flying on obscure,
Night-founder'd in town-ditches stagnant gurge,
Soph rowls on Soph promiscuous.—Caps aloof
Quadrate and circular confus'dly fly,
The sport of fierce Norwegian tempests, tost
By Thrascia's coadjutant, and the roar
Of loud Euroclydon's tumultuous gusts."
She said: the sire of gods and men supreme,
With aspect bland, attentive audience gave,
Then nodded awful: from his shaken locks
Ambrosial fragrance flew: the signal given
By Ganymede the skinker soon was ken'd;
With Ale he Heaven's capacious goblet crown'd,
To Phrygian mood Apollo tun'd his lyre,
The Muses sang alternate, all carous'd,
But Bacchus murmuring left th' assembled powers.

BACHANALIAN SONG[1].

Come, fill me a glass, fill it high,
A bumper, a bumper I 'll have:
He 's a fool that will flinch; I 'll not bate an inch,
Though I drink myself into my grave.

Here 's a health to all those jolly souls,
Who like me will never give o'er,
Whom no danger controls, but will take off their bowls,
And merrily stickle for more.

[1] From many circumstances, I have little doubt but this convivial song was by the author of The Splendid Shilling. There was, however, an earlier poet, of both the names of this author; who was nephew to Milton, and wrote some memoirs of his uncle, and several burlesque poems. *N.*

Drown Reason and all such weak foes,
I scorn to obey her command;
Could she ever suppose I 'd be led by the nose,
And let my glass idly stand?

Reputation 's a bugbear to fools,
A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
Made use of by tools, who 'd set us new rules,
And bring us to politic thinking.

Fill them all, I 'll have six in a hand,
For I 've trifled an age away;
'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting sand
Rolls on, and cannot stay.

Come, my lads, move the glass, drink about,
We 'll drink the universe dry;
We 'll set foot to foot, and drink it all out,
If once we grow sober, we die.

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM WALSH.

THE

LIFE OF WALSH,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

WILLIAM WALSH, the son of Joseph Walsh, esq. of Abberley in Worcestershire, was born in 1663, as appears from the account of Wood, who relates, that at the age of fifteen he became, in 1678, a gentleman commoner of Wadham College.

He left the university without a degree, and pursued his studies in London and at home; that he studied, in whatever place, is apparent from the effect, for he became, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, *the best critic in the nation.*

He was not, however, merely a critic or a scholar, but a man of fashion, and, as Dennis remarks, ostentatiously splendid in his dress. He was likewise a member of parliament and a courtier, knight of the shire for his native county in several parliaments; in another the representative of Richmond in Yorkshire; and gentleman of the horse to queen Anne, under the duke of Somerset.

Some of his verses show him to have been a zealous friend to the Revolution; but his political ardour did not abate his reverence or kindness for Dryden, to whom he gave a Dissertation on Virgil's Pastorals, in which, however studied, he discovers some ignorance of the laws of French versification.

In 1705, he began to correspond with Mr. Pope, in whom he discovered very early the power of poetry. Their letters are written upon the pastoral comedy of the Italians, and those pastorals which Pope was then preparing to publish.

The kindnesses which are first experienced are seldom forgotten. Pope always retained a grateful memory of Walsh's notice, and mentioned him in one of his latter pieces among those that had encouraged his juvenile studies:

> ..... Granville the polite,
> And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write.

In his Essay on Criticism he had given him more splendid praise; and, in the opinion of his learned commentator, sacrificed a little of his judgment to his gratitude.

The time of his death I have not learned. It must have happened between 1707, when he wrote to Pope, and 1711, when Pope praised him in his Essay. The epitaph makes him forty-six years old: if Wood's account be right, he died in 1709.

He is known more by his familiarity with greater men, than by any thing done or written by himself.

His works are not numerous. In prose he wrote Eugenia, a Defence of Women, which Dryden honoured with a preface.

Esculapius, or the Hospital of Fools, published after his death.

A Collection of Letters and Poems, amorous and gallant, was published in the volumes called Dryden's Miscellany, and some other occasional pieces.

To his Poems and Letters is prefixed a very judicious preface upon epistolary composition and amorous poetry.

In his Golden Age restored, there was something of humour, while the facts were recent; but it now strikes no longer. In his imitation of Horace, the first stanzas are happily turned; and in all his writings there are pleasing passages. He has, however, more elegance than vigour, and seldom rises higher than to be pretty.

PREFACE.

It has been so usual among modern authors to write prefaces, that a man is thought rude to his reader, who does not give him some account beforehand of what he is to expect in the book.

The greatest part of this collection consists of amorous verses. Those who are conversant with the writings of the ancients, will observe a great difference between what they and the moderns have published upon this subject. The occasions upon which the poems of the former are written, are such, as happen to every man almost that is in love; and the thoughts such, as are natural for every man in love to think. The moderns, on the other hand, have sought out for occasions that none meet with but themselves; and fill their verses with thoughts that are surprising and glittering, but not tender, passionate, or natural to a man in love.

To judge which of these two are in the right, we ought to consider the end that people propose in writing love verses: and that I take not to be the getting fame or admiration from the world, but the obtaining the love of their mistress; and the best way I conceive to make her love you, is to convince her that you love her. Now this certainly is not to be done by forced conceits, far-fetched similies, and shining points; but by a true and lively representation of the pains and thoughts attending such a passion.

> ..... Si vis me flere, dolendum est
> Primum ipsi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent.

I would as soon believe a widow in great grief for her husband, because I saw her dance a corant about his coffin, as believe a man in love with his mistress for his writing such verses, as some great modern wits have done upon theirs.

I am satisfied that Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid, were in love with their mistresses while they upbraid them, quarrel with them, threaten them, and forswear them; but I confess I cannot believe Petrarch in love with his, when he writes conceits upon her name, her gloves, and the place of her birth. I know it is natural for a lover, in transports of jealousy, to treat his mistress with all the violence imaginable; but I cannot think it natural for a man, who is much in love, to amuse himself with such trifles as the other. I am pleased with Tibullus, when he says, he could live in a desert with his mistress where never any human footsteps appeared, because I doubt not but he really thinks what he says; but I confess I can hardly forbear laughing when Petrarch tells us, he could live without any other sustenance than his mistress's looks. I can very easily believe a man may love a woman so well, as to desire no company but hers; but I can never believe a man can love a woman so well, as to have no need of meat and drink if he may look upon her. The first is a thought so natural for a lover, that there is no man really in love, but thinks the same thing; the other is not the thought of a man in love, but of a man who would impose upon us with a pretended love, (and that indeed very grossly too) while he had really none at all.

It would be endless to pursue this point; and any man who will but give himself the trouble to compare what the ancients and moderns have said upon the same occasions, will soon perceive the advantage the former have over the others. I have chosen to mention Petrarch only, as being by much the most famous of all the moderns who have written love-verses: and it is, indeed, the great reputation which he has gotten, that has given encouragement to this false sort of wit in the world: for people, seeing the great credit he had, and has indeed to this day, not only in Italy, but over all Europe, have satisfied themselves with the imitation of him, never inquiring whether the way he took was the right or not.

There are no modern writers, perhaps, who have succeeded better in love-verses than the English; and it is indeed just, that the fairest ladies should inspire the best poets. Never was there a more copious fancy or greater reach of wit than what appears in Dr. Donne; nothing can be more gallant or genteel than the poems of Mr. Waller; nothing more gay or sprightly than those of sir John Suckling; and nothing fuller of variety and learning than Mr. Cowley's. However, it may be observed, that among all these, that softness, tenderness, and violence of passion, which the ancients thought most proper for love-verses, is wanting: and at the same time that we must allow Dr. Donne to have been a very great wit; Mr. Waller a very gallant writer; sir John Suckling a very gay one; and Mr. Cowley a great genius; yet methinks I can hardly fancy any one of them to have been a very great lover. And it grieves me, that the ancients, who could never have handsomer women than we have, should nevertheless be so much more in love than we are. But it is probable the great reason of this may be the cruelty of our ladies; for a man must be imprudent indeed to let his passion take very deep root, when he has no reason to expect any sort of return to it. And if it be so, there ought to be a petition made to the Fair, that they would be pleased sometimes to abate a little of their rigour for the propagation of good verse. I do not mean, that they should confer their favours upon none but men of wit, that would be too great a confinement indeed: but that they would admit them upon the same foot with other people; and if they please now and then to make the experiment, I fancy they will find entertainment enough from the very variety of it.

There are three sorts of poems that are proper for love: pastorals, elegies, and lyric verses; under which last, I comprehend all songs, odes, sonnets, madrigals, and stanzas. Of all these, pastoral is the lowest, and, upon that account, perhaps most proper for love; since it is the nature of that passion to render the soul soft and humble. These three sorts of poems ought to differ, not only in their numbers, but in the designs, and in every thought of them. Though we have no difference between the verses of pastoral and elegy in the modern languages, yet the numbers of the first ought to be looser and not so sonorous as the other; the thoughts more simple, more easy, and more humble. The design ought to be the representing the life of a shepherd, not only by talking of sheep and fields, but by showing us the truth, sincerity, and innocence, that accompanies that sort of life: for though I know our masters, Theocritus and Virgil, have not always conformed in this point of innocence; Theocritus, in his Daphnis, having made his love too wanton, and Virgil, in his Alexis, placed his passion upon a boy; yet (if we may be allowed to censure those whom we must always reverence) I take both those things to be faults in their poems, and should have been better pleased with the Alexis, if it had been made to a woman; and with the Daphnis, if he had made his shepherds more modest. When I give humility and modesty as the character of pastoral, it is not, however, but that a shepherd may be allowed to boast of his pipe, his songs, his flocks, and to show a contempt of his rival, as we see both Theocritus and Virgil do. But this must be still in such a manner, as if the occasion offered itself, and was not sought, and proceeded rather from the violence of the shepherd's passion, than any natural pride or malice in him.

There ought to be the same difference observed between pastorals and elegies, as between the life of the country and the court. In the first, love ought be represented as among shepherds, in the other as among gentlemen. They ought to be smooth, clear, tender, and passionate. The thoughts may be bold, more gay, and more elevated, than in pastoral. The passions they represent, either more gallant or more violent, and less innocent than the others. The subjects of them, prayers, praises, expostulations, quarrels, reconcilements, threatenings, jealousies, and in fine, all the natural effects of love.

Lyrics may be allowed to handle all the same subjects with elegy, but to do it however in a different manner. An elegy ought to be so entirely one thing, and every verse ought so to depend upon the other, that they should not be able to subsist alone; or, to make use of the words of a great modern critic[1], there must be

> ..... a just coherence made
> Between each thought, and the whole model laid
> So right, that every step may higher rise,
> Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies.

Lyrics, on the other hand, though they ought to make one body as well as the other, yet may consist of parts that are entire of themselves. It being a rule in modern languages, that every stanza

[1] Lord Mulgrave.

ought to make up a complete sense without running into the other. Frequent sentences, which are accounted faults in elegies, are beauties here. Besides this, Malherbe, and the French poets after him, have made it a rule in the stanzas of six lines, to make a pause at the third; and in those of ten lines, at the third and the seventh. And it must be confessed, that this exactness renders them much more musical and harmonious; though they have not always been so religious in observing the latter rule as the former.

But I am engaged in a very vain, or a very foolish design: those who are critics, it would be a presumption in me to pretend I could instruct; and to instruct those who are not, at the same time I write myself, is (if I may be allowed to apply another man's simile) like selling arms to an enemy in time of war: though there ought, perhaps, to be more indulgence shown to things of love and gallantry than any others, because they are generally written when people are young, and intended for ladies who are not supposed to be very old; and all young people, especially of the fair sex, are more taken with the liveliness of fancy, than the correctness of judgment. It may be also observed, that to write of love well, a man must be really in love; and to correct his writings well, he must be out of love again. I am well enough satisfied I may be in circumstances of writing of love, but I am almost in despair of ever being in circumstances of correcting it. This I hope may be a reason for the fair and the young to pass over some of the faults; and as for the grave and wise, all the favour I shall beg of them is, that they would not read them. Things of this nature are calculated only for the former. If love-verses work upon the ladies, a man will not trouble himself with what the critics say of them: and if they do not, all the commendations the critics can give him will make but very little amends. All I shall say for these trifles is, that I pretend not to vie with any man whatsoever. I doubt not but there are several now living who are able to write better on all subjects than I am upon any one: but I will take the boldness to say, that there is no one man among them all who shall be readier to acknowledge his own faults, or to do justice to the merits of other people.

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM WALSH.

TO HIS BOOK.

Go, little Book, and to the world impart
The faithful image of an amorous heart.
Those who love's dear deluding pains have known,
May in my fatal stories read their own.
Those who have liv'd from all its torments free,
May find the thing they never felt, by me:
Perhaps, advis'd, avoid the gilded bait,
And, warn'd by my example, shun my fate;
While with calm joy, safe landed on the coast,
I view the waves on which I once was tost.
Love is a medley of endearments, jars,
Suspicions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars;
Then peace again. Oh! would it not be best
To chase the fatal poison from our breast?
But, since so few can live from passion free,
Happy the man, and only happy he,
Who with such lucky stars begins his love,
That his cool judgment does his choice approve.
Ill-grounded passions quickly wear away;
What 's built upon esteem can ne'er decay.

ELEGY.

THE UNREWARDED LOVER.

Let the dull merchant curse his angry fate,
And from the winds and waves his fortune wait:
Let the loud lawyer break his brains, and be
A slave to wrangling coxcombs, for a fee:
Let the rough soldier fight his prince's foes,
And for a livelihood his life expose:
I wage no war, I plead no cause, but Love's;
I fear no storms but what Celinda moves.
And what grave censor can my choice despise?
But here, fair charmer, here the difference lies:
The merchant, after all his hazards past,
Enjoys the fruit of his long toils at last;
The soldier high in his king's favour stands,
And, after having long obey'd, commands;
The lawyer, to reward his tedious care,
Roars on the bench, that babbled at the bar:
While I take pains to meet a fate more hard,
And reap no fruit, no favour, no reward.

EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S TABLE-BOOK.

With what strange raptures would my soul be blest,
Were but her book an emblem of her breast!
As I from that all former marks efface,
And, uncontrol'd, put new ones in their place;
So might I chase all others from her heart,
And my own image in the stead impart.
But, ah! how short the bliss would prove, if he
Who seiz'd it next, might do the same by me!

ELEGY.

THE POWER OF VERSE.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

While those bright eyes subdue where'er you will,
And, as you please, can either save or kill;
What youth so bold the conquest to design?
What wealth so great to purchase hearts like thine?
None but the Muse that privilege can claim,
And what you give in love, return in fame.
Riches and titles with your life must end;
Nay, cannot ev'n in life your fame defend:
Verse can give fame, can fading beauties save,
And after death redeem them from the grave:
Embalm'd in verse, through distant times they come,
Preserv'd, like bees, within an amber tomb.
Poets (like monarchs on an eastern throne,
Restrain'd by nothing but their will alone)
Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame,
And, as they please, give infamy or fame.

In vain the Tyrian queen[1] resigns her life,
For the bright glory of a spotless wife,
If lying bards may false amours rehearse,
And blast her name with arbitrary verse;
While one[2], who all the absence of her lord
Had her wide courts with pressing lovers stor'd,
Yet, by a poet grac'd, in deathless rhymes,
Stands a chaste pattern to succeeding times.
With pity then the Muses' friends survey,
Nor think your favours there are thrown away;
Wisely like seed on fruitful soil they 're thrown,
To bring large crops of glory and renown:
For as the Sun, that in the marshes breeds
Nothing but nauseous and unwholesome weeds,
With the same rays, on rich and pregnant earth,
To pleasant flowers and useful fruits gives birth:
So favours cast on fools get only shame,
On poets shed, produce eternal fame,
Their generous breasts warm with a genial fire,
And more than all the Muses can inspire.

JEALOUSY.

Who could more happy, who more blest could live,
Than they whom kind, whom amorous passions [move?
What crowns, what empires, greater joys could give,
Than the soft chains, the slavery of Love?
Were not the bliss too often crost
By that unhappy, vile distrust, [ous malady,
That gnawing doubt, that anxious fear, that danger-
That terrible tormenting rage, that madness, Jealousy.

In vain Celinda boasts she has been true,
In vain she swears she keeps untouch'd her charms;
Dire Jealousy does all my pains renew,
And represents her in my rival's arms:
His sighs I hear, his looks I view,
I see her damn'd advances too; [see
I see her smile, I see her kiss: and, oh! methinks I
Her give up all those joys to him, she should reserve for me.

Ingrateful fair-one! canst thou hear my groans?
Canst thou behold these tears that fill my eyes?
And yet, unmov'd by all my pains, my moans,
Into another's arms resign my prize?
If merit could not gain your love,
My sufferings might your pity move;
Might hinder you from adding thus, by jealous frenzies, more
New pangs to one whom hopeless love had plagued too much before.

Think not, false nymph, my fury to out-storm;
I scorn your anger, and despise your frown:
Dress up your rage in its most hideous form,
It will not move my heart when Love is flown;
No, though you from my kindness fly,
My vengeance you shall satisfy:
The Muse, that would have sung your praise, shall now aloud proclaim
To the malicious spiteful world, your infamy and shame.

[1] Dido. [2] Penelope.

Ye gods! she weeps; behold that falling shower!
See how her eyes are quite dissolv'd in tears!
Can she in vain that precious torrent pour?
Oh, no, it bears away my doubts and fears:
'Twas pity sure that made it flow:
For the same pity, stop it now;
For every charming, heavenly drop, that from those eyes does part,
Is paid with streams of blood, that gush from my o'erflowing heart.

Yes, I will love; I will believe you true,
And raise my passions up as high as e'er;
Nay, I 'll believe you false, yet love you too,
Let the least sign of penitence appear.
I 'll frame excuses for your fault,
Think you surpris'd, or meanly caught;
Nay in the fury, in the height of that abhorr'd embrace,
Believe you thought, believe at least you wish'd, me in the place.

Oh, let me lie whole ages in those arms,
And on that bosom lull asleep my cares:
Forgive those foolish fears of fancy'd harms,
That stab my soul, while they but move thy [tears;
And think, unless I lov'd thee still,
I had not treated thee so ill; [certain signs
For these rude pangs of jealousy are much more
Of love, than all the tender words an amorous fancy coins.

Torment me with this horrid rage no more;
Oh smile, and grant one reconciling kiss!
Ye gods, she 's kind! I'm ecstasy all o'er!
My soul 's too narrow to contain the bliss.
Thou pleasing torture of my breast,
Sure thou wert fram'd to plague my rest,
Since both the ill and good you do, alike my peace destroy;
That kills me with excess of grief, this with excess of joy.

CURE OF JEALOUSY.

What tortures can there be in Hell,
Compar'd to what fond lovers feel,
When, doating on some fair one's charms,
They think she yields them to their rival's arms!

As lions, though they once were tame,
Yet if sharp wounds their rage inflame,
Lift up their stormy voices, roar,
And tear the keepers they obey'd before:

So fares the lover when his breast
By jealous phrenzy is possest;
Forswears the nymph for whom he burns,
Yet straight to her whom he forswears returns.

But when the fair resolves his doubt,
The love comes in, the fear goes out;
The cloud of Jealousy 's dispell'd,
And the bright sun of Innocence reveal'd.

With what strange raptures is he blest!
Raptures too great to be express,
Though hard the torment 's to endure,
Who would not have the sickness for the cure?

SONNET.

DEATH.

What has this bugbear, Death, that's worth our care?
After a life in pain and sorrow past,
After deluding hope and dire despair,
Death only gives us quiet at the last.

How strangely are our love and hate misplac'd!
Freedom we seek, and yet from freedom flee;
Courting those tyrant-sins that chain us fast,
And shunning Death, that only sets us free.

'Tis not a foolish fear of future pains,
Why should they fear who keep their souls from stains?)
That makes me dread thy terrours, Death, to see:
'Tis not the loss of riches, or of fame,
Or the vain toys the vulgar pleasures name;
'Tis nothing, Celia, but the losing thee.

ELEGY.

TO HIS FALSE MISTRESS.

Celia, your tricks will now no longer pass,
And I'm no more the fool that once I was.
I know my happier rival does obtain
All the vast bliss for which I sigh in vain.
Him, him you love, to me you use your art;
Had your looks, another had your heart:
To me you 're sick, to me of spies afraid;
He finds your sickness gone, your spies betray'd:
I sigh beneath your window all the night;
He in your arms possesses the delight.
I know you treat me thus, false fair, I do;
And, oh! what plagues me worse, he knows it too;
To him my sighs are told, my letters shown,
And all my pains are his diversion grown.
Yet, since you could such horrid treasons act,
'm pleas'd you chose out him to do the fact:
His vanity does for my wrongs atone,
And 'tis by that I have your falsehood known.
What shall I do? for treated at this rate,
I must not love, and yet I cannot hate:
I hate the actions, but I love the face:
Oh, were thy virtue more, or beauty less!
'm all confusion, and my soul 's on fire,
Torn by contending Reason and Desire;
This bids me love, that bids me love give o'er,
One counsels best, the other pleases more.
I know I ought to hate you for your fault,
But, oh! I cannot do the thing I ought.
Canst thou, mean wretch! canst thou contented prove
With the cold relics of a rival's love?
Why did I see that face to charm my breast?
Or, having seen, why did I know the rest?
Gods! if I have obey'd your just commands,
If I 've deserv'd some favour of your hands;
Make me that tame, that easy fool again,
And rid me of my knowledge and my pain:
And you, false fair! for whom so oft I 've griev'd,
Pity a wretch that begs to be deceiv'd;
Forswear yourself for one who dies for you,
Vow, not a word of the whole charge was true;
But scandals all, and forgeries, devis'd
By a vain wretch neglected and despis'd.
I too will help to forward the deceit,
And, to my power, contribute to the cheat.
And thou, bold man, who think'st to rival me,
For thy presumption I could pardon thee;
I could forgive thy lying in her arms,
I could forgive thy rifling all her charms:
But, oh! I never can forgive the tongue
That boasts her favours, and proclaims my wrong.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

What fury does disturb my rest?
What Hell is this within my breast?
Now I abhor, and now I love;
And each an equal torment prove.
I see Celinda's cruelty,
I see she loves all men but me;
I see her falsehood, see her pride,
I see ten thousand faults beside;
I see she sticks at nought that 's ill;
Yet, oh ye powers! I love her still.
Others on precipices run,
Which, blind with love, they cannot shun:
I see my danger, see my ruin;
Yet seek, yet court, my own undoing:
And each new reason I explore
To hate her, makes me love her more.

THE ANTIDOTE.

When I see the bright nymph who my heart does enthral,
When I view her soft eyes, and her languishing air,
Her merit so great, my own merit so small,
It makes me adore, and it makes me despair.

But when I consider, she squanders on fools
All those treasures of beauty with which she is stor'd;
My fancy it damps, my passion it cools,
And it makes me despise what before I ador'd.

Thus sometimes I despair, and sometimes I despise:
I love, and I hate, but I never esteem:
The passion grows up when I view her bright eyes,
Which my rivals destroy when I look upon them!

How wisely does Nature things so different unite?
In such odd compositions our safety is found;
As the blood of a scorpion 's a cure for the bite,
So her folly makes whole whom her beauty does wound.

UPON A FAVOUR OFFERED.

Celia, too late you would repent;
The offering all your store,
Is now but like a pardon sent
To one that 's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,
And grant the bliss too late;
You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
When first my court I made;
But when your falsehoods plain appear,
My love no longer stay'd.

Your bounty of those favours shown,
  Whose worth you first deface,
Is melting valued medals down,
  And giving us the brass.

Oh, since the thing we beg 's a toy
  That 's priz'd by love alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy,
  Before our love is gone?

THE RECONCILEMENT.

Be gone, ye sighs! be gone, ye tears!
Be gone, ye jealousies and fears!
Celinda swears she never lov'd,
Celinda swears none ever mov'd
Her heart, but I; if this be true,
Shall I keep company with you?
What though a senseless rival swore
She said as much to him before?
What though I saw him in her bed?
I 'll trust not what I saw, but what she said.
Curse on the prudent and the wise,
Who ne'er believe such pleasing lies:
I grant she only does deceive;
I grant 'tis folly to believe;
But by this folly I vast pleasures gain,
While you with all your wisdom live in pain.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A LOVER AND HIS FRIEND.

[IRREGULAR VERSES.]

FRIEND.

Value thyself, fond youth, no more
On favours Mulus had before;
He had her first, her virgin flame,
You like a bold intruder came
To the cold relics of a feast,
When he at first had seiz'd the best.

LOVER.

When he, dull sot, had seiz'd the worse,
I came in at the second course;
'Tis chance that first makes people love,
Judgment their riper fancies move.
Mulus, you say, first charm'd her eyes;
First, she lov'd babies and dirt-pies;
But she grew wiser, and in time
Found out the folly of those toys and him.

FRIEND.

If wisdom change in love begets,
Women, no doubt, are wondrous wits.
But wisdom that now makes her change to you,
In time will make her change to others too.

LOVER.

I grant you no man can foresee his doom;
But shall I grieve because an ill may come?
Yet I 'll allow her change, when she can see
  A man deserves her more than me,
As much as I deserve her more than he.

FRIEND.

Did they with our own eyes see our desert,
No woman e'er could from her lover part.
But, oh! they see not with their own,
All things to them are through false optics shown.
Love at the first does all your charms increase,
When the tube 's turn'd, hate represents them less.

LOVER.

Whate'er may come, I will not grieve
  For dangers that I can't believe.
She 'll ne'er cease loving me; or if she do,
'Tis ten to one I cease to love her too.

EPIGRAM.

LYCE.

"Go," said old Lyce, "senseless lover, go,
And with soft verses court the fair; but know,
With all thy verses, thou canst get no more
Than fools without one verse have had before."
Enrag'd at this, upon the bawd I flew,
And that which most enrag'd me was, 'twas true.

THE FAIR MOURNER.

In what sad pomp the mournful charmer lies!
Does she lament the victim of her eyes?
Or would she hearts with soft compassion move,
To make them take the deeper stamp of Love?
What youth so wise, so wary up in escape,
When Rigour comes, drest up in Pity's shape?
Let not in vain those precious tears be shed,
Pity the dying fair-one, not the dead;
While you unjustly of the Fates complain,
I grieve as much for you, as much in vain.
Each to relentless judges make their moan;
Blame not Death's cruelty, but cease your own.
While raging passion both our souls does wound,
A sovereign balm might sure for both be found;
Would you but wipe your fruitless tears away,
And with a just compassion mine survey.

EPIGRAM.

TO HIS FALSE MISTRESS.

Thou saidst that I alone thy heart could move,
And that for me thou wouldst abandon Jove.
I lov'd thee then, not with a love defil'd,
But as a father loves his only child.
I know thee now, and though I fiercelier burn,
Thou art become the object of my scorn:
See what thy falsehood gets; I must confess
I love thee more, but I esteem thee less.

EPIGRAM.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

How much are they deceiv'd who vainly strive
By jealous fears to keep our flames alive!
Love 's like a torch, which, if secur'd from blasts,
Will faintlier burn, but then it longer lasts:
Expos'd to storms of jealousy and doubt,
The blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.

ELEGY.

THE PETITION.

IN IMITATION OF CATULLUS.

Is there a pious pleasure that proceeds
From contemplation of our virtuous deeds?
That all mean sordid actions we despise,
And scorn to gain a throne by cheats and lies?
Thyrsis, thou hast sure blessings laid in store,
From thy just dealing in this curst amour:
What honour can in words or deeds be shown,
Which to the fair thou hast not said and done?
On her false heart they all are thrown away;
She only swears, more eas'ly to betray.
Ye powers! that know the many vows she broke,
Free my just soul from this unequal yoke!
My love boils up, and, like a raging flood,
Runs through my veins, and taints my vital blood.
I do not vainly beg she may grow chaste,
Or with an equal passion burn at last;
The one she cannot practise, though she would;
And I contemn the other, though she should:
Nor ask I vengeance on the perjur'd jilt;
'Tis punishment enough to have her guilt.
I beg but balsam for my bleeding breast,
Cure for my wounds, and from my labours rest.

ELEGY,

UPON QUITTING HIS MISTRESS.

I know, Celinda, I have borne too long,
And, by forgiving, have increas'd my wrong:
Yet if there be a power in verse to slack
Thy course in vice, or bring fled Virtue back,
I 'll undertake the task, howe'er so hard;
A generous action is its own reward.
Oh! were thy virtues equal to thy charms,
I 'd fly from crowns to live within those arms:
But who, oh who, can e'er believe thee just,
When such known falsehoods have destroy'd all trust?

Farewell, false fair! nor shall I longer stay,
Since we must part, why should we thus delay?
Your love alone was what my soul could prize,
And missing that, can all the rest despise;
Yet should I not repent my follies past,
Could you take up and grow reserv'd at last,
'Twould please me, parted from your fatal charms,
To see you happy in another's arms.
Whatever threatenings fury might extort,
Oh fear not I should ever do you hurt:
For though my former passion is remov'd,
I would not injure one I once had lov'd.
Adieu! while thus I waste my time in vain,
Sure there are maids I might entirely gain:
I 'll search for such, and to the first that 's true,
Resign the heart so hardly freed from you.

TO HIS MISTRESS,

AGAINST MARRIAGE.

Yes, all the world must sure agree,
He who 's secur'd of having thee,
Will be entirely blest;
But 't were in me too great a wrong,
To make one who has been so long
My queen, my slave at last.

Nor ought those things to be confin'd,
That were for public good design'd;
Could we in foolish pride,
Make the Sun always with us stay,
'Twould burn our corn and grass away,
To starve the world beside.

Let not the thoughts of parting fright
Two souls, which passion does unite;
For while our love does last,
Neither will strive to go away;
And why the Devil should we stay,
When once that love is past?

EPIGRAMS.

CHLOE.

Chloe, new-marry'd, looks on men no more;
Why then 'tis plain for what she look'd before.

CORNUS.

Cornus proclaims aloud his wife 's a whore;
Alas, good Cornus, what can we do more?
Wert thou no cuckold, we might make thee one;
But, being one, we cannot make thee none.

THRASO.

Thraso picks quarrels when he 's drunk at night;
When sober in the morning dares not fight.
Thraso, to shun those ills that may ensue,
Drink not at night, or drink at morning too.

GRIPE AND SHIFTER.

Rich Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning bend,
T' increase that wealth he wants the soul to spend.
Poor Shifter does his whole contrivance set
To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get.
How happy would appear to each his fate,
Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's estate!
Kind Fate and Fortune, blend them if you can,
And of two wretches make one happy man!

TO CÆLIA,

UPON SOME ALTERATIONS IN HER FACE.

Ah, Cælia! where are now the charms
That did such wondrous passions move?
Time, cruel Time, those eyes disarms,
And blunts the feeble darts of Love.

What malice does the tyrant bear
To womens' interest, and to ours?
Beauties in which the public share,
The greedy villain first devours.

Who, without tears, can see a prince,
That trains of fawning courtiers had,
Abandon'd, left without defence?
Nor is thy hapless fate less sad.

Thou who so many fools hast known,
And all the fools would hardly do,
Shouldst now confine thyself to one!
And he, alas! a husband too.

See the ungrateful slaves, how fast
They from thy setting glories run;
And in what mighty crowds they haste
To worship Flavia's rising sun!

In vain are all the practis'd wiles,
In vain those eyes would love impart;
Not all th' advances, all the smiles,
Can move one unrelenting heart.

While Flavia, charming Flavia, still
By cruelty her cause maintains;
And scarce vouchsafes a careless smile
To the poor slaves that wear her chains.

Well, Cælia, let them waste their tears;
But sure they will in time repine,
That thou hast not a face like hers,
Or she has not a heart like thine.

THE RETIREMENT.

All hail, ye fields, where constant peace attends!
All hail, ye sacred solitary groves!
All hail, ye books, my true, my real friends,
Whose conversation pleases and improves!

Could one who studied your sublimer rules
Become so mad to search for joys abroad?
To run to towns, to herd with knaves and fools,
And undistinguish'd pass among the crowd?

One to ambitious fancy 's made a prey,
Thinks happiness in great preferment lies;
Nor fears for that his country to betray,
Curst by the fools, and laught at by the wise.

Others, whom avaricious thoughts bewitch,
Consume their time to multiply their gains;
And, fancying wretched all that are not rich,
Neglect the end of life to get the means.

Others, the name of pleasure does invite,
All their dull time in sensual joys they live;
And hope to gain that solid firm delight
By vice, which innocence alone can give.

But how perplext, alas! is human fate!
I, whom nor avarice nor pleasures move,
Who view with scorn the trophies of the great,
Yet must myself be made a slave to love.

If this dire passion never will be gone,
If beauty always must my heart enthral,
Oh! rather let me be confin'd to one,
Than madly thus be made a prey to all!

One who has early known the pomps of state,
(For things unknown 'tis ignorance to condemn)
And after having view'd the gaudy bait,
Can boldly say, The trifle I contemn.

In her blest arms contented could I live,
Contented could I die: but oh! my mind
I feed with fancies, and my thoughts deceive
With hope of things impossible to find.

In women how should sense and beauty meet?
The wisest men their youth in follies spend;
The best is he that earliest finds the cheat,
And sees his errours while there 's time to mend.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

Distracted with care
For Phyllis the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes,
Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get,
But a neck when once broken
Can never be set;
And, that he could die
Whenever he would,
But, that he could live
But as long as he could:
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcern'd
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

SONG.

Of all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst!
By partners, in each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are labouring in my breast,
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but slight the rest!
How great soe'er your rigours are,
With them alone I 'll cope;
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

A SONG TO PHYLLIS.

Phyllis, we not grieve that Nature,
Forming you, has done her part;
And in every single feature
Show'd the utmost of her art.

But in this it is pretended
That a mighty grievance lies,
That your heart should be defended,
Whilst you wound us with your eyes.

Love 's a senseless inclination,
Where no mercy 's to be found;
But is just, where kind compassion
Gives us balm to heal the wound.

Persians, paying solemn duty,
To the rising Sun inclin'd,
Never would adore his beauty,
But in hopes to make him kind.

PHYLLIS'S RESOLUTION.

When slaves their liberty require,
They hope no more to gain,
But you not only that desire,
But ask the power to reign.

Think how unjust a suit you make,
Then you will soon decline;
Your freedom, when you please, pray take,
But trespass not on mine.

No more in vain, Alcander, crave,
I ne'er will grant the thing,
That he, who once has been my slave,
Should ever be my king.

AN EPISTLE,

TO A LADY WHO HAD RESOLVED AGAINST MARRIAGE.

Madam, I cannot but congratulate
Your resolution for a single state;
Ladies, who would live undisturb'd and free,
Must never put on Hymen's livery;
Perhaps its outside seems to promise fair,
But underneath is nothing else but care.
If once you let the gordian knot be ty'd,
Which turns the name of virgin into bride,
That one fond act your life's best scene foregoes,
And leads you in a labyrinth of woes,
Whose strange meanders you may search about,
But never find the clue to let you out.
The married life affords you little ease,
The best of husbands is so hard to please:
This in wives' careful faces you may spell,
Though they dissemble their misfortunes well.
No plague 's so great as an ill-ruling head,
Yet 'tis a fate which few young ladies dread:
For Love's insinuating fire they fan,
With sweet ideas of a godlike man.
Chloris and Phyllis glory'd in their swains,
And sung their praises on the neighbouring plains;
Oh! they were brave, accomplish'd, charming men,
Angels till marry'd, but proud devils then.
Sure some resistless power with Cupid sides,
Or we should have more virgins, fewer brides;
For single lives afford the most content,
Secure and happy, as they 're innocent:
Bright as Olympus, crown'd with endless ease,
And calm as Neptune on the Halcyon seas:
Your sleep is broke with no domestic cares,
No bawling children to disturb your prayers;
No parting sorrows to extort your tears,
No blustering husband to renew your fears!
Therefore, dear madam, let a friend advise,
Love and its idle deity despise:
Suppress wild Nature, if it dares rebel;
There 's no such thing as "leading apes in Hell."

CLELIA TO URANIA.

AN ODE.

The dismal regions which no Sun beholds,
Whilst his fires roll some distant world to cheer,
Which in dry darkness, frost, and chilling cold,
Spend one long portion of the dragging year,
At his returning influence never know
More joy than Clelia, when she thinks of you.

Those zealots, who adore the rising Sun,
Would soon their darling deity despise,
And with more warm, more true devotion run,
To worship nobler beams, Urania's eyes;
Had they beheld her lovely form divine,
Where rays more glorious, more attracting, shine.

But, ah! frail mortals, though you may admire
At a convenient distance all her charms,
Approach them, and you 'll feel a raging fire,
Which scorches deep, and all your power disarms:
Thus, like th' Arabian bird, your care proceeds
From the bright object which your pleasure breeds.

SONG.

Though Celia's born to be ador'd,
And Strephon to adore her born,
In vain her pity is implor'd,
Who kills him twice with charms and scorn.

Fair saint, to your blest orb repair,
To learn in Heaven a heavenly mind;
Thence hearken to a sinner's prayer,
And be less beauteous, or more kind.

LOVING ONE I NEVER SAW.

Thou tyrant god of Love, give o'er,
And persecute this breast no more:
Ah! tell me why must every dart
Be aim'd at my unhappy heart?
I never murmur'd or repin'd,
But patiently myself resign'd
To all the torments, which through thee
Have fell, alas! on wretched me:
But oh! I can no more sustain
This long-continued state of pain,
Though 'tis but fruitless to complain.
My heart, first soften'd by thy power,
Ne'er kept its liberty an hour:
So fond and easy was it grown,
Each nymph might call the fool her own
So much to its own interest blind,
So strangely charm'd to womankind,
That it no more belong'd to me,
Than vestal-virgins hearts to thee.
I often courted it to stay;
But, deaf to all, 'twould fly away.

In vain to stop it I essay'd,
Though often, often, I display'd
The turns and doubles women made.
Nay more, when it has home return'd,
By some proud maid ill-us'd and scorn'd,
I still the renegade carest,
And gave it harbour in my breast.
O! then, with indignation fir'd
At what before it so admir'd;
With shame and sorrow overcast,
And sad repentance for the past,
A thousand sacred oaths it swore
Never to wander from me more;
After chimeras ne'er to rove,
Or run the wild-goose chase of Love.
Thus it resolv'd ————————
Till some new face again betray'd
The resolutions it had made:
Then how 'twould flutter up and down,
Eager, impatient, to be gone:
And, though so often it had fail'd,
Though vainless every heart assail'd,
Yet, lur'd by hope of new delight,
It took again its fatal flight.
'Tis thus, malicious deity,
That thou has banter'd wretched me;
Thus made me vainly lose my time,
Thus fool away my youthful prime;
And yet, for all the hours I 've lost,
And sighs, and tears, thy bondage cost,
Ne'er did thy slave thy favours bless,
Or crown his passion with success.
Well—since 'tis doom'd that I must find
No love for love from womankind;
Since I no pleasure must obtain,
Let me at least avoid the pain:
So weary of the chase I 'm grown,
That with content I 'd sit me down,
Enjoy my book, my friend, my cell,
And bid all womankind farewell.
Nay, ask for all I felt before,
Only to be disturb'd no more.
Yet thou (to my complainings deaf)
Wilt give my torments no relief;
But now, ev'n now, thou mak'st me die,
And love I know not whom, nor why,
In every part I feel the fire,
And burn with fanciful desire;
From whence can love its magic draw?
I doat on her *I never saw:*
And who, but lovers, can express
This strange, mysterious tenderness?
And yet methinks 'tis happier so,
Than whom it is I love to know:
Now my unbounded notions rove,
And frame ideas to my love.
I fancy I should something find,
Diviner both in face and mind,
Than ever Nature did bestow
On any creature here below.
I fancy thus Corinna walks,
That thus she sings, she looks, she talks.
Sometimes I sigh, and fancy then,
That, did Corinna know my pain,
Could she my trickling tears but see,
She would be kind and pity me.
Thus thinking I 've no cause to grieve,
I pleasingly myself deceive;
And sure am happier far than he
Who knows the very truth can be.
Then, gentle Cupid, let me ne'er
See my imaginary fair:
Lest she should be more heavenly bright
Than can be reach'd by Fancy's height:
Lest (when I on her beauty gaze,
Confounded, lost in an amaze;
My trembling lips and eyes should tell,
'Tis her I dare to love so well)
She, with an angry, scornful eye,
Or some unkind, severe reply,
My hopes of bliss should overcast,
And my presuming passion blast.
If but in this thou kind wilt prove,
And let me not see her I love,
Thy altars prostrate I 'll adore,
And call thee tyrant-god no more.

PASTORAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

DAPHNE.

Sicilian Muse, my humble voice inspire
To sing of Daphne's charms and Damon's fire.
Long had the faithful swain suppress'd his grief,
And, since he durst not hope, ne'er ask'd relief.
But at th' arrival of the fatal day
That took the nymph and all his joys away,
With dying looks he gaz'd upon the fair,
And what his tongue could not, his eyes declare;
Till with deep sighs, as if his heartstrings broke,
Pressing her hand, these tender things he spoke:

DAMON.

Ah, lovely nymph! behold your lover burn,
And view that passion which you 'll not return.
As no nymph's charms did ever equal thine,
So no swain's love did ever equal mine:
How happy, fair, how happy should I be,
Might I but sacrifice myself for thee!
Could I but please thee with my dying verse,
And make thee shed one tear upon my hearse!

DAPHNE.

Too free an offer of that love you make,
Which now, alas! I have not power to take:
Your wounds I cannot, though I would, relieve;
Phaon has all the love that I can give.
Had you among the rest at first assail'd
My heart, when free, you had, perhaps, prevail'd.
Now if you blame, oh, blame not me, but Fate,
That never brought you 'till 'twas grown too late.

DAMON.

Had the Fates brought me then, too charming fair,
I could not hope, and now I must despair.
Rul'd by your friends, you quit the lover's flame,
For flocks, for pastures, for an empty name.
Yet though the blest possession Fate denies,
Oh, let me gaze for ever on those eyes:
So just, so true, so innocent 's my flame,
That Phaon, did he see it, could not blame.

DAPHNE.

Such generous ends I know you still pursue,
What I can do, be sure I will for you.
If on esteem or pity you can live,
Or hopes of more, if I had more to give,

Those you may have, but cannot have my heart:
And since we now perhaps for ever part,
Such noble thoughts through all your life express,
May make the value more, the pity less.

DAMON.

Can you then go? Can you for ever part,
(Ye gods! what shivering pains surround my heart!)
And have one thought to make your pity less?
Ah, Daphne! could I half my pangs express,
You could not think, though hard as rocks you were,
Your pity ever could too great appear.
I ne'er shall be one moment free from pain,
Till I behold those charming eyes again.
When gay diversions do your thoughts employ,
I would not come to interrupt the joy;
But when from them you some spare moment find,
Think then, oh think, on whom you leave behind!
Think with what heart I shall behold the green,
Where I so oft those charming eyes have seen!
Think with what grief I walk the groves alone,
When you, the glory of them all, are gone!
Yet, oh! that little time you have to stay,
Let me still speak, and gaze my soul away!
But see my passion that small aid denies;
Grief stops my tongue, and tears o'erflow my eyes.

ECLOGUE II.

GALATEA.

Thyrsis, the gayest one of all the swains,
Who fed their flocks upon th' Arcadian plains,
While love's mad passion quite devour'd his heart,
And the coy nymph that caus'd, neglects his smart,
Strives in low numbers, such as shepherds use,
If not to move her breast, his own amuse.
You, Chloris, who with scorn refuse to see
The mighty wounds that you have made on me;
Yet cannot sure with equal pride disdain,
To hear an humble hind of his complain.
Now while the flocks and herds to shades retire,
While the fierce Sun sets all the world on fire;
Through burning fields, through rugged brakes I rove,
And to the hills and woods declare my love.
How small 's the heat! how easy is the pain
I feel without, to that I feel within!
Yet scornful Galatea will not hear,
But from my songs and pipe still turns her ear:
Not so the sage Corisca, nor the fair
Climena, nor rich Ægon's only care;
From them my songs a just compassion drew;
And they shall have them, since contemn'd by you.
Why name I them, when ev'n chaste Cynthia stays,
And Pan himself, to listen to my lays?
Pan, whose sweet pipe has been admir'd so long,
Has not disdain'd sometimes to hear my song:
Yet Galatea scorns whate'er I say,
And Galatea's wiser sure than they.
Relentless nymph! can nothing move your mind?
Must you be deaf, because you are unkind?
Though you dislike the subject of my lays,
Yet sure the sweetness of my voice might please.
It is not thus that you dull Mopsus use;
His songs divert you, though you mine refuse:
Yet I could tell you, fair-one, if I would,
(And since you treat me thus, methinks I should)
What the wise Lycon said, when in yon plain
He saw him court in hope, and me in vain;
"Forbear, fond youth, to chase a heedless fair,
Nor think with well-tun'd verse to please her ear;
Seek out some other nymph, nor e'er repine
That one who likes his songs, should fly from thine."
Ah, Lycon! ah! your rage false dangers forms;
'Tis not his songs, but 'tis his fortune charms:
Yet, scornful maid, in time you'll find those toys
Can yield no real, no substantial joys;
In vain his wealth, his titles gain esteem,
If for all that you are asham'd of him.
Ah, Galatea, would'st thou turn those eyes,
Would'st thou but once vouchsafe to hear my cries;
In such soft notes I would my pains impart,
As could not fail to move thy rocky heart;
With such sweet songs I would thy fame make known,
As Pan himself might not disdain to own.
Oh could'st thou, fair-one, but contented be
To tend the sheep, and chase the hares, with me;
To have thy praises echo'd through the groves,
And pass thy days with one who truly loves:
Nor let those gaudy toys thy heart surprise,
Which the fools envy, and the sage despise.
But Galatea scorns my humble flame,
And neither asks my fortune, nor my name.
Of the best cheese my well-stor'd dairy 's full,
And my soft sheep produce the finest wool;
The richest wines of Greece my vineyards yield,
And smiling crops of grain adorn my field.
Ah, foolish youth! in vain thou boast'st thy store,
Have what thou wilt, if Mopsus still has more.
See, whilst thou sing'st, behold her haughty pride,
With what disdain she turns her head aside!
Oh, why would Nature, to our ruin, place
A tiger's heart, with such an angel's face?
Cease, shepherd, cease, at last thy fruitless moan;
Nor hope to gain a heart already gone.
While rocks and caves thy tuneful notes resound,
See how thy corn lies wither'd on the ground!
The hungry wolves devour thy fatten'd lambs;
And bleating for the young makes lean the dams.
Take, shepherd, take thy hook, thy flocks pursue,
And when one nymph proves cruel, find a new.

ECLOGUE III.

DAMON.

TAKEN FROM THE EIGHTH ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL.

Arise, O Phosphorus! and bring the day,
While I in sighs and tears consume away;
Deceiv'd with flattering hopes of Nisa's love;
And to the gods my vain petitions move:
Though they 've done nothing to prevent my death,
I 'll yet invoke them with my dying breath.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.
Arcadia 's famous for its spacious plains,
Its whistling pine-trees, and its shady groves,
And often hears the swains lament their loves.
Great Pan upon its mountains feeds his goats,
Who first taught reeds to warble rural notes.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.
Mopsus weds Nisa! oh, well-suited pair;
When he succeeds, what lover can despair?
After this match, let mares and griffins breed;
And hounds with hares in friendly consort feed.
Go, Mopsus, go; provide the bridal cake,
And to thy bed the blooming virgin take:
In her soft arms thou shalt securely rest,
Behold, the evening comes to make thee blest!
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.
Oh, Nisa, happy in a lovely choice!
While you with scorn neglect my pipe and voice;

While you despise my humble songs, my herd,
My shaggy eyebrows, and my rugged beard;
While through the plains disdainfully you move,
And think no shepherd can deserve your love;
Mopsus alone can the nice virgin win,
With charming person, and with graceful mien.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.
When first I saw you on those fatal plains,
I reach'd you fruit; your mother too was there;
Scarce had you seen the thirteenth spring appear:
Yet beauty's buds were opening in your face;
I gaz'd, and blushes did your charms increase.
'Tis love, thought I, that 's rising in her breast;
Alas, your passion, by my own, I guest;
Then upon trust I fed the raging pains.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.
Oh, Love! I know thee now: thou ow'st thy birth
To rocks; some craggy mountain brought thee forth:
Nor is it human blood that fills thy veins,
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.
Relentless Love to bold Medea show'd,
To stain her guilty hands in children's blood.
Was she more cruel, or more wicked he?
He was a wicked counsellor, a cruel mother she.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.
Now let the screech-owls vie with warbling swans;
Upon hard oaks let blushing peaches grow,
And from the brambles liquid amber flow.
The harmless wolves the ravenous sheep shall shun;
And valiant deer at fearful greyhounds run:
Let the sea rise, and overflow the plains.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.
Adieu, ye flocks; no more shall I pursue!
Adieu, ye groves; a long, a long adieu!
And you, coy nymph, who all my vows disdain,
Take this last present from a dying swain.
Since you dislike whate'er in life I said,
You may be pleas'd, perhaps, to hear I'm dead:
This leap shall put an end to all my pains.
Now cease, my Muse, now cease th' Arcadian strains.
Thus Damon sung while on the cliff he stood,
Then headlong plung'd into the raging flood.
All with united grief the loss bemoan,
Except the authoress of his fate alone,
Who hears it with an unrelenting breast.
Ah, cruel nymph! forbear your scorns at least.
How much soe'er you may the love despise,
'Tis barbarous to insult on one that dies.

ECLOGUE IV.

LYCON.

STREPHON and Damon's flocks together fed,
Two charming swains as e'er Arcadia bred;
Both fam'd for wit, and fam'd for beauty both;
Both in the lustre of their blooming youth:
No sullen cares their tender thoughts remove,
No passions discompose their souls, but love.
Once, and but once alone, as story goes,
Between the youths a fierce dispute arose;
Not for the merit of their tuneful lays,
(Though both deserv'd, yet both despis'd, that praise)
But for a cause of greater moment far,
That merited a lover's utmost care.
Each swain the prize of beauty strove to gain,
For the bright shepherdess that caus'd his pain.
Lycon they chose, the difference to decide,
Lycon, for prudence and sage counsel try'd;
Who Love's mysterious arts had study'd long,
And taught, when old, what he had practis'd young.
For the dispute alternate verse they choose,
Alternate verse delights the rural Muse.

STREP. To Flavia, Love, thou justly ow'st the prize,
She owns thy power, nor does thy laws reprove.
DAM. Though Sylvia, for herself, Love's power defies,
What crowds of vassals has she made to love!
STREP. When Flavia comes attir'd for rural games,
Each curl, each flower she wears, a charm express.
DAM. Sylvia, without a foreign aid, inflames;
Charm'd with her eyes, we never mind her dress.
STREP. Have you seen Flavia with her flaxen hair?
She seems an image of the queen of Love!
DAM. Sylvia's dark hair like Leda's locks appear,
And yet, like her, has charms to conquer Jove.
STREP. Flavia by crowds of lovers is admir'd;
Happy that youth who shall the fair enjoy!
DAM. Sylvia neglects her lovers, lives retir'd;
Happy, that could her lonely thoughts employ!
STREP. Flavia, where'er she comes, the swains subdues,
And every smile she gives conveys a dart.
DAM. Sylvia the swains with native coldness views,
And yet what shepherd can defend his heart?
STREP. Flavia's bright beauties in an instant strike;
Gazers, before they think of it, adore.
DAM. Sylvia's soft charms, as soon as seen, we like;
But still the more we think, we love the more.
STREP. Who is so stupid, that has Flavia seen,
As not to view the nymph with vast delight?
DAM. Who has seen Sylvia, and so stupid been,
As to remember any other sight?
STREP. What thoughts has Flavia, when with care she views
Her charming graces in the crystal lakes?
DAM. To see hers, Sylvia need no mirrors use;
She sees them by the conquests that she makes.
STREP. With what assurance Flavia walks the plains!
She knows the nymphs must all their lovers yield.
DAM. Sylvia with blushes wounds the gazing swains,
And while she strives to fly, she wins the field.
STREP. Flavia at first young Melibœus lov'd;
For me she did that charming youth forsake.
DAM. Sylvia's relentless heart was never mov'd;
Gods! that I might the first impression make!
STREP. Should Flavia hear that Sylvia vy'd with her;
What indignation would the charmer show!
DAM. Sylvia would Flavia to herself prefer:
There we alone her judgment disallow.
STREP. If Sylvia's charms with Flavia's can compare,
Why is this crowded still, and that alone?
DAM. Because their ways of life so different are;
Flavia gives all men hopes, and Sylvia none.

LYCON. Shepherds, enough; now cease your amorous war;
Or too much heat may carry both too far;
I well attended the dispute, and find
Both nymphs have charms, but each in different kind.
Flavia deserves more pains than she will cost;
As easily got, were she not easily lost.
Sylvia is much more difficult to gain;
But, once possess'd, will well reward the pain.
We wish them Flavias all, when first we burn;
But, once possess'd, wish they would Sylvias turn.
And, by the different charms in each exprest,
One we should soonest love, the other best.

DELIA.

LAMENTING THE DEATH OF MRS. TEMPEST, WHO DIED UPON THE DAY OF THE GREAT STORM.

Ye gentle swains, who pass your days and nights
In Love's sincere and innocent delights!
Ye tender virgins, who with pride display
Your beauty's splendour, and extend your sway!
Lament with me! with me your sorrows join!
And mingle your united tears with mine!
Delia, the queen of love, let all deplore!
Delia, the queen of beauty, now no more!
Begin, my Muse! begin your mournful strains!
Tell the sad tale through all the hills and plains!
Tell it through every lawn and every grove!
Where flocks can wander, or where shepherds rove!
Bid neighbouring rivers tell the distant sea,
And winds from pole to pole the news convey!
Delia, the queen of love, let all deplore!
Delia, the queen of beauty, now no more!
'Tis done, and all obey the mournful Muse!
See, hills, and plains, and winds, have heard the news!
The foaming sea o'erwhelms the frighten'd shore,
The vallies tremble, and the mountains roar.
See lofty oaks from firm foundations torn,
And stately towers in heaps of ruin mourn!
The gentle Thames, that rarely passion knows,
Swells with this sorrow, and her banks o'erflows:
What shrieks are heard! what groans! what dying cries!
Ev'n Nature's self in dire convulsions lies!
Delia, the queen of love, they all deplore!
Delia, the queen of beauty, now no more!
O! why did I survive the fatal day,
That snatch'd the joys of all my life away?
Why was not I beneath some ruin lost?
Sunk in the seas, or shipwreck'd on the coast?
Why did the Fates spare this devoted head?
Why did I live to hear that thou wert dead?
By thee my griefs were calm'd, my torments ease'd;
Nor knew I pleasure but as thou wert pleas'd.
Where shall I wander now, distress'd, alone?
What use have I of life, now thou art gone?
I have no use, alas! but to deplore
Delia, the pride of beauty, now no more!
What living nymph is blest with equal grace?
All may dispute, but who can fill thy place?
What lover in his mistress hopes to find
A form so lovely, with so bright a mind?
Doris may boast a face divinely fair,
But wants thy shape, thy motions, and thy air.
Lucinda has thy shape, but not those eyes,
That, while they did th' admiring world surprise,
Disclos'd the secret lustre of the mind,
And seem'd each lover's inmost thoughts to find.
Others, whose beauty yielding swains confess,
By indiscretion make their conquest less,
And want thy conduct and obliging wit
To fix those slaves who to their chains submit.
As some rich tyrant hoards an useless store,
That would, well plac'd, enrich a thousand more;
So didst thou keep a crowd of charms retir'd
Would make a thousand other nymphs admir'd.
Gay, modest, artless, beautiful, and young,
Slow to resolve; in resolution strong;
To all obliging, yet reserv'd to all;
None could himself the favour'd lover call:
That which alone could make his hopes endure,
Was, that he saw no other swain secure.
Whither, ah! whither are those graces fled?
Down to the dark, the melancholy shade?
Now, shepherds, now lament! and now deplore!
Delia is dead, and beauty is no more!
For thee each tuneful swain prepar'd his lays,
His fame exalting while he sung thy praise.
Thyrsis, in gay and easy measures, strove
To charm thy ears, and tune thy soul to love:
Menalcas, in his numbers more sublime,
Extoll'd thy virtues in immortal rhyme.
Glycon whose satire kept the world in awe,
Soften'd his strain, when first thy charms he saw,
Confess'd the goddess who new-form'd his mind,
Proclaim'd thy beauties, and forgot mankind.
Cease, shepherd, cease; the charms you sung are fled,
The glory of our blasted isle is dead.
Now join your griefs with mine! and now deplore
Delia, the pride of beauty, now no more!
Behold where now she lies depriv'd of breath!
Charming though pale, and beautiful in death!
A troop of weeping virgins by her side;
With all the pomp of woe and sorrow's pride!
O, early lost! O, fitter to be led
In cheerful splendour to the bridal bed,
Than thus conducted to th' untimely tomb,
A spotless virgin in her beauty's bloom!
Whatever hopes superior merit gave,
Let me, at least, embrace thee in the grave;
On thy cold lips imprint a dying kiss:
O that thy coyness could refuse me this!
Such melting tears upon thy limbs I'll pour,
Shall thaw their numbness, and thy warmth restore;
Clasp'd to my glowing breast, thou may'st revive,
I 'll breathe such tender sighs shall make thee live;
Or, if severer fates that aid deny,
If thou canst not revive, yet I may die.
In one cold grave together may be laid
The truest lover and the loveliest maid.
Then shall I cease to grieve, and not before;
Then shall I cease fair Delia to deplore.
But see, those dreadful objects disappear!
The Sun shines out, and all the heavens are clear:
The warring winds are hush'd, the sea serene;
And Nature, soften'd, shifts her angry scene.
What means this sudden change? methinks I hear
Melodious music from the heavenly sphere!
Listen, ye shepherds, and devour the sound!
Listen:. the saint, the lovely saint, is crown'd!
While we, mistaken in our joy and grief,
Bewail her fate, who wants not our relief:
From the pleas'd orbs she views us here below,
And with kind pity wonders at our woe.
Ah, charming saint! since thou art bless'd above,
Indulge thy lovers, and forgive their love.
Forgive their tears, who, press'd with grief and care,
Feel not thy joys, but feel their own despair.

HORACE. ODE III. BOOK III.

IMITATED, 1705.

The man that 's resolute and just,
Firm to his principles and trust;
Nor hopes nor fears can blind;
No passions his designs controul,
Not Love, that tyrant of the soul,
Can shake his steady mind.

Not parties for revenge engag'd,
Nor threatenings of a court enrag'd,
  Nor storms where fleets despair;
Not thunder pointed at his head;
The shatter'd world may strike him dead,
  Not touch his soul with fear.

From this the Grecian glory rose,
By this the Romans aw'd their foes:
  Of this their poets sing.
These were the paths their heroes trod,
These acts made Hercules a god;
  And great Nassau a king.

Firm on the rolling deck he stood,
Unmov'd, beheld the breaking flood,
  With blackening storms combin'd.
"Virtue," he cry'd, "will force its way;
The wind may for a while delay,
  Not alter our design.

"The men whom selfish hopes inflame,
Or vanity allures to fame,
  May be to fears betray'd:
But here a Church for succour flies,
Insulted Law expiring lies,
  And loudly calls for aid.

"Yes, Britons, yes, with ardent zeal,
I come, the wounded heart to heal,
  The wounding hand to bind:
See tools of arbitrary sway,
And priests, like locusts, scout away
  Before the western wind.

"Law shall again her force resume;
Religion, clear'd from clouds of Rome,
  With brighter rays advance.
The British fleet shall rule the deep,
The British youth, as rous'd from sleep,
  Strike terrour into France.

"Nor shall these promises of Fate
Be limited to my short date:
  When I from cares withdraw,
Still shall the British sceptre stand,
Still flourish in a female hand,
  And to mankind give law.

"She shall domestic foes unite,
Monarchs beneath her flags shall fight,
  Whole armies drag her chain:
She shall lost Italy restore,
Shall make th' imperial eagle soar,
  And give a king to Spain.

"But know, these promises are given,
These great rewards impartial Heaven
  Does on these terms decree;
That, strictly punishing mens' faults,
You let their consciences and thoughts
  Rest absolutely free.

"Let no false politics confine,
In narrow bounds, your vast design,
  To make mankind unite;
Nor think it a sufficient cause
To punish man by penal laws,
  For not believing right.

"Rome, whose blind zeal destroys mankind,
Rome's sons shall your compassion find,
  Who ne'er compassion knew.
By nobler actions theirs condemn:
For what has been reproach'd in them,
  Can ne'er be prais'd in you."

These subjects suit not with the lyre;
Muse! to what height dost thou aspire,
  Pretending to rehearse
The thoughts of gods, and godlike kings?
Cease, cease to lessen lofty things
  By mean ignoble verse.

THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORED, 1703.

AN IMITATION OF

THE FOURTH ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL:

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN TAKEN FROM A SIBYLLINE PROPHECY.

..... Paulò majora canamus.

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier flight;
Not all in trees and lowly shrubs delight:
Or if your rural shades you still pursue,
Make your shades fit for able statesmens' view.
The time is come, by ancient bards foretold,
Restoring the Saturnian age of gold;
The vile, degenerate, whiggish offspring ends,
A high-church progeny from Heaven descends.
  O learned Oxford, spare no sacred pains [reigns
To nurse the glorious breed, now thy own Bromley
  And thou, great Scarsdale, darling of this land,
Dost foremost in that fam'd commission stand;
Whose deep remarks the listening world admires,
By whose auspicious care old Ranelagh expires.
Your mighty genius no strict rules can bind;
You punish men for crimes, which you want time to
  Senates shall now like holy synods be, [find.
And holy synods senate-like agree.
Monmouth and Mostyn here instruct the youth,
There Bincks and Kimberley maintain the sacred
Powis and Hamlin here, with equal claim, [truth.
Through wide West-Saxon realms extend their fame;
There Birch and Hooper right divine convey,
Nor treat their bishops in a human way.
  Now all our factions, all our fears shall cease,
And Tories rule the promis'd land in peace.
Malice shall die, and noxious poisons fail, [rail:
Harley shall cease to trick, and Seymour cease to
The lambs shall with the lions walk unhurt,
And Halifax and Howe meet civilly at court.
Viceroys, like Providence, with distant care,
Shall govern kingdoms where they ne'er appear:
Pacific admirals, to save the fleet,
Shall fly from conquest, and shall conquest meet:
Commanders shall be prais'd at William's cost,
And honour be retriev'd before 'tis lost.
Brereton and Burnaby the court shall grace,
And Howe shall not disdain to share a place.
Forgotten Molyneux and Mason now
Revive and shine again in Fox and Howe.
  But as they stronger grow and mend their strain,
By choice examples of king Charles's reign,
Bold Bellasis and patriot D'Avenant then,
One shall employ the sword, and one the pen:
Troops shall be led to plunder, not to fight,
The tool of Faction shall to peace invite, [unite.
And foes to union be employ'd the kingdoms to
  Yet still some Whigs among the peers are found,
Like brambles flourishing in barren ground.
Somers maliciously employs his care
To make the lords the legislature share.

lornet declares how French dragooning rose,
ınd bishops persecuting bills oppose:
'ill Rochester's[1] cool temper shall be fir'd,
ınd North's and Nottingham's strong reasonings be
admir'd.
But when due time their counsels shall mature,
ınd fresh removes have made the game secure;
Vhen Somerset and Devonshire give place
'o Windham's Bradford, and to Richmond's grace,
loth converts great; when justice is refin'd,
ınd corporations garbled to their mind;
'hen passive doctrines shall with glory rise,
lefore them hated moderation flies,
ınd anti-christian toleration dies.
Oranville shall seize the long-expected chair,
Godolphin to some country seat repair;
'embroke from all employments be debarr'd,
ınd Marlborough, for ancient crimes, receive his
just reward.
France, that this happy change so wisely has begun,
Shall bless the great design, and bid it smoothly run.
Come on, young James's friends, this is the time,
come on;
Receive just honours, and surround the throne.
Boldly your loyal principles maintain,
Hedges now rules the state, and Rooke the main.
Grimes is at hand the members to reward,
And troops are trusted to your own Gerhard.
The faithful club assembles at the Vine,
And French intrigues are broach'd o'er English wine.
Freely the senate the design proclaims,
Affronting William, and applauding James.
Good ancient members, with a solemn face,
Propose that safety give to order place;
And what they dare not openly dissuade,
Is by expedients ineffectual made.

[1] Bishop Sprat.

Ev'n Finch and Mulgrave, whom the court caress,
Exalt its praises, but its power depress;
And, that impartial justice may be seen,
Confirm to friends what they refus'd the queen.
Bishops, who most advanc'd good James's cause
In church and state, now reap deserv'd applause:
While those, who rather made the Tower their choice,
Are styl'd unchristian by the nation's voice.
Avow'dly now St. David's cause they own,
And James's votes for simony atone.
Archbishop Kenn shall from Long-Leat be drawn,
While firm nonjurors from behind stand crowding
for the lawn.
And thou, great Weymouth, to reward thy charge,
Shalt sail to Lambeth in his grace's barge.
See by base rebels James the Just betray'd,
See his three realms by vile usurpers sway'd;
Then see with joy his lawful heir restor'd,
And erring nations own their injur'd lord.
O would kind Heaven so long my life maintain,
Inspiring raptures worthy such a reign!
Not Thracian Saint John should with me contend,
Nor my sweet lays harmonious Hammond's mend:
Not though young D'Avenant, Saint John should
protect,
Or the shrewd doctor, Hammond's lines correct.
Nay, should Tredenham in St. Mawes compare his
songs to mine,
Tredenham, though St. Mawes were judge, his laurel
should resign.
Prepare, auspicious youth, thy friends to meet;
Sir George[2] already has prepar'd the fleet.
Should rival Neptune (who with envious mind
In times of danger still this chief confin'd)
Now send the gout, the hero to disgrace,
Honest George Churchill may supply his place.

[2] Rooke.

THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE

LIFE OF DRYDEN,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

Of the great poet whose life I am about to delineate, the curiosity which his reputation must excite will require a display more ample than can now be given. His contemporaries, however they reverenced his genius, left his life unwritten; and nothing therefore can be known beyond what casual mention and uncertain tradition have supplied.

John Dryden was born August 9, 1631[1], at Aldwinkle near Oundle, the son of Erasmus Dryden of Titchmersh; who was the third son of sir Erasmus Dryden, baronet, of Canons Ashby. All these places are in Northamptonshire; but the original stock of the family was in the county of Huntingdon[2].

He is reported by his last biographer, Derrick, to have inherited from his father an estate of two hundred a year, and to have been bred, as was said, an anabaptist. For either of these particulars no authority is given. Such a fortune ought to have secured him from that poverty which seems always to have oppressed him; or, if he had wasted it, to have made him ashamed of publishing his necessities. But though he had many enemies, who undoubtedly examined his life with a scrutiny sufficiently malicious, I do not remember, that he is ever charged with waste of his patrimony. He was indeed sometimes reproached for his first religion. I am therefore inclined to believe, that Derrick's intelligence was partly true, and partly erroneous[3].

From Westminster school, where he was instructed as one of the king's scholars by Dr. Busby, whom he long after continued to reverence, he was in 1650 elected to one of the Westminster scholarships at Cambridge[4].

[1] Mr. Malone has lately proved, that there is no satisfactory evidence for this date. The inscription on Dryden's monument says only *natus* 1632. See Malone's Life of Dryden, prefixed to his Critical and Miscellaneous Prose Works, p. 5, note. *C.*

[2] Of Cumberland. Ibid. p. 10. *C.*

[3] Mr. Derrick's Life of Dryden was prefixed to a very beautiful and correct edition of Dryden's Miscellanies, published by the Tonsons in 1760, 4 vols. 8vo. Derrick's part, however, was poorly executed, and the edition never became popular. *C.*

[4] He went off to Trinity College, and was admitted to a bachelor's degree in January 1653-4, and in 1657 was made master of arts. *C.*

Of his school performances has appeared only a poem on the death of lord Hastings, composed with great ambition of such conceits as, notwithstanding the reformation begun by Waller and Denham, the example of Cowley still kept in reputation. Lord Hastings died of the small-pox; and his poet has made of the pustules, first rosebuds, and then gems; at last exalts them into stars; and says,

> No comet need foretell his change drew on,
> Whose corpse might seem a constellation.

At the university he does not appear to have been eager of poetical distinction, or to have lavished his early wit either on fictitious subjects or public occasions. He probably considered, that he who proposed to be an author ought first to be a student. He obtained, whatever was the reason, no fellowship in the college. Why he was excluded cannot now be known, and it is vain to guess; had he thought himself injured, he knew how to complain. In the life of Plutarch he mentions his education in the college with gratitude; but, in a prologue at Oxford, he has these lines;

> Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
> Than his own mother-university;
> Thebes did his rude, unknowing youth engage;
> He chooses Athens in his riper age.

It was not till the death of Cromwell, in 1658, that he became a public candidate for fame, by publishing Heroic Stanzas on the late Lord Protector; which, compared with the verses of Sprat and Waller on the same occasion, were sufficient to raise great expectations of the rising poet.

When the king was restored, Dryden, like the other panegyrists of usurpation, changed his opinion, or his profession, and published Astrea Redux, a Poem on the happy Restoration and Return of his most sacred Majesty King Charles the Second.

The reproach of inconstancy was, on this occasion, shared with such numbers, that it produced neither hatred nor disgrace! If he changed, he changed with the nation. It was, however, not totally forgotten when his reputation raised him enemies.

The same year, he praised the new king in a second poem on his restoration. In the Astrea was the line,

> An horrid *stillness* first *invades* the *ear*,
> And in that silence we a tempest fear—

for which he was persecuted with perpetual ridicule, perhaps with more than was deserved. *Silence* is indeed mere privation; and, so considered, cannot *invade;* but privation likewise certainly is *darkness*, and probably *cold;* yet poetry has never been refused the right of ascribing effects or agency to them as to positive powers. No man scruples to say that *darkness* hinders him from his work; or that *cold* has killed the plants. Death is also privation; yet who has made any difficulty of assigning to Death a dart and the power of striking?

In settling the order of his works there is some difficulty; for, even when they are important enough to be formally offered to a patron, he does not commonly date his dedication; the time of writing and publishing is not always the same; nor can the

first editions be easily found, if even from them could be obtained the necessary information[5].

The time at which his first play was exhibited is not certainly known, because it was not printed till it was, some years afterwards, altered and revived; but since the plays are said to be printed in the order in which they were written, from the dates of some those of others may be inferred; and thus it may be collected, that in 1663, in the thirty-second year of his life, he commenced a writer for the stage; compelled undoubtedly by necessity, for he appears never to have loved that exercise of his genius, or to have much pleased himself with his own dramas.

Of the stage, when he had once invaded it, he kept possession for many years; not indeed without the competition of rivals, who sometimes prevailed, or the censure of critics, which was often poignant and often just; but with such a degree of reputation, as made him at least secure of being heard, whatever might be the final determination of the public.

His first piece was a comedy called The Wild Gallant. He began with no happy auguries; for his performance was so much disapproved, that he was compelled to recall it, and change it from its imperfect state to the form in which it now appears, and which is yet sufficiently defective to vindicate the critics.

I wish that there were no necessity of following the progress of his theatrical fame, or tracing the meanders of his mind through the whole series of his dramatic performances; it will be fit, however, to enumerate them, and to take especial notice of those that are distinguished by any peculiarity, intrinsic or concomitant; for the composition and fate of eight-and-twenty dramas include too much of a poetical life to be omitted.

In 1664, he published The Rival Ladies, which he dedicated to the earl of Orrery, a man of high reputation both as a writer and as a statesman. In this play he made his essay of dramatic rhyme, which he defends, in his dedication, with sufficient certainty of a favourable hearing; for Orrery was himself a writer of rhyming tragedies.

He then joined with sir Robert Howard in The Indian Queen, a tragedy in rhyme. The parts which either of them wrote are not distinguished.

The Indian Emperor was published in 1667. It is a tragedy in rhyme, intended for a sequel to Howard's Indian Queen. Of this connection notice was given to the audience by printed bills, distributed at the door; an expedient supposed to be ridiculed in The Rehearsal, where Bayes tells how many reams he has printed, to instill into the audience some conception of his plot.

In this play is the description of Night, which Rymer has made famous by preferring it to those of all other poets.

The practice of making tragedies in rhyme was introduced soon after the Restoration, as it seems by the earl of Orrery, in compliance with the opinion of Charles the Second, who had formed his taste by the French theatre; and Dryden, who wrote, and made no difficulty of declaring that he wrote only to please, and who perhaps knew, that by his dexterity of versification he was more likely to excel others in rhyme than without it, very readily adopted his master's preference. He therefore made rhyming tragedies, till, by the prevalence of manifest propriety, he seems to have grown ashamed of making them any longer.

[5] The order of his plays has been accurately ascertained by Mr. Malone. C.

To this play is prefixed a very vehement defence of dramatic rhyme, in confutation of the preface to The Duke of Lerma, in which sir Robert Howard had censured it.

In 1667 he published Annus Mirabilis, the Year of Wonders, which may be esteemed one of his most elaborate works.

It is addressed to sir Robert Howard by a letter, which is not properly a dedication; and, writing to a poet, he has interspersed many critical observations, of which some are common, and some perhaps ventured without much consideration. He began, even now, to exercise the domination of conscious genius, by recommending his own performance: "I am satisfied that as the prince and general [Rupert and Monk] are incomparably the best subjects I ever had, so what I have written on them is much better than what I have performed on any other. As I have endeavoured to adorn my poem with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution."

It is written in quatrains, or heroic stanzas of four lines; a measure which he had learned from the Gondibert of Davenant, and which he then thought the most majestic that the English language affords. Of this stanza he mentions the encumbrances, increased as they were by the exactness which the age required. It was, throughout his life, very much his custom to recommend his works by representation of the difficulties that he had encountered, without appearing to have sufficiently considered, that where there is no difficulty there is no praise.

There seems to be, in the conduct of sir Robert Howard and Dryden towards each other, something that is not now easily to be explained. Dryden, in his dedication to the earl of Orrery, had defended dramatic rhyme; and Howard, in the preface to a collection of plays, had censured his opinion. Dryden vindicated himself in his Dialogue on Dramatic Poetry: Howard, in his preface to The Duke of Lerma, animadverted on the vindication; and Dryden, in a preface to The Indian Emperor, replied to the animadversions with great asperity, and almost with contumely. The dedication to this play is dated the year in which the Annus Mirabilis was published. Here appears a strange inconsistency; but Langbaine affords some help, by relating, that the answer to Howard was not published in the first edition of the play, but was added when it was afterwards reprinted; and as The Duke of Lerma did not appear till 1668, the same year in which the Dialogue was published, there was time enough for enmity to grow up between authors, who, writing both for the theatre, were naturally rivals.

He was now so much distinguished, that in 1668[6] he succeeded sir William Davenant as poet-laureat. The salary of the laureat had been raised in favour of Jonson, by Charles the First, from an hundred marks to one hundred pounds a year, and a tierce of wine; a revenue in those days not inadequate to the conveniences of life.

The same year, he published his essay on Dramatic Poetry, an elegant and instructive dialogue, in which we are told, by Prior, that the principal character is meant to represent the duke of Dorset. This work seems to have given Addison a model for his Dialogues upon Medals.

Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen, (1668) is a tragi-comedy. In the preface he discusses a curious question, whether a poet can judge well of his own productions? and determines very justly, that, of the plan and disposition, and all that can be reduced to

[6] He did not obtain the laurel till August 18, 1670; but, Mr. Malone informs us, the patent had a retrospect, and the salary commenced from the Midsummer after D'Avenant's death. C.

principles of science, the author may depend upon his own opinion; but that, in those parts where fancy predominates, self love may easily deceive. He might have observed, that what is good only because it pleases, cannot be pronounced good till it has been found to please.

Sir Martin Marr-all (1668) is a comedy, published without preface or dedication, and at first without the name of the author. Langbaine charges it, like most of the rest, with plagiarism; and observes, that the song is translated from Voiture, allowing however that both the sense and measure are exactly observed.

The Tempest (1670) is an alteration of Shakspeare's play, made by Dryden in conjunction with Davenant; "whom," says he, "I found of so quick a fancy, that nothing was proposed to him in which he could not suddenly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprising; and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the Latin proverb, were not always the least happy; and as his fancy was quick, so likewise were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other; and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other man."

The effect produced by the conjunction of these two powerful minds was, that to Shakspeare's monster, Caliban, is added a sister-monster, Sycorax; and a woman, who, in the original play, had never seen a man, is in this brought acquainted with a man, that had never seen a woman.

About this time, in 1673, Dryden seems to have had his quiet much disturbed by the success of The Empress of Morocco, a tragedy written in rhyme by Elkanah Settle; which was so much applauded, as to make him think his supremacy of reputation in some danger. Settle had not only been prosperous on the stage, but, in the confidence of success, had published his play, with sculptures and a preface of defiance. Here was one offence added to another; and, for the last blast of inflammation, it was acted at Whitehall by the court-ladies.

Dryden could not now repress those emotions, which he called indignation, and others jealousy; but wrote upon the play and the dedication such criticism as malignant impatience could pour out in haste.

Of Settle he gives this character: "He is an animal of a most deplored understanding, without reading and conversation. His being is in a twilight of sense, and some glimmering of thought, which he can never fashion into wit or English. His style is boisterous and rough-hewn, his rhyme incorrigibly lewd, and his numbers perpetually harsh and ill-sounding. The little talent which he has, is fancy. He sometimes labours with a thought; but, with the pudder he makes to bring it into the world, 'tis commonly still-born; so that, for want of learning and elocution, he will never be able to express any thing either naturally or justly."

This is not very decent; yet this is one of the pages in which criticism prevails over brutal fury. He proceeds: "He has a heavy hand at fools, and a great felicity in writing nonsense for them. Fools they will be in spite of him. His King, his two Empresses, his Villain, and his Sub-villain, nay his Hero, have all a certain natural cast of the father—their folly was born and bred in them, and something of the Elkanah will be visible."

This is Dryden's general declamation; I will not withhold from the reader a particular remark. Having gone through the first act, he says, "To conclude this act with the most rumbling piece of nonsense spoken yet:

To flattering lightning our feign'd smiles conform,
Which, back'd with thunder, do but gild a storm.

Conform a smile to lightning, make *smile* imitate *lightning*, and *flattering lightning*: lightning sure is a threatening thing. And this lightning must *gild a storm*. Now, if I must conform my smiles to lightning, then my smiles must gild a storm too: to *gild* with *smiles*, is a new invention of gilding. And gild a storm by being *backed with thunder*. Thunder is part of the storm; so one part of the storm must help to *gild* another part, and help by *backing*; as if a man would gild a thing the better for being backed, or having a load upon his back. So that here is *gilding* by *conforming*, *smiling*, *lightning*, *backing*, and *thundering*. The whole is as if I should say thus: I will make my counterfeit smiles look like a flattering stone-horse, which, being backed with a trooper, does but gild the battle. I am mistaken if nonsense is not here pretty thick sown. Sure the poet writ these two lines a-board some smack in a storm, and, being sea-sick, spewed up a good lump of clotted nonsense at once."

Here is perhaps a sufficient specimen; but as the pamphlet, though Dryden's, has never been thought worthy of republication, and is not easily to be found, it may gratify curiosity to quote it more largely:

..... Whene'er she bleeds
He no severer a damnation needs,
That dares pronounce the sentence of her death,
Than the infection that attends that breath.

"*That attends that breath.*——The poet is at *breath* again: *breath* can never 'scape him; and here he brings in a *breath* that must be *infectious* with *pronouncing* a sentence; and this sentence is not to be pronounced till the condemned party *bleeds*; that is, she must be executed first, and sentenced after; and the *pronouncing* of this *sentence* will be infectious; that is, others will catch the disease of that sentence, and this infecting of others will torment a man's self. The whole is thus; *when she bleeds, thou needest no greater hell or torment to thyself, than infecting of others by pronouncing a sentence upon her*. What hodge-podge does he make here! Never was Dutch grout such clogging, thick, indigestible stuff. But this is but a taste to stay the stomach; we shall have a more plentiful mess presently.

"Now to dish up the poet's broth, that I promised:

For when we 're dead, and our freed souls enlarg'd,
Of Nature's grosser burthen we 're discharg'd,
Then, gentle as a happy lover's sigh,
Like wandering meteors through the air we 'll fly,
And in our airy walk, as subtle guests,
We 'll steal into our cruel fathers' breasts,
There read their souls, and track each passion's sphere,
See how Revenge moves there, Ambition here;
And in their orbs view the dark characters
Of sieges, ruins, murders, blood, and wars,
We 'll blot out all those hideous draughts, and write
Pure and white forms; then with a radiant light
Their breasts encircle, till their passions be
Gentle as Nature in its infancy;
Till, soften'd by our charms, their furies cease,
And their revenge resolves into a peace.
Thus by our death their quarrel ends,
Whom living we made foes, dead we 'll make friends,

If this be not a very liberal mess, I will refer myself to the stomach of any moderate guest. And a rare mess it is, far excelling any Westminster white-broth. It is a kind of gibblet-porridge, made of the gibblets of a couple of young geese, stodged full of *meteors, orbs, spheres, track, hideous draughts, dark characters, white forms,* and *radiant lights,* designed not only to please appetite, and indulge luxury; but it is also physical, being an approved medicine to purge choler; for it is propounded, by Morena, as a receipt to cure their fathers of their choleric humours; and, were it written in characters as barbarous as the words, might very well pass for a doctor's bill. To conclude: it is porridge, 'tis a receipt, 'tis a pig with a pudding in the belly, 'tis I know not what: for, certainly, never any one that pretended to write sense had the impudence before to put such stuff as this into the mouths of those that were to speak it before an audience, whom he did not take to be all fools; and after that to print it too, and expose it to the examination of the world. But let us see what we can make of this stuff:

For when we 're dead, and our freed souls enlarg'd——

Here he tells us what it is to be *dead;* it is to have *our freed souls set free.* Now, if to have a soul set free, is to be dead; then to have a *freed soul* set free, is to have a dead man die.

Then, gently as a happy lover's sigh——

They two like one *sigh,* and that one *sigh,* like two wandering meteors,

..... Shall fly through the air——

That is, they shall mount above like falling stars, or else they shall skip like two Jacks with lanterns, or Will with a whisp, and Madge with a candle.

"*And in their airy walk steal into their cruel fathers' breasts, like subtle guests.* So that their *fathers' breasts* must be in an *airy walk,* an airy *walk* of a *flier. And there they will read their souls, and track the spheres of their passions.* That is, these walking fliers, Jack with a lantern, &c. will put on his spectacles, and fall a *reading souls;* and put on his pumps, and fall a *tracking of spheres:* so that he will read and run, walk and fly, at the same time! Oh! nimble Jack! *Then he will see, how revenge here, how ambition there*——The birds will hop about. *And then view the dark characters of sieges, ruins, murders, blood, and wars, in their orbs: track the characters* to their forms! Oh! rare sport for Jack! Never was place so full of game as these breasts! You cannot stir, but flush a sphere, start a character, or unkennel an orb!"

Settle's is said to have been the first play embellished with sculptures; those ornaments seem to have given poor Dryden great disturbance. He tries however to ease his pain by venting his malice in a parody.

"The poet has not only been so imprudent to expose all this stuff, but so arrogant to defend it with an epistle; like a saucy booth-keeper, that, when he had put a cheat upon the people, would wrangle and fight with any that would not like it, or would offer to discover it; for which arrogance our poet receives this correction: and to jerk him a little the sharper, I will not transpose his verse, but by the help of his own words transnonsense sense, that, by my stuff, people may judge the better what his is:

Great boy, thy tragedy and sculptures done,
From press and plates, in fleets do homeward run;

And, in ridiculous and humble pride,
Their course in ballad-singers' baskets guide,
Whose greasy twigs do all new beauties take,
From the gay shows thy dainty sculptures make.
Thy lines a mess of rhyming nonsense yield,
A senseless tale, with flattering fustian fill'd.
No grain of sense does in one line appear,
Thy words big bulks of boisterous bombast bear.
With noise they move, and from players' mouths rebound,
When their tongues dance to thy words' empty sound,
By thee inspir'd the rumbling verses roll,
As if that rhyme and bombast lent a soul;
And with that soul they seem taught duty too;
To huffing words does humble nonsense bow,
As if it would thy worthless worth enhance,
To th' lowest rank of fops thy praise advance,
To whom, by instinct, all thy stuff is dear:
Their loud claps echo to the theatre.
From breaths of fools thy commendation spreads,
Fame sings thy praise with mouths of logger-heads.
With noise and laughing each thy fustian greets,
'Tis clapt by choirs of empty-headed cits,
Who have their tribute sent, and homage given,
As men in whispers send loud noise to Heaven.

"Thus I have daubed him with his own puddle; and now we are come from aboard his dancing, masking, rebounding, breathing fleet: and, as if we had landed at Gotham, we meet nothing but fools and nonsense."

Such was the criticism to which the genius of Dryden could be reduced, between rage and terrour; rage with little provocation, and terrour with little danger. To see the highest mind thus levelled with the meanest, may produce some solace to the consciousness of weakness, and some mortification to the pride of wisdom. But let it be remembered, that minds are not levelled in their powers but when they are first levelled in their desires. Dryden and Settle had both placed their happiness in the claps of multitudes.

An Evening's Love, or The Mock Astrologer, a comedy, (1671) is dedicated to the illustrious duke of Newcastle, whom he courts by adding to his praises those of his lady, not only as a lover but a partner of his studies. It is unpleasing to think how many names, once celebrated, are since forgotten. Of Newcastle's works nothing is now known but his Treatise on Horsemanship.

The Preface seems very elaborately written, and contains many just remarks on the fathers of the English drama. Shakspeare's plots, he says, are in the hundred novels of Cinthio; those of Beaumont and Fletcher in Spanish stories; Jonson only made them for himself. His criticisms upon tragedy, comedy, and farce, are judicious and profound. He endeavours to defend the immorality of some of his comedies by the example of former writers; which is only to say, that he was not the first, nor perhaps the greatest, offender. Against those that accused him of plagiarism, he alleges a favourable expression of the king: "He only desired that they, who accuse me of thefts, would steal him plays like mine;" and then relates how much labour he spends in fitting for the English stage what he borrows from others.

Tyrannic Love, or the Virgin Martyr, (1672) was another tragedy in rhyme, conspicuous for many passages of strength and elegance, and many of empty noise and

ridiculous turbulence. The rants of Maximin have been always the sport of criticism; and were at length, if his own confession may be trusted, the shame of the writer.

Of this play he has taken care to let the reader know, that it was contrived and written in seven weeks. Want of time was often his excuse, or perhaps shortness of time was his private boast in the form of an apology.

It was written before The Conquest of Granada, but published after it. The design is to recommend piety. "I considered, that pleasure was not the only end of poesy; and that even the instructions of morality were not so wholly the business of a poet, as that the precepts and examples of piety were to be omitted; for to leave that employment altogether to the clergy, were to forget that religion was first taught in verse, which the laziness or dullness of succeeding priesthood turned afterwards into prose." Thus foolishly could Dryden write, rather than not show his malice to the parsons.

The two parts of The Conquest of Granada, (1672) are written with a seeming determination to glut the public with dramatic wonders, to exhibit in its highest elevation a theatrical meteor of incredible love and impossible valour, and to leave no room for a wilder flight to the extravagance of posterity. All the rays of romantic heat, whether amorous or warlike, glow in Almanzor by a kind of concentration. He is above all laws; he is exempt from all restraints; he ranges the world at will, and governs wherever he appears. He fights without inquiring the cause, and loves in spite of the obligations of justice, of rejection by his mistress, and of prohibition from the dead. Yet the scenes are, for the most part, delightful; they exhibit a kind of illustrious depravity, and majestic madness, such as, if it is sometimes despised, is often reverenced, and in which the ridiculous is mingled with the astonishing.

In the Epilogue to the second part of The Conquest of Granada, Dryden indulges his favourite pleasure of discrediting his predecessors; and this epilogue he has defended by a long postscript. He had promised a second dialogue, in which he should more fully treat of the virtues and faults of the English poets, who have written in the dramatic, epic, or lyric way. This promise was never formally performed; but, with respect to the dramatic writers, he has given us in his prefaces, and in this postscript, something equivalent; but his purpose being to exalt himself by the comparison, he shows faults distinctly, and only praises excellence in general terms.

A play thus written, in professed defiance of probability, naturally drew upon itself the vultures of the theatre. One of the critics that attacked it was Martin Clifford, to whom Sprat addressed the Life of Cowley, with such veneration of his critical powers, as might naturally excite great expectations of instructions from his remarks. But let honest credulity beware of receiving characters from contemporary writers. Clifford's remarks, by the favour of Dr. Percy, were at last obtained; and, that no man may ever want them more, I will extract enough to satisfy all reasonable desire.

In the first letter his observation is only general: "You do live," says he, "in as much ignorance and darkness as you did in the womb; your writings are like a Jack-of-all-trade's shop; they have a variety, but nothing of value; and if thou art not the dullest plant-animal that ever the Earth produced, all that I have conversed with are strangely mistaken in thee."

In the second he tells him, that Almanzor is not more copied from Achilles than from Ancient Pistol. "But I am," says he, "strangely mistaken if I have not seen this very Almanzor of yours in some disguise about this town, and passing under another name. Pr'ythee tell me true, was not this huffcap once the Indian Emperor? and at

another time did he not call himself Maximin? Was not Lyndaraxa once called Almeria? I mean, under Montezuma the Indian emperor. I protest and vow they are either the same, or so alike, that I cannot, for my heart, distinguish one from the other. You are therefore a strange unconscionable thief; thou art not content to steal from others, but dost rob thy poor wretched self too."

Now was Settle's time to take his revenge. He wrote a vindication of his own lines; and, if he is forced to yield any thing, makes his reprisals upon his enemy. To say that his answer is equal to the censure, is no high commendation. To expose Dryden's method of analysing his expressions, he tries the same experiment upon the same description of the ships in The Indian Emperor, of which however he does not deny the excellence; but intends to show, that by studied misconstruction every thing may be equally represented as ridiculous. After so much of Dryden's elegant animadversions, justice requires that something of Settle's should be exhibited. The following observations are therefore extracted from a quarto pamphlet of ninety-five pages:

> "Fate after him below with pain did move,
> And victory could scarce keep pace above.

These two lines, if he can show me any sense or thought in, or any thing but bombast and noise, he shall make me believe every word in his observations on Morocco sense.

"In The Empress of Morocco were these lines:

> I'll travel then to some remoter sphere,
> Till I find out new worlds, and crown you there.

"On which Dryden made this remark: 'I believe our learned author takes a sphere for a country; the sphere of Morocco; as if Morocco were the globe of earth and water; but a globe is no sphere neither, by his leave,' &c. So *sphere* must not be sense, unless it relates to circular motion about a globe, in which sense the astronomers use it. I would desire him to expound those lines in Granada:

> I 'll to the turrrets of the palace go,
> And add new fire to those that fight below.
> Thence, hero-like, with torches by my side,
> (Far be the omen though) my love I 'll guide.
> No, like his better fortune I 'll appear,
> With open arms, loose veil, and flowing hair,
> Just flying forward from my rolling sphere.

I wonder, if he be so strict, how he dares make so bold with *sphere* himself, and be so critical in other men's writings. Fortune is fancied standing on a globe, not on a *sphere*, as he told us in the first act.

"Because *Elkana's similes are the most unlike things to what they are compared in the world*, I'll venture to start a simile in his Annus Mirabilis: he gives this poetical description of the ship called the London:

> The goodly London in her gallant trim,
> The Phenix-daughter of the vanquish'd old,
> Like a rich bride does on the ocean swim,
> And on her shadow rides in floating gold.
> Her flag aloft spread ruffling in the wind,
> And sanguine streamers seem'd the flood to fire:

The weaver, charm'd with what his loom design'd,
Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire.
With roomy decks, her guns of mighty strength,
Whose low-laid mouths each mountain billow laves,
Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
She seems a sea-wasp flying in the waves.

"What a wonderful pother is here, to make all these poetical beautifications of a ship; that is, a *phenix* in the first stanza, and but a *wasp* in the last; nay, to make his humble comparison of a *wasp* more ridiculous, he does not say it flies upon the waves as nimbly as a wasp, or the like, but it seemed a *wasp*. But our author at the writing of this was not in his altitudes, to compare ships to floating palaces: a comparison to the purpose, was a perfection he did not arrive to till the *Indian Emperor's* days. But perhaps his similitude has more in it than we imagine; this ship had a great many guns in her, and they, put altogether, made the sting in the wasp's tail: for this is all the reason I can guess, why it seemed a *wasp*. But because we will allow him all we can to help out, let it be a *phenix sea-wasp*, and the rarity of such an animal may do much towards heightening the fancy.

"It had been much more to his purpose, if he had designed to render the senseless play little, to have searched for some such pedantry as this:

Two ifs scarce make one possibility.
If Justice will take all, and nothing give,
Justice, methinks, is not distributive.
To die or kill you is the alternative;
Rather than take your life, I will not live.

"Observe how prettily our author chops logic in heroic verse. Three such fustian canting words as *distributive*, *alternative*, and *two ifs*, no man but himself would have come within the noise of. But he's a man of general learning, and all comes into his play.

"'Twould have done well too, if he could have met with a rant or two, worth the observation: such as,

Move swiftly, Sun, and fly a lover's pace;
Leave months and weeks behind thee in thy race.

"But surely the Sun, whether he flies a lover's or not a lover's pace, leaves weeks and months, nay years too, behind him in his race.

"Poor Robin, or any other of the Philo-mathematics, would have given him satisfaction in the point,

If I could kill thee now, thy fate 's so low,
That I must stoop, ere I can give the blow.
But mine is fix'd so far above thy crown,
That all thy men,
Piled on thy back, can never pull it down.

"Now where that is, Almanzor's fate is fixed, I cannot guess: but, wherever it is, I believe Almanzor, and think that all Abdalla's subjects, piled upon one another, might not pull down his fate so well as without piling: besides I think Abdalla so wise a man, that, if Almanzor had told him piling his men upon his back might do the feat, he

would scarcely bear such a weight, for the pleasure of the exploit; but it is a huff, and let Abdalla do it if he dare.

> The people like a headlong torrent go,
> And every dam they break or overflow.
> But, unoppos'd, they either lose their force,
> Or wind in volumes to their former course:

"A very pretty allusion, contrary to all sense or reason. Torrents, I take it, let them wind never so much, can never return to their former course, unless he can suppose that fountains can go upwards, which is impossible; nay more, in the foregoing page he tells us so too; a trick of a very unfaithful memory.

> But can no more than fountains upward flow;

which of a *torrent*, which signifies a rapid stream, is much more impossible. Besides, if he goes to quibble, and say, that it is impossible by art water may be made to return, and the same water run twice in one and the same channel; then he quite confutes what he says: for it is by being opposed, that it runs into its former course; for all engines, that make water so return, do it by compulsion and opposition. Or, if he means a headlong torrent for a tide, which would be ridiculous, yet they do not wind in volumes, but come fore-right back, (if their upright lies straight to their former course) and that by opposition of the sea-water, that drives them back again.

"And for fancy, when he lights of any thing like it, 'tis a wonder if it be not borrowed. As here, for example of, I find this fanciful thought in his Ann. Mirab.

> Old father Thames rais'd up his reverend head;
> But fear'd the fate of Simoeis would return:
> Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed;
> And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

"This is stolen from Cowley's Davideis, p. 9:

> Swift Jordan started, and straight backward fled,
> Hiding amongst thick reeds his aged head.
> And when the Spaniards their assault begin,
> At once beat those without and those within.

"This Almanzor speaks of himself; and sure for one man to conquer an army within the city, and another without the city, at once, is something difficult: but this flight is pardonable to some we meet with in Granada: Osmin, speaking of Almanzor,

> Who, like a tempest that outrides the wind,
> Made a just battle, ere the bodies join'd.

"Pray what does this honourable person mean by *a tempest that outrides the wind!* a tempest that outrides itself? To suppose a tempest without wind, is as bad as supposing a man to walk without feet; for if he supposes the tempest to be something distinct from the wind, yet, as being the effect of wind only, to come before the cause is a little preposterous; so that, if he takes it one way, or if he takes it the other, those two *ifs* will scarcely make one *possibility*." Enough of Settle.

Marriage-a-la-mode (1673) is a comedy dedicated to the earl of Rochester; whom he acknowledges not only as the defender of his poetry, but the promoter of his fortune. Langbaine places this play in 1673. The earl of Rochester, therefore, was

the famous Wilmot, whom yet tradition always represents as an enemy to Dryden, and who is mentioned by him with some disrespect in the preface to Juvenal.

The Assignation, or Love in a Nunnery, a comedy, (1673) was driven off the stage, *against the opinion*, as the author says, *of the best judges*. It is dedicated, in a very elegant address, to sir Charles Sedley: in which he finds an opportunity for his usual complaint of hard treatment and unreasonable censure.

Amboyna (1673) is a tissue of mingled dialogue in verse and prose, and was perhaps written in less time than The Virgin Martyr; though the author thought not fit either ostentatiously or mournfully to tell how little labour it cost him, or at how short a warning he produced it. It was a temporary performance, written in the time of the Dutch war, to inflame the nation against their enemies; to whom he hopes, as he declares in his Epilogue, to make his poetry not less destructive than that by which Tyrtæus of old animated the Spartans. This play was written in the second Dutch war, in 1673.

Troilus and Cressida (1679) is a play altered from Shakspeare; but so altered, that, even in Langbaine's opinion, "the last scene in the third act is a masterpiece." It is introduced by a discourse on the Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy, to which I suspect that Rymer's book had given occasion.

The Spanish Friar (1681) is a tragi-comedy, eminent for the happy coincidence and coalition of the two plots. As it was written against the papists, it would naturally at that time have friends and enemies; and partly by the popularity which it obtained at first, and partly by the real power both of the serious and risible part, it continued long a favourite of the public.

It was Dryden's opinion, at least for some time, and he maintains it in the dedication of this play, that the drama required an alternation of comic and tragic scenes; and that it is necessary to mitigate by alleviations of merriment the pressure of ponderous events, and the fatigue of toilsome passions. "Whoever," says he, "cannot perform both parts, *is but half a writer for the stage*."

The Duke of Guise, a tragedy, (1683) written in conjunction with Lee, as Œdipus had been before, seems to deserve notice only for the offence which it gave to the remnant of the Covenanters, and in general to the enemies of the court, who attacked him with great violence, and were answered by him; though at last he seems to withdraw from the conflict, by transferring the greater part of the blame or merit to his partner. It happened, that a contract had been made between them, by which they were to join in writing a play: and "he happened," says Dryden, "to claim the promise just upon the finishing of a poem, when I would have been glad of a little respite.—*Two*-thirds of it belonged to him; and to me only the first scene of the play, the whole fourth act, and the first half, or somewhat more, of the fifth."

This was a play written professedly for the party of the duke of York, whose succession was then opposed. A parallel is intended between the Leaguers of France and the Covenanters of England: and this intention produced the controversy.

Albion and Albanius (1685) is a musical drama or opera, written, like The Duke of Guise, against the republicans. With what success it was performed, I have not found[7].

[7] Downes says, it was performed on a very unlucky day, viz. that on which the duke of Monmouth landed in the West; and he intimates, that the consternation into which the kingdom was thrown by this event was a reason why it was performed but six times, and was in general ill received. *H.*

The State of Innocence and Fall of Man (1675) is termed by him an opera: it is rather a tragedy in heroic rhyme, but of which the personages are such as cannot decently be exhibited on the stage. Some such production was foreseen by Marvel, who writes thus to Milton:

> Or if a work so infinite be spann'd,
> Jealous I was lest some less skilful hand,
> (Such as disquiet always what is well,
> And by ill-imitating would excel)
> Might hence presume the whole creation's day
> To change in scenes, and show it in a play.

It is another of his hasty productions; for the heat of his imagination raised it in a month.

This composition is addressed to the princess of Modena, then dutchess of York, in a strain of flattery which disgraces genius, and which it was wonderful that any man, that knew the meaning of his own words, could use without self-detestation. It is an attempt to mingle Earth and Heaven, by praising human excellence in the language of Religion.

The preface contains an apology for heroic verse and poetic licence; by which is meant not any liberty taken in contracting or extending words, but the use of bold fictions and ambitious figures.

The reason which he gives for printing what was never acted cannot be overpassed: "I was induced to it in my own defence, many hundred copies of it being dispersed abroad without my knowledge or consent; and every one gathering new faults, it became at length a libel against me." These copies, as they gathered faults, were apparently manuscript; and he lived in an age very unlike ours, if many hundred copies of fourteen hundred lines were likely to be transcribed. An author has a right to print his own works, and need not seek an apology in falsehood; but he that could bear to write the dedication, felt no pain in writing the preface.

Aureng Zebe (1676) is a tragedy founded on the actions of a great prince then reigning, but over nations not likely to employ their critics upon the transactions of the English stage. If he had known and disliked his own character, our trade was not in those times secure from his resentment. His country is at such a distance, that the manners might be safely falsified, and the incidents feigned; for the remoteness of place is remarked, by Racine, to afford the same conveniences to a poet as length of time.

This play is written in rhyme, and has the appearance of being the most elaborate of all the dramas. The personages are imperial: but the dialogue is often domestic, and therefore susceptible of sentiments accommodated to familiar incidents. The complaint of life is celebrated; and there are many other passages that may be read with pleasure.

This play is addressed to the earl of Mulgrave, afterwards duke of Buckingham, himself, if not a poet, yet a writer of verses, and a critic. In this address Dryden gave the first hints of his intention to write an epic poem. He mentions his design in terms so obscure, that he seems afraid lest his plan should be purloined, as, he says, happened to him when he told it more plainly in his preface to Juvenal. "The design," says he, "you know is great, the story English, and neither too near the present times, nor too distant from them."

All for Love, or the World well Lost, (1678) a tragedy founded upon the story of Antony and Cleopatra, he tells us, "is the only play which he wrote for himself:" the rest were given to the people. It is by universal consent accounted the work in which he has admitted the fewest improprieties of style or character; but it has one fault equal to many, though rather moral than critical, that, by admitting the romantic omnipotence of Love, he has recommended, as laudable and worthy of imitation, that conduct which, through all ages, the good have censured as vicious, and the bad despised as foolish.

Of this play the prologue and the epilogue, though written upon the common topics of malicious and ignorant criticism, and without any particular relation to the characters or incidents of the drama, are deservedly celebrated for their elegance and sprightliness.

Limberham, or the Kind Keeper, (1680) is a comedy, which, after the third night, was prohibited as too indecent for the stage. What gave offence was, in the printing, as the author says, altered or omitted. Dryden confesses, that its indecency was objected to; but Langbaine, who yet seldom favours him, imputes its expulsion to resentment, because it "so much exposed the keeping part of the town."

Œdipus (1679) is a tragedy formed by Dryden and Lee, in conjunction, from the works of Sophocles, Seneca, and Corneille. Dryden planned the scenes, and composed the first and third acts.

Don Sebastian (1690) is commonly esteemed either the first or second of his dramatic performances. It is too long to be all acted, and has many characters and many incidents; and though it is not without sallies of frantic dignity, and more noise than meaning, yet, as it makes approaches to the possibilities of real life, and has some sentiments which leave a strong impression, it continued long to attract attention. Amidst the distresses of princes, and the vicissitudes of empire, are inserted several scenes which the writer intended for comic; but which, I suppose, that age did not much commend, and this would not endure. There are, however, passages of excellence universally acknowledged; the dispute and the reconciliation of Dorax and Sebastian has always been admired.

This play was first acted in 1690, after Dryden had for some years discontinued dramatic poetry.

Amphytrion is a comedy derived from Plautus and Moliere. The dedication is dated October 1690. This play seems to have succeeded at its first appearance; and was, I think, long considered as a very diverting entertainment.

Cleomenes (1692) is a tragedy, only remarkable as it occasioned an incident related in the Guardian, and allusively mentioned by Dryden in his preface. As he came out from the representation, he was accosted thus by some airy stripling: "Had I been left alone with a young beauty, I would not have spent my time like your Spartan." "That, sir," said Dryden, "perhaps is true: but give me leave to tell you, that you are no hero."

King Arthur (1691) is another opera. It was the last work that Dryden performed for king Charles, who did not live to see it exhibited, and it does not seem to have been ever brought upon the stage[8]. In the dedication to the marquis of Halifax, there is

[8] This is a mistake. It was set to music by Purcell, and well received, and is yet a favourite entertainment. *H.*

a very elegant character of Charles, and a pleasing account of his latter life. When this was first brought upon the stage, news that the duke of Monmouth had landed was told in the theatre; upon which the company departed, and Arthur was exhibited no more.

His last drama was Love Triumphant, a tragi-comedy. In his dedication to the earl of Salisbury, he mentions "the lowness of fortune to which he has voluntarily reduced himself, and of which he has no reason to be ashamed."

This play appeared in 1694. It is said to have been unsuccessful. The catastrophe, proceeding merely from a change of mind, is confessed by the author to be defective. Thus he began and ended his dramatic labours with ill-success.

From such a number of theatrical pieces, it will be supposed, by most readers, that he must have improved his fortune; at least, that such diligence with such abilities must have set penury at defiance. But in Dryden's time the drama was very far from that universal approbation which it has now obtained. The playhouse was abhorred by the puritans, and avoided by those who desired the character of seriousness or decency. A grave lawyer would have debased his dignity, and a young trader would have impaired his credit, by appearing in those mansions of dissolute licentiousness. The profits of the theatre, when so many classes of the people were deducted from the audience, were not great; and the poet had, for a long time, but a single night. The first that had two nights was Southern; and the first that had three was Rowe. There were, however, in those days, arts of improving a poet's profit, which Dryden forebore to practise; and a play therefore seldom produced him more than a hundred pounds, by the accumulated gain of the third night, the dedication, and the copy.

Almost every piece had a dedication, written with such elegance and luxuriance of praise, as neither haughtiness nor avarice could be imagined able to resist. But he seems to have made flattery too cheap. That praise is worth nothing of which the price is known.

To increase the value of his copies, he often accompanied his work with a preface of criticism; a kind of learning then almost new in the English language, and which he, who had considered with great accuracy the principles of writing, was able to distribute copiously as occasions arose. By these dissertations the public judgment must have been much improved; and Swift, who conversed with Dryden, relates, that he regretted the success of his own instructions, and found his readers made suddenly too skilful to be easily satisfied.

His prologues had such reputation, that for some time a play was considered as less likely to be well received, if some of his verses did not introduce it. The price of a prologue was two guineas, till, being asked to write one for Mr. Southern, he demanded three: "Not," said he, "young man, out of disrespect to you; but the players have had my goods too cheap."

Though he declares, that in his own opinion his genius was not dramatic, he had great confidence in his own fertility; for he is said to have engaged, by contract, to furnish four plays a year.

It is certain that in one year, 1678[9], he published All for Love, Assignation, two

[9] Dr. Johnson in this assertion was misled by Langbaine. Only one of these plays appeared in 1678. Nor were there more than three in any one year. The dates are now added from the original editions. *R.*

parts of The Conquest of Granada, Sir Martin Marr-all, and The State of Innocence, six complete plays, with a celerity of performance, which, though all Langbaine's charges of plagiarism should be allowed, shows such facility of composition, such readiness of language, and such copiousness of sentiment, as, since the time of Lopez de Vega, perhaps no other author has ever possessed.

He did not enjoy his reputation, however great, nor his profits, however small, without molestation. He had critics to endure, and rivals to oppose. The two most distinguished wits of the nobility, the duke of Buckingham and earl of Rochester, declared themselves his enemies.

Buckingham characterized him, in 1671, by the name of Bayes in The Rehearsal; a farce which he is said to have written with the assistance of Butler, the author of Hudibras; Martin Clifford, of the Charter-house; and Dr. Sprat, the friend of Cowley, then his chaplain. Dryden and his friends laughed at the length of time, and the number of hands, employed upon this performance; in which, though by some artifice of action it yet keeps possession of the stage, it is not possible now to find any thing that might not have been written without so long delay, or a confederacy so numerous.

To adjust the minute events of literary history is tedious and troublesome; it requires indeed no great force of understanding, but often depends upon inquiries which there is no opportunity of making, or is to be fetched from books and pamphlets not always at hand.

The Rehearsal was played in 1671 [10], and yet is represented as ridiculing passages in The Conquest of Granada [11] and Assignation, which were not published till 1678; in Marriage-a-la-mode, published in 1673; and in Tyrannic Love, in 1677. These contradictions show how rashly satire is applied [12].

It is said that this farce was originally intended against Davenant, who, in the first draught, was characterized by the name of Bilboa. Davenant had been a soldier and an adventurer.

There is one passage in The Rehearsal still remaining, which seems to have related originally to Davenant. Bayes hurts his nose, and comes in with brown paper applied to the bruise; how this affected Dryden does not appear. Davenant's nose had suffered such diminution by mishaps among the women, that a patch upon that part evidently denoted him.

It is said likewise, that sir Robert Howard was once meant. The design was probably to ridicule the reigning poet, whoever he might be.

Much of the personal satire, to which it might owe its first reception, is now lost or obscured. Bayes probably imitated the dress, and mimicked the manner, of Dryden: the cant words which are so often in his mouth may be supposed to have been Dryden's habitual phrases, or customary exclamations. Bayes, when he is to write, is blooded and purged; this, as Lamotte relates himself to have heard, was the real practice of the poet.

There were other strokes in The Rehearsal by which malice was gratified; the debate

[10] It was published in 1672. *R.*

[11] The Conquest of Granada was published in 1672; The Assignation, in 1673; Marriage-à-la-mode in the same year; and Tyrannic Love, in 1672.

[12] There is no contradiction, according to Mr. Malone, but what arises from Dr. Johnson's having copied the erroneous dates assigned to these plays by Langbaine. *C.*

same antagonist. Elkanah Settle, who had answered Absalom, appeared with equal courage in opposition to The Medal; and published an answer called The Medal reversed, with so much success in both encounters, that he left the palm doubtful, and divided the suffrages of the nation. Such are the revolutions of fame, or such is the prevalence of fashion, that the man, whose works have not yet been thought to deserve the care of collecting them, who died forgotten in an hospital, and whose latter years were spent in contriving shows for fairs, and carrying an elegy or epithalamium, of which the beginning and end were occasionally varied, but the intermediate parts were always the same, to every house where there was a funeral or a wedding, might with truth have had inscribed upon his stone,

Here lies the rival and antagonist of Dryden.

Settle was, for his rebellion, severely chastized by Dryden under the name of Doeg, in the second part of Absalom and Achitophel; and was, perhaps for his factious audacity, made the city poet, whose annual office was to describe the glories of the Mayor's day. Of these bards he was the last, and seems not much to have deserved even this degree of regard, if it was paid to his political opinions: for he afterward wrote a panegyric on the virtues of judge Jefferies; and what more could have been done by the meanest zealot for prerogative?

Of translated fragments, or occasional poems, to enumerate the titles, or settle the dates, would be tedious, with little use. It may be observed, that, as Dryden's genius was commonly excited by some personal regard, he rarely writes upon a general topic.

Soon after the accession of king James, when the design of reconciling the nation to the church of Rome became apparent, and the religion of the court gave the only efficacious title to its favours, Dryden declared himself a convert to popery. This at any other time might have passed with little censure. Sir Kenelm Digby embraced popery; the two Reynoldses reciprocally converted one another[15]; and Chillingworth himself was awhile so entangled in the wilds of controversy, as to retire for quiet to an infallible church. If men of argument and study can find such difficulties, or such motives, as may either unite them to the church of Rome, or detain them in uncertainty, there can be no wonder that a man, who perhaps never inquired why he was a protestant, should by an artful and experienced disputant be made a papist, overborne by the sudden violence of new and unexpected arguments, or deceived by a representation which shows only the doubts on one part, and only the evidence on the other.

That conversion will always be suspected that apparently concurs with interest. He that never finds his errour till it hinders his progress towards wealth or honour, will not be thought to love Truth only for herself. Yet it may easily happen that information may come at a commodious time; and, as truth and interest are not by any fatal necessity at variance, that one may by accident introduce the other. When opinions are struggling into popularity, the arguments by which they are opposed or defended become more known; and he that changes his profession would perhaps have changed it before, with the like opportunities of instruction. This was the then state of popery;

[15] Dr. John Reynolds, who lived temp. Jac. I. was at first a zealous papist, and his brother William as earnest a protestant; but, by mutual disputation, each converted the other. See Fuller's Church History, p. 47, book x. *H.*

every artifice was used to show it in its fairest form; and it must be owned to be a religion of external appearance sufficiently attractive.

It is natural to hope, that a comprehensive is likewise an elevated soul, and that whoever is wise is also honest. I am willing to believe, that Dryden, having employed his mind, active as it was, upon different studies, and filled it, capacious as it was, with other materials, came unprovided to the controversy, and wanted rather skill to discover the right, than virtue to maintain it. But inquiries into the heart are not for man; we must now leave him to his Judge.

The priests, having strengthened their cause by so powerful an adherent, were not long before they brought him into action. They engaged him to defend the controversial papers found in the strong box of Charles the Second; and, what yet was harder, to defend them against Stillingfleet.

With hopes of promoting popery, he was employed to translate Maimbourg's History of the League; which he published with a large introduction. His name is likewise prefixed to the English Life of Francis Xavier; but I know not that he ever owned himself the translator. Perhaps the use of his name was a pious fraud; which however seems not to have had much effect; for neither of the books, I believe, was ever popular.

The version of Xavier's Life is commended by Brown, in a pamphlet not written to flatter; and the occasion of it is said to have been, that the queen, when she solicited a son, made vows to him as her tutelary saint.

He was supposed to have undertaken to translate Varillas's History of Heresies; and, when Burnet published remarks upon it, to have written an Answer[16]; upon which Burnet makes the following observation:

"I have been informed from England, that a gentleman, who is famous both for poetry and several other things, had spent three months in translating M. Varillas's History; but that, as soon as my Reflections appeared, he discontinued his labour, finding the credit of his author was gone. Now, if he thinks it is recovered by his Answer, he will perhaps go on with his translation; and this may be, for aught I know, as good an entertainment for him as the conversation that he had set on between the Hinds and Panthers, and all the rest of animals, for whom M. Varillas may serve well enough as an author; and this history and that poem are such extraordinary things of their kind, that it will be but suitable to see the author of the worst poem become likewise the translator of the worst history that the age has produced. If his grace and his wit improve both proportionably, he will hardly find that he has gained much by the change he has made, from having no religion, to choose one of the worst. It is true, he had somewhat to sink from in matter of wit; but, as for his morals, it is scarcely possible for him to grow a worse man than he was. He has lately wreaked his malice on me for spoiling his three months' labour; but in it he has done me all the honour that any man can receive from him, which is to be railed at by him. If I had ill-nature enough to prompt me to wish a very bad wish for him, it should be, that he would go on and finish his translation. By that it will appear, whether the English nation, which is the most competent judge in this matter, has, upon the seeing our debate, pronounced in M. Varillas's favour, or in mine. It is true, Mr. D. will suffer a little by it; but at least it will serve to keep him in from other extravagances; and if he

[16] This is a mistake. See Malone, p. 194, &c. C.

gains little honour by this work, yet he cannot lose so much by it as he has done by his last employment."

Having probably felt his own inferiority in theological controversy, he was desirous of trying whether, by bringing poetry to aid his arguments, he might become a more efficacious defender of his new profession. To reason in verse was, indeed, one of his powers; but subtilty and harmony, united, are still feeble, when opposed to truth.

Actuated therefore by zeal for Rome, or hope of fame, he published The Hind and Panther, a poem in which the Church of Rome, figured by the *milk-white Hind*, defends her tenets against the Church of England, represented by the *Panther*, a beast beautiful, but spotted.

A fable, which exhibits two beasts talking theology, appears at once full of absurdity; and it was accordingly ridiculed in The City Mouse and Country Mouse, a parody, written by Montague, afterwards earl of Halifax, and Prior, who then gave the first specimen of his abilities.

The conversion of such a man, at such a time, was not likely to pass uncensured. Three dialogues were published by the facetious Thomas Brown, of which the two first were called Reasons of Mr. Bayes's changing his Religion: and the third, The Reasons of Mr. Hains the Player's Conversion and Re-conversion. The first was printed in 1688, the second not till 1690, the third in 1691. The clamour seems to have been long continued, and the subject to have strongly fixed the public attention.

In the two first dialogues Bayes is brought into the company of Crites and Eugenius, with whom he had formerly debated on dramatic poetry. The two talkers in the third are Mr. Bayes and Mr. Hains.

Brown was a man not deficient in literature, nor destitute of fancy; but he seems to have thought it the pinnacle of excellence to be a *merry fellow;* and therefore laid out his powers upon small jests or gross buffoonery; so that his performances have little intrinsic value, and were read only while they were recommended by the novelty of the event that occasioned them.

These dialogues are like his other works: what sense or knowledge they contain is disgraced by the garb in which it is exhibited. One great source of pleasure is to call Dryden *little Bayes*. Ajax, who happens to be mentioned, is "he that wore as many cow-hides upon his shield as would have furnished half the king's army with shoe-leather."

Being asked whether he had seen The Hind and Panther, Crites answers: "Seen it! Mr. Bayes, why I can stir no where but it pursues me; it haunts me worse than a pewter-buttoned serjeant does a decayed cit. Sometimes I meet it in a band-box, when my laundress brings home my linen; sometimes, whether I will or no, it lights my pipe at a coffee-house; sometimes it surprises me in a trunk-maker's shop; and sometimes it refreshes my memory for me on the backside of a Chancery-lane parcel. For your comfort too, Mr. Bayes, I have not only seen it, as you may perceive, but have read it too, and can quote it as freely upon occasion as a frugal tradesman can quote that noble treatise, The Worth of a Penny, to his extravagant 'prentice, that revels in stewed apples and penny custards."

The whole animation of these compositions arises from a profusion of ludicrous and affected comparisons. "To secure one's chastity," says Bayes, "little more is necessary than to leave off a correspondence with the other sex, which, to a wise man, is no greater a punishment than it would be to a fanatic person to forbid seeing The Cheats

and The Committee; or for my lord mayor and aldermen to be interdicted the sight of The London Cuckolds." This is the general strain, and therefore I shall be easily excused the labour of more transcription.

Brown does not wholly forget past transactions: "You began," says Crites to Bayes, "a very different religion, and have not mended the matter in your last choice. It was but reason that your Muse, which appeared first in a tyrant's quarrel, should employ her last efforts to justify the usurpation of the Hind."

Next year the nation was summoned to celebrate the birth of the prince. Now was the time for Dryden to rouse his imagination, and strain his voice. Happy days were at hand, and he was willing to enjoy and diffuse the anticipated blessings. He published a poem, filled with predictions of greatness and prosperity; predictions of which it is not necessary to tell how they have been verified.

A few months passed after these joyful notes, and every blossom of popish hope was blasted for ever by the Revolution. A papist now could be no longer laureat. The revenue, which he had enjoyed with so much pride and praise, was transferred to Shadwell, an old enemy, whom he had formerly stigmatised by the name of Og. Dryden could not decently complain that he was deposed; but seemed very angry that Shadwell succeeded him, and has therefore celebrated the intruder's inauguration in a poem exquisitely satirical, called Mac Flecknoe[17]; of which the Dunciad, as Pope himself declares, is an imitation, though more extended in its plan, and more diversified in its incidents.

It is related by Prior, that lord Dorset, when as chamberlain he was constrained to eject Dryden from his office, gave him from his own purse an allowance equal to the salary. This is no romantic or incredible act of generosity; an hundred a year is often enough given to claims less cogent by men less famed for liberality. Yet Dryden always represented himself as suffering under a public infliction; and once particularly demands respect for the patience with which he endured the loss of his little fortune. His patron might, indeed, enjoin him to suppress his bounty; but, if he suffered nothing, he should not have complained.

During the short reign of king James, he had written nothing for the stage[18], being, in his opinion, more profitably employed in controversy and flattery. Of praise he might perhaps have been less lavish without inconvenience, for James was never said to have much regard for poetry: he was to be flattered only by adopting his religion.

Times were now changed: Dryden was no longer the court-poet, and was to look back for support to his former trade: and having waited about two years, either considering himself as discountenanced by the public, or perhaps expecting a second revolution, he produced Don Sebastian in 1690; and in the next four years four dramas more.

In 1693 appeared a new version of Juvenal and Persius. Of Juvenal he translated the first, third, sixth, tenth, and sixteenth satires; and of Persius the whole work. On this occasion he introduced his two sons to the public, as nurselings of the Muses. The fourteenth of Juvenal was the work of John, and the seventh of Charles Dryden. He prefixed a very ample preface, in the form of a dedication to lord Dorset; and there

[17] All Dryden's biographers have misdated this poem, which Mr. Malone's more accurate researches prove to have been published on the 4th of October, 1682. *C.*

[18] Albion and Albianus must however be excepted. *R.*

gives an account of the design which he had once formed to write an epic poem on the actions either of Arthur or the Black Prince. He considered the epic as necessarily including some kind of supernatural agency, and had imagined a new kind of contest between the guardian angels of kingdoms, of whom he conceived that each might be represented zealous for his charge, without any intended opposition to the purposes of the Supreme Being, of which all created minds must in part be ignorant.

This is the most reasonable scheme of celestial interposition that ever was formed. The surprises and terrours of enchantments, which have succeeded to the intrigues and oppositions of pagan deities, afford very striking scenes, and open a vast extent to the imagination; but, as Boileau observes, (and Boileau will be seldom found mistaken) with this incurable defect, that, in a contest between Heaven and Hell, we know at the beginning which is to prevail; for this reason we follow Rinaldo to the enchanted wood with more curiosity than terrour.

In the scheme of Dryden there is one great difficulty, which yet he would perhaps have had address enough to surmount. In a war justice can be but on one side; and, to entitle the hero to the protection of angels, he must fight in defence of indubitable right. Yet some of the celestial beings, thus opposed to each other, must have been represented as defending guilt.

That this poem was never written, is reasonably to be lamented. It would doubtless have improved our numbers, and enlarged our language; and might perhaps have contributed, by pleasing instructions, to rectify our opinions, and purify our manners.

What he required as the indispensable condition of such an undertaking, a public stipend, was not likely in these times to be obtained. Riches were not become familiar to us; nor had the nation yet learned to be liberal.

This plan he charged Blackmore with stealing; "only," says he, "the guardian angels of kingdoms were machines too ponderous for him to manage."

In 1694, he began the most laborious and difficult of all his works, the translation of Virgil; from which he borrowed two months, that he might turn Fresnoy's Art of Painting into English prose. The preface, which he boasts to have written in twelve mornings, exhibits a parallel of poetry and painting, with a miscellaneous collection of critical remarks, such as cost a mind stored like his no labour to produce them.

In 1697, he published his version of the works of Virgil; and, that no opportunity of profit might be lost, dedicated the Pastorals to the lord Clifford, the Georgics to the earl of Chesterfield, and the Æneid to the earl of Mulgrave. This economy of flattery, at once lavish and discreet, did not pass without observation.

This translation was censured by Milbourne, a clergyman, styled, by Pope, "the fairest of critics," because he exhibited his own version to be compared with that which he condemned.

His last work was his Fables, published in consequence, as is supposed, of a contract now in the hands of Mr. Tonson: by which he obliged himself, in consideration of three hundred pounds, to finish for the press ten thousand verses.

In this volume is comprised the well-known ode on St. Cecilia's day, which, as appeared by a letter communicated to Dr. Birch, he spent a fortnight in composing and correcting. But what is this to the patience and diligence of Boileau, whose Equivoque, a poem of only three hundred and forty-six lines, took from his life eleven months to write it, and three years to revise it?

Part of his book of Fables is the first Iliad in English, intended as a specimen of a

version of the whole. Considering into what hands Homer was to fall, the reader cannot but rejoice that this project went no further.

The time was now at hand which was to put an end to all his schemes and labours. On the first of May, 1701, having been some time, as he tells us, a cripple in his limbs, he died, in Gerard-street, of a mortification in his leg.

There is extant a wild story relating to some vexatious events that happened at his funeral, which, at the end of Congreve's Life, by a writer of I know not what credit, are thus related, as I find the account transferred to a biographical dictionary.

"Mr. Dryden dying on the Wednesday morning, Dr. Thomas Sprat, then bishop of Rochester and dean of Westminster, sent the next day to the lady Elizabeth Howard, Mr. Dryden's widow, that he would make a present of the ground, which was forty pounds, with all the other Abbey-fees. The lord Halifax likewise sent to the lady Elizabeth, and Mr. Charles Dryden her son, that, if they would give him leave to bury Mr. Dryden, he would inter him with a gentleman's private funeral, and afterwards bestow five hundred pounds on a monument in the Abbey; which, as they had no reason to refuse, they accepted. On the Saturday following the company came; the corpse was put into a velvet hearse; and eighteen mourning coaches, filled with company, attended. When they were just ready to move, the lord Jefferies, son of the lord chancellor Jefferies, with some of his rakish companions, coming by, asked whose funeral it was: and being told Mr. Dryden's, he said, 'What, shall Dryden, the greatest honour and ornament of the nation, be buried after this private manner! No, gentlemen, let all that loved Mr. Dryden, and honour his memory, alight and join with me in gaining my lady's consent to let me have the honour of his interment, which shall be after another manner than this; and I will bestow a thousand pounds on a monument in the Abbey for him.' The gentlemen in the coaches, not knowing of the bishop of Rochester's favour, nor of the lord Halifax's generous design, (they both having, out of respect to the family, enjoined the lady Elizabeth, and her son, to keep their favour concealed to the world, and let it pass for their own expense) readily came out of their coaches, and attended lord Jefferies up to the lady's bedside, who was then sick. He repeated the purport of what he had before said; but she absolutely refusing, he fell on his knees, vowing never to rise till his request was granted. The rest of the company by his desire kneeled also; and the lady, being under a sudden surprise, fainted away. As soon as she recovered her speech, she cried, 'No, no.' 'Enough, gentlemen,' replied he; 'my lady is very good, she says, Go, go.' She repeated her former words with all her strength, but in vain, for her feeble voice was lost in their acclamations of joy; and the lord Jefferies ordered the hearsemen to carry the corpse to Mr. Russel's, an undertaker in Cheapside, and leave it there till he should send orders for the embalment, which, he added, should be after the royal manner. His directions were obeyed, the company dispersed, and lady Elizabeth and her son remained inconsolable. The next day Mr. Charles Dryden waited on the lord Halifax and the bishop, to excuse his mother and himself, by relating the real truth. But neither his lordship nor the bishop would admit of any plea; especially the latter, who had the Abbey lighted, the ground opened, the choir attending, an anthem ready set, and himself waiting for some time without any corpse to bury. The undertaker, after three days expectance of orders for embalment without receiving any, waited on the lord Jefferies, who, pretending ignorance of the matter, turned it off with an ill-natured jest, saying, that those who observed the orders of a drunken frolic deserved no better; that he remembered nothing at all of it; and that he might do what

he pleased with the corpse. Upon this, the undertaker waited upon the lady Elizabeth and her son, and threatened to bring the corpse home, and set it before the door. They desired a day's respite, which was granted. Mr. Charles Dryden wrote a handsome letter to the lord Jefferies, who returned it with this cool answer: 'That he knew nothing of the matter, and would be troubled no more about it.' He then addressed the lord Halifax and the bishop of Rochester, who absolutely refused to do any thing in it. In this distress Dr. Garth sent for the corpse to the college of Physicians, and proposed a funeral by subscription, to which himself set a most noble example. At last a day, about three weeks after Mr. Dryden's decease, was appointed for the interment. Dr. Garth pronounced a fine Latin oration, at the college, over the corpse; which was attended to the Abbey by a numerous train of coaches. When the funeral was over, Mr. Charles Dryden sent a challenge to the lord Jefferies, who refusing to answer it, he sent several others, and went often himself; but could neither get a letter delivered, nor admittance to speak to him; which so incensed him, that he resolved, since his lordship refused to answer him like a gentleman, that he would watch an opportunity to meet and fight off-hand, though with all the rules of honour; which his lordship hearing left the town: and Mr. Charles Dryden could never have the satisfaction of meeting him, though he sought it till his death with the utmost application."

This story I once intended to omit, as it appears with no great evidence; nor have I met with any confirmation, but in a letter of Farquhar; and he only relates, that the funeral of Dryden was tumultuary and confused [19].

Supposing the story true, we may remark, that the gradual change of manners, though imperceptible in the process, appears great when different times, and those not very distant, are compared. If at this time a young drunken lord should interrupt the pompous regularity of a magnificent funeral, what would be the event, but that he would be justled out of the way, and compelled to be quiet? If he should thrust himself into an house, he would be sent roughly away; and, what is yet more to the honour of the present time, I believe that those, who had subscribed to the funeral of a man like Dryden, would not, for such an accident, have withdrawn their contributions [20].

He was buried among the poets in Westminster Abbey, where, though the duke of Newcastle had, in a general dedication prefixed by Congreve to his dramatic works,

[19] An earlier account of Dryden's funeral than that above cited, though without the circumstances that preceded it, is given by Edward Ward, who in his London Spy, published in 1706, relates, that on the occasion there was a performance of solemn music at the college, and that at the procession, which himself saw, standing at the end of Chancery-lane, Fleet-street, there was a concert of hautboys and trumpets. The day of Dryden's interment, he says, was Monday the 13th of May, which, according to Johnson, was twelve days after his decease, and shows how long his funeral was in suspense. Ward knew not that the expense of it was defrayed by subscription; but compliments lord Jefferies for so pious an undertaking. He also says, that the cause of Dryden's death was an inflammation in his toe, occasioned by the flesh growing over the nail, which being neglected produced a mortification in his leg. *H.*

[20] In the register of the College of Physicians, is the following entry: "May 3, 1700. Comitiis Censoriis ordinariis. At the request of several persons of quality, that Mr. Dryden might be carried from the College of Physicians to be interred at Westminster, it was unanimously granted by the president and censors."

This entry is not calculated to afford any credit to the narrative concerning lord Jefferies. *R.*

accepted thanks for his intention of erecting him a monument, he lay long without distinction, till the duke of Buckinghamshire gave him a tablet, inscribed only with the name of DRYDEN.

He married the lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter to the earl of Berkshire, with circumstances, according to the satire imputed to lord Somers, not very honourable to either party. By her he had three sons, Charles, John, and Henry. Charles was usher of the palace to pope Clement the XIth; and, visiting England in 1704, was drowned in an attempt to swim across the Thames at Windsor.

John was author of a comedy called The Husband his own Cuckold. He is said to have died at Rome. Henry entered into some religious order. It is some proof of Dryden's sincerity in his second religion, that he taught it to his sons. A man, conscious of hypocritical profession in himself, is not likely to convert others; and, as his sons were qualified in 1693 to appear among the translators of Juvenal, they must have been taught some religion before their father's change.

Of the person of Dryden I know not any account; of his mind, the portrait which has been left by Congreve, who knew him with great familiarity, is such as adds our love of his manners to our admiration of his genius. "He was," we are told, "of a nature exceedingly humane and compassionate, ready to forgive injuries, and capable of a sincere reconciliation with those who had offended him. His friendship, where he professed it, went beyond his professions. He was of a very easy, of very pleasing access; but somewhat slow, and as it were diffident, in his advances to others: he had that in nature which abhorred intrusion into any society whatever. He was therefore less known, and consequently his character became more liable to misapprehensions and misrepresentations; he was very modest, and very easily to be discountenanced in his approaches to his equals or superiors. As his reading had been very extensive, so was he very happy in a memory tenacious of every thing that he had read. He was not more possessed of knowledge than he was communicative of it; but then his communication was by no means pedantic, or imposed upon the conversation, but just such, and went so far, as, by the natural turn of the conversation in which he was engaged, it was necessarily promoted or required. He was extremely ready and gentle in his correction of the errours of any writer who thought fit to consult him, and full as ready and patient to admit the reprehensions of others, in respect of his own oversights or mistakes."

To this account of Congreve nothing can be objected but the fondness of friendship; and to have excited that fondness in such a mind is no small degree of praise. The disposition of Dryden, however, is shown in this character rather as it exhibited itself in cursory conversation, than as it operated on the more important parts of life. His placability and his friendship indeed were solid virtues; but courtesy and good-humour are often found with little real worth. Since Congreve, who knew him well, has told us no more, the rest must be collected as it can from other testimonies, and particularly from those notices which Dryden has very liberally given us of himself.

The modesty, which made him so slow to advance, and so easy to be repulsed, was certainly no suspicion of deficient merit, or unconsciousness of his own value: he appears to have known, in its whole extent, the dignity of his own character, and to have set a very high value on his own powers and performances. He probably did not offer his conversation, because he expected it to be solicited; and he retired from a cold

reception, not submissive but indignant, with such deference of his own greatness, as made him unwilling to expose it to neglect or violation.

His modesty was by no means inconsistent with ostentatiousness; he is diligent enough to remind the world of his merit, and expresses with very little scruple his high opinion of his own powers; but his self-commendations are read without scorn or indignation; we allow his claims, and love his frankness.

Tradition, however, has not allowed, that his confidence in himself exempted him from jealousy of others. He is accused of envy and insidiousness; and is particularly charged with inciting Creech to translate Horace, that he might lose the reputation which Lucretius had given him.

Of this charge we immediately discover, that it is merely conjectural; the purpose was such as no man would confess; and a crime that admits no proof, why should we believe?

He has been described as magisterially presiding over the younger writers, and assuming the distribution of poetical fame; but he who excels has a right to teach, and he whose judgment is incontestable may without usurpation examine and decide.

Congreve represents him as ready to advise and instruct; but there is reason to believe, that his communication was rather useful than entertaining. He declares of himself, that he was saturnine, and not one of those whose sprightly sayings diverted company; and one of his censurers makes him say,

> Nor wine nor love could ever see me gay;
> To writing bred, I knew not what to say.

There are men whose powers operate only at leisure and in retirement, and whose intellectual vigour deserts them in conversation; whom merriment confuses, and objection disconcerts: whose bashfulness restrains their exertion, and suffers them not to speak till the time of speaking is past; or whose attention to their own character makes them unwilling to utter at hazard what has not been considered, and cannot be recalled.

Of Dryden's sluggishness in conversation it is vain to search or to guess the cause. He certainly wanted neither sentiments nor language; his intellectual treasures were great, though they were locked up from his own use. "His thoughts," when he wrote, "flowed in upon him so fast, that his only care was which to choose, and which to reject." Such rapidity of composition naturally promises a flow of talk; yet we must be content to believe what an enemy says of him, when he likewise says it of himself. But, whatever was his character as a companion, it appears, that he lived in familiarity with the highest persons of his time. It is related by Carte of the duke of Ormond, that he used often to pass a night with Dryden, and those with whom Dryden consorted: who they were, Carte has not told, but certainly the convivial table at which Ormond sat was not surrounded with a plebeian society. He was indeed reproached with boasting of his familiarity with the great: and Horace will support him in the opinion, that to please superiors is not the lowest kind of merit.

The merit of pleasing must, however, be estimated by the means. Favour is not always gained by good actions or laudable qualities. Caresses and preferments are often bestowed on the auxiliaries of vice, the procurers of pleasure, or the flatterers of vanity. Dryden has never been charged with any personal agency unworthy of a

good character: he abetted vice and vanity only with his pen. One of his enemies has accused him of lewdness in his conversation; but, if accusation without proof be credited, who shall be innocent?

His works afford too many examples of dissolute licentiousness, and abject adulation; but they were probably, like his merriment, artificial and constrained; the effects of study and meditation, and his trade rather than his pleasure.

Of the mind that can trade in corruption, and can deliberately pollute itself with ideal wickedness for the sake of spreading the contagion in society, I wish not to conceal or excuse the depravity.—Such degradation of the dignity of genius, such abuse of superlative abilities, cannot be contemplated but with grief and indignation. What consolation can be had, Dryden has afforded, by living to repent, and to testify his repentance.

Of dramatic immorality he did not want examples among his predecessors, or companions among his contemporaries; but, in the meanness and servility of hyperbolical adulation, I know not whether, since the days in which the Roman emperors were deified, he has been ever equalled, except by Afra Behn in an address to Eleanor Gwyn. When once he has undertaken the task of praise, he no longer retains shame in himself, nor supposes it in his patron. As many odoriferous bodies are observed to diffuse perfumes from year to year, without sensible diminution of bulk or weight, he appears never to have impoverished his mint of flattery by his expenses, however lavish. He had all the forms of excellence, intellectual and moral, combined in his mind, with endless variation; and, when he had scattered on the hero of the day the golden shower of wit and virtue, he had ready for him, whom he wished to court on the morrow, new wit and virtue with another stamp. Of this kind of meanness he never seems to decline the practice, or lament the necessity: he considers the great as entitled to encomiastic homage, and brings praise rather as a tribute than a gift, more delighted with the fertility of his invention, than mortified by the prostitution of his judgment. It is indeed not certain, that on these occasions his judgment much rebelled against his interest. There are minds which easily sink into submission, that look on grandeur with undistinguishing reverence, and discover no defect where there is elevation of rank and affluence of riches.

With his praises of others and of himself is always intermingled a strain of discontent and lamentation, a sullen growl of resentment, or a querulous murmur of distress. His works are undervalued, his merit is unrewarded, and "he has few thanks to pay his stars that he was born among Englishmen." To his critics he is sometimes contemptuous, sometimes resentful, and sometimes submissive. The writer who thinks his works formed for duration mistakes his interest when he mentions his enemies. He degrades his own dignity by showing that he was affected by their censures, and gives lasting importance to names, which, left to themselves, would vanish from remembrance. From this principle Dryden did not often depart; his complaints are for the greater part general; he seldom pollutes his pages with an adverse name. He condescended indeed to a controversy with Settle, in which he perhaps may be considered rather as assaulting than repelling; and since Settle is sunk into oblivion, his libel remains injurious only to himself.

Among answers to critics, no poetical attacks, or altercations, are to be included; they are like other poems, effusions of genius, produced as much to obtain praise as to obviate censure. These Dryden practised, and in these he excelled.

Of Collier, Blackmore, and Milbourne, he has made mention in the preface to his Fables. To the censure of Collier, whose remarks may be rather termed admonitions than criticisms, he makes little reply; being, at the age of sixty-eight, attentive to better things than the claps of a playhouse. He complains of Collier's rudeness, and the "horse-play of his raillery;" and asserts, that "in many places he has perverted by his glosses the meaning" of what he censures; but in other things he confesses that he is justly taxed; and says, with great calmness and candour, "I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts or expressions of mine that can be truly accused of obscenity, immorality, or profaneness, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, he will be glad of my repentance." Yet as our best dispositions are imperfect, he left standing in the same book a reflection on Collier of great asperity, and indeed of more asperity than wit.

Blackmore he represents as made his enemy by the poem of Absalom and Achitophel, which, "he thinks a little hard upon his fanatic patrons;" and charges him with borrowing the plan of his Arthur from the preface to Juvenal, "though he had," says he, "the baseness not to acknowledge his benefactor, but instead of it to traduce me in a libel."

The libel in which Blackmore traduced him was a Satire upon Wit; in which, having lamented the exuberance of false wit and the deficiency of true, he proposes, that all wit should be re-coined before it is current, and appoints masters of assay, who shall reject all that is light or debased.

> 'Tis true, that when the coarse and worthless dross
> Is purg'd away, there will be mighty loss:
> Ev'n Congreve, Southern, manly Wycherly,
> When thus refin'd, will grievous sufferers be.
> Into the melting-pot when Dryden comes,
> What horrid stench will rise, what noisome fumes!
> How will he shrink, when all his lewd allay,
> And wicked mixture, shall be purg'd away!

Thus stands the passage in the last edition; but in the original there was an abatement of the censure, beginning thus:

> But what remains will be so pure, 'twill bear
> Th' examination of the most severe.

Blackmore, finding the censure resented, and the civility disregarded, ungenerously omitted the softer part. Such variations discover a writer who consults his passions more than his virtue; and it may be reasonably supposed, that Dryden imputes his enmity to its true cause.

Of Milbourne he wrote only in general terms, such as are always ready at the call of anger, whether just or not: a short extract will be sufficient. "He pretends a quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul upon priesthood; if I have, I am only to ask pardon of good priests, and am afraid his share of the reparation will come to little. Let him be satisfied that he shall never be able to force himself upon me for an adversary; I contemn him too much to enter into competition with him.

"As for the rest of those who have written against me, they are such scoundrels, that they deserve not the least notice to be taken of them. Blackmore and Milbourne are only distinguished from the crowd by being remembered to their infamy."

Dryden indeed discovered, in many of his writings, an affected and absurd malignity to priests and priesthood, which naturally raised him many enemies, and which was sometimes as unseasonably resented as it was exerted. Trapp is angry, that he calls the sacrificer in the Georgics the Holy Butcher: the translation is not indeed ridiculous; but Trapp's anger arises from his zeal, not for the author, but the priest; as if any reproach of the follies of paganism could be extended to the preachers of truth.

Dryden's dislike of the priesthood is imputed by Langbaine, and I think by Brown, to a repulse which he suffered when he solicited ordination; but he denies, in the preface to his Fables, that he ever designed to enter into the church; and such a denial he would not have hazarded, if he could have been convicted of falsehood.

Malevolence to the clergy is seldom at a great distance from irreverence of religion, and Dryden affords no exception to this observation. His writings exhibit many passages, which, with all the allowance that can be made for characters and occasions, are such as piety would not have admitted, and such as may vitiate light and unprincipled minds. But there is no reason for supposing, that he disbelieved the religion which he disobeyed. He forgot his duty rather than disowned it. His tendency to profaneness is the effect of levity, negligence, and loose conversation, with a desire of accommodating himself to the corruption of the times, by venturing to be wicked as far as he durst. When he professed himself a convert to popery, he did not pretend to have received any new conviction of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

The persecution of critics was not the worst of his vexations; he was much more disturbed by the importunities of want. His complaints of poverty are so frequently repeated, either with the dejection of weakness sinking in helpless misery, or the indignation of merit claiming its tribute from mankind, that it is impossible not to detest the age which could impose on such a man the necessity of such solicitations, or not to despise the man who could submit to such solicitations without necessity.

Whether by the world's neglect, or his own imprudence, I am afraid that the greatest part of his life was passed in exigencies. Such outcries were surely never uttered but in severe pain. Of his supplies or his expenses no probable estimate can now be made. Except the salary of the laureat, to which king James added the office of historiographer, perhaps with some additional emoluments, his whole revenue seems to have been casual; and it is well known, that he seldom lives frugally who lives by chance. Hope is always liberal; and they that trust her promises make little scruple of revelling to day on the profits of the morrow.

Of his plays the profit was not great; and of the produce of his other works very little intelligence can be had. By discoursing with the late amiable Mr. Tonson, I could not find that any memorials of the transactions between his predecessor and Dryden had been preserved, except the following papers:

"I do hereby promise to pay John Dryden, esq. or order, on the 25th of March, 1699, the sum of two hundred and fifty guineas, in consideration of ten thousand verses, which the said John Dryden, esq. is to deliver to me Jacob Tonson, when finished, whereof seven thousand five hundred verses, more or less, are already in the said Jacob Tonson's possession. And I do hereby further promise, and engage myself, to make up the said sum of two hundred and fifty guineas, three hundred pounds sterling to the said John Dryden, esq. his executors, administrators, or assigns, at the beginning of the second impression of the said ten thousand verses.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 20th day of March, 169⅔.

"JACOB TONSON."

"Sealed and delivered, being first duly stampt, pursuant to the acts of parliament for that purpose, in the presence of

Ben. Portlock,
Will. Congreve."

"March 24, 1698.

"Received then of Mr. Jacob Tonson the sum of two hundred sixty-eight pounds fifteen shillings, in pursuance of an agreement for ten thousand verses, to be delivered by me to the said Jacob Tonson, whereof I have already delivered to him about seven thousand five hundred, more or less; he the said Jacob Tonson being obliged to make up the foresaid sum of two hundred sixty-eight pounds fifteen shillings three hundred pounds, at the beginning of the second impression of the foresaid ten thousand verses;

"I say, received by me

"Witness, *Charles Dryden.*" "JOHN DRYDEN."

Two hundred and fifty guineas, at 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* is 268*l.* 15*s.*

It is manifest, from the dates of this contract, that it relates to the volume of Fables, which contains about twelve thousand verses, and for which therefore the payment must have been afterwards enlarged.

I have been told of another letter yet remaining, in which he desires Tonson to bring him money, to pay for a watch which he had ordered for his son, and which the maker would not leave without the price.

The inevitable consequence of poverty is dependence. Dryden had probably no recourse in his exigencies but to his bookseller. The particular character of Tonson I do not know; but the general conduct of traders was much less liberal in those times than in our own; their views were narrower, and their manners grosser. To the mercantile ruggedness of that race, the delicacy of the poet was sometimes exposed. Lord Bolingbroke, who in his youth had cultivated poetry, related to Dr. King of Oxford, that one day, when he visited Dryden, they heard, as they were conversing, another person entering the house. "This," said Dryden, "is Tonson. You will take care not to depart before he goes away: for I have not completed the sheet which I promised him; and if you leave me unprotected, I must suffer all the rudeness to which his resentment can prompt his tongue."

What rewards he obtained for his poems, besides the payment of the bookseller, cannot be known. Mr. Derrick, who consulted some of his relations, was informed, that his Fables obtained five hundred pounds from the dutchess of Ormond; a present not unsuitable to the magnificence of that splendid family; and he quotes Moyle, as relating, that forty pounds were paid by a musical society for the use of Alexander's Feast.

In those days the economy of government was yet unsettled, and the payments of the exchequer were dilatory and uncertain; of this disorder there is reason to believe, that the laureat sometimes felt the effects; for, in one of his prefaces, he complains of

those, who, being intrusted with the distribution of the prince's bounty, suffer those that depend upon it to languish in penury.

Of his petty habits or slight amusements, tradition has retained little. Of the only two men whom I have found to whom he was personally known, one told me, that at the house which he frequented, called Will's Coffee-house, the appeal upon any literary dispute was made to him: and the other related, that his armed chair, which in the winter had a settled and prescriptive place by the fire, was in the summer placed in the balcony, and that he called the two places his winter and his summer seat. This is all the intelligence which his two survivors afforded me.

One of his opinions will do him no honour in the present age, though in his own time, at least in the beginning of it, he was far from having it confined to himself. He put great confidence in the prognostications of judicial astrology. In the Appendix to the Life of Congreve is a narrative of some of his predictions wonderfully fulfilled; but I know not the writer's means of information, or character of veracity. That he had the configurations of the horoscope in his mind, and considered them as influencing the affairs of men, he does not forbear to hint.

> The utmost malice of the stars is past.—
> Now frequent *trines* the happier lights among,
> And *high-rais'd Jove*, from his dark prison freed,
> Those weights took off that on his planet hung,
> Will gloriously the new-laid works succeed.

He has elsewhere shown his attention to the planetary powers; and in the preface to his Fables has endeavoured obliquely to justify his superstition, by attributing the same to some of the ancients. The latter, added to this narrative, leaves no doubt of his notions or practice.

So slight and so scanty is the knowledge which I have been able to collect concerning the private life and domestic manners of a man, whom every English generation must mention with reverence as a critic and a poet.

DRYDEN may be properly considered as the father of English criticism, as the writer who first taught us to determine upon principles the merit of composition. Of our former poets, the greatest dramatist wrote without rules, conducted through life and nature by a genius that rarely misled, and rarely deserted him. Of the rest, those who knew the laws of propriety had neglected to teach them.

Two Arts of English Poetry were written in the days of Elizabeth by Webb and Puttenham, from which something might be learned, and a few hints had been given by Jonson and Cowley; but Dryden's Essay on Dramatic Poetry was the first regular and valuable treatise on the art of writing.

He who, having formed his opinions in the present age of English literature, turns back to peruse this dialogue, will not perhaps find much increase of knowledge, or much novelty of instruction; but he is to remember, that critical principles were then in the hands of a few, who had gathered them partly from the ancients, and partly from the Italians and French. The structure of dramatic poems was then not generally understood. Audiences applauded by instinct; and poets perhaps often pleased by chance.

A writer who obtains his full purpose loses himself in his own lustre. Of an

opinion which is no longer doubted, the evidence ceases to be examined. Of an art universally practised, the first teacher is forgotten. Learning once made popular is no longer learning; it has the appearance of something which we have bestowed upon ourselves, as the dew appears to rise from the field which it refreshes.

To judge rightly of an author, we must transport ourselves to his time, and examine what were the wants of his contemporaries, and what were his means of supplying them. That which is easy at one time was difficult at another. Dryden at least imported his science, and gave his country what it wanted before; or rather, he imported only the materials, and manufactured them by his own skill.

The Dialogue on the Drama was one of his first essays of criticism, written when he was yet a timorous candidate for reputation, and therefore laboured with that diligence which he might allow himself somewhat to remit, when his name gave sanction to his positions, and his awe of the public was abated, partly by custom, and partly by success. It will not be easy to find, in all the opulence of our language, a treatise so artfully variegated with successive representations of opposite probabilities, so enlivened with imagery, so brightened with illustrations. His portraits of the English dramatists are wrought with great spirit and diligence. The account of Shakspeare may stand as a perpetual model of encomiastic criticism; exact without minuteness, and lofty without exaggeration. The praise lavished by Longinus, on the attestation of the heroes of Marathon, by Demosthenes, fades away before it. In a few lines is exhibited a character, so extensive in its comprehension, and so curious in its limitations, that nothing can be added, diminished, or reformed; nor can the editors and admirers of Shakspeare, in all their emulation of reverence, boast of much more than of having diffused and paraphrased this epitome of excellence, of having changed Dryden's gold for baser metal, of lower value, though of greater bulk.

In this, and in all his other essays on the same subject, the criticism of Dryden is the criticism of a poet; not a dull collection of theorems, nor a rude detection of faults, which perhaps the censor was not able to have committed; but a gay and vigorous dissertation, where delight is mingled with instruction, and where the author proves his right of judgment by his power of performance.

The different manner and effect with which critical knowledge may be conveyed, was perhaps never more clearly exemplified than in the performances of Rymer and Dryden. It was said of a dispute between two mathematicians, "malim cum Scaligero errare, quam cum Clavio rectè sapere;" that "it was more eligible to go wrong with one, than right with the other." A tendency of the same kind every mind must feel at the perusal of Dryden's prefaces and Rymer's discourses. With Dryden we are wandering in quest of Truth; whom we find, if we find her at all, drest in the graces of elegance; and, if we miss her, the labour of the pursuit rewards itself; we are led only through fragrance and flowers. Rymer, without taking a nearer, takes a rougher way; every step is to be made through thorns and brambles; and Truth, if we meet her, appears repulsive by her mien, and ungraceful by her habit. Dryden's criticism has the majesty of a queen; Rymer's has the ferocity of a tyrant.

As he had studied with great diligence the art of poetry, and enlarged or rectified his notions, by experience perpetually increasing, he had his mind stored with principles and observations; he poured out his knowledge with little labour; for of labour, notwithstanding the multiplicity of his productions, there is sufficient reason to suspect that he was not a lover. To write *con amore*, with fondness for the employment, with per-

petual touches and retouches, with unwillingness to take leave of his own idea, and an unwearied pursuit of unattainable perfection, was, I think, no part of his character.

His criticism may be considered as general or occasional. In his general precepts, which depend upon the nature of things, and the structure of the human mind, he may doubtless be safely recommended to the confidence of the reader; but his occasional and particular positions were sometimes interested, sometimes negligent, and sometimes capricious. It is not without reason that Trapp, speaking of the praises which he bestows on Palamon and Arcite, says, Novimus judicium Drydeni de poemate quodam *Chauceri*, pulchro sane illo, et admodum laudando, nimirum quod non modo vere epicum sit, sed Iliada etiam atque Æneada æquet, imo superet. Sed novimus eodem tempore viri illius maximi non semper accuratissimas esse censuras, nec ad severissimam critices normam exactas: illo judice id plerumque optimum est, quod nunc præ manibus habet, et in quo nunc occupatur.

He is therefore by no means constant to himself. His defence and desertion of dramatic rhyme is generally known. Spence, in his remarks on Pope's Odyssey, produces what he thinks an unconquerable quotation from Dryden's preface to the Æneid, in favour of translating an epic poem into blank verse; but he forgets, that when his author attempted the Iliad, some years afterwards, he departed from his own decision, and translated into rhyme.

When he has any objection to obviate, or any licence to defend, he is not very scrupulous about what he asserts, nor very cautious, if the present purpose be served, not to entangle himself in his own sophistries. But, when all arts are exhausted, like other hunted animals, he sometimes stands at bay; when he cannot disown the grossness of one of his plays, he declares, that he knows not any law that prescribes morality to a comic poet.

His remarks on ancient or modern writers are not always to be trusted. His parallel of the versification of Ovid with that of Claudian has been very justly censured by Sewel[11]. His comparison of the first line of Virgil with the first of Statius is not happier. Virgil, he says, is soft and gentle, and would have thought Statius mad, if he had heard him thundering out

Quas superimposito moles geminata colosso.

Statius perhaps heats himself, as he proceeds, to exaggeration somewhat hyperbolical; but undoubtedly Virgil would have been too hasty, if he had condemned him to straw for one sounding line. Dryden wanted an instance, and the first that occurred was imprest into the service.

What he wishes to say, he says at hazard; he cited Gorbuduc, which he had never seen; gives a false account of Chapman's versification; and discovers, in the preface to his Fables, that he translated the first book of the Iliad without knowing what was in the second.

It will be difficult to prove, that Dryden ever made any great advances in literature. As having distinguished himself at Westminster under the tuition of Busby, who advanced his scholars to a height of knowledge very rarely attained in grammar-schools, he resided afterwards at Cambridge, it is not to be supposed, that his skill in the ancient

[11] Preface to Ovid's Metamorphoses. *Dr. J.*

we are nearly strangers, whenever they occur, draw that attention on themselves which they should transmit to things.

Those happy combinations of words which distinguish poetry from prose had been rarely attempted: we had few elegances or flowers of speech; the roses had not yet been plucked from the bramble, or different colours had not been joined to enliven one another.

It may be doubted whether Waller and Denham could have overborn the prejudices which had long prevailed, and which even then were sheltered by the protection of Cowley. The new versification, as it was called, may be considered as owing its establishment to Dryden; from whose time it is apparent, that English poetry has had no tendency to relapse to its former savageness.

The affluence and comprehension of our language is very illustriously displayed in our poetical translations of ancient writers; a work which the French seem to relinquish in despair, and which we were long unable to perform with dexterity. Ben Jonson thought it necessary to copy Horace almost word by word; Feltham, his contemporary and adversary, considers it as indispensably requisite in a translation to give line for line. It is said, that Sandys, whom Dryden calls the best versifier of the last age, has struggled hard to comprise every book of the English Metamorphoses in the same number of verses with the original. Holyday had nothing in view but to show, that he understood his author, with so little regard to the grandeur of his diction, or the volubility of his numbers, that his metres can hardly be called verses; they cannot be read without reluctance, nor will the labour always be rewarded by understanding them. Cowley saw that such copiers were a servile race: he asserted his liberty, and spread his wings so boldly, that he left his authors. It was reserved for Dryden to fix the limits of poetical liberty, and give us just rules and examples of translation.

When languages are formed upon different principles, it is impossible that the same modes of expression should always be elegant in both. While they run on together, the closest translation may be considered as the best; but when they divaricate, each must take its natural course. Where correspondence cannot be obtained, it is necessary to be content with something equivalent. "Translation therefore," says Dryden, "is not so loose as paraphrase, nor so close as metaphrase."

All polished languages have different styles; the concise, the diffuse, the lofty, and the humble. In the proper choice of style consists the resemblance which Dryden principally exacts from the translator. He is to exhibit his author's thoughts in such a dress of diction as the author would have given them, had his language been English: rugged magnificence is not to be softened; hyperbolical ostentation is not to be repressed; nor sententious affectation to have its point blunted. A translator is to be like his author; it is not his business to excel him.

The reasonableness of these rules seems sufficient for their vindication; and the effects produced by observing them were so happy, that I know not whether they were ever opposed but by sir Edward Sherburne, a man whose learning was greater than his powers of poetry, and who, being better qualified to give the meaning than the spirit of Seneca, has introduced his version of three tragedies by a defence of close translation. The authority of Horace, which the new translators cited in defence of their practice, he has, by a judicious explanation, taken fairly from them; but reason wants not Horace to support it.

It seldom happens, that all the necessary causes concur to any great effect: will is

wanting to power, or power to will, or both are impeded by external obstructions. The exigences in which Dryden was condemned to pass his life are reasonably supposed to have blasted his genius, to have driven out his works in a state of immaturity, and to have intercepted the full-blown elegance which longer growth would have supplied.

Poverty, like other rigid powers, is sometimes too hastily accused. If the excellence of Dryden's works was lessened by his indigence, their number was increased: and I know not how it will be proved, that if he had written less he would have written better; or that indeed he would have undergone the toil of an author, if he had not been solicited by something more pressing than the love of praise.

But, as is said by his Sebastian,

> What had been, is unknown; what is, appears.

We know that Dryden's several productions were so many successive expedients for his support; his plays were therefore often borrowed; and his poems were almost all occasional.

In an occasional performance no height of excellence can be expected from any mind, however fertile in itself, and however stored with acquisitions. He whose work is general and arbitrary has the choice of his matter, and takes that which his inclination and his studies have best qualified him to display and decorate. He is at liberty to delay his publication till he has satisfied his friends and himself, till he has reformed his first thoughts by subsequent examination, and polished away those faults which the precipitance of ardent composition is likely to leave behind it. Virgil is related to have poured out a great number of lines in the morning, and to have passed the day in reducing them to fewer.

The occasional poet is circumscribed by the narrowness of his subject. Whatever can happen to man has happened so often, that little remains for fancy or invention. We have been all born; we have most of us been married; and so many have died before us, that our deaths can supply but few materials for a poet. In the fate of princes the public has an interest; and what happens to them of good or evil, the poets have always considered as business for the Muse. But after so many inauguratory gratulations, nuptial hymns, and funeral dirges, he must be highly favoured by Nature, or by Fortune, who says any thing not said before. Even war and conquest, however splendid, suggest no new images; the triumphant chariot of a victorious monarch can be decked only with those ornaments that have graced his predecessors.

Not only matter but time is wanting. The poem must not be delayed till the occasion is forgotten. The lucky moments of animated imagination cannot be attended; elegances and illustrations cannot be multiplied by gradual accumulation; the composition must be dispatched, while conversation is yet busy, and admiration fresh; and haste is to be made, lest some other event should lay hold upon mankind.

Occasional compositions may however secure to a writer the praise both of learning and facility; for they cannot be the effect of long study, and must be furnished immediately from the treasures of the mind.

The death of Cromwell was the first public event which called forth Dryden's poetical powers. His heroic stanzas have beauties and defects; the thoughts are vigorous, and, though not always proper, show a mind replete with ideas; the numbers are smooth, and the diction, if not altogether correct, is elegant and easy.

Davenant was perhaps at this time his favourite author, though Gondibert never appears to have been popular; and from Davenant he learned to please his ear with the stanza of four lines alternately rhymed.

Dryden very early formed his versification; there are in this early production no traces of Donne's or Jonson's ruggedness; but he did not so soon free his mind from the ambition of forced conceits. In his verses on the Restoration, he says of the king's exile,

> ..... He, toss'd by Fate—
> Could taste no sweets of youth's desir'd age,
> But found his life too true a pilgrimage.

And afterwards, to show how virtue and wisdom are increased by adversity, he makes this remark:

> Well might the ancient poets then confer
> On Night the honour'd name of *counsellor*,
> Since, struck with rays of prosperous fortune blind,
> We light alone in dark afflictions find.

His praise of Monk's dexterity comprises such a cluster of thoughts unallied to one another, as will not elsewhere be easily found:

> 'Twas Monk, whom Providence design'd to loose
> Those real bonds false Freedom did impose.
> The blessed saints that watch'd this turning scene
> Did from their stars with joyful wonder lean,
> To see small clues draw vastest weights along,
> Not in their bulk, but in their order strong.
> Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore
> Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
> With ease such fond chimeras we pursue,
> As fancy frames, for fancy to subdue:
> But, when ourselves to action we betake,
> It shuns the mint like gold that chymists make.
> How hard was then his task, at once to be
> What in the body natural we see!
> Man's Architect distinctly did ordain
> The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the brain,
> Through viewless conduits spirits to dispense
> The springs of motion from the seat of sense;
> 'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
> But the well-ripen'd fruit of wise delay.
> He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,
> Would let them play awhile upon the hook.
> Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,
> At first embracing what it straight doth crush.
> Wise leaches will not vain receipts obtrude,
> While growing pains pronounce the humours crude;
> Deaf to complaints, they wait upon the ill,
> Till some safe crisis authorize their skill.

He had not yet learned, indeed he never learned well, to forbear the improper use of mythology. After having rewarded the heathen deities for their care,

> With Alga who the sacred altar strows?
> To all the sea-gods Charles an offering owes;

A bull to thee, Portunus, shall be slain;
A ram to you, ye Tempests of the Main.

He tells us, in the language of Religion,

Prayer storm'd the skies, and ravish'd Charles from thence,
As Heaven itself, is took by violence.

And afterwards mentions one of the most awful passages of sacred history.

Other conceits there are, too curious to be quite omitted; as,

For by example most we sinn'd before,
And, glass-like, clearness mix'd with frailty bore.

How far he was yet from thinking it necessary to found his sentiments on Nature, appears from the extravagance of his fictions and hyperboles:

The winds, that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
Or, out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
Their straiten'd lungs.—
It is no longer motion cheats your view;
As you meet it, the land approacheth you;
The land returns, and in the white it wears
The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.

I know not whether this fancy, however little be its value, was not borrowed. A French poet read to Malherbe some verses, in which he represents France as moving out of its place to receive the king. "Though this," said Malherbe, "was in my time, I do not remember it."

His poem on the Coronation has a more even tenour of thought. Some lines deserve to be quoted:

You have already quench'd Sedition's brand;
And Zeal, that burnt it, only warms the land;
The jealous sects that durst not trust their cause,
So far from their own will as to the laws,
Him for their umpire and their synod take,
And their appeal alone to Cæsar make.

Here may be found one particle of that old versification, of which, I believe, in all his works, there is not another:

Nor is it duty, or our hope alone,
Creates that joy, but full *fruition*.

In the verses to the lord chancellor Clarendon, two years afterwards, is a conceit so hopeless at the first view, that few would have attempted it; and so successfully laboured, that though at last it gives the reader more perplexity than pleasure, and seems hardly worth the study that it costs, yet it must be valued as a proof of a mind at once subtle and comprehensive;

In open prospect nothing bounds our eye,
Until the Earth seems join'd unto the sky.

So in this hemisphere our utmost view
Is only bounded by our king and you:
Our sight is limited where you are join'd,
And beyond that no further Heaven can find.
So well your virtues do with his agree,
That though your orbs of different greatness be,
Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd,
His to enclose, and yours to be enclos'd.
Nor could another in your room have been,
Except an emptiness had come between.

The comparison of the chancellor to the Indies leaves all resemblance too far behind it:

And as the Indies were not found before
Those rich perfumes, which from the happy shore
The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
Whose guilty sweetness first their world betray'd;
So by your counsels we are brought to view
A new and undiscover'd world in you.

There is another comparison, for there is little else in the poem, of which, though perhaps it cannot be explained into plain prosaic meaning, the mind perceives enough to be delighted, and readily forgives its obscurity, for its magnificence:

How strangely active are the arts of peace,
Whose restless motions less than war's do cease!
Peace is not freed from labour, but from noise;
And war more force, but not more pains employs.
Such is the mighty swiftness of your mind,
That, like the Earth's, it leaves our sense behind;
While you so smoothly turn and roll our sphere,
That rapid motion does but rest appear.
For as in Nature's swiftness, with the throng
Of flying orbs while ours is borne along,
All seems at rest to the deluded eye,
Mov'd by the soul of the same harmony:
So, carried on by your unwearied care,
We rest in peace, and yet in motion share.

To this succeed four lines, which perhaps afford Dryden's first attempt at those penetrating remarks on human nature, for which he seems to have been peculiarly formed:

Let Envy then those crimes within you see,
From which the happy never must be free;
Envy, that does with Misery reside,
The joy and the revenge of ruin'd Pride.

Into this poem he seems to have collected all his powers; and after this he did not often bring upon his anvil such stubborn and unmalleable thoughts: but, as a specimen of his abilities to unite the most unsociable matter, he has concluded with lines, of which I think not myself obliged to tell the meaning:

Yet unimpair'd with labours, or with time,
Your age but seems to a new youth to climb.
Thus heavenly bodies do our time beget,
And measure change, but share no part of it:

And still it shall without a weight increase,
Like this new year, whose motions never cease.
For since the glorious course you have begun
Is led by Charles, as that is by the Sun,
It must both weightless and immortal prove,
Because the centre of it is above.

In the Annus Mirabilis he returned to the quatrain, which from that time he totally quitted, perhaps from experience of its inconvenience; for he complains of its difficulty. This is one of his greatest attempts. He had subjects equal to his abilities, a great naval war, and the fire of London. Battles have always been described in heroic poetry; but a sea-fight and artillery had yet something of novelty. New arts are long in the world before poets describe them; for they borrow every thing from their predecessors, and commonly derive very little from nature or from life. Boileau was the first French writer that had ever hazarded in verse the mention of modern war, or the effects of gunpowder. We, who are less afraid of novelty, had already possession of those dreadful images. Waller had described a sea-fight. Milton had not yet transferred the invention of fire-arms to the rebellious angels.

This poem is written with great diligence, yet does not fully answer the expectation raised by such subjects and such a writer. With the stanza of Davenant he has sometimes his vein of parenthesis and incidental disquisition, and stops his narrative for a wise remark.

The general fault is, that he affords more sentiment than description, and does not so much impress scenes upon the fancy, as deduce consequences and make comparisons.

The initial stanzas have rather too much resemblance to the first lines of Waller's poem on the war with Spain; perhaps such a beginning is natural, and could not be avoided without affectation. Both Waller and Dryden might take their hint from the poem on the civil war of Rome, Orbem jam totum, &c.

Of the king collecting his navy, he says,

It seems, as every ship their sovereign knows,
His awful summons they so soon obey:
So hear the scaly herds when Proteus blows,
And so to pasture follow through the sea.

It would not be hard to believe, that Dryden had written the two first lines seriously, and that some wag had added the two latter in burlesque. Who would expect the lines that immediately follow, which are indeed perhaps indecently hyperbolical, but certainly in a mode totally different?

To see this fleet upon the ocean move,
Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies;
And Heaven, as if there wanted lights above,
For tapers made two glaring comets rise.

The description of the attempt at Bergen will afford a very complete specimen of the descriptions in this poem:

And now approach'd their fleet from India, fraught
With all the riches of the rising Sun:
And precious sand from southern climates brought,
The fatal regions where the war begun.

Like hunted castors, conscious of their store,
  Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coast they bring:
Then first the North's cold bosom spices bore,
  And Winter brooded on the Eastern Spring.

By the rich scent we found our perfum'd prey,
  Which, flank'd with rocks, did close in covert lie;
And round about their murdering cannon lay,
  At once to threaten and invite the eye.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
  The English undertake th' unequal war:
Seven ships alone, by which the port is barr'd,
  Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

These fight like husbands, but like lovers those:
  These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy:
And to such height their frantic passion grows,
  That what both love, both hazard to destroy:

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
  And now their odours arm'd against them fly;
Some preciously by shatter'd porcelain fall,
  And some by aromatic splinters die:

And, though by tempests of the prize bereft,
  In Heaven's inclemency some ease we find;
Our foes we vanquish'd by our valour left,
  And only yielded to the seas and wind.

In this manner is the sublime too often mingled with the ridiculous. The Dutch seek a shelter for a wealthy fleet: this surely needed no illustration; yet they must fly, not like all the rest of mankind on the same occasion, but "like hunted castors;" and they might with strict propriety be hunted; for we winded them by our noses—their *perfumes* betrayed them. The *husband* and the *lover*, though of more dignity than the castor, are images too domestic to mingle properly with the horrors of war. The two quatrains that follow are worthy of the author.

The account of the different sensations with which the two fleets retired, when the night parted them, is one of the fairest flowers of English poetry:

The night comes on, we eager to pursue
  The combat still, and they asham'd to leave;
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
  And doubtful moon-light did our rage deceive.

In th' English fleet each ship resounds with joy,
  And loud applause of their great leader's fame:
In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
  And, slumbering, smile at the imagin'd flame.

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tir'd and done,
  Stretch'd on their decks, like weary oxen lie;
Faint sweats all down their mighty members run,
  (Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply.)

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,
  Or, shipwreck'd, labour to some distant shore:
Or, in dark churches, walk among the dead;
  They wake with horrour, and dare sleep no more.

It is a general rule in poetry, that all appropriated terms of art should be sunk in general expressions, because poetry is to speak an universal language. This rule is still stronger with regard to arts not liberal, or confined to few, and therefore far removed from common knowledge; and of this kind, certainly, is technical navigation. Yet Dryden was of opinion, that a sea-fight ought to be described in the nautical language; "and certainly," says he, "as those, who in a logical disputation keep to general terms, would hide a fallacy, so those who do it in poetical description would veil their ignorance."

Let us then appeal to experience; for by experience at last we learn as well what will please as what will profit. In the battle, his terms seem to have been blown away; but he deals them liberally in the dock:

So here some pick out bullets from the side,
  Some drive old *oakum* through each *seam* and rift:
Their left hand does the *calking-iron* guide,
  The rattling *mallet* with the right they lift.

With boiling pitch another near at hand
  (From friendly Sweden brought) the *seams in-stops*;
Which, well laid o'er, the salt-sea waves withstand,
  And shake them from the rising beak in drops.

Some the *gall'd* ropes with dawby *marling* bind,
  Or sear-cloth masts with strong *tarpawling* coats:
To try new *shrouds* one mounts into the wind,
  And one below their ease or stiffness notes.

I suppose there is not one term which every reader does not wish away.

His digression to the original and progress of navigation, with his prospect of the advancement which it shall receive from the Royal Society, then newly instituted, may be considered as an example seldom equalled of seasonable excursion and artful return.

One line, however, leaves me discontented; he says, that, by the help of the philosophers,

Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,
By which remotest regions are allied.—

Which he is constrained to explain in a note "by a more exact measure of longitude." It had better become Dryden's learning and genius to have laboured science into poetry, and have shown, by explaining longitude, that verse did not refuse the ideas of philosophy.

His description of the Fire is painted by resolute meditation out of a mind better formed to reason than to feel. The conflagration of a city, with all its tumults of concomitant distress, is one of the most dreadful spectacles which this world can offer to human eyes; yet it seems to raise little emotion in the breast of the poet; he watches the flame coolly from street to street, with now a reflection, and now a simile, till at last he meets the king, for whom he makes a speech, rather tedious in a time so busy; and then follows again the progress of the fire.

There are, however, in this part, some passages that deserve attention; as in the beginning:

The diligence of trades and noiseful gain,
And luxury, more late, asleep were laid!
All was the Night's, and in her silent reign
No sound the rest of Nature did invade
In this deep quiet——

The expression "All was the Night's" is taken from Seneca, who remarks on Virgil's line,

Omnia noctis erant, placida composta quiete,

that he might have concluded better,

Omnia noctis erant.

The following quatrain is vigorous and animated;

The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend
With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice;
About the fire into a dance they bend,
And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice.

His prediction of the improvements which shall be made in the new city is elegant and poetical, and with an event which poets cannot always boast has been happily verified. The poem concludes with a simile that might have better been omitted.

Dryden, when he wrote this poem, seems not yet fully to have formed his versification, or settled his system of propriety.

From this time he addicted himself almost wholly to the stage, "to which," says he, "my genius never much inclined me," merely as the most profitable market for poetry. By writing tragedies in rhyme, he continued to improve his diction and his numbers. According to the opinion of Harte, who had studied his works with great attention, he settled his principles of versification in 1676, when he produced the play of Aureng Zebe; and, according to his own account of the short time in which he wrote Tyrannic Love, and The State of Innocence, he soon obtained the full effect of diligence, and added facility to exactness.

Rhyme has been so long banished from the theatre, that we know not its effects upon the passions of an audience: but it has this convenience, that sentences stand more independent on each other, and striking passages are therefore easily selected and retained. Thus the description of Night in The Indian Emperor, and the rise and fall of empire in The Conquest of Granada, are more frequently repeated than any lines in All for Love, or Don Sebastian.

To search his plays for vigorous sallies and sententious elegances, or to fix the dates of any little pieces which he wrote by chance, or by solicitation, were labour too tedious and minute.

His dramatic labours did not so wholly absorb his thoughts, but that he promulgated the laws of translation in a preface to the English Epistles of Ovid; one of which he translated himself, and another in conjunction with the earl of Mulgrave.

Absalom and Achitophel is a work so well known, that a particular criticism is superfluous. If it be considered as a poem political and controversial, it will be found to comprise all the excellencies of which the subject is susceptible; acrimony of censure, elegance of praise, artful delineation of characters, variety and vigour of sentiment,

happy turns of language, and pleasing harmony of numbers; and all these raised to such a height as can scarcely be found in any other English composition.

It is not, however, without faults; some lines are inelegant or improper, and too many are irreligiously licentious. The original structure of the poem was defective; allegories drawn to great length will always break; Charles could not run continually parallel with David.

The subject had likewise another inconvenience: it admitted little imagery or description; and a long poem of mere sentiments easily becomes tedious; though all the parts are forcible, and every line kindles new rapture, the reader, if not relieved by the interposition of something that sooths the fancy, grows weary of admiration, and defers the rest.

As an approach to the historical truth was necessary, the action and catastrophe were not in the poet's power; there is therefore an unpleasing disproportion between the beginning and the end. We are alarmed by a faction formed of many sects, various in their principles, but agreeing in their purpose of mischief, formidable for their numbers, and strong by their supports; while the king's friends are few and weak. The chiefs on either part are set forth to view: but, when expectation is at the height, the king makes a speech, and

Henceforth a series of new times began.

Who can forbear to think of an enchanted castle, with a wide moat and lofty battlements, walls of marble and gates of brass, which vanishes at once into air, when the destined knight blows his horn before it?

In the second part, written by Tate, there is a long insertion, which, for its poignancy of satire, exceeds any part of the former. Personal resentment, though no laudable motive to satire, can add great force to general principles. Self-love is a busy prompter.

The Medal, written upon the same principles with Absalom and Achitophel, but upon a narrower plan, gives less pleasure, though it discovers equal abilities in the writer. The superstructure cannot extend beyond the foundation; a single character or incident cannot furnish as many ideas, as a series of events, or multiplicity of agents. This poem therefore, since time has left it to itself, is not much read, nor perhaps generally understood; yet it abounds with touches both of humorous and serious satire. The picture of a man whose propensions to mischief are such, that his best actions are but inability of wickedness, is very skilfully delineated and strongly coloured:

Power was his aim; but, thrown from that pretence,
The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence,
And malice reconcil'd him to his prince.
Him, in the anguish of his soul, he serv'd;
Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd:
Behold him now exalted into trust;
His counsels oft convenient, seldom just;
Ev'n in the most sincere advice he gave,
He had a grudging still to be a knave.
The frauds he learnt in his fanatic years,
Made him uneasy in his lawful gears,
At least as little honest as he cou'd,
And, like white witches, mischievously good.
To this first bias, longingly, he leans;
And rather would be great by wicked means.

The Threnodia, which, by a term I am afraid neither authorised nor analogical, he calls Augustalis, is not among his happiest productions. Its first and obvious defect is the irregularity of its metre, to which the ears of that age, however, were accustomed. What is worse, it has neither tenderness nor dignity; it is neither magnificent nor pathetic. He seems to look round him for images which he cannot find, and what he has he distorts by endeavouring to enlarge them. "He is," he says, "petrified with grief;" but the marble sometimes relents, and trickles in a joke:

> The sons of Art all med'cines try'd,
> And every noble remedy apply'd:
> With emulation each essay'd
> His utmost skill; *nay, more, they pray'd:*
> Was never losing game with better conduct play'd.

He had been a little inclined to merriment before, upon the prayers of a nation for their dying sovereign; nor was he serious enough to keep heathen fables out of his religion.

> With him the innumerable crowd of armed prayers
> Knock'd at the gates of Heaven, and knock'd aloud;
> *The first well-meaning rude petitioners*
> All for his life assail'd the throne,
> All would have brib'd the skies by offering up their own.
>
> So great a throng not Heaven itself could bar;
> 'Twas almost borne by force *as in the giants' war.*
> The pray'rs, at least, for his reprieve, were heard;
> His death, like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd.

There is throughout the composition a desire of splendour without wealth. In the conclusion he seems too much pleased with the prospect of the new reign, to have lamented his old master with much sincerity.

He did not miscarry in this attempt for want of skill either in lyric or elegiac poetry. His poem on the death of Mrs. Killegrew is undoubtedly the noblest ode that our language ever has produced. The first part flows with a torrent of enthusiasm. Fervet immensusque ruit. All the stanzas indeed are not equal. An imperial crown cannot be one continued diamond; the gems must be held together by some less valuable matter.

In his first ode for Cecilia's Day, which is lost in the splendour of the second, there are passages which would have dignified any other poet. The first stanza is vigorous and elegant, though the word *diapason* is too technical, and the rhymes are too remote from one another.

> From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
> This universal frame began;
> When Nature underneath a heap of jarring atoms lay,
> And could not heave her head,
> The tuneful voice was heard from high,
> Arise, ye more than dead.
> Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,
> In order to their stations leap,
> And Music's power obey.
> From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
> This universal frame began:
> From harmony to harmony
> Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
> The diapason closing full in man.

The conclusion is likewise striking; but it includes an image so awful in itself, that it can owe little to poetry; and I could wish the antithesis of *music untuning* had found some other place.

As from the power of sacred lays
  The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
  To all the bless'd above:

So, when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

Of his skill in elegy he has given a specimen in his Eleonora, of which the following lines discover their author:

Though all these rare endowments of the mind
Were in a narrow space of life confin'd,
The figure was with full perfection crown'd,
Though not so large an orb, as truly round:
As when in glory, through the public place,
The spoils of conquer'd nations were to pass,
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The consul was constrain'd his pomp to crowd;
And so the swift procession hurry'd on,
That all, though not distinctly, might be shown:
So, in the straighten'd bounds of life confin'd,
She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind;
And multitudes of virtues pass'd along,
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be seen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come.
Yet unemploy'd no minute slipp'd away;
Moments were precious in so short a stay.
The haste of Heaven to have her was so great,
That some were single acts, though each complete;
And every act stood ready to repeat.

This piece, however, is not without its faults; there is so much likeness in the initial comparison, that there is no illustration. As a king would be lamented, Eleonora was lamented:

As, when some great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whispers, first, and mournful murmurs, rise
Among the sad attendants; then the sound
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around,
Through town and country, till the dreadful blast
Is blown to distant colonies at last,
Who then, perhaps, were offering vows in vain,
For his long life, and for his happy reign;
So slowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame
Did matchless Eleonora's fate proclaim,
Till public as the loss the news became.

This is little better than to say in praise of a shrub, that it is as green as a tree; or of a brook, that it waters a garden, as a river waters a country.

Dryden confesses, that he did not know the lady whom he celebrates: the praise being therefore inevitably general, fixes no impression upon the reader, nor excites any tendency to love, nor much desire of imitation. Knowledge of the subject is to the poet what durable materials are to the architect.

The Religio Laici, which borrows its title from the Religio Medici of Browne, is almost the only work of Dryden which can be considered as a voluntary effusion; in this, therefore, it might be hoped, that the full effulgence of his genius would be found. But unhappily the subject is rather argumentative than poetical; he intended only a specimen of metrical disputation:

> And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose,
> As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose.

This, however, is a composition of great excellence in its kind, in which the familiar is very properly diversified with the solemn, and the grave with the humorous; in which metre has neither weakened the force, nor clouded the perspicuity of argument; nor will it be easy to find another example equally happy of this middle kind of writing, which, though prosaic in some parts, rises to high poetry in others, and neither towers to the skies, nor creeps along the ground.

Of the same kind, or not far distant from it, is The Hind and Panther, the longest of all Dryden's original poems; an allegory intended to comprise and to decide the controversy between the Romanists and Protestants. The scheme of the work is injudicious and incommodious; for what can be more absurd than that one beast should counsel another to rest her faith upon a pope and council? He seems well enough skilled in the usual topics of argument, endeavours to show the necessity of an infallible judge, and reproaches the reformers with want of unity; but is weak enough to ask, why, since we see without knowing how, we may not have an infallible judge without knowing where?

The Hind at one time is afraid to drink at the common brook, because she may be worried; but, walking home with the Panther, talks by the way of the Nicene Fathers, and at last declares herself to be the Catholic Church.

This absurdity was very properly ridiculed in The City Mouse and Country Mouse of Montague and Prior; and in the detection and censure of the incongruity of the fiction chiefly consists the value of their performance, which, whatever reputation it might obtain by the help of temporary passions, seems, to readers almost a century distant, not very forcible or animated.

Pope, whose judgment was perhaps a little bribed by the subject, used to mention this poem as the most correct specimen of Dryden's versification. It was indeed written when he had completely formed his manner, and may be supposed to exhibit, negligence excepted, his deliberate and ultimate scheme of metre.

We may therefore reasonably infer, that he did not approve the perpetual uniformity which confines the sense to couplets, since he has broken his lines in the initial paragraph.

> A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchang'd,
> Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd:
> Without unspotted, innocent within,
> She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.

Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds
Aim'd at her heart; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.

These lines are lofty, elegant, and musical, notwithstanding the interruption of the pause, of which the effect is rather increase of pleasure by variety, than offence by ruggedness.

To the first part it was his intention, he says, "to give the majestic turn of heroic poesy;" and perhaps he might have executed his design not unsuccessfully, had not an opportunity of satire, which he cannot forbear, fallen sometimes in his way. The character of a presbyterian, whose emblem is the Wolf, is not very heroically majestic:

More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race
Appear with belly gaunt and famish'd face;
Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
Close clapp'd for shame; but his rough crest he rears,
And pricks up his predestinating ears.

His general character of the other sorts of beasts, that never go to church, though sprightly and keen, has, however, not much of heroic poesy:

These are the chief; to number o'er the rest,
And stand like Adam naming every beast,
Were weary work; nor will the Muse describe
A slimy-born, and sun-begotten tribe,
Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,
In fields their sullen conventicles found.
These gross, half-animated, lumps I leave;
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive:
But, if they think at all, 'tis sure no higher
Than matter, put in motion, may aspire;
Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay,
So drossy, so divisible are they,
As would but serve pure bodies for allay;
Such souls as shards produce, such beetle things
As only buz to Heaven with evening wings;
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance;
Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
They know no being, and but hate a name;
To them the Hind and Panther are the same.

One more instance, and that taken from the narrative part, where style was more in his choice, will show how steadily he kept his resolution of heroic dignity.

For when the herd, sufficed, did late repair
To ferney heaths and to their forest laire,
She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way;
That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
To chat a while on their adventures past:
Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot.

Yet, wondering how of late she grew estrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy and her count'nance chang'd,
She thought this hour the occasion would present
To learn her secret cause of discontent,
Which well she hop'd might be with ease redress'd,
Considering her a well-bred civil beast,
And more a gentlewoman than the rest.
After some common talk what rumours ran,
The lady of the spotted muff began.

The second and third parts he professes to have reduced to diction more familiar and more suitable to dispute and conversation; the difference is not, however, very easily perceived; the first has familiar, and the two others have sonorous, lines. The original incongruity runs through the whole; the king is now Cæsar, and now the Lion; and the name Pan is given to the Supreme Being.

But when this constitutional absurdity is forgiven, the poem must be confessed to be written with great smoothness of metre, a wide extent of knowledge, and an abundant multiplicity of images; the controversy is embellished with pointed sentences, diversified by illustrations, and enlivened by sallies of invective. Some of the facts to which allusions are made are now become obscure, and perhaps there may be many satirical passages little understood.

As it was by its nature a work of defiance, a composition which would naturally be examined with the utmost acrimony of criticism, it was probably laboured with uncommon attention, and there are, indeed, few negligences in the subordinate parts.* The original impropriety, and the subsequent unpopularity of the subject, added to the ridiculousness of its first elements, has sunk it into neglect; but it may be usefully studied, as an example of poetical ratiocination, in which the argument suffers little from the metre.

In the poem on the birth of the prince of Wales, nothing is very remarkable but the exorbitant adulation, and that insensibility of the precipice on which the king was then standing, which the laureate apparently shared with the rest of the courtiers. A few months cured him of controversy, dismissed him from court, and made him again a play-wright and translator.

Of Juvenal there had been a translation by Stapylton, and another by Holiday; neither of them is very poetical. Stapylton is more smooth; and Holiday's is more esteemed for the learning of his notes. A new version was proposed to the poets of that time, and undertaken by them in conjunction. The main design was conducted by Dryden, whose reputation was such, that no man was unwilling to serve the Muses under him.

The general character of this translation will be given, when it is said to preserve the wit, but to want the dignity, of the original. The peculiarity of Juvenal is a mixture of gaiety and stateliness, of pointed sentences, and declamatory grandeur. His points have not been neglected; but his grandeur none of the band seemed to consider as necessary to be imitated, except Creech, who undertook the thirteenth satire. It is therefore perhaps possible to give a better representation of that great satirist, even in those parts which Dryden himself has translated, some passages excepted, which will never be excelled.

With Juvenal was published Persius, translated wholly by Dryden. This work, though like all other productions of Dryden it may have shining parts, seems to have

been written merely for wages, in an uniform mediocrity, without any eager endeavour after excellence, or laborious effort of the mind.

There wanders an opinion among the readers of poetry, that one of these satires is an exercise of the school. Dryden says, that he once translated it at school; but not that he preserved or published the juvenile performance.

Not long afterwards he undertook perhaps the most arduous work of its kind, a translation of Virgil, for which he had shown how well he was qualified by his version of the Pollio, and two episodes, one of Nisus and Euryalus, the other of Mezentius and Lausus.

In the comparison of Homer and Virgil, the discriminative excellence of Homer is elevation and comprehension of thought, and that of Virgil is grace and splendour of diction. The beauties of Homer are therefore difficult to be lost, and those of Virgil difficult to be retained. The massy trunk of sentiment is safe by its solidity, but the blossoms of elocution easily drop away. The author, having the choice of his own images, selects those which he can best adorn; the translator must, at all hazards, follow his original, and express thoughts which perhaps he would not have chosen. When to this primary difficulty is added the inconvenience of a language so much inferior in harmony to the Latin, it cannot be expected, that they who read the Georgics and the Æneid should be much delighted with any version.

All these obstacles Dryden saw, and all these he determined to encounter. The expectation of his work was undoubtedly great; the nation considered its honour as interested in the event. One gave him the different editions of his author, another helped him in the subordinate parts. The arguments of the several books were given him by Addison.

The hopes of the public were not disappointed. He produced, says Pope, "the most noble and spirited translation that I know in any language." It certainly excelled whatever had appeared in English, and appears to have satisfied his friends, and, for the most part, to have silenced his enemies. Milbourne, indeed, a clergyman, attacked it; but his outrages seem to be ebullitions of a mind agitated by stronger resentment than bad poetry can excite, and previously resolved not to be pleased.

His criticism extends only to the Preface, Pastorals, and Georgics; and, as he professes to give his antagonist an opportunity of reprisal, he has added his own version of the first and fourth Pastorals, and the first Georgic. The world has forgotten his book; but, since his attempt has given him a place in literary history, I will preserve a specimen of his criticism, by inserting his remarks on the invocation before the first Georgic; and of his poetry, by annexing his own version.

Ver. 1.

"What makes a plenteous harvest, when to turn
The fruitful soil, and when to sow the corn.

"It 's *unlucky*, they say, *to stumble at the threshold:* but what has *plenteous harvest* to do here? Virgil would not pretend to prescribe *rules* for *that* which depends not on the *husbandman's* care, but the *disposition of Heaven* altogether. Indeed, the *plenteous crop* depends somewhat on the *good method of tillage;* and where the *land* is ill-manured, the *corn*, without a miracle, can be but *indifferent:* but the *harvest* may be *good*, which is its *properest* epithet, though the *husbandman's skill* were never so *indifferent*. The next *sentence is too literal*, and *when to plough* had been Virgil's

meaning, and intelligible to every body; and *when to sow the corn,* is a needless *addition.*"

Ver. 3.

" The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine,
And when to geld the lambs, and sheer the swine,

would as well have fallen under the *cura boum, qui cultus habendo sit pecori,* as Mr. D.'s *deduction* of particulars."

Ver. 5.

" The birth and genius of the frugal bee
I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to thee.

But where did *experientia* ever signify *birth and genius?* or what ground was there for such a *figure* in this place? How much more manly is Mr. Ogylby's version!

What makes rich grounds, in what celestial signs
'Tis good to plough, and marry elms with vines;
What best fits cattle, what with sheep agrees,
And several arts improving frugal bees;
I sing, Mæcenas.

Which four lines, though faulty enough, are yet much more to the purpose than Mr. D.'s six."

Ver. 22.

" From fields and mountains to my song repair.

For *patrium linquens nemus, saltusque Lycæi*——Very well explained!"

Ver. 23, 24.

" Inventor Pallas, of the fattening oil,
Thou founder of the plough, and ploughman's toil!

Written as if *these* had been *Pallas's invention. The ploughman's toil* is impertinent."

Ver. 25.

" ..... The shroud-like cypress ———

Why *shroud-like?* Is a *cypress,* pulled up by the *roots,* which the *sculpture* in the *last Eclogue* fills Silvanus's hand with, so very like a *shroud?* Or did not Mr. D. think of that kind of *cypress* used often for *scarves and hatbands* at funerals formerly, or for *widows' vails,* &c.? if so, 'twas a *deep, good thought.*"

Ver. 26.

" ..... That wear
The royal honours, and increase the year.

What 's meant by *increasing the year?* Did the *gods* or *goddesses* add more *months,* or *days,* or *hours,* to it? Or how can *arva tueri* signify to *wear rural honours?* Is this to *translate,* or *abuse* an *author?* The next *couplet* is borrowed from Ogylby, I suppose, because *less to the purpose* than ordinary."

Ver. 33.

" The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard.

Idle, and none of Virgil's, no more than the sense of the *precedent couplet;* so again

he *interpolates* Virgil with that and *the round circle of the year to guide powerful of blessings, which thou strewest around;* a ridiculous *Latinism*, and an *impertinent addition;* indeed the whole *period* is but one piece of *absurdity* and *nonsense*, as those who lay it with the *original* must find."

Ver. 42, 43.

" And Neptune shall resign the fasces of the sea.

Was he *consul* or *dictator* there?

And wat'ry virgins for thy bed shall strive.

Both absurd *interpolations*."

Ver. 47, 48.

" Where in the void of Heaven a place is free.
Ah happy, D——n, *were* that place *for thee!*

But where is *that void?* Or, what does our *translator* mean by it? He knows what Ovid says *God* did to prevent such a *void* in Heaven; perhaps this was then forgotten: but Virgil talks more sensibly."

Ver. 49.

" The scorpion ready to receive thy laws.

No, he would not then have *gotten out of his way* so fast."

Ver. 56.

" Though Proserpine affects her silent seat.

What made *her* then so *angry* with Ascalaphus, for preventing her return? She was now mused to *Patience* under the *determinations of Fate*, rather than *fond* of her *residence*."

Ver. 61, 62, 63.

" Pity the poet's and the ploughman's cares,
Interest thy greatness in our mean affairs,
And use thyself betimes to hear our prayers.

Which is such a wretched *perversion* of Virgil's *noble thought* as Vicars would have blushed at: but Mr. Ogylby makes us some amends, by his better lines:

O wheresoe'er thou art, from thence incline,
And grant assistance to my bold design!
Pity, with me, poor husbandmens' affairs,
And now, as if translated, hear our prayers.

This is *sense*, and *to the purpose:* the other, poor *mistaken stuff*."

Such were the strictures of Milbourne, who found few abettors, and of whom it may be reasonably imagined, that many who favoured his design were ashamed of his insolence.

When admiration had subsided, the translation was more coolly examined, and found, like all others, to be sometimes erroneous, and sometimes licentious. Those who could find faults, thought they could avoid them; and Dr. Brady attempted in blank verse a translation of the Æneid, which, when dragged into the world, did not

live long enough to cry. I have never seen it; but that such a version there is, or has been, perhaps some old catalogue informed me.

With not much better success, Trapp, when his tragedy and his Prelections had given him reputation, attempted another blank version of the Æneid; to which, notwithstanding the slight regard with which it was treated, he had afterwards perseverance enough to add the Eclogues and Georgics. His book may continue in existence as long as it is the clandestine refuge of school-boys.

Since the English ear has been accustomed to the mellifluence of Pope's numbers, and the diction of poetry has become more splendid, new attempts have been made to translate Virgil; and all his works have been attempted by men better qualified to contend with Dryden. I will not engage myself in an invidious comparison, by opposing one passage to another; a work of which there would be no end, and which might be often offensive without use.

It is not by comparing line with line that the merit of great works is to be estimated, but by their general effects and ultimate result. It is easy to note a weak line, and write one more vigorous in its place; to find a happiness of expression in the original, and transplant it by force into the version: but what is given to the parts may be subducted from the whole, and the reader may be weary, though the critic may commend. Works of imagination excel by their allurement and delight; by their power of attracting and detaining the attention. That book is good in vain which the reader throws away. He only is the master who keeps the mind in pleasing captivity; whose pages are perused with eagerness, and in hope of new pleasure are perused again; and whose conclusion is perceived with an eye of sorrow, such as the traveller casts upon departing day.

By his proportion of this predomination I will consent that Dryden should be tried; of this, which, in opposition to reason, makes Ariosto the darling and the pride of Italy; of this, which, in defiance of criticism, continues Shakspeare the sovereign of the drama.

His last work was his Fables, in which he gave us the first example of a mode of writing which the Italians call *refaccimento*, a renovation of ancient writers, by modernizing their language. Thus the old poem of Boiardo has been new-dressed by Domenichi and Berni. The works of Chaucer, upon which this kind of rejuvenescence has been bestowed by Dryden, require little criticism. The tale of the Cock seems hardly worth revival; and the story of Palamon and Arcite, containing an action unsuitable to the times in which it is placed, can hardly be suffered to pass without censure of the hyperbolical commendation which Dryden has given it in the general preface, and in a poetical dedication, a piece where his original fondness of remote conceits seems to have revived.

Of the three pieces borrowed from Boccace, Sigismunda may be defended by the celebrity of the story. Theodore and Honoria, though it contains not much moral, yet afforded opportunities of striking description. And Cymon was formerly a tale of such reputation, that at the revival of letters it was translated into Latin by one of the Beroalds.

Whatever subjects employed his pen, he was still improving our measures, and embellishing our language.

In this volume are interspersed some short original poems, which, with his prologues, epilogues, and songs, may be comprised in Congreve's remark, that even those, if he had written nothing else, would have entitled him to the praise of excellence in his kind.

One composition must however be distinguished. The Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, perhaps the last effort of his poetry, has been always considered as exhibiting the highest flight of fancy, and the exactest nicety of art. This is allowed to stand without a rival. If indeed there is any excellence beyond it, in some other of Dryden's works that excellence must be found. Compared with the Ode on Killigrew, it may be pronounced perhaps superior in the whole, but without any single part equal to the first stanza of the other.

It is said to have cost Dryden a fortnight's labour; but it does not want its negligences: some of the lines are without correspondent rhymes; a defect, which I never detected but after an acquaintance of many years, and which the enthusiasm of the writer might hinder him from perceiving.

His last stanza has less emotion than the former; but it is not less elegant in the diction. The conclusion is vicious; the music of Timotheus, which *raised a mortal to the skies*, had only a metaphorical power; that of Cecilia, which *drew an angel down*, had a real effect: the crown, therefore, could not reasonably be divided.

In a general survey of Dryden's labours, he appears to have a mind very comprehensive by nature, and much enriched with acquired knowledge. His compositions are the effects of a vigorous genius operating upon large materials.

The power that predominated in his intellectual operations was rather strong reason than quick sensibility. Upon all occasions that were presented, he studied rather than felt, and produced sentiments not such as Nature enforces, but meditation supplies. With the simple and elemental passions, as they spring separate in the mind, he seems not much acquainted; and seldom describes them but as they are complicated by the various relations of society, and confused in the tumults and agitations of life.

What he says of love may contribute to the explanation of his character:

> Love various minds does variously inspire:
> It stirs in gentle bosoms gentle fire,
> Like that of incense on the altar laid;
> But raging flames tempestuous souls invade:
> A fire which every windy passion blows,
> With pride it mounts, or with revenge it glows.

Dryden's was not one of the *gentle bosoms:* love, as it subsists in itself, with no tendency but to the person loved, and wishing only for correspondent kindness; such love as shuts out all other interest, the love of the Golden Age, was too soft and subtle to put his faculties in motion. He hardly conceived it but in its turbulent effervescence with some other desires; when it was inflamed by rivalry, or obstructed by difficulties; when it invigorated ambition, or exasperated revenge.

He is therefore, with all his variety of excellence, not often pathetic; and had so little sensibility of the power of effusions purely natural, that he did not esteem them in others: simplicity gave him no pleasure; and for the first part of his life he looked on Otway with contempt, though at last, indeed very late, he confessed, that in his play *there* was *Nature, which is the chief beauty.*

We do not always know our own motives. I am not certain whether it was not rather the difficulty which he found in exhibiting the genuine operations of the heart, than a servile submission to an injudicious audience, that filled his plays with false magnificence. It was necessary to fix attention; and the mind can be captivated only by

recollection, or by curiosity; by reviving natural sentiments, or impressing new appearances of things: sentences were readier at his call than images; he could more easily fill the ear with splendid novelty, than awaken those ideas that slumber in the heart.

The favourite exercise of his mind was ratiocination; and, that argument might not be too soon at an end, he delighted to talk of liberty and necessity, destiny and contingence; these he discusses in the language of the school with so much profundity, that the terms which he uses are not always understood. It is indeed learning, but learning out of place.

When once he had engaged himself in disputation, thoughts flowed in on either side: he was now no longer at a loss; he had always objections and solutions at command; verbaque provisam rem—gave him matter for his verse, and he finds without difficulty verse for his matter.

In comedy, for which he professes himself not naturally qualified, the mirth which he excites will perhaps not be found so much to arise from any original humour, or peculiarity of character nicely distinguished and diligently pursued, as from incidents and circumstances, artifices and surprises; from jests of action rather than of sentiment. What he had of humorous or passionate, he seems to have had not from Nature, but from other poets; if not always as a plagiary, at least as an imitator.

Next to argument, his delight was in wild and daring sallies of sentiment, in the irregular and eccentric violence of wit. He delighted to tread upon the brink of meaning, where light and darkness begin to mingle; to approach the precipice of absurdity, and hover over the abyss of unideal vacancy. This inclination sometimes produced nonsense, which he knew; as,

> Move swiftly, Sun, and fly a lover's pace,
> Leave weeks and months behind thee in thy race.
> .... Amamel flies
> To guard thee from the demons of the air;
> My flaming sword above them to display,
> All keen, and ground upon the edge of day.

And sometimes it issued in absurdities, of which perhaps he was not conscious:

> Then we upon our orb's last verge shall go,
> And see the Ocean leaning on the Sky;
> From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know,
> And on the lunar world securely pry.

These lines have no meaning; but may we not say, in imitation of Cowley on another book,

> 'Tis so like *sense*, 'twill serve the turn as well?

This endeavour after the grand and the new produced many sentiments either great or bulky, and many images either just or splendid:

> I am as free as Nature first made man,
> Ere the base laws of servitude began,
> When wild in woods the noble savage ran.
>
> —'Tis but because the living death ne'er knew,
> They fear to prove it as a thing that's new:
> Let me th' experiment before you try,
> I'll show you first how easy 'tis to die.*

—There with a forest of their darts he strove,
And stood like Capaneus defying Jove,
With his broad sword the boldest beating down,
While Fate grew pale lest he should win the town,
And turn'd the iron leaves of his dark book
To make new dooms, or mend what it mistook.

—I beg no pity for this mouldering clay;
For if you give it burial, there it takes
Possession of your earth:
If burnt, and scatter'd in the air, the winds,
That strew my dust, diffuse my royalty,
And spread me o'er your clime; for where one atom
Of mine shall light, know there Sebastian reigns.

Of these quotations the two first may be allowed to be great, the two latter only tumid.

Of such selection there is no end. I will add only a few more passages; of which the first, though it may perhaps be quite clear in prose, is not too obscure for poetry, as the meaning that it has is noble:

No, there is a necessity in Fate,
Why still the brave bold man is fortunate;
He keeps his object ever full in sight;
And that assurance holds him firm and right;
True, 'tis a narrow way that leads to bliss,
But right before there is no precipice;
Fear makes men look aside, and so their footing miss.

Of the images which the two following citations afford, the first is elegant, the second magnificent; whether either be just, let the reader judge:

What precious drops are these,
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew?

..... Resign your castle——
—Enter, brave sir; for, when you speak the word,
The gates shall open of their own accord;
The genius of the place its lord shall meet,
And bow its towery forehead at your feet.

These bursts of extravagance Dryden calls the "Dalilahs" of the theatre; and owns, that many noisy lines of Maximin and Almanzor call out for vengeance upon him: "but I knew," says he, "that they were bad enough to please, even when I wrote them." There is surely reason to suspect, that he pleased himself as well as his audience; and that these, like the harlots of other men, had his love, though not his approbation.

He had sometimes faults of a less generous and splendid kind. He makes, like almost all other poets, very frequent use of mythology, and sometimes connects religion and fable too closely without distinction.

He descends to display his knowledge with pedantic ostentation; as when, in translating Virgil, he says, "tack to the larboard," and "veer starboard;" and talks in another work, of "virtue spooning before the wind." His vanity now and then betrays his ignorance:

They Nature's king through Nature's optics view'd;
Revers'd, they view'd him lessen'd to their eyes.

He had heard of reversing a telescope, and unluckily reverses the object.

He is sometimes unexpectedly mean. When he describes the Supreme Being as moved by prayer to stop the Fire of London, what is his expression?

> A hollow crystal pyramid he takes,
> In firmamental waters dipp'd above,
> Of this a broad *extinguisher* he makes,
> And *hoods* the flames that to their quarry strove.

When he describes the Last Day, and the decisive tribunal, he intermingles this image:

> When rattling bones together fly,
> From the four quarters of the sky.

It was indeed never in his power to resist the temptation of a jest. In his Elegy on Cromwell:

> No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embrac'd,
> Than the *light monsieur* the *grave don* outweigh'd;
> His fortune turn'd the scale———

He had a vanity, unworthy of his abilities, to show, as may be suspected, the rank of the company with whom he lived, by the use of French words, which had then crept into conversation; such as *fraicheur* for *coolness*, *fougue* for *turbulence*, and a few more, none of which the language has incorporated or retained. They continue only where they stood first, perpetual warnings to future innovators.

These are his faults of affectation; his faults of negligence are beyond recital. Such is the unevenness of his compositions, that ten lines are seldom found together without something of which the reader is ashamed. Dryden was no rigid judge of his own pages; he seldom struggled after supreme excellence, but snatched in haste what was within his reach; and when he could content others, was himself contented. He did not keep present to his mind an idea of pure perfection; nor compare his works, such as they were, with what they might be made. He knew to whom he should be opposed. He had more music than Waller, more vigour than Denham, and more nature than Cowley; and from his contemporaries he was in no danger. Standing therefore in the highest place, he had no care to rise by contending with himself; but, while there was no name above his own, was willing to enjoy fame on the easiest terms.

He was no lover of labour. What he thought sufficient, he did not stop to make better; and allowed himself to leave many parts unfinished, in confidence that the good lines would overbalance the bad. What he had once written, he dismissed from his thoughts; and I believe there is no example to be found of any correction or improvement made by him after publication. The hastiness of his productions might be the effect of necessity; but his subsequent neglect could hardly have any other cause than impatience of study.

What can be said of his versification will be little more than a dilatation of the praise given it by Pope:

> Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
> The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
> The long majestic march, and energy divine.

Some improvements had been already made in English numbers; but the full force of our language was not yet felt; the verse that was smooth was commonly feeble. If

Cowley had sometimes a finished line, he had it by chance. Dryden knew how to choose the flowing and the sonorous words; to vary the pauses, and adjust the accents; to diversify the cadence, and yet preserve the smoothness of his metre.

Of triplets and Alexandrines, though he did not introduce the use, he established it. The triplet has long subsisted among us. Dryden seems not to have traced it higher than to Chapman's Homer; but it is to be found in Phaer's Virgil, written in the reign of Mary; and in Hall's Satires, published five years before the death of Elizabeth.

The Alexandrine was, I believe, first used by Spenser, for the sake of closing his stanza with a fuller sound. We had a longer measure of fourteen syllables, into which the Æneid was translated by Phaer, and other works of the ancients by other writers; of which Chapman's Iliad was, I believe, the last.

The two first lines of Phaer's third Æneid will exemplify this measure:

> When Asia's state was overthrown, and Priam's kingdom stout,
> All guiltless, by the power of gods above was rooted out.

As these lines had their break, or *cæsura*, always at the eighth syllable, it was thought, in time, commodious to divide them: and quatrains of lines, alternately, consisting of eight and six syllables, make the most soft and pleasing of our lyric measures; as,

> Relentless Time, destroying power,
> Which stone and brass obey,
> Who giv'st to ev'ry flying hour
> To work some new decay.

In the Alexandrine, when its power was once felt, some poems, as Drayton's Polyolbion, were wholly written; and sometimes the measures of twelve and fourteen syllables were interchanged with one another. Cowley was the first that inserted the Alexandrine at pleasure among the heroic lines of ten syllables, and from him Dryden professes to have adopted it.

The triplet and Alexandrine are not universally approved. Swift always censured them, and wrote some lines to ridicule them. In examining their propriety, it is to be considered, that the essence of verse is regularity, and its ornament is variety. To write verse, is to dispose syllables and sounds harmonically by some known and settled rule; a rule, however, lax enough to substitute similitude for identity, to admit change without breach of order, and to relieve the ear without disappointing it. Thus a Latin hexameter is formed from dactyls and spondees differently combined; the English heroic admits of acute or grave syllables variously disposed. The Latin never deviates into seven feet, or exceeds the number of seventeen syllables; but the English Alexandrine breaks the lawful bounds, and surprises the reader with two syllables more than he expected.

The effect of the triplet is the same; the ear has been accustomed to expect a new rhyme in every couplet; but is on a sudden surprised with three rhymes together, to which the reader could not accommodate his voice, did he not obtain notice of the change from the braces of the margins. Surely there is something unskilful in the necessity of such mechanical direction.

Considering the metrical art simply as a science, and consequently excluding all casualty, we must allow that triplets and Alexandrines, inserted by caprice, are interruptions of that constancy to which science aspires. And though the variety which they

produce may very justly be desired, yet, to make poetry exact, there ought to be some stated mode of admitting them.

But, till some such regulation can be formed, I wish them still to be retained in their present state. They are sometimes convenient to the poet. Fenton was of opinion, that Dryden was too liberal, and Pope too sparing in their use.

The rhymes of Dryden are commonly just, and he valued himself for his readiness in finding them; but he is sometimes open to objection.

It is the common practice of our poets to end the second line with a weak or grave syllable:

> Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
> Fill'd with ideas of fair *Italy*.

Dryden sometimes puts the weak rhyme in the first:

> Laugh, all the powers that favour *tyranny*,
> And all the standing army of the sky.

Sometimes he concludes a period or paragraph with the first line of a couplet, which, though the French seem to do it without irregularity, always displeases in English poetry.

The Alexandrine, though much his favourite, is not always very diligently fabricated by him. It invariably requires a break at the sixth syllable; a rule which the modern French poets never violate, but which Dryden sometimes neglected:

> And with paternal thunder vindicates his throne.

Of Dryden's works it was said by Pope, that "he could select from them better specimens of every mode of poetry than any other English writer could supply." Perhaps no nation ever produced a writer that enriched his language with such a variety of models. To him we owe the improvement, perhaps the completion of our metre, the refinement of our language, and much of the correctness of our sentiments. By him we were taught, sapere et fari, to think naturally and express forcibly. Though Davies has reasoned in rhyme before him, it may be perhaps maintained, that he was the first who joined argument with poetry. He showed us the true bounds of a translator's liberty. What was said of Rome, adorned by Augustus, may be applied by an easy metaphor to English poetry, embellished by Dryden: lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit. He found it brick, and he left it marble.

The invocation before the Georgics is here inserted from Mr. Milbourne's version, that, according to his own proposal, his verses may be compared with those which he censures.

> What makes the richest *tilth*, beneath what signs
> To *plough*, and when to match your *elms* and *vines*,
> What care with *flocks*, and what with *herds* agrees,
> And all the management of frugal *bees*,
> I sing, Mæcenas! Ye immensely clear,
> Vast orbs of light, which guide the rolling year!
> Bacchus, and mother Ceres, if by you
> We fatt'ning *corn* for hungry *mast* pursue,
> If, taught by you, we first the *cluster* prest,
> And *thin cold streams* with *sprightly juice* refresht;
> Ye *fawns*, the present *numens* of the field,
> *Wood-nymphs* and *fawns*, your kind assistance yield;

Your gifts I sing: and thou, at whose fear'd stroke
From rending earth the fiery *courser* broke,
Great Neptune, O assist my artful song!
And thou to whom the woods and groves belong,
Whose snowy heifers on her flow'ry plains
In mighty herds the Cæan Isle maintains!
Pan, happy shepherd, if thy cares divine,
E'er to improve thy Mænalus incline,
Leave thy *Lycæan wood* and *native grove*,
And with thy lucky smiles our work approve;
Be Pallas too, sweet oil's inventor, kind;
And he who first the crooked *plough* design'd,
Sylvanus, god of all the woods, appear,
Whose hands a new-drawn tender *cypress* bear!
Ye *gods* and *goddesses*, who e'er with love
Would guard our pastures, and our fields improve;
Ye, who new plants from unknown lands supply,
And with condensing clouds obscure the sky,
And drop them softly thence in fruitful showers;
Assist my enterprise, ye gentle powers!
And thou, great Cæsar! though we know not yet
Among what gods thou 'lt fix thy lofty seat;
Whether thou 'lt be the kind *tutelar god*
Of thy own Rome, or with thy awful nod
Guide the vast world, while thy great hand shall bear
The fruits and seasons of the turning year,
And thy bright brows thy mother's myrtles wear;
Whether thou 'lt all the boundless ocean sway,
And seamen only to thyself shall pray;
Thule, the fairest island, kneel to thee,
And, that thou may'st her son by marriage be,
Tethys will for the happy purchase yield
To make a *dowry* of her wat'ry field:
Whether thou 'lt add to Heaven a *brighter sign*,
And o'er the *summer months* serenely shine;
Where between Cancer and Erigone,
There yet remains a spacious *room* for thee;
Where the hot Scorpion too his arm declines,
And more to thee than half his *arch* resigns;
Whate'er thou 'lt be; for sure the realms below
No just pretence to thy command can show:
No such ambition sways thy vast desires,
Though Greece her own Elysian Fields admires.
And now, at last, contented Proserpine
Can all her mother's earnest prayers decline.
Whate'er thou 'lt be, O guide our gentle course,
And with thy smiles our bold attempts enforce;
With me th' unknowing *rustics*' wants relieve,
And, though on Earth, our sacred vows receive.

Mr. DRYDEN, having received from Rymer his Remarks on the Tragedies of the last Age, wrote observations on the blank leaves; which, having been in the possession of Mr. Garrick, are by his favour communicated to the public, that no particle of Dryden may be lost.

"That we may less wonder why pity and terrour are not now the only springs on which our tragedies move, and that Shakspeare may be more excused, Rapin confesses that the French tragedies now all run on the *tendre*; and gives the reason, because

love is the passion which most predominates in our souls, and that therefore the passions represented become insipid, unless they are conformable to the thoughts of the audience. But it is to be concluded, that this passion works not now amongst the French so strongly as the other two did amongst the ancients. Amongst us, who have a stronger genius for writing, the operations from the writing are much stronger: for the raising of Shakspeare's passions is more from the excellency of the words and thoughts, than the justness of the occasion; and, if he has been able to pick single occasions, he has never founded the whole reasonably: yet, by the genius of poetry in writing, he has succeeded.

"Rapin attributes more to the *dictio*, that is, to the words and discourse of a tragedy, than Aristotle has done, who places them in the last rank of beauties; perhaps, only last in order, because they are the last product of the design, of the disposition or connection of its parts; of the characters, of the manners of those characters, and of the thoughts proceeding from those manners. Rapin's words are remarkable: 'Tis not the admirable intrigue, the surprising events, and extraordinary incidents, that make the beauty of a tragedy: 'tis the discourses, when they are natural and passionate: so are Shakspeare's.'

"The parts of a poem, tragic or heroic, are,

"1. The fable itself.

"2. The order or manner of its contrivance, in relation of the parts to the whole.

"3. The manners, or decency of the characters, in speaking or acting what is proper for them, and proper to be shown by the poet.

"4. The thoughts which express the manners.

"5. The words which express those thoughts.

"In the last of these Homer excels Virgil; Virgil all the other ancient poets; and Shakspeare all modern poets.

"For the second of these, the order: the meaning is, that a fable ought to have a beginning, middle, and an end, all just and natural; so that that part, *e. g.* which is the middle, could not naturally be the beginning or end, and so of the rest: all depend on one another, like the links of a curious chain. If terrour and pity are only to be raised, certainly this author follows Aristotle's rules, and Sophocles' and Euripides' example; but joy may be raised too, and that doubly, either by seeing a wicked man punished, or a good man at last fortunate; or perhaps indignation, to see wickedness prosperous, and goodness depressed: both these may be profitable to the end of a tragedy, reformation of manners; but the last improperly, only as it begets pity in the audience; though Aristotle, I confess, places tragedies of this kind in the second form.

"He who undertakes to answer this excellent critique of Mr. Rymer, in behalf of our English poets against the Greek, ought to do it in this manner: either by yielding to him the greatest part of what he contends for, which consists in this, that the μυθος *i. e.* the design and conduct of it, is more conducing in the Greeks to those ends of tragedy, which Aristotle and he propose, namely, to cause terrour and pity; yet the granting this does not set the Greeks above the English poets.

"But the answerer ought to prove two things: first, that the fable is not the greatest masterpiece of a tragedy, though it be the foundation of it.

"Secondly, that other ends as suitable to the nature of tragedy may be found in the English, which were not in the Greek.

"Aristotle places the fable first; not *quoad dignitatem, sed quoad fundamentum:*

for a fable, never so movingly contrived to those ends of his, pity and terrour, will operate nothing on our affections, except the characters, manners, thoughts, and words, are suitable.

"So that it remains for Mr. Rymer to prove, that in all those, or the greatest parts of them, we are inferior to Sophocles and Euripides; and this he has offered at, in some measure; but, I think, a little partially to the ancients.

"For the fable itself, 'tis in the English more adorned with episodes, and larger than in the Greek poets; consequently more diverting. For, if the action be but one, and that plain, without any counterturn of design or episode, *i. e.* underplot, how can it be so pleasing as the English, which have both underplot and a turned design, which keeps the audience in expectation of the catastrophe? whereas in the Greek poets we see through the whole design at first.

"For the characters, they are neither so many nor so various in Sophocles and Euripides, as in Shakspeare and Fletcher; only they are more adapted to those ends of tragedy which Aristotle commends to us, pity and terrour.

"The manners flow from the characters, and consequently must partake of their advantages and disadvantages.

"The thoughts and words, which are the fourth and fifth beauties of tragedy, are certainly more noble and more poetical in the English than in the Greek, which must be proved by comparing them somewhat more equitably than Mr. Rymer has done.

"After all, we need not yield that the English way is less conducing to move pity and terrour, because they often show virtue oppressed and vice punished; where they do not both, or either, they are not to be defended.

"And if we should grant that the Greeks performed this better, perhaps it may admit of dispute, whether pity and terrour are either the prime, or at least the only ends of tragedy.

"'Tis not enough that Aristotle had said so; for Aristotle drew his models of tragedy from Sophocles and Euripides; and if he had seen ours, might have changed his mind. And chiefly we have to say, (what I hinted on pity and terrour, in the last paragraph save one) that the punishment of vice and reward of virtue are the most adequate ends of tragedy, because most conducing to good example of life. Now pity is not so easily raised for a criminal (and the ancient tragedy always represents his chief person such) as it is for an innocent man; and the suffering of innocence and punishment of the offender is of the nature of English tragedy: contrarily, in the Greek, innocence is unhappy often, and the offender escapes. Then we are not touched with the sufferings of any sort of men so much as of lovers; and this was almost unknown to the ancients: so that they neither administered poetical justice, of which Mr. Rymer boasts, so well as we; neither knew they the best common-place of pity, which is love.

"He therefore unjustly blames us for not building on what the ancients left us; for it seems, upon consideration of the premises, that we have wholly finished what they began.

"My judgment on this piece is this: that it is extremely learned, but that the author of it is better read in the Greek than in the English poets; that all writers ought to study this critique, as the best account I have ever seen of the ancients; that the model of tragedy he has here given is excellent, and extremely correct; but that it is not the only model of all tragedy, because it is too much circumscribed in plot, characters, &c. and, lastly, that we may be taught here justly to admire and imitate the ancients, without giving them the preference with this author, in prejudice to our own country.

"Want of method in this excellent treatise makes the thoughts of the author sometimes obscure.

"His meaning, that pity and terrour are to be moved, is, that they are to be moved as the means conducing to the ends of tragedy, which are pleasure and instruction.

"And these two ends may be thus distinguished. The chief end of the poet is to please; for his immediate reputation depends on it.

"The great end of the poem is to instruct, which is performed by making pleasure the vehicle of that instruction; for, poesy is an art, and all arts are made to profit. *Rapin.*

"The pity, which the poet is to labour for, is for the criminal, not for those or him whom he has murdered, or who have been the occasion of the tragedy. The terrour is likewise in the punishment of the same criminal; who, if he be represented too great an offender, will not be pitied; if altogether innocent, his punishment will be unjust.

"Another obscurity is, where he says, Sophocles perfected tragedy by introducing the third actor; that is, he meant three kinds of action; one company singing, or speaking; another playing on the music; a third dancing.

"To make a true judgment in this competition between the Greek poets and the English, in tragedy:

"Consider, first, how Aristotle has defined a tragedy. Secondly, what he assigns the end of it to be. Thirdly, what he thinks the beauties of it. Fourthly, the means to attain the end proposed.

"Compare the Greek and English tragic poets justly, and without partiality, according to those rules.

"Then, secondly, consider whether Aristotle has made a just definition of tragedy; of its parts, of its ends, and of its beauties; and whether he, having not seen any others but those of Sophocles, Euripides, &c. had or truly could determine what all the excellencies of tragedy are, and wherein they consist.

"Next, show in what ancient tragedy was deficient: for example, in the narrowness of its plots, and fewness of persons; and try whether that be not a fault in the Greek poets; and whether their excellency was so great, when the variety was visibly so little; or whether what they did was not very easy to do.

"Then make a judgment on what the English have added to their beauties: as, for example, not only more plot, but also new passions; as, namely, that of love, scarcely touched on by the ancients, except in this one example of Phædra, cited by Mr. Rymer; and in that how short they were of Fletcher!

"Prove also, that love, being an heroic passion, is fit for tragedy, which cannot be denied, because of the example alleged of Phædra; and how far Shakspeare has outdone them in friendship, &c.

"To return to the beginning of this inquiry; consider if pity and terrour be enough for tragedy to move; and I believe, upon a true definition of tragedy, it will be found, that its work extends further, and that it is to reform manners, by a delightful representation of human life in great persons, by way of dialogue. If this be true, then not only pity and terrour are to be moved, as the only means to bring us to virtue, but generally love to virtue, and hatred to vice; by showing the rewards of one, and punishments of the other; at least, by rendering virtue always amiable, though it be shown unfortunate; and vice detestable, though it be shown triumphant.

"If, then, the encouragement of virtue and discouragement of vice be the proper ends of poetry in tragedy, pity and terrour, though good means, are not the only. For all the passions, in their turns, are to be set in a ferment; as joy, anger, love, fear,

are to be used as the poet's common-places: and a general concernment for the principal actors is to be raised, by making them appear such in their characters, their words, and actions, as will interest the audience in their fortunes.

"And if, after all, in a larger sense, pity comprehends this concernment for the good, and terrour includes detestation for the bad, then let us consider, whether the English have not answered this end of tragedy as well as the ancients, or perhaps better.

"And here Mr. Rymer's objections against these plays are to be impartially weighed, that we may see, whether they are of weight enough to turn the balance against our countrymen.

"'Tis evident those plays, which he arraigns, have moved both those passions in a high degree upon the stage.

"To give the glory of this away from the poet, and to place it upon the actors, seems unjust.

"One reason is, because whatever actors they have found, the event has been the same; that is, the same passions have been always moved; which shows, that there is something of force and merit in the plays themselves, conducing to the design of raising these two passions: and suppose them ever to have been excellently acted, yet action only adds grace, vigour, and more life upon the stage; but cannot give it wholly where it is not first. But, secondly, I dare appeal to those who have never seen them acted, if they have not found these two passions moved within them: and if the general voice will carry it, Mr. Rymer's prejudice will take off his single testimony.

"This, being matter of fact, is reasonably to be established by this appeal; as, if one man says it is night, when the rest of the world conclude it to be day, there needs no further argument against him, that it is so.

"If he urge, that the general taste is depraved, his arguments to prove this can at best but evince, that our poets took not the best way to raise those passions; but experience proves against him, that those means, which they have used, have been successful, and have produced them.

"And one reason of that success is, in my opinion, this; that Shakspeare and Fletcher have written to the genius of the age and nation in which they lived; for though nature, as he objects, is the same in all places, and reason too the same: yet the climate, the age, the disposition, of the people, to whom a poet writes, may be so different, that what pleased the Greeks would not satisfy an English audience.

"And if they proceed upon a foundation of truer reason to please the Athenians, than Shakspeare and Fletcher to please the English, it only shows, that the Athenians were a more judicious people; but the poet's business is certainly to please the audience.

"Whether our English audience have been pleased hitherto with acorns, as he calls it, or with bread, is the next question; that is, whether the means which Shakspeare and Fletcher have used, in their plays, to raise those passions before named, be better applied to the ends by the Greek poets than by them. And perhaps we shall not grant him this wholly; let it be yielded that a writer is not to run down with the stream, or to please the people by their usual methods, but rather to reform their judgments, it still remains to prove, that our theatre needs this total reformation.

"The faults, which he has found in their design, are rather wittily aggravated in many places than reasonably urged; and as much may be returned on the Greeks by one who were as witty as himself.

"They destroy not, if they are granted, the foundation of the fabric; only take away from the beauty of the symmetry; for example, the faults in the character of the King, in King and No-king, are not, as he calls them, such as render him detestable, but only imperfections which accompany human nature, and are for the most part excused by the violence of his love; so that they destroy not our pity or concernment for him: this answer may be applied to most of his objections of that kind.

"And Rollo committing many murders, when he is answerable but for one, is too severely arraigned by him; for it adds to our horrour and detestation of the criminal; and poetic justice is not neglected neither; for we stab him in our minds for every offence which he commits; and the point, which the poet is to gain on the audience, is not so much in the death of an offender, as the raising an horrour of his crimes.

"That the criminal should neither be wholly guilty, nor wholly innocent, but so participating of both as to move both pity and terrour, is certainly a good rule, but not perpetually to be observed; for that were to make all tragedies too much alike; which objection he foresaw, but has not fully answered.

"To conclude, therefore; if the plays of the ancients are more correctly plotted, ours are more beautifully written. And, if we can raise passions as high on worse foundations, it shows our genius in tragedy is greater; for in all other parts of it the English have manifestly excelled them."

THE original of the following letter is preserved in the library at Lambeth, and was kindly imparted to the public by the reverend Dr. Vyse.

Copy of an original Letter from John Dryden, esq. to his sons in Italy, from a MS. in the Lambeth Library, marked No. 933, p. 56.

(Superscribed)

"Al illustrissimo Sig^re
Carlo Dryden Camariere
d'Honore A. S. S.

"Franca per Mantoua. In Roma.

Sept. the 3d. our style.

"Dear sons,

"Being now at sir William Bowyer's in the country, I cannot write at large, because I find myself somewhat indisposed with a cold, and am thick of hearing, rather worse than I was in town. I am glad to find, by your letter of July 26th, your style, that you are both in health; but wonder you should think me so negligent as to forget to give you an account of the ship in which your parcel is to come. I have written to you two or three letters concerning it, which I have sent by safe hands, as I told you, and doubt not but you have them before this can arrive to you. Being out of town, I have forgotten the ship's name, which your mother will inquire, and put it into her letter, which is joined with mine. But the master's name I remember; he is called Mr. Ralph Thorp: the ship is bound to Leghorn, consigned to Mr. Peter and Mr. Thomas Ball, merchants. I am of your opinion, that by Tonson's means almost all our letters have miscarried for this last year. But, however, he has missed of his design in the Dedication, though he had prepared the book for it; for, in every figure of Æneas he has caused him to be drawn like king William, with a hooked nose. After my

return to town, I intend to alter a play of sir Robert Howard's, written long since, and lately put into my hands; 'tis called The Conquest of China by the Tartars. It will cost me six weeks study, with the probable benefit of an hundred pounds. In the mean time I am writing a song, for St. Cecilia's Feast, who, you know, is the patroness of music. This is troublesome, and no way beneficial; but I could not deny the stewards of the feast, who came in a body to me to desire that kindness, one of them being Mr. Bridgeman, whose parents are your mother's friends. I hope to send you thirty guineas between Michaelmas and Christmas, of which I will give you an account when I come to town. I remember the counsel you give me in your letter; but dissembling, though lawful in some cases, is not my talent; yet, for your sake, I will struggle with the plain openness of my nature, and keep in my just resentments against that degenerate order. In the mean time, I flatter not myself with any manner of hopes, but do my duty, and suffer for God's sake; being assured, before hand, never to be rewarded, though the times should alter. Towards the latter end of this month, September, Charles will begin to recover his perfect health, according to his nativity, which, casting it myself, I am sure is true, and all things hitherto have happened accordingly to the very time that I predicted them: I hope at the same time to recover more health, according to my age. Remember me to poor Harry, whose prayers I earnestly desire. My Virgil succeeds in the world beyond its desert or my expectation. You know the profits might have been more; but neither my conscience nor my honour would suffer me to take them: but I never can repent of my constancy, since I am thoroughly persuaded of the justice of the cause for which I suffer. It has pleased God to raise up many friends to me amongst my enemies, though they who ought to have been my friends are negligent of me. I am called to dinner, and cannot go on with this letter, which I desire you to excuse; and am

"your most affectionate father,

"JOHN DRYDEN."

VERSES IN PRAISE

OF

DRYDEN.

ON DRYDEN'S RELIGIO LAICI.

BY THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

BEGONE, you slaves, you idle vermin go,
Fly from the scourges, and your master know;
Let free, impartial men, from Dryden learn
Mysterious secrets, of a high concern,
And weighty truths, solid convincing sense,
Explain'd by unaffected eloquence.
What can you (reverend Levi) here take ill?
Men still had faults, and men will have them still;
He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
Must be an angel; but what 's that to you?
While mighty Lewis finds the pope too great,
And dreads the yoke of his imposing seat,
Our sects a more tyrannic power assume,
And would for scorpions change the rods of Rome;
That church detain'd the legacy divine;
Fanatics cast the pearls of Heaven to swine:
What then have thinking honest men to do,
But choose a mean between th' usurping two?
Nor can th' Egyptian patriarch blame thy Muse,
Which for his firmness does his heat excuse;
Whatever councils have approv'd his creed,
The preface sure was his own act and deed.
Our church will have that preface read, you 'll say:
'Tis true: but so she will th' Apocrypha;
And such as can believe them, freely may.
But did that God, (so little understood)
Whose darling attribute is being good,
From the dark womb of the rude Chaos bring
Such various creatures, and make man their king,
Yet leave his favourite man, his chiefest care,
More wretched than the vilest insects are?
O! how much happier and more safe are they?
If helpless millions must be doom'd a prey
Toyelling furies, and for ever burn
In that sad place from whence is no return,
For unbelief in one they never knew,
Or for not doing what they could not do!
The very fiends know for what crime they fell,
And so do all their followers that rebel:
If then a blind, well-meaning, Indian stray,
Shall the great gulf be show'd him for the way?
For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
Or the fall'n angels' room will be but ill supply'd.
That Christ, who at the great deciding day
(For he declares what he resolves to say)
Will damn the goats for their ill-natur'd faults,
And save the sheep for actions, not for thoughts,
Hath too much mercy to send men to Hell,
For humble charity, and hoping well.
To what stupidity are zealots grown,
Whose inhumanity, profusely shown
In damning crowds of souls, may damn their own.
I 'll err at least on the securer side,
A convert free from malice and from pride.

TO MY FRIEND, MR. JOHN DRYDEN,

ON HIS SEVERAL EXCELLENT TRANSLATIONS OF THE ANCIENT POETS.

BY G. GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWNE.

As flowers transplanted from a southern sky,
But hardly bear, or in the raising die;
Missing their native sun, at best retain
But a faint odour, and survive with pain:
Thus ancient wit, in modern numbers taught,
Wanting the warmth with which its author wrote,
Is a dead image, and a senseless draught.
While we transfuse, the nimble spirit flies,
Escapes unseen, evaporates, and dies.
Who then to copy Roman wit desire,
Must imitate with Roman force and fire,
In elegance of style and phrase the same,
And in the sparkling genius, and the flame.
Whence we conclude from thy translated song,
So just, so smooth, so soft, and yet so strong,
Celestial poet! soul of harmony!
That every genius was reviv'd in thee.
Thy trumpet sounds, the dead are rais'd to light,
Never to die, and take to Heaven their flight;
Deck'd in thy verse, as clad with rays they shine,
All glorified, immortal, and divine.
As Britain in rich soil abounding wide,
Furnish'd for use, for luxury, and pride,
Yet spreads her wanton sails on every shore
For foreign wealth, insatiate still of more;
To her own wool the silks of Asia joins,
And to her plenteous harvests India's mines;
So Dryden, not contented with the fame
Of his own works, though an immortal name,
To lands remote sends forth his learned Muse,
The noblest seeds of foreign wit to choose:

Feasting our sense so many various ways,
Say, is 't thy bounty, or thy thirst of praise?
That, by comparing others, all might see,
Who most excel, are yet excell'd by thee.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

BY JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

How long, great poet, shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise!
Can neither injuries of time, or age,
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote;
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought;
Pensive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.
Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possest,
And second youth is kindled in thy breast.
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own:
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee.
Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle
In smoother numbers, and a clearer style:
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his satire, and improves his rage.
Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still outshines the bright original.
Now Ovid boasts th' advantage of thy song,
And tells his story in the British tongue;
Thy charming verse, and fair translations show
How thy own laurel first began to grow;
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods, [woods.
And frighted at himself, ran howling through the
O may'st thou still the noble tale prolong,
Nor age, nor sickness, interrupt thy song:
Then may we wondering read, how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and dissolv'd in streams,
Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold:
How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a second life, and different natures try'd.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himself can tell.

Mag. Coll. Oxon. June 2, 1693.

FROM ADDISON'S

ACCOUNT OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

But see where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next! whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds, or tragic airs,
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles and tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh, unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all:
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd, should decay in thee:
Did not the Muses' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear!
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's Muse shall in his friend survive.

ON ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR,

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE.

FROM MR. POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM, L. 376.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow.
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound.
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is Dryden now.

CHARACTER OF DRYDEN,

FROM AN ODE OF GRAY.

Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear:
Two coursers of ethereal race, [pace.
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But, ah! tis heard no more—
Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR

OF

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Take it as earnest of a faith renew'd,
Your theme is vast, your verse divinely good:
Where, though the Nine their beauteous strokes re-
And the turn'd lines on golden anvils beat, [peat,
It looks as if they strook them at a heat.
So all serenely great, so just refin'd,
Like angels love to human seed inclin'd,
It starts a giant, and exalts the kind.
'Tis spirit seen, whose fiery atoms roll,
So brightly fierce, each syllable 's a soul.
'Tis miniature of man, but he 's all heart;
'Tis what the world would be, but wants the art;
To whom ev'n the fanatics altars raise,
Bow in their own despite, and grin your praise;
As if a Milton from the dead arose,
Fil'd off the rust, and the right party chose.
Nor, sir, be shock'd at what the gloomy say;
Turn not your feet too inward, nor too splay.

'Tis gracious all, and great: push on your theme;
Lean your griev'd head on David's diadem.
David, that rebel Israel's envy mov'd;
David, by God and all good men belov'd.
The beauties of your Absalom excel:
But more the charms of charming Annabel:
Of Annabel, than May's first morn more bright,
Cheerful as summer's noon, and chaste as winter's [night.
Of Annabel, the Muse's dearest theme;
Of Annabel, the angel of my dream,
Thus let a broken eloquence attend,
And to your masterpiece these shadows send.

NAT. LEE.

TO THE CONCEALED AUTHOR

OF ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Hail, heaven-born Muse! hail, every sacred page!
The glory of our isle and of our age.
Th' inspiring Sun to Albion draws more nigh,
The North at length teems with a work, to vie
With Homer's flame and Virgil's majesty.
While Pindus' lofty heights our poet sought,
(His ravish'd mind with vast ideas fraught)
Our language fail'd beneath his rising thought.
This checks not his attempt; for Maro's mines
He drains of all their gold, t' adorn his lines:
Through each of which the Mantuan genius shines.
The rock obey'd the powerful Hebrew guide,
Her flinty breast dissolv'd into a tide:
Thus on our stubborn language he prevails,
And makes the Helicon in which he sails;
The dialect, as well as sense invents,
And, with his poem, a new speech presents.
Hail then, thou matchless bard, thou great unknown,
That give your country fame, yet shun your own!
In vain; for every where your praise you find,
And, not to meet it, you must shun mankind.
Your loyal theme each loyal reader draws,
And ev'n the factious give your verse applause,
Whose lightning strikes to ground their idol cause:
The cause for whose dear sake they drank a flood
Of civil gore, nor spar'd the royal blood;
The cause, whose growth to crush, our prelates wrote
In vain, almost in vain our heroes fought;
Yet by one stab of your keen satire dies;
Before your sacred lines their shatter'd Dagon lies.
Oh! if unworthy we appear to know
The sire, to whom this lovely birth we owe:
Deny'd our ready homage to express,
And can at best but thankful be by guess;
This hope remains: May David's godlike mind
(For him 'twas wrote) the unknown author find;
And, having found, shower equal favours down
On wit so vast, as could oblige a crown.

N. TATE.

UPON THE AUTHOR OF THE MEDAL.

Once more our awful poet arms, t' engage
The threatening hydra-faction of the age;
Once more prepares his dreadful pen to wield,
And every Muse attends him to the field.
By Art and Nature for this task design'd,
Yet modestly the fight he long declin'd;
Forbore the torrent of his verse to pour,
Nor loos'd his satire till the needful hour.
His sovereign's right, by patience half betray'd,
Wak'd his avenging genius to his aid.
Blest Muse, whose wit with such a cause was crown'd,
And blest the cause that such a champion found!
With chosen verse upon the foe he falls,
And black Sedition in each quarter galls;
Yet, like a prince with subjects forc'd t' engage,
Secure of conquest he rebates his rage;
His fury not without distinction sheds,
Hurls mortal bolts, but on devoted heads;
To less-infected members gentle found,
Or spares, or else pours balm into the wound.
Such generous grace th' ingrateful tribe abuse,
And trespass on the mercy of his Muse:
Their wretched doggrel rhymers forth they bring,
To snarl and bark against the poets' king;
A crew, that scandalize the nation more,
Than all their treason-canting priests before.
On these he scarce vouchsafes a scornful smile,
But on their powerful patrons turns his style:
A style so keen, as ev'n from Faction draws
The vital poison, stabs to th' heart their cause.
Take then, great bard, what tribute we can raise:
Accept our thanks, for you transcend our praise.

N. TATE

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR

OF THE MEDAL, AND ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Thus pious Ignorance, with dubious praise,
Altars of old to gods unknown did raise:
They knew not the lov'd Deity; they knew
Divine effects a cause divine did shew;
Nor can we doubt, when such these numbers are,
Such is their cause, though the worst Muse shall dare
Their sacred worth in humble verse declare.
As gentle Thames, charm'd with thy tuneful song,
Glides in a peaceful majesty along;
No rebel stone, no lofty bank, does brave
The easy passage of his silent wave:
So, sacred poet, so thy numbers flow,
Sinewy, yet mild as happy lovers woo;
Strong, yet harmonious too as planets move,
Yet soft as down upon the wings of Love.
How sweet does Virtue in your dress appear;
How much more charming, when much less severe!
Whilst you our senses harmlessly beguile,
With all th' allurements of your happy style;
Y' insinuate loyalty with kind deceit,
And into sense th' unthinking many cheat.
So the sweet Thracian with his charming lyre
Into rude Nature virtue did inspire;
So he the savage herd to reason drew,
Yet scarce so sweet, so charmingly as you.
O that you would, with some such powerful charm,
Enervate Albion to just valour warm!
Whether much-suffering Charles shall theme afford,
Or the great deeds of godlike James's sword.
Again fair Gallia might be ours, again
Another fleet might pass the subject main,
Another Edward lead the Britons on,
Or such an Ossory as you did moan;
While in such numbers you, in such a strain,
Inflame their courage, and reward their pain.
Let false Achitophel the rout engage,
Talk easy Absalom to rebel rage;
Let frugal Shimei curse in holy zeal,
Or modest Corah more new plots reveal;

Whilst constant to himself, secure of Fate,
Good David still maintains the royal state.
Though each in vain such various ills employs,
Firmly he stands, and ev'n those ills enjoys;
Firm as fair Albion, midst the raging main,
Surveys encircling danger with disdain.
In vain the waves assault the unmov'd shore,
In vain the winds with mingled fury roar,
Fair Albion's beauteous cliffs shine whiter than before.
Nor shalt thou move, though Hell thy fall conspire,
Though the worse rage of Zeal's fanatic fire;
Thou best, thou greatest of the British race,
Thou only fit to fill great Charles's place.
Ah, wretched Britons! ah, too stubborn isle!
Ah, stiff-neck'd Israel on blest Canaan's soil!
Are those dear proofs of Heaven's indulgence vain,
Restoring David and his gentle reign?
Is it in vain thou all the goods dost know,
Auspicious stars on mortals shed below, [flow?
While all thy streams with milk, thy lands with honey
No more, fond isle! no more thyself engage
In civil fury, and intestine rage:
No rebel zeal thy duteous land molest,
But a smooth calm soothe every peaceful breast.
While in such charming notes divinely sings
The best of poets, of the best of kings.

J. ADAMS.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS RELIGIO LAICI.

Those gods the pious ancients did adore,
They learnt in verse devoutly to implore,
Thinking it rude to use the common way
Of talk, when they did to such beings pray.
Nay, they that taught religion first, thought fit
In verse its sacred precepts to transmit:
So Solon too did his first statutes draw,
And every little stanza was a law.
By these few precedents we plainly see
The primitive design of poetry;
Which, by restoring to its native use,
You generously have rescued from abuse.
Whilst your lov'd Muse does in sweet numbers sing,
She vindicates her God, and godlike king.
Atheist, and rebel too, she does oppose,
(God and the king have always the same foes).
Legions of verse you raise in their defence,
And write the factious to obedience;
You the bold Arian to arms defy,
A conquering champion for the Deity
Against the Whigs' first parents, who did dare
To disinherit God Almighty's heir.
And what the hot-brain'd Arian first began,
Is carried on by the Socinian,
Who still associates to keep God a man.
But 'tis the prince of poets' task alone
T' assert the rights of God's and Charles's throne.
Whilst vulgar poets purchase vulgar fame
By chaunting Chloris' or fair Phyllis' name;
Whose reputation shall last as long,
As fops and ladies sing the amorous song:
A nobler subject wisely they refuse,
The mighty weight would crush their feeble Muse.
So, Story tells, a painter once would try
With his bold hand to limn a deity:
And he, by frequent practising that part,
Could draw a minor god with wondrous art:
But when great Jove did to the workman sit,
The thunderer such horrour did beget,
That put the frighted artist to a stand,
And made his pencil drop from 's baffled hand.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE THIRD BOOK OF VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

A PINDARIC ODE.

BY MR. JOHN DENNIS.

While mounting with expanded wings
The Mantuan swan unbounded Heaven explores,
While with seraphic sounds he towering sings,
Till to divinity he soars:
Mankind stands wondering at his flight,
Charm'd with his music, and his height:
Which both transcend our praise.
Nay gods incline their ravish'd ears,
And tune their own harmonious spheres,
To his melodious lays.
Thou, Dryden, canst his notes recite
In modern numbers, which express
Their music, and their utmost might:
Thou, wondrous poet, with success
Canst emulate his flight.

Sometimes of humble rural things,
Thy Muse, which keeps great Maro still in sight,
In middle air with varied numbers sings;
And sometimes her sonorous flight
To Heaven sublimely wings:
But first takes time with majesty to rise,
Then, without pride, divinely great,
She mounts her native skies;
And, goddess like, retains her state
When down again she flies.
Commands, which Judgment gives, she still obeys,
Both to depress her flight, and raise.
Thus Mercury from Heaven descends,
And to this under world his journey bends,
When Jove his dread commands has given:
But, still descending, dignity maintains,
As much a god upon our humble plains,
As when he, towering, re-ascends to Heaven.

But when thy goddess takes her flight,
With so much majesty, to such a height,
As can alone suffice to prove,
That she descends from mighty Jove:
Gods! how thy thoughts then rise, and soar, and shine!
Immortal spirit animates each line;
Each with bright flame that fires our souls is crown'd,
Each has magnificence of sound,
And harmony divine.
Thus the first orbs, in their high rounds,
With shining pomp advance;
And to their own celestial sounds
Majestically dance.
On, with eternal symphony, they roll,
Each turn'd in its harmonious course,
And each inform'd by the prodigious force
Of an empyreal soul.

*** See a poem by Duke, in vol. ix. of this collection.

POEMS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

UPON

THE DEATH OF LORD HASTINGS.

MUST noble Hastings immaturely die,
The honour of his ancient family,
Beauty and learning thus together meet,
To bring a winding for a wedding sheet?
Must Virtue prove Death's harbinger? must she,
With him expiring, feel mortality?
Is death, Sin's wages, Grace's now? shall Art
Make us more learned, only to depart?
If merit be disease; if virtue death;
To be good, not to be: who 'd then bequeath
Himself to discipline? who 'd not esteem
Labour a crime? study self-murther deem?
Our noble youth now have pretence to be
Dunces securely, ignorant healthfully.
Rare linguist, whose worth speaks itself, whose praise,
Though not his own, all tongues besides do raise:
Than whom great Alexander may seem less;
Who conquer'd men, but not their languages.
In his mouth nations spake; his tongue might be
Interpreter to Greece, France, Italy.
His native soil was the four parts o' th' Earth;
All Europe was too narrow for his birth.
A young apostle; and with reverence may
I speak it, inspir'd with gift of tongues, as they.
Nature gave him a child, what men in vain
Oft strive, by art though further'd, to obtain.
His body was an orb, his sublime soul
Did move on Virtue's, and on Learning's pole:
Whose regular motions better to our view,
Than Archimedes' sphere, the Heavens did shew.
Graces and virtues, languages and arts,
Beauty and learning, fill'd up all the parts.
Heaven's gifts, which do like falling stars appear
Scatter'd in others; all, as in their sphere,
Were fix'd, conglobate in his soul; and thence
Shone through his body, with sweet influence;
Letting their glories so on each limb fall,
The whole frame render'd was celestial.
Come, learned Ptolemy, and trial make,
If thou this hero's altitude canst take:
But that transcends thy skill; thrice happy all,
Could we but prove thus astronomical.
Liv'd Tycho now, struck with this ray which shone
More bright i' th' morn, than others beam at noon,
He 'd take his astrolabe, and seek out here
What new star 'twas did gild our hemisphere.
Replenish'd then with such rare gifts as these,
Where was room left for such a foul disease?
The nation's sin hath drawn that veil which shrouds
Our day-spring in so sad benighting clouds,
Heaven would no longer trust its pledge; but thus
Recall'd it; rapt its Ganymede from us.
Was there no milder way but the small-pox,
The very filthiness of Pandora's box?
So many spots, like naeves on Venus' soil,
One jewel set off with so many a foil;
Blisters with pride swell'd, which through 's flesh did eprout
Like rose-buds, stuck i' th' lily-skin about.
Each little pimple had a tear in it,
To wail the fault its rising did commit:
Which, rebel-like, with its own lord at strife,
Thus made an insurrection 'gainst his life.
Or were these gems sent to adorn his skin,
The cab'net of a richer soul within?
No comet need foretel his change drew on,
Whose corps might seem a constellation.
Oh! had he dy'd of old, how great a strife
Had been, who from his death should draw their life?
Who should, by one rich draught, become whate'er
Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæsar, were?
Learn'd, virtuous, pious, great; and have by this
An universal metempsychosis.
Must all these aged sires in one funeral
Expire? all die in one so young, so small?
Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great fame
Had swol'n 'bove any Greek or Roman name.
But hasty Winter, with one blast, hath brought
The hopes of Autumn, Summer, Spring, to nought.
Thus fades the oak i' th' sprig, i' th' blade the corn;
Thus without young, this phenix dies, new-born.

Must then old three-legg'd grey-beards with their gout,
Catarrhs, rheums, aches, live three long ages out?
Time's offals, only fit for th' hospital!
Or to hang antiquaries' rooms withal!
Must drunkards, lechers, spent with sinning, live
With such helps as broths, possets, physic give?
None live, but such as should die? shall we meet
With none but ghostly fathers in the street?
Grief makes me rail; sorrow will force its way;
And showers of tears tempestuous sighs best lay.
The tongue may fail; but overflowing eyes
Will weep out lasting streams of elegies.
But thou, O virgin-widow, left alone,
Now thy beloved, heaven-ravish'd spouse is gone,
Whose skilful sire in vain strove to apply
Med'cines, when thy balm was no remedy,
With greater than platonic love, O wed
His soul, though not his body, to thy bed:
Let that make thee a mother; bring thou forth
Th' ideas of his virtue, knowledge, worth;
Transcribe th' original in new copies; give
Hastings o' th' better part; so shall he live
In 's nobler half; and the great grandsire be
Of an heroic divine progeny:
An issue, which t' eternity shall last,
Yet but th' irradiations which he cast.
Erect no mausoleums: for his best
Monument is his spouse's marble breast.

HEROIC STANZAS ON

THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL,

WRITTEN AFTER HIS FUNERAL.

And now 'tis time; for their officious haste,
Who would before have borne him to the sky,
Like eager Romans, ere all rites were past,
Did let too soon the sacred eagle fly.

Though our best notes are treason to his fame,
Join'd with the loud applause of public voice;
Since Heaven, what praise we offer to his name,
Hath render'd too authentic by its choice.

Though in his praise no arts can liberal be,
Since they, whose Muses have the highest flown,
Add not to his immortal memory,
But do an act of friendship to their own:

Yet 'tis our duty, and our interest too,
Such monuments as we can build to raise:
Lest all the world prevent what we should do,
And claim a title in him by their praise.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a fame so truly circular;
For in a round what order can be shew'd,
Where all the parts so equal perfect are?

His grandeur he deriv'd from Heaven alone;
For he was great ere Fortune made him so:
And wars, like mists that rise against the Sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

No borrow'd bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring;
Nor was his virtue poison'd soon as born,
With the too early thoughts of being king.

Fortune, that easy mistress to the young,
But to her ancient servants coy and hard,
Him at that age her favourites rank'd among,
When she her best-lov'd Pompey did discard.

He private mark'd the faults of others' sway,
And set as sea-marks for himself to shun:
Not like rash monarchs, who their youth betray
By acts their age too late would wish undone.

And yet dominion was not his design;
We owe that blessing, not to him, but Heaven,
Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join;
Rewards, that less to him than us were given.

Our former chiefs, like sticklers of the war,
First sought t' inflame the parties, then to poise:
The quarrel lov'd, but did the cause abhor;
And did not strike to hurt, but make a noise.

War, our consumption, was their gainful trade:
We inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our pain;
He fought to end our fighting, and essay'd
To stanch the blood by breathing of the vein.

Swift and resistless through the land he past,
Like that bold Greek who did the East subdue,
And made to battles such heroic haste,
As if on wings of victory he flew.

He fought secure of fortune as of fame:
Still by new maps the island might be shown,
Of conquests, which he strew'd where'er he came,
Thick as the galaxy with stars is sown.

His palms, though under weights they did not stand,
Still thriv'd; no winter could his laurels fade:
Heaven in his portrait show'd a workman's hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
Which war had banish'd, and did now restore:
Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,
To seat themselves more surely than before.

Her safety rescu'd Ireland to him owes;
And treacherous Scotland, to no interest true,
Yet blest that fate which did his arms dispose
Her land to civilize, as to subdue.

Nor was he like those stars which only shine,
When to pale mariners they storms portend:
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majesty together blend.

'Tis true, his count'nance did imprint an awe;
And naturally all souls to his did bow,
As wands of divination downward draw,
And point to beds where sovereign gold doth grow.

When past all offerings to Feretrian Jove,
He Mars depos'd, and arms to gowns made yield;
Successful councils did him soon approve
As fit for close intrigues, as open field.

To suppliant Holland he vouchsaf'd a peace,
Our once bold rival of the British main,
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,
And buy our friendship with her idol, gain.

Fame of th' asserted sea through Europe blown,
  Made France and Spain ambitious of his love;
Each knew that side must conquer he would own;
  And for him fiercely, as for empire, strove.

No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embrac'd,
  Than the light Monsieur the grave Don outweigh'd:
His fortune turn'd the scale where'er 'twas cast;
  Though Indian mines were in the other laid.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his right:
  For though some meaner artist's skill were shown
In mingling colours, or in placing light;
  Yet still the fair designment was his own.

For from all tempers he could service draw;
  The worth of each, with its alloy, he knew,
And, as the confident of Nature, saw
  How she complexions did divide and brew.

Or he their single virtues did survey,
  By intuition in his own large breast,
Where all the rich ideas of them lay,
  That were the rule and measure to the rest.

When such heroic virtue Heaven sets out,
  The stars, like commons, sullenly obey;
Because it drains them when it comes about,
  And therefore is a tax they seldom pay.

From this high spring our foreign conquests flow,
  Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend;
Since their commencement to his arms they owe,
  If springs as high as fountains may ascend.

He made us freemen of the continent,
  Whom Nature did like captives treat before;
To nobler preys the English lion sent,
  And taught him first in Belgian walks to roar.

That old unquestion'd pirate of the land,
  Proud Rome, with dread the fate of Dunkirk heard;
And trembling wish'd behind more Alps to stand,
  Although an Alexander were her guard.

By his command we boldly cross'd the line,
  And bravely fought where southern stars arise;
We trac'd the far-fetch'd gold unto the mine,
  And that which brib'd our fathers made our prize.

Such was our prince; yet own'd a soul above
  The highest acts it could produce to show:
Thus poor mechanic arts in public move,
  Whilst the deep secrets beyond practice go.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing fame went less,
  But when fresh laurels courted him to live:
He seem'd but to prevent some new success,
  As if above what triumphs Earth could give.

His latest victories still thickest came,
  As, near the centre, motion doth increase;
Till he, press'd down by his own weighty name,
  Did, like the vestal, under spoils decease.

But first the Ocean as a tribute sent
  The giant prince of all her wat'ry herd;
And th' Isle, when her protecting genius went,
  Upon his obsequies loud sighs conferr'd.

No civil broils have since his death arose,
  But Faction now by habit does obey;
And wars have that respect for his repose,
  As winds for halcyons, when they breed at sea.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest,
  His name a great example stands, to show
How strangely high endeavours may be blest,
  Where Piety and Valour jointly go.

ASTRÆA REDUX.

A POEM ON THE HAPPY RESTORATION AND RETURN OF HIS SACRED MAJESTY CHARLES II. 1660.

Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.
Virg.

The last great age foretold by sacred rhymes
Renews its finish'd course: Saturnian times
Roll round again.

Now with a general peace the world was blest,
While our's, a world divided from the rest,
A dreadful quiet felt, and worser far
Than arms, a sullen interval of war:
Thus when black clouds draw down the labouring skies,
Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,
An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear.
Th' ambitious Swede, like restless billows tost,
On this hand gaining what on that he lost,
Though in his life he blood and ruin breath'd,
To his now guideless kingdom peace bequeath'd.
And Heaven, that seem'd regardless of our fate,
For France and Spain did miracles create;
Such mortal quarrels to compose in peace
As Nature bred, and Interest did increase.
We sigh'd to hear the fair Iberian bride
Must grow a lily to the lily's side,
While our cross stars deny'd us Charles's bed,
Whom our first flames and virgin love did wed.
For his long absence Church and State did groan;
Madness the pulpit, Faction seiz'd the throne:
Experienc'd Age in deep despair was lost,
To see the rebel thrive, the loyal crost:
Youth that with joys had unacquainted been,
Envy'd grey hairs that once good days had seen:
We thought our sires, not with their own content,
Had ere we came to age our portion spent.
Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt
Who ruin'd crowns would coronets exempt:
For when by their designing leaders taught
To strike at power which for themselves they sought,
The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd;
Their blood to action by the prize was warm'd.
The sacred purple then and scarlet gown,
Like sanguine dye, to elephants was shown.
Thus when the bold Typhœus scal'd the sky,
And forc'd great Jove from his own Heaven to fly,
(What king, what crown, from treason's reach is free,
If Jove and Heaven can violated be?)
The lesser gods, that shar'd his prosperous state,
All suffer'd in the exil'd Thunderer's fate.
The rabble now such freedom did enjoy,
As winds at sea, that use it to destroy:
Blind as the Cyclop, and as wild as he,
They own'd a lawless savage liberty,

Like that our painted ancestors so priz'd,
Ere empire's arts their breasts had civiliz'd.
How great were then our Charles's woes, who thus
Was forc'd to suffer for himself and us!
He, toss'd by Fate, and hurry'd up and down,
Heir to his father's sorrows, with his crown,
Could taste no sweets of youth's desir'd age;
But found his life too true a pilgrimage.
Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn estate,
His manly courage overcame his fate.
His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breast,
Which by his virtue were with laurels drest.
As souls reach Heaven while yet in bodies pent,
So did he live above his banishment.
That Sun, which we beheld with cozen'd eyes
Within the water, mov'd along the skies.
How easy 'tis, when Destiny proves kind,
With full-spread sails to run before the wind!
But those that 'gainst stiff gales laveering go,
Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too.
He would not, like soft Otho, hope prevent,
But stay'd and suffer'd Fortune to repent.
These virtues Galba in a stranger sought,
And Piso to adopted empire brought.
How shall I then my doubtful thoughts express,
That must his sufferings both regret and bless?
For when his early valour Heaven had crost;
And all at Worc'ster but the honour lost;
Forc'd into exile from his rightful throne,
He made all countries where he came his own;
And, viewing monarchs' secret arts of sway,
A royal factor for his kingdoms lay.
Thus banish'd David spent abroad his time,
When to be God's anointed was his crime;
And when restor'd, made his proud neighbours rue
Those choice remarks he from his travels drew.
Nor is he only by afflictions shown
To conquer other realms, but rule his own:
Recovering hardly what he lost before,
His right endears it much; his purchase more.
Inur'd to suffer ere he came to reign,
No rash procedure will his actions stain:
To business ripen'd by digestive thought,
His future rule is into method brought:
As they, who first proportion understand,
With easy practice reach a master's hand.
Well might the ancient poets then confer
On Night the honour'd name of Counsellor,
Since, struck with rays of prosperous fortune blind,
We light alone in dark afflictions find.
In such adversities to sceptres train'd,
The name of Great his famous grandsire gain'd:
Who yet a king alone in name and right,
With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did fight;
Shock'd by a covenanting league's vast powers,
As holy and as catholic as our's:
'Till Fortune's fruitless spite had made it known,
Her blows not shook but riveted his throne.
Some lazy ages, lost in sleep and ease,
No action leave to busy chronicles:
Such, whose supine felicity but makes
In story chasms, in epocha mistakes;
O'er whom Time gently shakes his wings of down,
'Till with his silent sickle they are mown.
Such is not Charles's too too active age,
Which, govern'd by the wild distemper'd rage
Of some black star infecting all the skies,
Made him at his own cost, like Adam, wise.
Tremble ye nations, which, secure before,
Laugh'd at those arms that 'gainst ourselves we bore;
Rous'd by the lash of his own stubborn tail,
Our lion now will foreign foes assail.
With alga who the sacred altar strews?
To all the sea-gods Charles an offering owes:
A bull to thee, Portunus, shall be slain,
A lamb to you, ye Tempests of the main:
For those loud storms that did against him roar,
Have cast his shipwreck'd vessel on the shore.
Yet as wise artists mix their colours so,
That by degrees they from each other go;
Black steals unheeded from the neighbouring white,
Without offending the well-cozen'd sight:
So on us stole our blessed change; while we
Th' effect did feel, but scarce the manner see.
Frosts that constrain the ground, and birth deny
To flowers, that in its womb expecting lie,
Do seldom their usurping power withdraw,
But raging floods pursue their hasty thaw.
Our thaw was mild, the cold not chas'd away,
But lost in kindly heat of lengthen'd day.
Heaven would no bargain for its blessings drive,
But what we could not pay for, freely give.
The prince of peace would like himself confer
A gift unhop'd, without the price of war:
Yet, as he knew his blessing's worth, took care,
That we should know it by repeated prayer;
Which storm'd the skies, and ravish'd Charles from [thence,
As Heaven itself is took by violence.
Booth's forward valour only serv'd to show,
He durst that duty pay we all did owe:
Th' attempt was fair; but Heaven's prefixed hour
Not come: so, like the watchful traveller
That by the Moon's mistaken light did rise,
Lay down again, and clos'd his weary eyes.
'Twas Monk whom Providence design'd to loose
Those real bonds false Freedom did impose.
The blessed saints, that watch'd this turning scene,
Did from their stars with joyful wonder lean,
To see small clues draw vastest weights along,
Not in their bulk but in their order strong.
Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
With each such fond chimeras we pursue,
As fancy frames for fancy to subdue:
But when ourselves to action we betake,
It shuns the mint like gold that chymists make.
How hard was then his task! at once to be
What in the body naturally we see?
Man's architect distinctly did ordain
The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the brain,
Through viewless conduits spirits to dispense;
The springs of motion from the seat of sense.
'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
But the well-ripen'd fruit of wise delay.
He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,
Would let him play a while upon the hook.
Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,
At first embracing what it straight doth crush.
Wise leeches will not vain receipts obtrude,
While growing pains pronounce the humours crude:
Deaf to complaints they wait upon the ill,
Till some safe crisis authorize their skill.
Nor could his acts too close a vizard wear,
To 'scape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear,
And guard with caution that polluted nest,
Whence Legion twice before was dispossest:
Once sacred house; which when they enter'd in,
They thought the place could sanctify a sin;
Like those that vainly hop'd kind Heaven would wink,
While to excess on martyrs' tombs they drink.

And as devouter Turks first warn their souls
To part, before they taste forbidden bowls:
So these, when their black crimes they went about,
First timely charm'd their useless conscience out.
Religion's name against itself was made;
The shadow serv'd the substance to invade;
Like zealous missions, they did care pretend
Of souls in show, but made the gold their end.
Th' incensed powers beheld with scorn from high,
And Heaven so far distant from the sky,
Which durst, with horses' hoofs that beat the ground,
And martial brass, bely the thunder's sound.
'Twas hence at length just vengeance thought it fit,
To speed their ruin by their impious wit.
Thus Sforza, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
Lost by his wiles the power his wit did gain.
Henceforth their *fougue* must spend at lesser rate,
Than in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.
Suffer'd to live, they are like Helots set,
A virtuous shame within us to beget.
For by example most we sinn'd before,
And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore.
But since reform'd by what we did amiss,
We by our sufferings learn to prize our bliss:
Like early lovers, whose unpractis'd hearts
Were long the May-game of malicious arts,
When once they find their jealousies were vain,
With double heat renew their fires again.
'Twas this produc'd the joy that hurry'd o'er
Such swarms of English to the neighbouring shore,
To fetch that prize, by which Batavia made
So rich amends for our impoverish'd trade.
Oh, had you seen from Schevelin's barren shore,
(Crowded with troops, and barren now no more)
Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring
True sorrow, Holland to regret a king!
While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,
And willing winds to their lower'd sails deny'd.
The wavering streamers, flags, and standards out,
The merry seamens' rude but cheerful shout;
And last the cannons' voice that shook the skies,
And, as it fares in sudden ecstasies,
At once bereft us both of ears and eyes.
The Naseby, now no longer England's shame,
But better to be lost in Charles's name,
(Like some unequal bride in nobler sheets)
Receives her lord: the joyful London meets
The princely York, himself alone a freight;
The Swiftsure groans beneath great Gloster's weight:
Secure as when the halcyon breeds, with these,
He that was born to drown might cross the seas.
Heaven could not own a Providence, and take
The wealth three nations ventur'd at a stake.
The same indulgence Charles's voyage bless'd,
Which in his right had miracles confess'd.
The winds, that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
Or, out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
Their straighten'd lungs, or conscious of their charge.
The British Amphytrite, smooth and clear,
In richer azure never did appear;
Proud her returning prince to entertain
With the submitted fasces of the main.

And welcome now, great monarch, to your own;
Behold th' approaching clifts of Albion:
It is no longer motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.
But you, whose goodness your descent doth shew,
Your heavenly parentage and earthly too;
By that same mildness, which your father's crown
Before did ravish, shall secure your own.
Not tied to rules of policy, you find
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when th' Almighty would to Moses give
A sight of all he could behold and live;
A voice before his entry did proclaim
Long-suffering, goodness, mercy, in his name.
Your power to justice doth submit your cause,
Your goodness only is above the laws;
Whose rigid letter, while pronounc'd by you,
Is softer made. So winds that tempests brew,
When through Arabian groves they take their flight,
Made wanton with rich odours, lose their spite.
And as those lees, that trouble it, refine
The agitated soul of generous wine;
So tears of joy, for your returning spilt,
Work out, and expiate our former guilt.
Methinks I see those crowds on Dover's strand,
Who, in their haste to welcome you to land,
Chok'd up the beach with their still growing store,
And made a wilder torrent on the shore:
While, spurr'd with eager thoughts of past delight,
Those, who had seen you, court a second sight;
Preventing still your steps, and making haste
To meet you often wheresoe'er you past.
How shall I speak of that triumphant day,
When you renew'd th' expiring pomp of May!
(A month that owns an interest in your name:
You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.)
That star, that at your birth shone out so bright,
It stain'd the duller Sun's meridian light,
Did once again its potent fires renew,
Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.
And now Time's whiter series is begun,
Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run:
Those clouds, that overcast your morn, shall fly,
Dispell'd to furthest corners of the sky.
Our nation, with united interest blest,
Not now content to poize, shall sway the rest.
Abroad your empire shall no limits know,
But, like the sea, in boundless circles flow.
Your much-lov'd fleet shall, with a wide command,
Besiege the petty monarchs of the land:
And as old Time his offspring swallow'd down,
Our ocean in its depths all seas shall drown.
Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free,
Our merchants shall no more adventurers be:
Nor in the furthest East those dangers fear,
Which humble Holland must dissemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes;
For what the powerful takes not he bestows;
And France, that did an exile's presence fear,
May justly apprehend you still too near.
At home the hateful names of parties cease,
And factious souls are wearied into peace.
The discontented now are only they,
Whose crimes before did your just cause betray:
Of those your edicts some reclaim from sin,
But most your life and blest example win.
Oh happy prince, whom Heaven hath taught the way
By paying vows to have more vows to pay!
Oh happy age! Oh times like those alone,
By Fate reserv'd for great Augustus' throne!
When the joint growth of arms and arts foreshew
The world a monarch, and that monarch you.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

A PANEGYRIC ON HIS CORONATION.

In that wild deluge where the world was drown'd,
When Life and Sin one common tomb had found,
The first small prospect of a rising hill
With various notes of joy the Ark did fill:
Yet when that flood in its own depths was drown'd,
It left behind it false and slippery ground;
And the more solemn pomp was still deferr'd,
Till new-born Nature in fresh looks appear'd.
Thus, royal sir, to see you landed here,
Was cause enough of triumph for a year:
Nor would your care those glorious joys repeat,
Till they at once might be secure and great:
Till your kind beams, by their continued stay,
Had warm'd the ground, and call'd the damps away.
Such vapours, while your powerful influence dries,
Then soonest vanish when they highest rise.
Had greater haste these sacred rights prepar'd,
Some guilty months had in your triumphs shar'd:
But this untainted year is all your own;
Your glories may without our crimes be shown.
We had not yet exhausted all our store,
When you refresh'd our joys by adding more:
As Heaven, of old, dispens'd celestial dew,
You gave us manna, and still give us new.
Now our sad ruins are remov'd from sight,
The season too comes fraught with new delight:
Time seems not now beneath his years to stoop,
Nor do his wings with sickly feathers droop:
Soft western winds waft o'er the gaudy Spring,
And open'd scenes of flowers and blossoms bring,
To grace this happy day, while you appear,
Not king of us alone, but of the year.
All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart:
Of your own pomp yourself the greatest part:
Loud shouts the nation's happiness proclaim,
And Heaven this day is feasted with your name.
Your cavalcade the fair spectators view,
From their high standings, yet look up to you.
From your brave train each singles out a prey,
And longs to date a conquest from your day.
Now charg'd with blessings while you seek repose,
Officious slumbers haste your eyes to close;
And glorious dreams stand ready to restore
The pleasing shapes of all you saw before.
Next to the sacred temple you are led,
Where waits a crown for your more sacred head:
How justly from the church that crown is due,
Preserv'd from ruin, and restor'd by you!
The grateful choir their harmony employ,
Not to make greater, but more solemn joy.
Wrapt soft and warm your name is sent on high,
As flames do on the wings of incense fly:
Music herself is lost, in vain she brings
Her choicest notes to praise the best of kings:
Her melting strains in you a tomb have found,
And lie like bees in their own sweetness drown'd.
He that brought peace, all discord could atone,
His name is music of itself alone.
Now while the sacred oil anoints your head,
And fragrant scents, begun from you, are spread
Through the large dome; the people's joyful sound,
Sent back, is still preserv'd in hallow'd ground;
Which in one blessing mix'd descends on you;
As heighten'd spirits fall in richer dew.
Not that our wishes do increase your store,
Full of yourself you can admit no more:
We add not to your glory, but employ
Our time, like angels, in expressing joy.
Nor is it duty, or our hopes alone,
Create that joy, but full fruition:
We know those blessings which we must possess,
And judge of future by past happiness.
No promise can oblige a prince so much
Still to be good, as long to have been such.
A noble emulation heats your breast,
And your own fame now robs you of your rest.
Good actions still must be maintain'd with good,
As bodies nourish'd with resembling food.
You have already quench'd Sedition's brand;
And Zeal, which burnt it, only warms the land.
The jealous sects, that dare not trust their cause
So far from their own will as to the laws,
You for their umpire and their synod take,
And their appeal alone to Cæsar make.
Kind Heaven so rare a temper did provide,
That guilt repenting might in it confide.
Among our crimes oblivion may be set:
But 'tis our king's perfection to forget.
Virtues unknown to these rough northern climes
From milder heavens you bring without their crimes.
Your calmness does no after-storms provide,
Nor seeming patience mortal anger hide.
When empire first from families did spring,
Then every father govern'd as a king:
But you, that are a sovereign prince, allay
Imperial power with your paternal sway.
From those great cares when ease your soul unbends,
Your pleasures are design'd to noble ends;
Born to command the mistress of the seas,
Your thoughts themselves in that blue empire please.
Hither in summer evenings you repair
To taste the *fraicheur* of the purer air:
Undaunted here you ride, when Winter raves,
With Cæsar's heart that rose above the waves.
More I could sing, but fear my numbers stays;
No loyal subject dares that courage praise.
In stately frigates most delight you find,
Where well-drawn battles fire your martial mind.
What to your cares we owe is learnt from hence,
When ev'n your pleasures serve for our defence.
Beyond your court flows in th' admitted tide,
Where in new depths the wondering fishes glide:
Here in a royal bed the waters sleep;
When, tir'd at sea, within this bay they creep.
Here the mistrustful fowl no harm suspects,
So safe are all things which our king protects.
From your lov'd Thames a blessing yet is due,
Second alone to that it brought in you;
A queen, near whose chaste womb, ordain'd by Fate,
The souls of kings unborn for bodies wait.
It was your love before made discords cease:
Your love is destin'd to your country's peace.
Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide
With gold or jewels to adorn your bride.
This to a mighty king presents rich ore,
While that with incense does a god implore.
Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you choose,
This must receive a crown, or that must lose.
Thus from your royal oak, like Jove's of old,
Are answers sought, and destinies foretold:
Propitious oracles are begg'd with vows,
And crowns that grow upon the sacred boughs.
Your subjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,
Suspend to both their doubtful love or hate:
Choose only, sir, that so they may possess
With their own peace their children's happiness.

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE.

PRESENTED ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1662.

MY LORD,

While flattering crowds officiously appear
To give themselves, not you, an happy year;
And by the greatness of their presents prove
How much they hope, but not how well they love;
The Muses, who your early courtship boast,
Though now your flames are with their beauty lost,
Yet watch their time, that, if you have forgot
They were your mistresses, the world may not:
Decay'd by time and wars, they only prove
Their former beauty by your former love;
And now present, as ancient ladies do,
That, courted long, at length are forc'd to woo.
For still they look on you with such kind eyes,
As those that see the church's sovereign rise;
From their own order chose, in whose high state,
They think themselves the second choice of Fate.
When our great monarch into exile went,
Wit and Religion suffer'd banishment.
Thus once, when Troy was wrapp'd in fire and smoke,
The helpless gods their burning shrines forsook;
They with the vanquish'd prince and party go,
And leave their temples empty to the foe.
At length the Muses stand, restor'd again
To that great charge which Nature did ordain;
And their lov'd Druids seem reviv'd by Fate,
While you dispense the laws, and guide the state.
The nation's soul, our monarch, does dispense,
Through you, to us, his vital influence;
You are the channel, where those spirits flow,
And work them higher, as to us they go.
In open prospect nothing bounds our eye,
Until the Earth seems join'd unto the sky:
So in this hemisphere our utmost view
Is only bounded by our king and you:
Our sight is limited where you are join'd,
And beyond that no further Heaven can find.
So well your virtues do with his agree,
That, though your orbs of different greatness be,
Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd,
His to enclose, and yours to be enclos'd.
Nor could another in your room have been,
Except an emptiness had come between.
Well may he then to you his cares impart,
And share his burthen where he shares his heart.
In you his sleep still wakes; his pleasures find
Their share of business in your labouring mind.
So when the weary Sun his place resigns,
He leaves his light, and by reflection shines.
Justice, that sits and frowns where public laws
Exclude soft Mercy from a private cause,
In your tribunal most herself does please;
There only smiles because she lives at ease;
And, like young David, finds her strength the more,
When disincumber'd from those arms she wore.
Heaven would our royal master should exceed
Most in that virtue, which we most did need;
And his mild father (who too late did find
All mercy vain but what with power was join'd)
His fatal goodness left to fitter times,
Not to increase, but to absolve, our crimes:
But when the heir of this vast treasure knew
How large a legacy was left to you,
(Too great for any subject to retain)
He wisely ty'd it to the crown again:
Yet, passing through your hands, it gathers more,
As streams, through mines, bear tincture of their ore.
While empiric politicians use deceit,
Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat;
You boldly show that skill which they pretend,
And work by means as noble as your end:
Which should you veil, we might unwind the clue,
As men do nature, till we came to you.
And as the Indies were not found, before
Those rich perfumes, which, from the happy shore,
The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
Whose guilty sweetness first their world betray'd;
So by your counsels we are brought to view
A rich and undiscover'd world in you.
By you our monarch does that fame assure,
Which kings must have, or cannot live secure:
For prosperous princes gain their subjects' heart,
Who love that praise in which themselves have part.
By you he fits those subjects to obey,
As Heavens's eternal Monarch does convey
His power unseen, and man to his designs,
By his bright ministers the stars, inclines.
Our setting Sun, from his declining seat,
Shot beams of kindness on you, not of heat:
And, when his love was bounded in a few,
That were unhappy that they might be true,
Made you the favourite of his last sad times,
That is a sufferer in his subjects' crimes:
Thus those first favours you receiv'd were sent,
Like Heaven's rewards, in earthly punishment.
Yet Fortune, conscious of your destiny,
Ev'n then took care to lay you softly by;
And wrapp'd your fate among her precious things,
Kept fresh to be unfolded with your king's.
Shown all at once you dazzled so our eyes,
As new-born Pallas did the gods surprise,
When, springing forth from Jove's new-closing wound,
She struck the warlike spear into the ground;
Which sprouting leaves did suddenly enclose,
And peaceful olives shaded as they rose.
How strangely active are the arts of peace,
Whose restless motions less than wars do cease!
Peace is not freed from labour but from noise;
And war more force, but not more pains employs:
Such is the mighty swiftness of your mind,
That, like the Earth, it leaves our sense behind,
While you so smoothly turn and roll our sphere,
That rapid motion does but rest appear.
For, as in Nature's swiftness, with the throng
Of flying orbs while ours is borne along,
All seems at rest to the deluded eye,
Mov'd by the soul of the same harmony,
So, carried on by your unwearied care,
We rest in peace, and yet in motion share.
Let Envy then those crimes within you see,
From which the happy never must be free;
Envy, that does with Misery reside,
The joy and the revenge of ruin'd Pride.
Think it not hard, if at so cheap a rate
You can secure the constancy of Fate,
Whose kindness sent what does their malice seem,
By lesser ills the greater to redeem.
Nor can we this weak shower a tempest call,
But drops of heat that in the sunshine fall.
You have already wearied Fortune so,
She cannot further be your friend or foe;
But sits all breathless, and admires to feel
A fate so weighty, that it stops her wheel.
In all things else above our humble fate,
Your equal mind yet swells not into state,

But, like some mountain in those happy isles,
Where in perpetual spring young Nature smiles,
Your greatness shows: no horrour to affright,
But trees for shade, and flowers to court the sight:
Sometimes the hill submits itself a while
In small descents, which do its height beguile;
And sometimes mounts, but so as billows play,
Whose rise not hinders, but makes short our way.
Your brow, which does no fear of thunder know,
Sees rowling tempests vainly beat below;
And, like Olympus' top, th' impression wears
Of love and friendship writ in former years.
Yet, unimpair'd with labours, or with time,
Your age but seems to a new youth to climb.
Thus heavenly bodies do our time beget,
And measure change, but share no part of it.
And still it shall without a weight increase,
Like this new year, whose motions never cease.
For since the glorious course you have begun
Is led by Charles, as that is by the Sun,
It must both weightless and immortal prove,
Because the centre of it is above.

SATIRE ON THE DUTCH.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1662.

As needy gallants, in the scrivener's hands,
Court the rich knaves that gripe their mortgag'd lands;
The first fat buck of all the season's sent,
And keeper takes no fee in compliment;
The dotage of some Englishmen is such,
To fawn on those who ruin them, the Dutch.
They shall have all, rather than make a war
With those, who of the same religion are.
The Straits, the Guinea-trade, the herrings too;
Nay, to keep friendship, they shall pickle you.
Some are resolv'd not to find out the cheat,
But, cuckold-like, love them that do the feat.
What injuries soe'er upon us fall,
Yet still the same religion answers all.
Religion wheedled us to civil war,
Drew English blood, and Dutchmens' now would spare.
Be gull'd no longer; for you'll find it true,
They have no more religion, faith! than you.
Interest 's the god they worship in their state,
And we, I take it, have not much of that.
Well monarchies may own Religion's name,
But states are atheists in their very frame.
They share a sin; and such proportions fall,
That, like a stink, 'tis nothing to them all.
Think on their rapine, falsehood, cruelty,
And that what once they were, they still would be.
To one well-born th' affront is worse and more,
When he 's abus'd and baffled by a boor.
With an ill grace the Dutch their mischiefs do;
They 've both ill nature and ill manners too.
Well may they boast themselves an ancient nation;
For they were bred ere manners were in fashion:
And their new commonwealth has set them free
Only from honour and civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did their lubber state mankind bestride.
Their sway became them with as ill a mien,
As their own paunches swell above their chin.
Yet is their empire no true growth but humour,
And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.
As Cato, fruits of Afric did display;
Let us before our eyes their Indies lay:
All loyal English will like him conclude;
Let Cæsar live, and Carthage be subdued.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE DUTCHESS OF YORK,

ON THE MEMORABLE VICTORY GAINED BY THE DUKE OVER THE HOLLANDERS, JUNE THE 3D, 1665, AND ON HIS JOURNEY AFTERWARDS INTO THE NORTH.

MADAM,

When, for our sakes, your hero you resign'd
To swelling seas, and every faithless wind;
When you releas'd his courage, and set free
A valour fatal to the enemy;
You lodg'd your country's cares within your breast,
(The mansion where soft Love should only rest)
And, ere our foes abroad were overcome,
The noblest conquest you had gain'd at home.
Ah, what concerns did both your souls divide!
Your honour gave us what your love denied:
And 'twas for him much easier to subdue
Those foes he fought with, than to part from you.
That glorious day, which two such navies saw,
As each unmatch'd might to the world give law.
Neptune, yet doubtful whom he should obey,
Held to them both the trident of the sea:
The winds were hush'd, the waves in ranks were cast,
As awfully as when God's people past:
Those, yet uncertain on whose sails to blow,
These, where the wealth of nations ought to flow.
Then with the duke your highness rul'd the day:
While all the brave did his command obey,
The fair and pious under you did pray.
How powerful are chaste vows! the wind and tide
You brib'd to combat on the English side.
Thus to your much-lov'd lord you did convey
An unknown succour, sent the nearest way.
New vigour to his wearied arms you brought,
(So Moses was upheld while Israel fought)
While, from afar, we heard the cannon play,
Like distant thunder on a shiny day.
For absent friends we were asham'd to fear,
When we consider'd what you ventur'd there.
Ships, men, and arms, our country might restore;
But such a leader could supply no more.
With generous thoughts of conquest he did burn,
Yet fought not more to vanquish than return.
Fortune and Victory he did pursue,
To bring them as his slaves to wait on you.
Thus Beauty ravish'd the rewards of Fame,
And the fair triumph'd when the brave o'ercame.
Then, as you meant to spread another way
By land your conquests, far as his by sea,
Leaving our southern clime, you march'd along
The stubborn North, ten thousand Cupids strong.
Like commons the nobility resort,
In crowding heaps, to fill your moving court:
To welcome your approach the vulgar run,
Like some new envoy from the distant Sun,
And country beauties by their lovers go,
Blessing themselves, and wondering at the show.
So when the new-born phenix first is seen,
Her feather'd subjects all adore their queen,
And while she makes her progress through the East,
From every grove her numerous train 's increas'd:
Each poet of the air her glory sings,
And round him the pleas'd audience clap their wings.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS,

1666.

AN HISTORICAL POEM.

To the METROPOLIS of GREAT BRITAIN, the most renowned and late flourishing CITY of LONDON, in its Representatives, the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, the Sheriffs, and Common Council of it.

As perhaps I am the first who ever presented a work of this nature to the metropolis of any nation, so it is likewise consonant to justice, that he, who was to give the first example of such a dedication, should begin it with that city which has set a pattern to all others of true loyalty, invincible courage, and unshaken constancy. Other cities have been praised for the same virtues, but I am much deceived if any have so dearly purchased their reputation; their fame has been won them by cheaper trials than an expensive, though necessary war, a consuming pestilence, and a more consuming fire. To submit yourselves with that humility to the judgments of Heaven, and at the same time to raise yourselves with that vigour above all human enemies; to be combated at once from above and from below; to be struck down and to triumph; I know not whether such trials have been ever paralleled in any nation: the resolution and successes of them never can be. Never had prince or people more mutual reason to love each other, if suffering for each other can endear affection. You have come together a pair of matchless lovers, through many difficulties; he through a long exile, various traverses of fortune, and the interposition of many rivals, who violently ravished and with-held you from him; and certainly you have had your share in sufferings. But Providence has cast upon you want of trade, that you might appear bountiful to your country's necessities; and the rest of your afflictions are not more the effects of God's displeasure, (frequent examples of them having been in the reign of the most excellent princes) than occasions for the manifesting of your Christian and civil virtues. To you, therefore, this Year of Wonders is justly dedicated, because you have made it so. You, who are to stand a wonder to all years and ages, and who have built yourselves an immortal monument on your own ruins. You are now a phenix in her ashes, and, as far as humanity can approach, a great emblem of the suffering Deity: but Heaven never made so much piety and virtue to leave it miserable. I have heard, indeed, of some virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation: Providence is engaged too deeply, when the cause becomes so general; and I cannot imagine it has resolved the ruin of that people at home, which it has blessed abroad with such successes. I am therefore to conclude, that your sufferings are at an end; and that one part of my poem has not been more an history of your destruction, than the other a prophecy of your restoration. The accomplishment of which happiness, as it is the wish of all true Englishmen, so is it by none more passionately desired, than by

the greatest of your admirers,
and most humble of your servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

AN

ACCOUNT OF THE ENSUING POEM,

IN A LETTER TO THE

HON. SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

SIR,

I AM so many ways obliged to you, and so little able to return your favours, that, like those who owe too much, I can only live by getting further into your debt. You have not only been careful of my fortune, which was the effect of your nobleness, but you have been solicitous of my reputation, which is that of your kindness. It is not long since I gave you the trouble of perusing a play for me, and now, instead of an acknowledgment, I have given you a greater, in the correction of a poem. But since you are to bear this persecution, I will at least give you the encouragement of a martyr; you could never suffer in a nobler cause. For I have chosen the most heroic subject, which any poet could desire: I have taken upon me to describe the motives, the beginning, progress, and successes, of a most just and necessary war; in it, the care, management, and prudence of our king; the conduct and valour of a royal admiral, and of two incomparable generals; the invincible courage of our captains and seamen; and three glorious victories, the result of all. After this, I have, in the fire, the most deplorable, but withal the greatest, argument that can be imagined: the destruction being so swift, so sudden, so vast and miserable, as nothing can parallel in story. The former part of this poem, relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not having served my king and country in it. All gentlemen are almost obliged to it: and I know no reason we should give that advantage to the commonalty of England, to be foremost in brave actions, which the nobles of France would never suffer in their peasants. I should not have written

this but to a person who has been ever forward to appear in all employments whither his honour and generosity have called him. The latter part of my poem, which describes the fire, I owe, first to the piety and fatherly affection of our monarch to his suffering subjects; and, in the second place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the city; both which were so conspicuous, that I wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve. I have called my poem historical, not epic, though both the actions and actors are as much heroic as any poem can contain. But since the action is not properly one, nor that accomplished in the last successes, I have judged it too bold a title for a few stanzas, which are little more in number than a single Iliad, or the longest of the Æneids. For this reason (I mean not of length, but broken action, tied too severely to the laws of history) I am apt to agree with those, who rank Lucan rather among historians in verse than epic poets: in whose room, if I am not deceived, Silius Italicus, though a worse writer, may more justly be admitted. I have chosen to write my poem in quatrains, or stanzas of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever judged them more noble, and of greater dignity, both for the sound and number, than any other verse in use amongst us; in which I am sure I have your approbation. The learned languages have certainly a great advantage of us, in not being tied to the slavery of any rhyme; and were less constrained in the quantity of every syllable, which they might vary with spondees or dactyls, besides so many other helps of grammatical figures, for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the close of that one syllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our rhymes, I have always found the couplet verse most easy, though not so proper for this occasion: for there the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet; but in quatrains he is to carry it further on, and not only so, but to bear along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those, who write correctly in this kind, must needs acknowledge, that the last line of the stanza is to be considered in the composition of the first. Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a verse for the sake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of female rhymes; all which our fathers practised: and for the female rhymes, they are still in use amongst other nations; with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately; as those who have read the Alarique, the Pucelle, or any of their later poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in Alexandrins, or verses of six feet; such as amongst us is the old translation of Homer by Chapman: all which, by lengthening of their chain, makes the sphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my stanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the preface to Gondibert; and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general I will only say, I have never yet seen the description of any naval fight in the proper terms which are used at sea: and if there be any such in another language, as that of Lucan in the third of his Pharsalia, yet I could not avail myself of it in the English; the terms of art in every tongue bearing more of the idiom of it than any other words. We hear indeed among our poets, of the thundering of guns, the smoke, the disorder, and the slaughter; but all these are common notions. And certainly, as those who in a logical dispute keep in general terms would hide a fallacy; so those who do it in any poetical description would veil their ignorance.

Descriptas servare vices operumque colores,
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the sea, yet I have thought it no shame to learn: and if I have made some few mistakes, it is only, as you can bear me witness, because I have wanted opportunity to correct them; the whole poem being first written, and now sent you from a place where I have not so much as the converse of any seaman. Yet though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was no more than recompensed by the pleasure. I found myself so warm in celebrating the praises of military men, two such especially as the prince and general, that it is no wonder if they inspired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well satisfied, that, as they are incomparably the best subject I ever had, excepting only the royal family, so also, that this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments; but this has been bountiful to me: they have been low and barren of praise, and I have exalted them, and made them fruitful; but here—Omnia sponte sua reddit justissima tellus. I have had a large, a fair, and a pleasant field; so fertile, that, without my cultivating, it has given me two harvests in a summer, and in both oppressed the reaper. All other greatness in subjects is only counterfeit: it will not endure the test of danger; the greatness of arms is only real: other greatness burthens a nation with its weight; this supports it with its strength. And as it is the happiness of the age, so it is the peculiar goodness of the best of kings, that we may praise his subjects without offending him. Doubtless it proceeds from a just confidence of his own virtue, which the lustre of no other can be so great as to darken in him; for the good or the valiant are never safely praised under a bad or a degenerate prince. But to return from this digression to a further account of my poem; I must crave leave to tell you, that as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution. The composition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in the poet, or wit-writing, (if you will give me leave to use a school-distinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it springs the quarry it hunted after: or, without metaphor, which searches over all the memory for the species or ideas of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or historical poem; I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imaging of persons, actions, passions, or things. It is not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis, (the delight of an ill-

judging audience in a play of rhyme) nor the gingle of a more poor paranomasia; neither is it so much the morality of a grave sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech, that it sets before your eyes the absent object, as perfectly, and more delightfully than Nature. So then the first happiness of the poet's imagination is properly invention or finding of the thought; the second is fancy, or the variation, deriving or moulding of that thought, as the judgment represents it proper to the subject; the third is elocution, or the art of clothing and adorning that thought, so found and varied, in apt, significant, and sounding words: the quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expression. For the two first of these, Ovid is famous amongst the poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions, or extremely discomposed by one. His words therefore are the least part of his care; for he pictures Nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and consequently of the drama, where all that is said is to be supposed the effect of sudden thought; which, though it excludes not the quickness of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of tropes, or in fine any thing that shows remoteness of thought or labour in the writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other, to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althaea, of Ovid; for, as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge, that if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me, that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or persons are to be described, when any such image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil! We see the objects he presents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

> ..... Totamque infusa per artus
> Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.

We behold him embellishing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Æneas.

> ..... Lumenque juventæ
> Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflârat honores:
> Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
> Argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.

See his Tempest, his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus and Æneas: and in his Georgics, which I esteem the divinest part of all his writings, the Plague, the Country, the Battle of the Bulls, the Labour of the Bees, and those many other excellent images of Nature, most of which are neither great in themselves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up: but the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was said by Ovid, Materiem superabat opus: the very sound of his words has often somewhat that is connatural to the subject; and while we read him, we sit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other signification; and this is it which Horace means in his epistle to the Pisos:

> Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum
> Reddiderit junctura novum——

But I am sensible I have presumed too far to entertain you with a rude discourse of that art which you both know so well, and put into practice with so much happiness. Yet, before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my master in this poem: I have followed him every where, I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough: my images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him. My expressions also are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in translation. And this, sir, I have done with that boldness, for which I will stand accountable to any of our little critics, who, perhaps, are no better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this poem, you have taken notice of some words, which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say refined) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether inelegant in verse; and, in this, Horace will again defend me.

> Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
> Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta——

The inference is exceeding plain: for if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he used this liberty but seldom, and with modesty; how much more justly may I challenge that privilege to do it with the same prerequisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin writers! In some places, where either the fancy or the words were his, or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not seem a plagiary; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediousness, as the affectation of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images well wrought, which I promise not for mine, are, as I have said, the adequate delight of heroic poesy; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the images of the burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same reason beget laughter; for the one shows Nature beautified, as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire; the other shows her deformed, as in that of a lazar, or of a fool with distorted face and antique gestures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation from Nature. But though the same images serve equally

for the epic poesy, and for the historic and panegyric, which are branches of it, yet a several sort of sculpture is to be used in them. If some of them are to be like those of Juvenal, stantes in curribus Æmiliani, heroes drawn in their triumphal chariots, and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of Virgil, spirantia mollius æra: there is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shown in them. You will soon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have seen a paper of verses, which I wrote last year to her highness the dutchess, have accused them of that only thing I could defend in them. They said, I did humi serpere; that I wanted not only height of fancy, but dignity of words, to set it off. I might well answer with that of Horace, nunc non erat his locus; I knew I addressed them to a lady, and accordingly I affected the softness of expression, and the smoothness of measure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to say I have succeeded. I detest arrogance; but there is some difference betwixt that and a just defence. But I will not further bribe your candour, or the reader's. I leave them to speak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.

And now, sir, it is time I should relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the public to detain you longer. In conclusion, I must leave my poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of those, of whom the younger Pliny speaks; nec sunt parum multi, qui carpere amicos suos judicium vocant; I am rather too secure of you on that side. Your candour in pardoning my errours may make you more remiss in correcting them; if you will not withal consider that they come into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greatest favour you can confer upon an absent person, since I repose upon your management what is dearest to me, my fame and reputation; and therefore I hope it will stir you up to make my poem fairer by many of your blots; if not, you know the story of the gamester who married the rich man's daughter, and, when her father denied the portion, christened all the children by his surname, that if, in conclusion, they must beg, they should do so by one name, as well as by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will light on you, it is but reason I should do you that justice to the readers, to let them know, that, if there be any thing tolerable in this poem, they owe the argument to your choice, the writing to your encouragement, the correction to your judgment, and the care of it to your friendship, to which he must ever acknowledge himself to owe all things, who is,

SIR,

the most obedient, and most

faithful of your servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

From Charleton in Wiltshire,
Nov. 10, 1666.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, 1666.

In thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
Crouching at home and cruel when abroad:
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own;
Our king they courted, and our merchants aw'd.

Trade, which like blood should circularly flow,
Stopp'd in their channels, found its freedom lost:
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
And seem'd but shipwreck'd on so base a coast.

For them alone the Heavens had kindly heat:
In eastern quarries ripening precious dew:
For them the Idumæan balm did sweat,
And in hot Ceilon spicy forests grew.

The Sun but seem'd the labourer of the year;
Each waxing Moon supply'd her watery store,
To swell those tides which from the line did bear
Their brim-full vessels to the Belgian shore.

Thus, mighty in her ships, stood Carthage long,
And swept the riches of the world from far;
Yet stoop'd to Rome, less wealthy, but more strong:
And this may prove our second Punic war.

What peace can be, where both to one pretend?
(But they more diligent, and we more strong)
Or if a peace, it soon must have an end;
For they would grow too powerful were it long.

Behold two nations then, engag'd so far,
That each seven years the fit must shake each land:
Where France will side to weaken us by war,
Who only can his vast designs withstand.

See how he feeds th' Iberian with delays,
To render us his timely friendship vain:
And while his secret soul on Flanders preys,
He rocks the cradle of the babe of Spain.

Such deep designs of empire does he lay
O'er them, whose cause he seems to take in hand;
And prudently would make them lords at sea,
To whom with ease he can give laws by land.

This saw our king; and long within his breast
His pensive counsels balanc'd to and fro:
He griev'd the land he freed should be oppress'd,
And he less for it than usurpers do.

His generous mind the fair ideas drew
Of fame and honour, which in dangers lay;
Where wealth, like fruit on precipices, grew,
Not to be gather'd but by birds of prey.

The loss and gain each fatally were great;
And still his subjects call'd aloud for war:
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people set,
Each other's poize and counterbalance are.

He first survey'd the charge with careful eyes,
Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain;
Yet judg'd, like vapours that from limbecs rise,
It would in richer showers descend again.

At length resolv'd t' assert the watery ball,
  He in himself did whole armadoes bring:
Him aged seamen might their master call,
  And choose for general, were he not their king.

It seems as every ship their sovereign knows,
  His awful summons they so soon obey;
So hear the scaly herd when Proteus blows,
  And so to pasture follow through the sea.

To see this fleet upon the ocean move,
  Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies;
And Heaven, as if there wanted lights above,
  For tapers made two glaring comets rise.

Whether they unctuous exhalations are,
  Fir'd by the Sun, or seeming so alone;
Or each some more remote and slippery star,
  Which loses footing when to mortals shown:

Or one, that bright companion of the Sun,
  Whose glorious aspect seal'd our new-born king;
And now, a round of greater years begun,
  New influence from his walks of light did bring.

Victorious York did first with fam'd success,
  To his known valour make the Dutch give place:
Thus Heaven our monarch's fortune did confess,
  Beginning conquest from his royal race.

But since it was decreed, auspicious king,
  In Britain's right that thou shouldst wed the main,
Heaven, as a gage, would cast some precious thing,
  And therefore doom'd that Lawson should be slain.

Lawson amongst the foremost met his fate,
  Whom sea-green Sirens from the rocks lament:
Thus as an offering for the Grecian state,
  He first was kill'd who first to battle went.

Their chief blown up in air, not waves, expir'd,
  To which his pride presum'd to give the law:
The Dutch confess'd Heaven present, and retir'd,
  And all was Britain the wide ocean saw.

To nearest ports their shatter'd ships repair,
  Where by our dreadful cannon they lay aw'd:
So reverently men quit the open air,
  When thunder speaks the angry gods abroad.

And now approach'd their fleet from India fraught,
  With all the riches of the rising Sun:
And precious sand from southern climates brought,
  The fatal regions where the war begun.

Like hunted castors, conscious of their store,
  Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coasts they bring:
There first the North's cold bosom spices bore,
  And Winter brooded on the eastern Spring.

By the rich scent we found our perfum'd prey,
  Which, flank'd with rocks, did close in covert lie:
And round about their murdering cannon lay,
  At once to threaten and invite the eye.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
  The English undertake th' unequal war:
Seven ships alone, by which the port is barr'd,
  Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

These fight like husbands, but like lovers those:
  These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy:
And to such height their frantic passion grows,
  That what both love, both hazard to destroy.

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
  And now their odours arm'd against them fly:
Some preciously by shatter'd porcelain fall,
  And some by aromatic splinters die.

And though by tempests of the prize bereft,
  In Heaven's inclemency some ease we find:
Our foes we vanquish'd by our valour left,
  And only yielded to the seas and wind.

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a prey;
  For storms, repenting, part of it restor'd:
Which, as a tribute from the Baltic sea,
  The British ocean sent her mighty lord.

Go, mortals, now and vex yourselves in vain
  For wealth, which so uncertainly must come:
When what was brought so far, and with such pain,
  Was only kept to lose it nearer home.

The son, who twice three months on th' ocean tost,
  Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before,
Now sees in English ships the Holland coast,
  And parents' arms, in vain, stretch'd from the shore.

This careful husband had been long away,
  Whom his chaste wife, and little children mourn:
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
  On which their father promis'd to return.

Such are the proud designs of human-kind,
  And so we suffer shipwreck every where!
Alas, what port can such a pilot find,
  Who in the night of Fate must blindly steer!

The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill,
  Heaven in his bosom from our knowledge hides:
And draws them in contempt of human skill,
  Which oft for friends mistaken foes provides.

Let Munster's prelate ever be accurst,
  In whom we seek the German faith in vain:
Alas, that he should teach the English first,
  That fraud and avarice in the church could reign!

Happy, who never trust a stranger's will,
  Whose friendship 's in his interest understood!
Since money given but tempts him to be ill,
  When power is too remote to make him good.

Till now, alone the mighty nations strove;
  The rest, at gaze, without the lists did stand;
And threatening France, plac'd like a painted Jove,
  Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

That eunuch guardian of rich Holland's trade,
  Who envies us what he wants power t' enjoy;
Whose noiseful valour does no foe invade,
  And weak assistance will his friends destroy.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
  He takes this time his secret hate to show:
Which Charles does with a mind so calm receive,
  As one that neither seeks nor shuns his foe.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite:
France as their tyrant, Denmark as their slave.
But when with one three nations join to fight,
They silently confess that one more brave.

Lewis had chas'd the English from his shore;
But Charles the French as subjects does invite:
Would Heaven for each some Solomon restore,
Who, by their mercy, may decide their right!

Were subjects so but only by their choice,
And not from birth did forc'd dominion take,
Our prince alone would have the public voice;
And all his neighbours' realms would deserts make.

He without fear a dangerous war pursues,
Which without rashness he began before:
As honour made him first the danger choose,
So still he makes it good on virtue's score.

The doubled charge his subjects' love supplies,
Who in that bounty to themselves are kind:
So glad Egyptians see their Nilus rise,
And in his plenty their abundance find.

With equal power he does two chiefs create,
Two such as each seem'd worthiest when alone;
Each able to sustain a nation's fate,
Since both had found a greater in their own.

Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame,
Yet neither envious of the other's praise;
Their duty, faith, and interest too the same,
Like mighty partners equally they raise.

The prince long time had courted Fortune's love,
But once possess'd did absolutely reign:
Thus with their Amazons the heroes strove,
And conquer'd first those beauties they would gain.

The duke beheld, like Scipio, with disdain,
That Carthage, which he ruin'd, rise once more;
And shook aloft the fasces of the main,
To fright those slaves with what they felt before.

Together to the watery camp they haste,
Whom matrons passing to their children show:
Infants' first vows for them to Heaven are cast,
And future people bless them as they go.

With them no riotous pomp, nor Asian train,
To infect a navy with their gaudy fears;
To make slow fights, and victories but vain:
But war severely like itself appears.

Diffusive of themselves, where'er they pass,
They make that warmth in others they expect:
Their valour works like bodies on a glass,
And does its image on their men project.

Our fleet divides, and straight the Dutch appear,
In number, and a fam'd commander, bold:
The narrow seas can scarce their navy bear,
Or crowded vessels can their soldiers hold.

The duke, less numerous, but in courage more,
On wings of all the winds to combat flies:
His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,
And bloody crosses on his flag-staffs rise.

Both furl their sails, and strip them for the fight;
Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air:
Th' Elean plains could boast no nobler sight,
When struggling champions did their bodies bare.

Borne each by other in a distant line,
The sea-built forts in dreadful order move:
So vast the noise, as if not fleets did join,
But lands unfix'd, and floating nations strove.

Now pass'd, on either side they nimbly tack;
Both strive to intercept and guide the wind:
And, in its eye, more closely they come back,
To finish all the deaths they left behind.

On high-rais'd decks the haughty Belgians ride,
Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go:
Such port the elephant bears, and so defy'd
By the rhinoceros her unequal foe.

And as the built, so different is the fight:
Their mounting shot is on our sails design'd;
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
And through the yielding planks a passage find.

Our dreaded admiral from far they threat,
Whose batter'd rigging their whole war receives:
All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,
He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter sought;
But he who meets all danger with disdain,
Ev'n in their face his ship to anchor brought,
And steeple-high stood propt upon the main.

At this excess of courage, all amaz'd,
The foremost of his foes a while withdraw:
With such respect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,
Who on high chairs the godlike fathers saw.

And now, as where Patroclus' body lay,
Here Trojan chiefs advanc'd, and there the Greek;
Ours o'er the duke their pious wings display,
And theirs the noblest spoils of Britain seek.

Meantime his busy mariners he hastes,
His shatter'd sails with rigging to restore;
And willing pines ascend his broken masts,
Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,
More fierce th' important quarrel to decide:
Like swans, in long array his vessels show,
Whose crests advancing do the waves divide.

They charge, recharge, and all along the sea
They drive, and squander the huge Belgian fleet.
Berkeley alone, who nearest danger lay,
Did a like fate with lost Creüsa meet.

The night comes on, we eager to pursue
The combat still, and they asham'd to leave:
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

In th' English fleet each ship resounds with joy,
And loud applause of their great leader's fame:
In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
And slumbering smile at the imagin'd flame.

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tir'd and done,
Stretch'd on their decks like weary oxen lie:
Faint sweats all down their mighty members run;
Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread:
Or, shipwreck'd, labour to some distant shore:
Or in dark churches walk among the dead;
They wake with horrour, and dare sleep no more.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,
Till from their main-top joyful news they hear
Of ships, which by their mould bring new supplies,
And in their colours Belgian lions bear.

Our watchful general had discern'd from far
This mighty succour, which made glad the foe:
He sigh'd, but like a father of the war,
His face spake hope, while deep his sorrows flow.

His wounded men he first sends off to shore,
Never till now unwilling to obey;
They, not their wounds, but want of strength, deplore,
And think them happy who with him can stay.

Then to the rest, "Rejoice," said he, "to-day;
In you the fortune of Great Britain lies:
Among so brave a people, you are they
Whom Heaven has chose to fight for such a prize.

"If number English courages could quell,
We should at first have shunn'd, not met our foes:
Whose numerous sails the fearful only tell:
Courage from hearts and not from numbers grows."

He said, nor needed more to say: with haste
To their known stations cheerfully they go;
And all at once, disdaining to be last,
Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

Nor did th' encourag'd Belgians long delay,
But bold in others, not themselves, they stood:
So thick, our navy scarce could steer their way,
But seem'd to wander in a moving wood.

Our little fleet was now engag'd so far,
That like the sword-fish in the whale they fought:
The combat only seem'd a civil war,
Till through their bowels we our passage wrought:

Never had valour, no not ours, before
Done aught like this upon the land or main,
Where not to be o'ercome was to do more
Than all the conquests former kings did gain.

The mighty ghosts of our great Harries rose,
And armed Edwards look'd with anxious eyes,
To see this fleet among unequal foes,
By which Fate promis'd them their Charles should [rise.

Meantime the Belgians tack upon our rear,
And raking chase-guns through our sterns they [send:
Close by, their fire-ships, like jackals, appear,
Who on their lions for the prey attend.

Silent, in smoke of cannon they come on:
Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide:
In these the height of pleas'd revenge is shown,
Who burn contented by another's side.

Sometimes from fighting squadrons of each fleet,
Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some friend,
Two grappling Etnas on the ocean meet,
And English fires with Belgian flames contend.

Now at each tack our little fleet grows less;
And, like maim'd fowl, swim lagging on the main:
Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess,
While they lose cheaper than the English gain.

Have you not seen, when, whistled from the fist,
Some falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,
And with her eagerness the quarry miss'd,
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind?

The dastard crow, that to the wood made wing,
And sees the groves no shelter can afford,
With her loud kaws her craven kind does bring,
Who safe in numbers cuff the noble bird.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare:
He could not conquer, and disdain'd to fly;
Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,
Like falling Cæsar, decently to die.

Yet pity did his manly spirit move,
To see those perish who so well had fought:
And generously with his despair he strove,
Resolv'd to live till he their safety wrought.

Let other Muses write his prosperous fate,
Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings restor'd:
But mine shall sing of his eclips'd estate,
Which, like the Sun's, more wonders does afford.

He drew his mighty frigates all before,
On which the foe his fruitless force employs:
His weak ones deep into his rear he bore
Remote from guns, as sick men from the noise.

His fiery cannon did their passage guide,
And following smoke obscur'd them from the foe;
Thus Israel, safe from the Egyptian's pride,
By flaming pillars and by clouds did go.

Elsewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,
But here our courages did theirs subdue:
So Xenophon once led that fam'd retreat,
Which first the Asian empire overthrew.

The foe approach'd; and one for his bold sin
Was sunk; as he that touch'd the ark was slain:
The wild waves master'd him and suck'd him in,
And smiling eddies dimpled on the main.

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood:
As if they had been there as servants set
To stay, or to go on, as he thought good,
And not pursue but wait on his retreat.

So Libyan huntsmen, on some sandy plain,
From shady coverts rous'd, the lion chase:
The kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,
And slowly moves, unknowing to give place.

But if some one approach to dare his force,
He swings his tail, and swiftly turns him round;
With one paw seizes on his trembling horse,
And with the other tears him to the ground.

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night;
Now hissing waters the quench'd guns restore;
And weary waves withdrawing from the fight,
Lie lull'd and panting on the silent shore.

The Moon shone clear on the becalmed flood,
Where, while her beams like glittering silver play,
Upon the deck our careful general stood,
And deeply mus'd on the succeeding day.

"That happy Sun," said he, "will rise again,
Who twice victorious did our navy see:
And I alone must view him rise in vain,
Without one ray of all his star for me.

"Yet, like an English general will I die,
And all the ocean make my spacious grave:
Women and cowards on the land may lie;
The sea 's a tomb that 's proper for the brave."

Restless he pass'd the remnant of the night,
Till the fresh air proclaim'd the morning nigh:
And burning ships, the martyrs of the fight,
With paler fires beheld the eastern sky.

But now, his stores of ammunition spent,
His naked valour is his only guard:
Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon sent,
And solitary guns are scarcely heard.

Thus far had Fortune power, he forc'd to stay,
Nor longer durst with Virtue be at strife:
This is a ransom Albemarle did pay,
For all the glories of so great a life.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
Whose waving streamers the glad general knows:
With full-spread sails his eager navy steers,
And every ship in swift proportion grows.

The anxious prince had heard the cannon long,
And from that length of time dire omens drew
Of English overmatch'd, and Dutch too strong,
Who never fought three days, but to pursue.

Then, as an eagle, who with pious care
Was beating widely on the wing for prey,
To her now silent eiry does repair,
And finds her callow infants forc'd away:

Stung with her love, she stoops upon the plain,
The broken air loud whistling as she flies:
She stops and listens, and shoots forth again,
And guides her pinions by her young ones' cries.

With such kind passion hastes the prince to fight,
And spreads his flying canvass to the sound:
Him, whom no danger, were he there, could fright,
Now absent every little noise can wound.

As in a drought the thirsty creatures cry,
And gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain;
And first the martlet meets it in the sky,
And with wet wings joys all the feather'd train:

With such glad hearts did our despairing men
Salute th' appearance of the prince's fleet;
And each ambitiously would claim the ken,
That with first eyes did distant safety meet.

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds before,
To reap the harvest their ripe ears did yield,
Now look like those, when rolling thunders roar,
And sheets of lightning blast the standing field.

Full in the prince's passage, hills of sand,
And dangerous flats in secret ambush lay,
Where the false tides skim o'er the cover'd land,
And seamen with dissembled depths betray.

The wily Dutch, who like fall'n angels fear'd
This new Messiah's coming, there did wait,
And round the verge their braving vessels steer'd,
To tempt his courage with so fair a bait.

But he unmov'd contemns their idle threat,
Secure of fame whene'er he please to fight:
His cold experience tempers all his heat,
And inbred worth doth boasting valour slight.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
And he the substance, not th' appearance, chose:
To rescue one such friend, he took more pride,
Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

But when approach'd, in strict embraces bound,
Rupert and Albemarle together grow:
He joys to have his friend in safety found,
Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

The cheerful soldiers, with new stores supply'd,
Now long to execute their spleenful will;
And, in revenge for those three days they try'd,
Wish one, like Joshua's, when the Sun stood still.

Thus reinforc'd, against the adverse fleet,
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way:
With the first blushes of the morn they meet,
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,
And his loud guns speak thick like angry men:
It seem'd as slaughter had been breath'd all night,
And Death new pointed his dull dart again.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct knew,
And matchless courage, since the former fight:
Whose navy like a stiff-stretch'd cord did shew,
Till he bore in and bent them into flight.

The wind he shares, while half their fleet offends
His open side, and high above him shows:
Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,
And doubly harm'd he double harms bestows.

Behind the general mends his weary pace,
And sullenly to his revenge he sails:
So glides some trodden serpent on the grass,
And long behind his wounded volume trails.

Th' increasing sound is borne to either shore,
And for their stakes the throwing nations fear:
Their passions double with the cannons' roar,
And with warm wishes each man combats there.

Ply'd thick and close as when the fight begun,
Their huge unwieldy navy wastes away:
So sicken waneing Moons too near the Sun,
And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,
Their ships like wasted patrimonies show;
Where the thin scattering trees admit the light,
And shun each other's shadows as they grow.

The warlike prince had sever'd from the rest
Two giant ships, the pride of all the main;
Which with his one so vigorously he press'd,
And flew so home they could not rise again.

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay,
In vain upon the passing winds they call:
The passing winds through their torn canvass play,
And flagging sails on heartless sailors fall.

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,
Dreadful as day let into shades below;
Without grim Death rides barefac'd in their sight,
And urges entering billows as they flow.

When one dire shot, the last they could supply,
Close by the board the prince's main-mast bore:
All three now helpless by each other lie,
And this offends not, and those fear no more.

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain
A course, till tir'd before the dog she lay:
Who stretch'd behind her pants upon the plain,
Past power to kill, as she to get away.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey;
His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies;
She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

The prince unjustly does his stars accuse,
Which hinder'd him to push his fortune on;
For what they to his courage did refuse,
By mortal valour never must be done.

This lucky hour the wise Batavian takes,
And warns his tatter'd fleet to follow home:
Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,
Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'ercome.

The general's force, as kept alive by fight,
Now, not oppos'd, no longer can pursue:
Lasting till Heaven had done his courage right;
When he had conquer'd he his weakness knew.

He casts a frown on the departing foe,
And sighs to see him quit the watery field:
His stern fix'd eyes no satisfaction show,
For all the glories which the fight did yield.

Though, as when fiends did miracles avow,
He stands confess'd ev'n by the boastful Dutch:
He only does his conquest disavow,
And thinks too little what they found too much.

Return'd, he with the fleet resolv'd to stay;
No tender thoughts of home his heart divide;
Domestic joys and cares he puts away;
For realms are households which the great must guide.

As those who unripe veins in mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,
And know it will be gold another day:

So looks our monarch on this early fight,
Th' essay and rudiments of great success:
Which all-maturing Time must bring to light,
While he like Heaven does each day's labour bless.

Heaven ended not the first or second day,
Yet each was perfect to the work design'd:
God and kings work, when they their work survey,
A passive aptness in all subjects find.

In burthen'd vessels first, with speedy care,
His plenteous stores do season'd timber send:
Thither the brawny carpenters repair,
And as the surgeons of maim'd ships attend.

With cord and canvass, from rich Hamburgh sent,
His navy's molted wings he imps once more:
Tall Norway fir, their masts in battle spent,
And English oak, sprung leaks and planks, restore.

All hands employ'd the royal work grows warm:
Like labouring bees on a long summer's day,
Some sound the trumpet for the rest to swarm,
And some on bells of tasted lilies play.

With glewy wax some new foundations lay
Of virgin-combs, which from the roof are hung:
Some arm'd within doors upon duty stay,
Or tend the sick, or educate the young.

So here some pick out bullets from the sides,
Some drive old oakum through each seam and rift:
Their left hand does the calking iron guide,
The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

With boiling pitch another near at hand,
From friendly Sweden brought, the seams instops:
Which, well paid o'er, the salt sea waves withstand,
And shakes them from the rising beak in drops.

Some the gall'd ropes with dawby marline bind,
Or sear-cloth masts with strong tarpawling coats:
To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,
And one below their ease or stiffness notes.

Our careful monarch stands in person by,
His new-cast cannons' firmness to explore:
The strength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,
And ball and cartridge sorts for every bore.

Each day brings fresh supplies of arms and men,
And ships which all last winter were abroad;
And such as fitted since the fight had been,
Or new from stocks, were fall'n into the road.

The goodly London in her gallant trim,
The Pheniz, daughter of the vanish'd old,
Like a rich bride does to the ocean swim,
And on her shadow rides in floating gold.

Her flag aloft spread ruffling to the wind,
And sanguine streamers seem the flood to fire:
The weaver, charm'd with what his loom design'd,
Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire.

With roomy decks, her guns of mighty strength,
Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves:
Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
She seems a sea-wasp flying on the waves.

This martial present, piously design'd,
The loyal city give their best-lov'd king:
And with a bounty ample as the wind,
Built, fitted, and maintain'd, to aid him bring.

By viewing Nature, Nature's handmaid, Art,
Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow:
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.

Some log perhaps upon the waters swam,
An useless drift, which, rudely cut within,
And hollow'd first, a floating trough became,
And cross some rivulet passage did begin.

In shipping such as this, the Irish kern,
And untaught Indian on the stream did glide:
Ere sharp-keel'd boats to stem the flood did learn,
Or fin-like oars did spread from either side.

Add but a sail, and Saturn so appear'd,
When from lost empire he to exile went,
And with the golden age to Tyber steer'd,
Where coin and commerce first he did invent.

Rude as their ships was navigation then;
No useful compass or meridian known;
Coasting, they kept the land within their ken,
And knew no north but when the Pole-star shone.

Of all who since have us'd the open sea,
Than the bold English none more fame have won:
Beyond the year, and out of Heaven's high way,
They make discoveries where they see no Sun.

But what so long in vain, and yet unknown,
By poor mankind's benighted wit is sought,
Shall in this age to Britain first be shown,
And hence be to admiring nations taught.

The ebbs of tides and their mysterious flow,
We, as Art's elements, shall understand,
And as by line upon the ocean go,
Whose paths shall be familiar as the land.

Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,
By which remotest regions are ally'd;
Which makes one city of the universe,
Where some may gain, and all may be supply'd.

Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go,
And view the ocean leaning on the sky:
From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know,
And on the lunar world securely pry.

This I foretel from your auspicious care,
Who great in search of God and Nature grow;
Who best your wise Creator's praise declare,
Since best to praise his works is best to know.

O truly royal! who behold the law
And rule of beings in your Maker's mind:
And thence, like limbeos, rich ideas draw,
To fit the levell'd use of human kind.

But first the toils of war we must endure,
And from th' injurious Dutch redeem the seas.
War makes the valiant of his right secure,
And gives up fraud to be chastis'd with ease.

Already were the Belgians on our coast,
Whose fleet more mighty every day became
By late success, which they did falsely boast,
And now by first appearing seem'd to claim.

Designing, subtle, diligent, and close,
They knew to manage war with wise delay:
Yet all those arts their vanity did cross,
And by their pride their prudence did betray.

Nor staid the English long; but well supply'd,
Appear as numerous as th' insulting foe:
The combat now by courage must be try'd,
And the success the braver nation show.

There was the Plymouth squadron now come in,
Which in the Straits last winter was abroad;
Which twice on Biscay's working bay had been,
And on the midland sea the French had aw'd.

Old expert Allen, loyal all along,
Fam'd for his action on the Smyrna fleet:
And Holmes, whose name shall live in epic song,
While music numbers, or while verse has feet.

Holmes, the Achates of the general's fight;
Who first bewitch'd our eyes with Guinea gold:
As once old Cato in the Roman sight
The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

With him went Sprag, as bountiful as brave,
Whom his high courage to command had brought:
Harman, who did the twice-fir'd Harry save,
And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

Young Hollis on a Muse by Mars begot,
Born, Cæsar like, to write and act great deeds:
Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,
His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell,
Whose deeds some nobler poem shall adorn:
And though to me unknown, they sure fought well,
Whom Rupert led, and who were British born.

Of every size an hundred fighting sail:
So vast the navy now at anchor rides,
That underneath it the press'd waters fail,
And with its weight it shoulders off the tides.

Now, anchors weigh'd, the seamen shout so shrill,
That Heaven and Earth and the wide Ocean rings:
A breeze from westward waits their sails to fill,
And rests in those high beds his downy wings.

The wary Dutch this gathering storm foresaw,
And durst not bide it on the English coast:
Behind their treacherous shallows they withdraw,
And there lay snares to catch the British host.

So the false spider, when her nets are spread,
Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie:
And feels far off the trembling of her thread,
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly.

Then if at last she find him fast beset,
She issues forth, and runs along her loom:
She joys to touch the captive in her net,
And drags the little wretch in triumph home.

The Belgians hop'd that, with disorder'd haste,
Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might run:
Or if with caution leisurely were past,
Their numerous gross might charge us one by one.

But with a fore-wind pushing them above,
And swelling tide that heav'd them from below,
O'er the blind flats our warlike squadrons move,
And with spread sails to welcome battle go.

It seem'd as there the British Neptune stood,
With all his hosts of waters at command,
Beneath them to submit th' officious flood;
And with his trident shov'd them off the sand.

To the pale foes they suddenly draw near,
And summon them to unexpected fight:
They start like murderers when ghosts appear,
And draw their curtains in the dead of night.

Now van to van the foremost squadrons meet,
The midmost battles hastening up behind,
Who view far off the storm of falling sleet,
And hear their thunder rattling in the wind.

At length the adverse admirals appear;
The two bold champions of each country's right:
Their eyes describe the lists as they come near,
And draw the lines of death before they fight.

The distance judg'd for shot of every size,
The linstocs touch, the ponderous ball expires:
The vigorous seaman every port-hole plies,
And adds his heart to every gun he fires!

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians side,
For honour, which they seldom sought before:
But now they by their own vain boasts were ty'd,
And forc'd at least in show to prize it more.

But sharp remembrance on the English part,
And shame of being match'd by such a foe,
Rouze conscious virtue up in every heart,
And seeming to be stronger makes them so.

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet sustain,
Which did two generals' fates, and Cæsar's bear:
Each several ship a victory did gain,
As Rupert or as Albemarle were there.

Their batter'd admiral too soon withdrew,
Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd fight:
But he the minds of his Dutch masters knew,
Who call'd that providence which we call'd flight.

Never did men more joyfully obey,
Or sooner understood the sign to fly:
With such alacrity they bore away,
As if, to praise them, all the states stood by.

O famous leader of the Belgian fleet,
Thy monument inscrib'd such praise shall wear,
As Varro timely flying once did meet,
Because he did not of his Rome despair.

Behold that navy, which a while before
Provok'd the tardy English close to fight;
Now draw their beaten vessels close to shore,
As larks lie dar'd to shun the hobby's flight.

Whoe'er would English monuments survey,
In other records may our courage know:
But let them hide the story of this day,
Whose fame was blemish'd by too base a foe.

Or if too busily they will inquire
Into a victory, which we disdain;
Then let them know the Belgians did retire
Before the patron saint of injur'd Spain.

Repenting England this revengeful day
To Philip's manes did an offering bring:
England, which first, by leading them astray,
Hatch'd up rebellion to destroy her king.

Our fathers bent their baneful industry,
To check a monarchy that slowly grew;
But did not France or Holland's fate foresee,
Whose rising power to swift dominion flew.

In Fortune's empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after pathless Destiny;
Whose dark resorts since Prudence cannot know;
In vain it would provide for what shall be.

But whate'er English to the bless'd shall go,
And the fourth Harry or first Orange meet;
Find him disowning of a Bourbon foe,
And him detesting a Batavian fleet.

Now on their coasts our conquering navy rides,
Waylays their merchants, and their land besets;
Each day new wealth without their care provides;
They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.

So close behind some promontory lie
The huge leviathans t' attend their prey;
And give no chase, but swallow in the fry,
Which through their gaping jaws mistake the way.

Nor was this all: in ports and roads remote,
Destructive fires among whole fleets we send;
Triumphant flames upon the water float,
And out-bound ships at home their voyage end.

Those various squadrons variously design'd,
Each vessel freighted with a several load,
Each squadron waiting for a several wind,
All find but one, to burn them in the road.

Some bound for Guinea, golden sand to find,
Bore all the gauds the simple natives wear:
Some for the pride of Turkish courts design'd,
For folded turbans finest Holland bear.

Some English wool vex'd in a Belgian loom,
And into cloth of spungy softness made,
Did into France or colder Denmark doom,
To ruin with worse ware our staple trade.

Our greedy seamen rummage every hold,
Smile on the booty of each wealthier chest,
And, as the priests who with their gods make bold,
Take what they like, and sacrifice the rest.

But ah! how insincere are all our joys! [stay;
Which, sent from Heaven, like lightning make no
Their palling taste the journey's length destroys,
Or grief sent post o'ertakes them on the way.

Swell'd with our late successes on the foe,
  Which France and Holland wanted power to cross,
We urge an unseen fate to lay us low,
  And feed their envious eyes with English loss.

Each element his dread command obeys,
  Who makes or ruins with a smile or frown;
Who, as by one he did our nation raise,
  So now he with another pulls us down.

Yet, London, empress of the northern clime,
  By an high fate thou greatly didst expire;
Great as the world's, which, at the death of Time,
  Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by Fire.

As when some dire usurper Heaven provides,
  To scourge his country with a lawless sway;
His birth, perhaps, some petty village hides,
  And sets his cradle out of Fortune's way:

Till, fully ripe, his swelling fate breaks out,
  And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on:
His prince, surpris'd at first, no ill could doubt,
  And wants the power to meet it when 'tis known.

Such was the rise of this prodigious Fire,
  Which in mean buildings first obscurely bred,
From thence did soon to open streets aspire,
  And straight to palaces and temples spread.

The diligence of trades and noiseful gain,
  And luxury more late, asleep were laid:
All was the Night's; and in her silent reign
  No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
  Those seeds of Fire their fatal birth disclose;
And first few scattering sparks about were blown,
  Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

Then in some close-pent room it crept along,
  And, smouldering as it went, in silence fed;
Till th' infant monster, with devouring strong,
  Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

Now like some rich or mighty murderer,
  Too great for prison, which he breaks with gold;
Who fresher for new mischiefs does appear,
  And dares the world to tax him with the old:

So scapes th' insulting Fire his narrow jail,
  And makes small outlets into open air:
There the fierce winds his tender force assail,
  And beat him downward to his first repair.

The winds, like crafty courtezans, withheld
  His flames from burning, but to blow them more:
And every fresh attempt he is repell'd
  With faint denials weaker than before.

And now no longer letted of his prey,
  He leaps up at it with enrag'd desire:
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,
  And nods at every house his threatening fire.

The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend,
  With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice:
About the fire into a dance they bend,
  And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice.

Our guardian angel saw them where they sate
  Above the palace of our slumbering king:
He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to Fate,
  And drooping, oft look'd back upon the wing.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze
  Call'd up some waking lover to the sight;
And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
  Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

The next to danger, hot pursued by Fate,
  Half-cloth'd, half-naked, hastily retire:
And frighted mothers strike their breasts too late,
  For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near;
  Now murmuring noises rise in every street:
The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
  And in the dark men justle as they meet.

So weary bees in little cells repose;
  But if night-robbers lift the well-stor'd hive,
An humming through their waxen city grows,
  And out upon each other's wings they drive.

Now streets grow throng'd and busy as by day:
  Some run for buckets to the hallow'd quire:
Some cut the pipes, and some the engines play;
  And some more bold mount ladders to the fire.

In vain: for from the east a Belgian wind
  His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent;
The flames impell'd soon left their foes behind,
  And forward with a wanton fury went.

A key of fire ran all along the shore,
  And lighten'd all the river with a blaze:
The waken'd tides began again to roar,
  And wondering fish in shining waters gaze.

Old father Thames rais'd up his reverend head,
  But fear'd the fate of Simois would return:
Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed,
  And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

The Fire, meantime, walks in a broader gross;
  To either hand his wings he opens wide:
He wades the streets, and straight he reaches cross,
  And plays his longing flames on th' other side.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take;
  Now with long necks from side to side they feed:
At length grown strong their mother Fire forsake,
  And a new colony of Flames succeed.

To every nobler portion of the town
  The curling billows roll their restless tide:
In parties now they straggle up and down,
  As armies unoppos'd for prey divide.

One mighty squadron with a side-wind sped,
  Through narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does haste,
By powerful charms of gold and silver led,
  The Lombard bankers and the 'Change to waste.

Another backward to the Tower would go,
  And slowly eats his way against the wind:
But the main body of the marching foe
  Against th' imperial palace is design'd.

Now day appears, and with the day the king,
  Whose early care had robb'd him of his rest:
Far off the cracks of falling houses ring,
  And shrieks of subjects pierce his tender breast.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of smoke
  With gloomy pillars cover all the place;
Whose little intervals of night are broke
  By sparks, that drive against his sacred face.

More than his guards his sorrows made him known,
  And pious tears which down his cheeks did shower:
The wretched in his grief forgot their own;
  So much the pity of a king has power.

He wept the flames of what he lov'd so well,
  And what so well had merited his love:
For never prince in grace did more excel,
  Or royal city more in duty strove.

Nor with an idle care did he behold:
  Subjects may grieve, but monarchs must redress;
He cheers the fearful, and commends the bold,
  And makes despairers hope for good success.

Himself directs what first is to be done,
  And orders all the succours which they bring:
The helpful and the good about him run,
  And form an army worthy such a king.

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast,
  That where it seizes all relief is vain:
And therefore must unwillingly lay waste
  That country, which would else the foe maintain.

The powder blows up all before the Fire:
  Th' amazed Flames stand gather'd on a heap;
And from the precipice's brink retire,
  Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

Thus fighting Fires a while themselves consume,
  But straight, like Turks, forc'd on to win or die,
They first lay tender bridges of their fume,
  And o'er the breach in unctuous vapours fly.

Part stay for passage, till a gust of wind
  Ships o'er their forces in a shining sheet:
Part creeping under ground their journey blind,
  And climbing from below their fellows meet.

Thus to some desert plain, or old wood side,
  Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round;
And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride,
  Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground.

No help avails: for, hydra-like, the Fire
  Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way:
And scarce the wealthy can one half retire,
  Before he rushes in to share the prey.

The rich grow suppliant, and the poor grow proud:
  Those offer mighty gain, and these ask more:
So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,
  When others' ruin may increase their store.

As those who live by shores with joy behold
  Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh,
And from the rocks leap down for shipwreck'd gold,
  And seek the tempests which the others fly:

So these but wait the owners' last despair,
  And what 's permitted to the flames invade;
Ev'n from their jaws they hungry morsels tear,
  And on their backs the spoils of Vulcan lade.

The days were all in this lost labour spent;
  And when the weary king gave place to night,
His beams he to his royal brother lent,
  And so shone still in his reflective light.

Night came, but without darkness or repose,
  A dismal picture of the general doom;
Where souls distracted when the trumpet blows,
  And half unready with their bodies come.

Those who have homes, when home they do repair,
  To a last lodging call their wandering friends:
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,
  To look how near their own destruction tends.

Those who have none, sit round where once it was,
  And with full eyes each wonted room require:
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
  As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

Some stir up coals and watch the vestal fire,
  Others in vain from sight of ruin run;
And while through burning labyrinths they retire,
  With loathing eyes repeat what they would shun.

The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,
  To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor;
And while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,
  Sad parents watch the remnants of their store.

While by the motion of the flames they guess
  What streets are burning now, and what are near,
An infant waking to the paps would press,
  And meets, instead of milk, a falling tear.

No thought can ease them but their sovereign's care,
  Whose praise th' afflicted as their comfort sing:
Ev'n those, whom want might drive to just despair,
  Think life a blessing under such a king.

Meantime he sadly suffers in their grief,
  Outweeps an hermit, and outprays a saint:
All the long night he studies their relief,
  How they may be supply'd and he may want.

"O God," said he, "thou patron of my days,
  Guide of my youth in exile and distress!
Who me unfriended brought'st, by wondrous ways,
  The kingdom of my fathers to possess:

"Be thou my judge, with what unweary'd care
  I since have labour'd for my people's good;
To bind the bruises of a civil war,
  And stop the issues of their wasting blood.

"Thou who hast taught me to forgive the ill,
  And recompense as friends the good misled;
If mercy be a precept of thy will,
  Return that mercy on thy servant's head.

"Or if my heedless youth has step'd astray,
  Too soon forgetful of thy gracious hand;
On me alone thy just displeasure lay,
  But take thy judgments from this mourning land.

"We all have sinn'd, and thou hast laid us low,
As humble earth from whence at first we came:
Like flying shades before the clouds we show,
And shrink like parchment in consuming flame.

"O let it be enough what thou hast done;
When spotted Deaths ran arm'd through every [street,
With poison'd darts which not the good could shun,
The speedy could outfly, or valiant meet.

"The living few, and frequent funerals then,
Proclaim'd thy wrath on this forsaken place:
And now those few who are return'd again,
Thy searching judgments to their dwellings trace.

"O pass not, Lord, an absolute decree,
Or bind thy sentence unconditional:
But in thy sentence our remorse foresee,
And in that foresight this thy doom recal.

"Thy threatenings, Lord, as thine thou may'st re-
But if immutable and fix'd they stand, [voke:
Continue still thyself to give the stroke,
And let not foreign foes oppress thy land."

Th' Eternal heard, and from the heavenly quire
Chose out the cherub with the flaming sword;
And bade him swiftly drive th' approaching Fire
From where our naval magazines were stor'd.

The blessed minister his wings display'd,
And like a shooting star he cleft the night:
He charg'd the flames, and those that disobey'd
He lash'd to duty with his sword of light.

The fugitive Flames, chastis'd, went forth to prey
On pious structures, by our fathers rear'd;
By which to Heaven they did affect the way,
Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard.

The wanting orphans saw, with watery eyes,
Their founders' charity in dust laid low;
And sent to God their ever-answer'd cries,
For he protects the poor, who made them so.

Nor could thy fabric, Paul's, defend thee long,
Though thou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise:
Though made immortal by a poet's song;
And poets' songs the Theban walls could raise.

The daring Flames peep'd in, and saw from far
The awful beauties of the sacred quire:
But, since it was prophan'd by civil war,
Heaven thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came,
And widely opening did on both sides prey:
This benefit we sadly owe the flame,
If only ruin must enlarge our way.

And now four days the Sun had seen our woes:
Four nights the Moon beheld th' incessant fire:
It seem'd as if the stars more sickly rose,
And further from the feverish North retire.

In th' empyrean Heaven, the bless'd abode,
The thrones and the dominions prostrate lie,
Not daring to behold their angry God;
And an hush'd silence damps the tuneful sky.

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying eye,
And mercy softly touch'd his melting breast:
He saw the town's one half in rubbish lie,
And eager flames drive on to storm the rest.

An hollow crystal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipt above;
Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry drove.

The vanquish'd Fires withdraw from every place,
Or full with feeding sink into a sleep:
Each household genius shows again his face,
And from the hearths the little Lares creep.

Our king this more than natural change beholds;
With sober joy his heart and eyes abound:
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

As when sharp frosts had long constrain'd the earth,
A kindly thaw unlocks it with cold rain;
And first the tender blade peeps up to birth, [grain:
And straight the green fields laugh with promis'd

By such degrees the spreading gladness grew
In every heart which fear had froze before:
The standing streets with so much joy they view,
That with less grief the perish'd they deplore.

The father of the people open'd wide
His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed:
Thus God's anointed God's own place supply'd,
And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,
And in their minds so deep did print the sense;
That if their ruins sadly they regard,
'Tis but with fear the sight might drive him thence.

But so may he live long, that town to sway,
Which by his auspice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their ashes by his stay,
And not their humble ruins now forsake.

They have not lost their loyalty by fire;
Nor is their courage or their wealth so low,
That from his wars they poorly would retire,
Or beg the pity of a vanquish'd foe.

Not with more constancy the Jews, of old
By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,
Their royal city did in dust behold,
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

The utmost malice of the stars is past,
And two dire comets, which have scourg'd the town,
In their own plague and fire have breath'd the last,
Or dimly in their sinking sockets frown.

Now frequent trines the happier lights among,
And high-rais'd Jove from his dark prison freed,
Those weights took off that on his planet hung,
Will gloriously the new-laid work succeed.

Methinks already from this chymic flame,
I see a city of more precious mold:
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With silver pav'd, and all divine with gold.

Already labouring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
And seems to have renew'd her charter's date,
Which Heaven will to the death of Time allow.

More great than human now, and more august,
Now deify'd she from her fires does rise:
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
And opening into larger parts she flies.

Before she like some shepherdess did show,
Who sat to bathe her by a river's side;
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

Now like a maiden queen she will behold,
From her high turrets, hourly suitors come;
The East with incense, and the West with gold,
Will stand like suppliants to receive her doom.

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train;
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
The glory of their towns no more shall boast,
And Seyne, that would with Belgian rivers join,
Shall find her lustre stain'd, and traffic lost.

The venturous merchant, who design'd more far,
And touches on our hospitable shore,
Charm'd with the splendour of this northern star,
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

Our powerful navy shall no longer meet,
The wealth of France or Holland to invade;
The beauty of this town without a fleet,
From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

And while this fam'd emporium we prepare,
The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,
That those, who now disdain our trade to share,
Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.

Already we have conquer'd half the war,
And the less dangerous part is left behind:
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not so great to vanquish as to find.

Thus to the eastern wealth through storms we go,
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more;
A constant trade-wind will securely blow,
And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE.

BY MR. DRYDEN, AND THE EARL OF MULGRAVE.

How dull, and how insensible a beast
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest!
Philosophers and poets vainly strove
In every age the lumpish mass to move:
But those were pedants, when compar'd with these,
Who know not only to instruct, but please.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Mysterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers; so that as men grew
Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser too.
Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell men freely of their foulest faults;
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
In satire too the wise took different ways,
To each deserving its peculiar praise.
Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,
Whilst others laugh'd, and scorn'd them into shame.
But of these two, the last succeeded best,
As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest.
Yet, if we may presume to blame our guides,
And censure those who censure all besides,
In other things they justly are preferr'd:
In this alone methinks the ancients err'd;
Against the grossest follies they declaim;
Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game.
Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit:
Besides 'tis labour lost; for who would preach
Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach?
'Tis being devout at play, wise at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall.
But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,
Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind;
That little speck which all the rest does spoil,
To wash off that would be a noble toil,
Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age,
Or the forc'd scenes of our declining stage;
Above all censure too, each little wit
Will be so glad to see the greater hit;
Who judging better, though concern'd the most,
Of such correction will have cause to boast.
In such a satire all would seek a share,
And every fool will fancy he is there.
Old story-tellers too must pine and die,
To see their antiquated wit laid by;
Like her, who miss'd her name in a lampoon,
And griev'd to find herself decay'd so soon.
No common coxcomb must be mention'd here:
Not the dull train of dancing sparks appear;
Nor fluttering officers who never fight;
Of such a wretched rabble who would write?
Much less half wits: that 's more against our rules;
For they are fops, the other are but fools.
Who would not be as silly as Dunbar?
As dull as Monmouth, rather than sir Carr?
The cunning courtier should be slighted too,
Who with dull knavery makes so much ado;
Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too, too fast,
Like Æsop's fox becomes a prey at last.
Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd,
Too ugly, or too easy, to be blam'd;
With whom each rhyming fool keeps such a pother,
They are as common that way as the other:
Yet sauntering Charles, between his beastly brace,
Meets with dissembling still in either place,
Affected humour, or a painted face.
In loyal libels we have often told him,
How one has jilted him, the other sold him:
How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;
But who can rail so long as he can sleep?
Was ever prince by two at once misled,
False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
Earnley and Aylesbury, with all that race
Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place;
At council set as foils on Dorset's score,
To make that great false jewel shine the more;

Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
Only for taking pains and telling lies.
But there 's no meddling with such nauseous men;
Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen:
'Tis time to quit their company, and choose
Some fitter subject for a sharper Muse.
First, let 's behold the merriest man alive
Against his careless genius vainly strive;
Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay,
'Gainst a set time, and then forget the day:
Yet he will laugh at his best friends, and be
Just as good company as Nokes and Lee.
But when he aims at reason or at rule,
He turns himself the best to ridicule.
Let him at business ne'er so earnest sit,
Show him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit;
That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,
Though he left all mankind to be destroy'd.
So cat transform'd sat gravely and demure,
Till mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure;
But soon the lady had him in her eye,
And from her friend did just as oddly fly.
Reaching above our nature does no good;
We must fall back to our old flesh and blood;
As by our little Machiavel we find
That nimblest creature of the busy kind,
His limbs are crippled, and his body shakes;
Yet his hard mind, which all this bustle makes,
No pity of its poor companion takes.
What gravity can hold from laughing out,
To see him drag his feeble legs about,
Like hounds ill-coupled? Jowler lugs him still
Through hedges, ditches, and through all that 's ill.
'Twere crime in any man but him alone
To use a body so, though 'tis one's own:
Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er,
That whilst he creeps his vigorous thoughts can soar:
Alas! that soaring, to those few that know,
Is but a busy groveling here below,
So men in rapture think they mount the sky,
Whilst on the ground th' entranced wretches lie:
So modern fops have fancy'd they could fly.
As the new earl, with parts deserving praise,
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways,
Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,
Kind Nature checks, and kinder Fortune slights;
Striving against his quiet all he can,
For the fine notion of a busy man.
And what is that at best, but one, whose mind
Is made to tire himself and all mankind?
For Ireland he would go; faith, let him reign;
For if some odd fantastic lord would fain
Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do,
I 'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
But is there any other beast that lives,
Who his own harm so wittingly contrives?
Will any dog, that has his teeth and stones,
Refinedly leave his bitches and his bones,
To turn a wheel, and bark to be employ'd,
While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
Yet this fond man, to get a statesman's name,
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.
Though satire, nicely writ, no humour stings
But those who merit praise in other things,
Yet we must needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for folly Tropo's sake;
Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
For railing smoothly, and for reasoning wrong,
As boys on holidays let loose to play,
Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way;
Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress
Some silly cit in her flower'd foolish dress:
So have I mighty satisfaction found,
To see his tinsel reason on the ground:
To see the florid fool despis'd, and know it,
By some who scarce have words enough to show it:
For sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker
The sinner, nay sometimes the wittiest speaker:
But 'tis prodigious so much eloquence
Should be acquired by such little sense;
For words and wit did anciently agree,
And Tully was no fool, though this man be:
At bar abusive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the woolsack, fop at council-table.
These are the grievances of such fools as would
Be rather wise than honest, great than good.
Some other kind of wits must be made known,
Whose harmless errours hurt themselves alone;
Excess of luxury they think can please,
And laziness call loving of their ease:
To live dissolv'd in pleasures still they feign,
Though their whole life 's but intermitting pain:
So much of surfeits, head-aches, claps are seen,
We scarce perceive the little time between:
Well-meaning men, who make this gross mistake,
And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake;
Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain, we squander life away.
Thus, Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Marry'd, but wiser puss ne'er thought of that;
And first he worried her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke's mastives at his kindest time;
Then for one night sold all his slavish life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife;
Swell'd by contact of such a fulsome toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
Till Fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill restor'd him to his liberty;
Which he would use in his old sneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times
Had fam'd for dullness in malicious rhymes.
Mulgrave had much ado to scape the snare,
Though learn'd in all those arts that cheat the fair;
For after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,
With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the stocks;
Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes,
To see him catch his tartar for his prize:
Th' impatient town waited the wish'd-for change,
And cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge;
Till Petworth plot made us with sorrow see,
As his estate, his person too was free:
Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude could move;
To gold he fled from beauty and from love;
Yet failing there he keeps his freedom still,
Forc'd to live happily against his will:
'Tis not his fault, if too much wealth and power
Break not his boasted quiet every hour.
And little Sid. for simile renown'd,
Pleasure has always sought but never found:
Though all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.
The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong,
His meat and mistresses are kept too long;
But sure we all mistake this pious man,
Who mortifies his person all he can:
What we uncharitably take for sin,
Are only rules of this odd capuchin;

For never hermit under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common sense;
And 'tis a miracle we may suppose,
No nastiness offends his skilful nose;
Which from all stink can with peculiar art
Extract perfume and essence from a f—t:
Expecting supper is his great delight;
He toils all day but to be drunk at night;
Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping sits,
Till he takes Hewit and Jack Hall for wits.
Rochester I despise for want of wit,
Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet;
For while he mischief means to all mankind,
Himself alone the ill effects does find:
And so like witches justly suffers shame,
Whose harmless malice is so much the same.
False are his words, affected is his wit;
So often he does aim, so seldom hit;
To every face he cringes while he speaks,
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks:
Mean in each action, lewd in every limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him:
A proof that chance alone makes every creature,
A very Killigrew without good-nature.
For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd?
For, there 's the folly that 's still mixt with fear,
Cowards more blows than any hero bear;
Of fighting sparks some may their pleasures say,
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away:
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For every fault does prove his penance still:
Falsely he falls into some dangerous noose,
And then as meanly labours to get loose;
A life so infamous is better quitting,
Spent in base injury and low submitting.
I 'd like to have left out his poetry;
Forgot by all almost as well as me.
Sometimes he has some humour, never wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,
To find it out 's the cinderwoman's trade:
Who for the wretched remnants of a fire,
Must toil all day in ashes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deserve no comments here;
Where one poor thought sometimes, left all alone,
For a whole page of dulness must atone.
How vain a thing is man, and how unwise;
Ev'n he, who would himself the most despise!
I, who so wise and humble seem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride can't see.
While the world's nonsense is so sharply shown,
We pull down others but to raise our own;
That we may angels seem, we paint them elves,
And are but satires to set up ourselves.
I, who have all this while been finding fault,
Ev'n with my master who first satire taught;
And did by that describe the task so hard,
It seems stupendous and above reward;
Now labour with unequal force to climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time:
'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

.....Si propiùs stes
Te capiet magis.

PART I.

TO THE READER.

It is not my intention to make an apology for my poem: some will think it needs no excuse, and others will receive none. The design I am sure is honest: but he who draws his pen for one party, must expect to make enemies of the other. For wit and fool are consequents of Whig and Tory; and every man is a knave or an ass to the contrary side. There is a treasury of merits in the fanatic church, as well as in the popish: and a pennyworth to be had of saintship, honesty, and poetry, for the lewd, the factious, and the blockheads: but the longest chapter in Deuteronomy has not curses enough for an Anti-Bromingham. My comfort is, their manifest prejudice to my cause will render their judgment of less authority against me. Yet if a poem have genius, it will force its own reception in the world. For there is a sweetness in good verse, which tickles even while it hurts: and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleases him against his will. The commendation of adversaries is the greatest triumph of a writer, because it never comes unless extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easy terms: if I happen to please the more moderate sort, I shall be sure of an honest party, and, in all probability, of the best judges: for the least concerned are commonly the least corrupt. And I confess I have laid in for those, by rebating the satire, where justice would allow it, from carrying too sharp an edge. They who can criticise so weakly, as to imagine I have done my worst, may be convinced at their own cost, that I can write severely, with more ease than I can gently. I have but laughed at some men's follies, when I could have declaimed against their vices; and other men's virtues I have commended, as freely as I have taxed their crimes. And now, if you are a malicious reader, I expect you should return upon me, that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am: but if men are not to be judged by their professions, God forgive you commonwealth's-men for professing so plausibly for the government. You cannot be so unconscionable as to charge me for not subscribing my name; for that would reflect too grossly upon your own party, who never dare, though they have the advantage of a jury to secure them. If you like not my poem, the fault may possibly be in my writing; though it is hard for an author to judge against himself. But more probably it is in your morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The violent on both sides will condemn the character of Absalom, as either too favourably or too hardly drawn. But they are not the violent whom I desire to please. The fault on the right hand is to extenuate, palliate, and indulge; and to confess freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his birth, I have a greater for his heroic virtues; and David himself could not be more tender of the young man's life, than I would be of his reputation. But since the most

excellent natures are always the most easy, and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill counsels, especially when baited with fame and glory; it is no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam not to have resisted the two devils, the serpent and the woman. The conclusion of the story I purposely forbore to prosecute, because I could not obtain from myself to show Absalom unfortunate. The frame of it was cut out but for a picture to the waist; and if the draught be so far true, it is as much as I designed.

Were I the inventor, who am only the historian, I should certainly conclude the piece with the reconcilement of Absalom to David. And who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the story: there seems yet to be room left for a composure; hereafter there may be only for pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against Achitophel; but am content to be accused of a good-natured errour, and to hope with Origen, that the Devil himself may at last be saved. For which reason, in this poem, he is neither brought to set his house in order, nor to dispose of his person afterwards, as he in wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful; and his vicegerent is only not so, because he is not infinite.

The true end of satire is the amendment of vices by correction. And he, who writes honestly, is no more an enemy to the offender, than the physician to the patient, when he prescribes harsh remedies to an inveterate disease; for those are only in order to prevent the chirurgeon's work of an ense rescindendum, which I wish not to my very enemies. To conclude all; if the body politic have any analogy to the natural, in my weak judgment, an act of oblivion were as necessary in a hot distempered state, as an opiate would be in a raging fever.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

In pious times ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin;
When man on many multiply'd his kind,
Ere one to one was cursedly confin'd;
When Nature prompted, and no law deny'd
Promiscuous use of concubine and bride;
Then Israel's monarch, after Heaven's own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variously impart
To wives and slaves: and, wide as his command,
Scatter'd his Maker's image through the land.
Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear;
A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care:
Not so the rest; for several mothers bore
To godlike David several sons before.
But since like slaves his bed they did ascend,
No true succession could their seed attend.
Of all the numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalom:
Whether, inspir'd by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust;
Or that his conscious destiny made way,
By manly beauty, to imperial sway;
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states ally'd to Israel's crown:
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please:
His motions all accompany'd with grace;
And Paradise was open'd in his face.
With secret joy indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his son renew'd:
To all his wishes nothing he deny'd;
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had, for who from faults is free?
His father could not, or he would not see.
Some warm excesses, which the law forbore,
Were construed youth, that purged by boiling o'er;
And Amnon's murder, by a specious name,
Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame.
Thus prais'd and lov'd, the noble youth remain'd,
While David undisturb'd in Sion reign'd.
But life can never be sincerely blest:
Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best.
The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring race,
As ever try'd th' extent and stretch of grace;
God's pamper'd people, whom, debauch'd with ease,
No king could govern, nor no God could please;
Gods they had try'd of every shape and size,
That godsmiths could produce, or priests devise:
These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty;
And when no rule, no precedent was found,
Of men, by laws less circumscrib'd and bound,
They led their wild desires to woods and caves,
And thought that all but savages were slaves.
They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,
Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego;
Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
And with a general shout proclaim'd him king:
Those very Jews, who at their very best
Their humour more than loyalty exprest,
Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
An idol monarch, which their hands had made;
Thought they might ruin him they could create,
Or melt him to that golden calf, a state.
But these were random bolts; no form'd design,
Nor interest made the factious crowd to join:
The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And, looking backward with a wise affright,
Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the sight:
In contemplation of whose ugly scars,
They curst the memory of civil wars.
The moderate sort of men thus qualify'd,
Inclin'd the balance to the better side;
And David's mildness manag'd it so well,
The bad found no occasion to rebel.
But when to sin our biass'd nature leans,
The careful Devil is still at hand with means,
And providently pimps for ill desires:
The good old cause reviv'd a plot requires.
Plots true or false are necessary things,
To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.
Th' inhabitants of old Jerusalem
Were Jebusites; the town so call'd from them:
And theirs the native right——
But when the chosen people grew more strong,
The rightful cause at length became the wrong;
And every loss the men of Jebus bore,
They still were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they must to David's government:
Impoverish'd and depriv'd of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;

And what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common wood
This set the heathen priesthood in a flame;
For priests of all religions are the same:
Of whatsoe'er descent their godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewish rabbins, though their enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and wise:
For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
T' espouse his cause, by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,
Bad in itself, but represented worse;
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;
With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows deny'd;
Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude,
But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies,
To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.
Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.
Th' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrac'd,
Where gods were recommended by their taste.
Such savoury deities must needs be good,
As serv'd at once for worship and for food.
By force they could not introduce these gods;
For ten to one in former days was odds.
So fraud was us'd, the sacrificer's trade:
Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.
Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,
And rak'd for converts ev'n the court and stews:
Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay
By guns, invented since full many a day:
Our author swears it not; but who can know
How far the Devil and Jebusites may go?
This plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,
Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence:
For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
And every hostile humour, which before
Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;
So several factions from this first ferment,
Work up to foam, and threat the government.
Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise,
Oppos'd the power to which they could not rise.
Some had in courts been great, and thrown from thence,
Like fiends, were harden'd in impenitence.
Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
Were rais'd in power and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs, and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.

Bathsheba's grandfather

Great wits are sure to madness near ally'd,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son;
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolv'd to ruin, or to rule the state.
To compass this the triple bond he broke;
The pillars of the public safety shook;
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then, seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own?
Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress;
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown,
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And Heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skulk'd behind the laws.
The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing emissaries fill the ears
Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the king himself a Jebusite.
Weak arguments! which yet, he knew full well,
Were strong with people easy to rebel.
For, govern'd by the Moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews;
And once in twenty years their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.
Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom.
Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate:
But, for he knew his title, not allow'd,
Would keep him still depending on the crowd:
That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
Him he attempts with studied arts to please,
And sheds his venom in such words as these.
"Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky;

like Antipas Rehex

Thy longing country's darling and desire;
Their cloudy pillar, and their guardian fire:
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shows the promis'd land:
Whose dawning day, in every distant age,
Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage;
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream!
Thee, saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
And, never satisfy'd with seeing, bless:
Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name.
How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign;
Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
Like one of Virtue's fools that feed on praise;
Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight?
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate:
Whose motions, if we watch and guide with skill,
For human good depends on human will,
Our Fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent;
But if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting Folly far behind.
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
And spreads her locks before you as she flies.
Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
Not dar'd when Fortune call'd him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might still remain,
And Heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
Let his successful youth your hopes engage;
But shun th' example of declining age:
Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.
He is not now, as when on Jordan's sand
The joyful people throng'd to see him land,
Covering the beach, and blackening all the strand;
But like the prince of angels, from his height
Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light:
Betray'd by one poor plot to public scorn;
Our only blessing since his curst return:
Those heaps of people, which one sheaf did bind,
Blown off and scatter'd by a puff of wind.
What strength can he to your designs oppose,
Naked of friends, and round beset with foes?
If Pharaoh's doubtful succour he should use,
A foreign aid would more incense the Jews:
Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring;
Foment the war, but not support the king:
Nor would the royal party e'er unite
With Pharaoh's arms t' assist the Jebusite;
Or if they should, their interest soon would break,
And with such odious aid make David weak.
All sorts of men, by my successful arts,
Abhorring kings, estrange their alter'd hearts
From David's rule; and 'tis their general cry,
Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.
If you, as champion of the public good,
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
What may not Israel hope, and what applause
Might such a general gain by such a cause?
Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flower
Fair only to the sight, but solid power:
And nobler is a limited command,
Given by the love of all your native land,
Than a successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark."
What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
When flattery soothe, and when ambition blinds?
Desire of power, on Earth a vicious weed,
Yet sprung from high, is of celestial seed:
In God 'tis glory; and when men aspire,
'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire.
Th' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
Too full of angel's metal in his frame,
Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with praise.
Half loath, and half consenting to the ill,
For royal blood within him struggled still,
He thus reply'd.—"And what pretence have I
To take up arms for public liberty? —— ?
My father governs with unquestion'd right;
The faith's defender, and mankind's delight;
Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws;
And Heaven by wonders has espous'd his cause.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose!
Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good;
Inclin'd to mercy, and averse from blood.
If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute.
What could he gain his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary sway?
Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
The dog-star heats their brains to this disease.
Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel, and run popularly mad?
Were he a tyrant, who by lawless might
Oppress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebusite,
Well might I mourn; but Nature's holy bands
Would curb my spirits and restrain my hands:
The people might assert their liberty;
But what was right in them were crime in me.
His favour leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wishes, and outruns desire;
What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his kingly diadem he gives:
And that"—But here he paus'd; then, sighing, said—
"Is justly destin'd for a worthier head.
For when my father from his toils shall rest,
And late augment the number of the blest,
His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,
Or the collateral line, where that shall end.
His brother, though oppress'd with vulgar spite,
Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,
Of every royal virtue stands possest;
Still dear to all the bravest and the best.
His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim;
His loyalty the king, the world his fame.
His mercy ev'n th' offending crowd will find;
For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.
Why should I then repine at Heaven's decree,
Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
Yet oh! that Fate, propitiously inclin'd,
Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind;
To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean descent!
I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
And David's part disdains my mother's mould.
Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?
My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth;

And made for empire whispers me within,
Desire of greatness is a godlike sin."—
Him staggering so, when Hell's dire agent found,
While fainting Virtue scarce maintain'd her ground,
He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies:
"Th' eternal God, supremely good and wise,
Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain:
What wonders are reserv'd to bless your reign!
Against your will your arguments have shown,
Such virtue 's only given to guide a throne.
Not that your father's mildness I contemn;
But manly force becomes the diadem.
'Tis true he grants the people all they crave;
And more perhaps than subjects ought to have:
For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame,
And more his goodness than his wit proclaim.
But when should people strive their bonds to break,
If not when kings are negligent or weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thrifty sanhedrim shall keep him poor;
And every shekel, which he can receive,
Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.
To ply him with new plots shall be my care;
Or plunge him deep in some expensive war;
Which, when his treasure can no more supply,
He must, with the remains of kingship, buy
His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears
Call Jebusites, and Pharaoh's pensioners;
Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
He shall be naked left to public scorn.
The next successor, whom I fear and hate,
My arts have made obnoxious to the state;
Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.
His right, for sums of necessary gold,
Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be sold;
Till time shall ever-wanting David draw,
To pass your doubtful title into law;
If not, the people have a right supreme
To make their kings; for kings are made for them.
All empire is no more than power in trust,
Which, when resum'd, can be no longer just.
Succession, for the general good design'd,
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind:
If altering that the people can relieve,
Better one suffer than a nation grieve.
The Jews well know their power: ere Saul they chose,
God was their king, and God they durst depose.
Urge now your piety, your filial name,
A father's right, and fear of future fame;
The public good, that universal call,
To which ev'n Heaven submitted, answers all.
Nor let his love enchant your generous mind;
'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her kind.
Our fond begetters, who would never die,
Love but themselves in their posterity.
Or let his kindness by th' effects be try'd,
Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.
God said, he lov'd your father; could he bring
A better proof, than to anoint him king?
It surely show'd he lov'd the shepherd well,
Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.
Would David have you thought his darling son,
What means he then to alienate the crown?
The name of godly he may blush to bear:
Is 't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?
He to his brother gives supreme command,
To you a legacy of barren land;
Perhaps th' old harp, on which he thrums his lays,
Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.
Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
And marks your progress in the people's hearts;
Though now his mighty soul its grief contains:
He meditates revenge who least complains:
And like a lion, slumbering in the way,
Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,
His fearless foes within his distance draws,
Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
Till at the last, his time for fury found,
He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground;
The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
Your case no tame expedients will afford:
Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,
Which for no less a stake than life you draw;
And self-defence is Nature's eldest law.
Leave the warm people no considering time:
For then rebellion may be thought a crime.
Avail yourself of what occasion gives,
But try your title while your father lives:
And that your arms may have a fair pretence,
Proclaim you take them in the king's defence;
Whose sacred life each minute would expose
To plots, from seeming friends, and secret foes.
And who can sound the depth of David's soul?
Perhaps his fear his kindness may control.
He fears his brother, though he loves his son,
For plighted vows too late to be undone.
If so, by force he wishes to be gain'd,
Like women's lechery, to seem constrain'd.
Doubt not: but, when he most affects the frown,
Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown.
Secure his person to secure your cause:
They who possess the prince possess the laws."
He said; and this advice above the rest,
With Absalom's mild nature suited best;
Unblam'd of life, ambition set aside,
Not stain'd with cruelty, nor puft with pride.
How happy had he been, if Destiny
Had higher plac'd his birth, or not so high!
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,
And blest all other countries but his own.
But charming greatness since so few refuse,
'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public love:
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly prosecute the plot.
To further this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Israelites:
Whose differing parties he could wisely join,
For several ends, to serve the same design.
The best, and of the princes some were such,
Who thought the power of monarchy too much;
Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts,
Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious arts.
By these the springs of property were bent,
And wound so high, they crack'd the government.
The next for interest sought to embroil the state,
To sell their duty at a dearer rate,
And make their Jewish markets of the throne;
Pretending public good to serve their own.
Others thought kings an useless heavy load,
Who cost too much, and did too little good.
These were for laying honest David by,
On principles of pure good husbandry.
With them join'd all th' haranguers of the throng,
That thought to get preferment by the tongue.

Who follow next a double danger bring,
Not only hating David, but the king;
The Solymæan rout; well vers'd of old,
In godly faction, and in treason bold;
Cowring and quaking at a conqueror's sword,
But lofty to a lawful prince restor'd;
Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun,
And scorn'd by Jebusites to be outdone.
Hot Levites headed these; who pull'd before
From th' ark, which in the judges days they bore,
Resum'd their cant, and with a zealous cry,
Pursued their old belov'd theocracy:
Where sanhedrim and priest enslav'd the nation,
And justify'd their spoils by inspiration:
For who so fit to reign as Aaron's race,
If once dominion they could found in grace?
These led the pack; though not of surest scent,
Yet deepest-mouth'd against the government.
A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed,
Of the true old enthusiastic breed:
'Gainst form and order they their power employ,
Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.
But far more numerous was the herd of such,
Who think too little, and who talk too much.
These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their fathers' God and property;
And by the same blind benefit of Fate,
The Devil and the Jebusite did hate:
Born to be sav'd ev'n in their own despite,
Because they could not help believing right.
Such were the tools: but a whole Hydra more
Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand:
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long,
But, in the course of one revolving Moon,
Was chymist, fidler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laugh'd himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For spite of him the weight of business fell
On Absalom, and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

Titles and names 'twere tedious to rehearse
Of lords, below the dignity of verse.
Wits, warriors, commonwealths-men, were the best:
Kind husbands, and mere nobles, all the rest.
And therefore, in the name of dulness, be
The well-hung Balaam, and cold Caleb, free:
And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,
Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.
Let friendship's holy band some names assure;
Some their own worth, and some let scorn secure.
Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place,
Whom kings no title gave, and God no grace:
Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could statutes draw
To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
The wretch who Heaven's anointed dar'd to curse;
Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
Of zeal to God, and hatred to his king;
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
And never broke the sabbath but for gain:—
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curse, unless against the government.
Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray;
The city, to reward his pious hate
Against his master, chose him magistrate.
His hand a vase of justice did uphold;
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
During his office treason was no crime;
The sons of Belial had a glorious time:
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himself.
When two or three were gather'd to declaim
Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them:
And if they curs'd the king when he was by,
Would rather curse than break good company.
If any durst his factious friends accuse,
He pack'd a jury of dissenting Jews;
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
Would free the suffering saint from human laws.
For laws are only made to punish those
Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leisure time he had from power,
Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour,
His business was, by writing to persuade,
That kings were useless and a clog to trade:
And that his noble style he might refine,
No Rechabite more shun'd the fumes of wine.
Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board
The grossness of a city feast abhorr'd:
His cooks with long disuse their trade forgot;
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
Such frugal virtue malice may accuse;
But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
For towns, once burnt, such magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel:
And Moses' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of fasting in the mount.
To speak the rest, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well-breath'd witness of the plot.
Yet, Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass;
Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
High as the serpent of thy metal made,
While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
What though his birth were base, yet comets rise
From earthly vapours ere they shine in skies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue, as by prince's son.
This arch-attestor for the public good
By that one deed ennobles all his blood.
Who ever ask'd the witness's high race,
Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?
Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud,
Sure signs he neither choleric was, nor proud:
His long chin prov'd his wit; his saint-like grace
A church vermilion, and a Moses' face.

His memory, miraculously great,
Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never such devise.
Some future truths are mingled in his book;
But where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke:
Some things like visionary flight appear;
The spirit caught him up the Lord knows where;
And gave him his rabbinical degree,
Unknown to foreign university.
His judgment yet his memory did excel;
Which piec'd his wondrous evidence so well,
And suited to the temper of the times,
Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.
Let Israel's foes suspect his heavenly call,
And rashly judge his writ apocryphal;
Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made:
He takes his life, who takes away his trade.
Were I myself in witness Corah's place,
The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace,
Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an appendix of my plot.
His zeal to Heaven made him his prince despise,
And load his person with indignities.
But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
Indulging latitude to deeds and words:
And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
In terms as coarse as Samuel us'd to Saul.
What others in his evidence did join,
The best that could be had for love or coin,
In Corah's own predicament will fall:
For witness is a common name to all.
Surrounded thus with friends of every sort,
Deluded Absalom forsakes the court:
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
And fir'd with near possession of a crown.
Th' admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise,
And on his goodly person feed their eyes.
His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show;
On each side bowing popularly low:
His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar ease repeats their names.
Thus form'd by Nature, furnish'd out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
Then with a kind compassionating look,
And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke,
Few words he said; but easy those and fit,
More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet.
"I mourn, my countrymen, your lost estate;
Though far unable to prevent your fate;
Behold a banish'd man for your dear cause
Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws!
Yet oh! that I alone could be undone,
Cut off from empire, and no more a son!
Now all your liberties a spoil are made:
Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,
And Jebusites your sacred rites invade.
My father, whom with reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into ease, is careless of his fame;
And, brib'd with petty sums of foreign gold,
Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old;
Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys;
And all his power against himself employs.
He gives, and let him give, my right away:
But why should he his own and yours betray?
He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my tears, (with that he wip'd his eyes)
'Tis all the aid my present power supplies:
No court-informer can these arms accuse;
These arms may sons against their fathers use:
And 'tis my wish, the next successor's reign
May make no other Israelite complain."
Youth, beauty, graceful action, seldom fail;
But common interest always will prevail:
And pity never ceases to be shown
To him, who makes the people's wrongs his own.
The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress,
With lifted hands their young Messiah bless:
Who now begins his progress to ordain
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train:
From east to west his glories he displays,
And, like the Sun, the promis'd land surveys.
Fame runs before him as the morning star,
And shouts of joy salute him from afar:
Each house receives him as a guardian god,
And consecrates the place of his abode.
But hospitable treats did most commend
Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend.
This moving court, that caught the people's eyes,
And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise;
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To sound the depths, and fathom where it went,
The people's hearts, distinguish friends from foes,
And try their strength before they came to blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence
Of specious love, and duty to their prince.
Religion, and redress of grievances,
Two names that always cheat, and always please,
Are often urg'd; and good king David's life
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.
Thus in a pageant show a plot is made:
And peace itself is war in masquerade.
Oh foolish Israel! never warn'd by ill!
Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
Did ever men forsake their present ease,
In midst of health imagine a disease;
Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee,
Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?
What shall we think? Can people give away,
Both for themselves and sons, their native sway?
Then they are left defenceless to the sword
Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord:
And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
If kings unquestion'd can those laws destroy.
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,
And kings are only officers in trust,
Then this resuming covenant was declar'd
When kings were made, or is for ever barr'd.
If those who gave the sceptre could not tie
By their own deed their own posterity,
How then could Adam bind his future race?
How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
Or how could heavenly justice damn us all,
Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?
Then kings are slaves to those whom they command,
And tenants to their people's pleasure stand.
Add, that the power for property allow'd
Is mischievously seated in the crowd:
For who can be secure of private right,
If sovereign sway may be dissolv'd by might?
Nor is the people's judgment always true:
The most may err as grossly as the few;
And faultless kings run down by common cry,
For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.
What standard is there in a fickle rout,
Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?

Nor only crowds but sanhedrims may be
Infected with this public lunacy,
And share the madness of rebellious times,
To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes.
If they may give and take whene'er they please,
Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,
But government itself at length must fall
To Nature's state, where all have right to all.
Yet, grant our lords, the people, kings can make,
What prudent men a settled throne would shake?
For whatsoe'er their sufferings were before,
That change they covet makes them suffer more.
All other errours but disturb a state;
But innovation is the blow of Fate.
If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
To patch their flaws, and buttress up the wall,
Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;
For all beyond it is to touch the ark.
To change foundations, cast the frame anew,
Is work for rebels, who base ends pursue;
At once divine and human laws control,
And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
The tampering world is subject to this curse,
To physic their disease into a worse.
Now what relief can righteous David bring?
How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
Friends he has few, so high the madness grows;
Who dare be such must be the people's foes.
Yet some there were, ev'n in the worst of days;
Some let me name, and naming is to praise.
In this short file Barzillai first appears;
Barzillai, crown'd with honour and with years.
Long since, the rising rebels he withstood
In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood:
Unfortunately brave to buoy the state;
But sinking underneath his master's fate:
In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd;
For him he suffer'd, and with him return'd.
The court he practis'd, not the courtier's art:
Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart.
Which well the noblest objects knew to choose,
The fighting warrior, and recording Muse.
His bed could once a fruitful issue boast;
Now more than half a father's name is lost.
His eldest hope, with every grace adorn'd,
By me, so Heaven will have it, always mourn'd,
And always honour'd, snatch'd in manhood's prime
B' unequal fates, and providence's crime:
Yet not before the goal of honour won,
All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son:
Swift was the race, but short the time to run.
Oh narrow circle, but of power divine,
Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line!
By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known,
Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
Thy force infus'd the fainting Tyrians prop'd:
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stop'd.
Oh ancient honour! Oh unconquer'd hand,
Whom foes unpunish'd never could withstand!
But Israel was unworthy of his name:
Short is the date of all immoderate fame.
It looks as Heaven our ruin had design'd,
And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind.
Now, free from earth, thy disencumber'd soul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and starry pole:
From thence thy kindred legions mayst thou bring,
To aid the guardian angel of thy king.
Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight:
No pinions can pursue immortal height:
Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,
And tell thy soul she should have fled before:
Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
To hang on her departed patron's hearse?
Now take thy steepy flight from Heaven, and see
If thou canst find on Earth another he:
Another he would be too hard to find;
See then whom thou canst see not far behind,
Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning power and place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace.
With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,
Of hospitable soul, and noble stem;
Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The prophets' sons, by such example led,
To learning and to loyalty were bred:
For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend.
To these succeed the pillars of the laws;
Who best can plead, and best can judge a cause.
Next them a train of loyal peers ascend;
Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muses' friend,
Himself a Muse: in sanhedrims debate
True to his prince, but not a slave of state;
Whom David's love with honours did adorn,
That from his disobedient son were torn.
Jotham of piercing wit, and pregnant thought;
Endued by Nature, and by learning taught,
To move assemblies, who but only try'd
The worse a-while, then chose the better side:
Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too;
So much the weight of one brave man can do.
Hushai, the friend of David in distress;
In public storms of manly stedfastness:
By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,
And join'd experience to his native truth.
His frugal care supply'd the wanting throne;
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
'Tis easy conduct when exchequers flow,
But hard the task to manage well the low:
For sovereign power is too depress'd or high,
When kings are forc'd to sell, or crowds to buy.
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,
For Amiel: who can Amiel's praise refuse?
Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without title great:
The sanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
Their reason guided, and their passion cool'd:
So dextrous was he in the crown's defence,
So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense,
That, as their band was Israel's tribes in small,
So fit was he to represent them all.
Now rasher charioteers the seat ascend,
Whose loose careers his steady skill commend:
They, like th' unequal ruler of the day,
Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way;
While he, withdrawn, at their mad labours smiles,
And safe enjoys the sabbath of his toils.
These were the chief, a small but faithful band
Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to stand,
And tempt th' united fury of the land.
With grief they view'd such powerful engines bent,
To batter down the lawful government;
A numerous faction, with pretended frights,
In sanhedrims to plume the regal rights;
The true successor from the court remov'd;
The plot, by hireling witnesses, improv'd.
These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
They show'd the king the danger of the wound;

That no concessions from the throne would please,
But lenitives fomented the disease:
That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down:
That false Achitophel's pernicious hate
Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and state:
The council violent, the rabble worse:
That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.

With all these loads of injuries oppress,
And long revolving in his careful breast
The event of things, at last, his patience tir'd,
Thus, from his royal throne, by Heaven inspir'd,
The godlike David spoke; with awful fear
His train their Maker in their master hear.

"Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,
My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd:
So willing to forgive th' offending age;
So much the father did the king assuage.
But now, so far my clemency they slight,
Th' offenders question my forgiving right:
That one was made for many, they contend;
But 'tis to rule; for that 's a monarch's end.
They call my tenderness of blood, my fear;
Though manly tempers can the longest bear.
Yet, since they will divert my native course,
'Tis time to show I am not good by force.
Those heap'd affronts, that haughty subjects bring,
Are burthens for a camel, not a king.
Kings are the public pillars of the state,
Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight:
If my young Samson will pretend a call
To shake the column, let him share the fall:
But oh, that yet he would repent and live!
How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!
With how few tears a pardon might be won
From Nature, pleading for a darling son!
Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care,
Plac'd up to all the height his frame could bear!
Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
He would have given his soul another turn:
Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern sense
Is one that would by law supplant his prince;
The people's brave, the politician's tool;
Never was patriot yet, but was a fool.
Whence comes it, that religion and the laws
Should more be Absalom's than David's cause?
His old instructor, ere he lost his place,
Was never thought endued with so much grace.
Good Heavens, how Faction can a patriot paint!
My rebel ever proves my people's saint.
Would they impose an heir upon the throne,
Let sanhedrims be taught to give their own.
A king 's at least a part of government,
And mine as requisite as their consent:
Without my leave a future king to choose,
Infers a right the present to dispose.
True, they petition me t' approve their choice:
But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
My pious subjects for my safety pray;
Which to secure, they take my power away.
From plots and treasons Heaven preserve my years,
But save me most from my petitioners.
Unsatiate as the barren womb or grave,
God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
What then is left, but with a jealous eye
To guard the small remains of royalty?
The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
And the same law teach rebels to obey:
Votes shall no more establish'd power control,
Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.
No groundless clamours shall my friends remove,
Nor crowds have power to punish ere they prove;
For Gods and godlike kings their care express,
Still to defend their servants in distress.
Oh, that my power to saving were confin'd!
Why am I forc'd, like Heaven, against my mind,
To make examples of another kind?
Must I at length the sword of Justice draw?
Oh curst effects of necessary law!
How ill my fear they by my mercy scan!
Beware the fury of a patient man.
Law they require, let Law then show her face;
They could not be content to look on grace,
Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
To tempt the terrour of her front, and die.
By their own arts 'tis righteously decreed,
Those dire artificers of Death shall bleed.
Against themselves their witnesses will swear,
Till, viper-like, their mother-plot they tear;
And suck for nutriment that bloody gore,
Which was their principle of life before.
Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight:
Thus on my foes, my foes shall do me right.
Nor doubt th' event: for factious crowds engage,
In their first onset, all their brutal rage.
Then let them take an unresisted course:
Retire, and traverse, and delude their force:
But, when they stand all breathless, urge the fight,
And rise upon them with redoubled might:
For lawful power is still superior found;
When long driven back, at length it stands the ground."

He said: Th' Almighty nodding gave consent;
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
Henceforth a series of new time began,
The mighty years in long procession ran:
Once more the godlike David was restor'd,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

PART II.

—Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
Captus amore leget—

TO THE READER.

In the year 1680 Mr. Dryden undertook the poem of Absalom and Achitophel, upon the desire of king Charles the Second. The performance was applauded by every one; and several persons pressing him to write a second part, he, upon declining it himself, spoke to Mr. Tate to write one, and gave him his advice in the direction of it; and that part beginning with

Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,

and ending with

To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee—

containing near two hundred verses, were entirely Mr. Dryden's composition, besides some touches in other places.—The preceding lines, upwards of three hundred in number, were written by Mr. Tate. The poem is here printed complete.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Since men like beasts each other's prey were made,
Since trade began, and priesthood grew a trade,
Since realms were form'd, none sure so curst as those
That madly their own happiness oppose;
There Heaven itself, and godlike kings, in vain
Shower down the manna of a gentle reign;
While pamper'd crowds to mad sedition run,
And monarchs by indulgence are undone.
Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy Faction aw'd the wanting throne.
For now their sovereign's orders to contemn
Was held the charter of Jerusalem,
His rights t' invade, his tributes to refuse,
A privilege peculiar to the Jews;
As if from heavenly call this licence fell,
And Jacob's seed were chosen to rebel!
Achitophel with triumph sees his crimes
Thus suited to the madness of the times;
And Absalom, to make his hopes succeed,
Of flattering charms no longer stands in need;
While, fond of change, though ne'er so dearly bought,
Our tribes outstrip the youth's ambitious thought;
His swiftest hopes with swifter homage meet,
And crowd their servile necks beneath his feet.
Thus to his aid while pressing tides repair,
He mounts and spreads his streamers in the air.
The charms of empire might his youth mislead,
But what can our besotted Israel plead?
Sway'd by a monarch, whose serene command
Seems half the blessing of our promis'd land.
Whose only grievance is excess of ease;
Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease!
Yet as all folly would lay claim to sense,
And wickedness ne'er wanted a pretence,
With arguments they 'd make their treason good,
And righteous David's self with slanders load:
That arts of foreign sway he did affect,
And guilty Jebusites from law protect,
Whose very chiefs, convict, were never freed,
Nay we have seen their sacrificers bleed;
Accusers' infamy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds of sense they did contain,
But soon they lanch'd into th' unfathom'd tide,
And in the depths they knew disdain'd to ride.
For probable discoveries to dispense,
Was thought below a pension'd evidence;
Mere truth was dull, nor suited with the port
Of pamper'd Corah, when advanc'd to court.
No less than wonders now they will impose,
And projects void of grace or sense disclose.
Such was the change on pious Michal brought,
Michal that ne'er was cruel ev'n in thought,
The best of queens, and most obedient wife,
Impeach'd of curst designs on David's life!
His life, the theme of her eternal prayer,
'Tis scarce so much his guardian angels' care.
Not summer morns such mildness can disclose,
The Hermon lily, nor the Sharon rose.
Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,
Transported Michal feeds her thoughts on high.
She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
Quits Heaven sometimes to bless the world below.
Where, cherish'd by her bounty's plenteous spring,
Reviving widows smile, and orphans sing.
Oh! when rebellious Israel's crimes, at height,
Are threaten'd with her lord's approaching fate,
The piety of Michal then remain
In Heaven's remembrance, and prolong his reign!
Less desolation did the pest pursue,
That from Dan's limits to Beersheba flew,
Less fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,
And less Jerusalem's avenging fire.
With gentle terrour these our state o'erran,
Than since our evidencing days began!
On every cheek a pale confusion sat,
Continued fear beyond the worst of fate!
Trust was no more, art, science, useless made,
All occupations lost but Corah's trade.
Meanwhile a guard on modest Corah wait,
If not for safety, needful yet for state.
Well might he deem each peer and prince his slave,
And lord it o'er the tribes which he could save:
Ev'n vice in him was virtue—what sad fate,
But for his honesty, had seiz'd our state!
And with what tyranny had we been curst,
Had Corah never prov'd a villain first!
T' have told his knowledge of th' intrigue in gross,
Had been, alas! to our deponent's loss:
The travell'd Levite had th' experience got,
To husband well, and make the best of 's plot;
And therefore, like an evidence of skill,
With wise reserves secur'd his pension still;
Not quite of future power himself bereft,
But limbos large for unbelievers left.
And now his writ such reverence had got,
'Twas worse than plotting to suspect his plot.
Some were so well convinc'd, they made no doubt
Themselves to help the founder'd swearers out.
Some had their sense impos'd on by their fear,
But more for interest sake believe and swear:
Ev'n to that height with some the frenzy grew,
They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.
Yet, than all these a viler crew remain,
Who with Achitophel the cry maintain;
Not urg'd by fear, nor through misguided sense,
Blind zeal and starving need had some pretence,
But for the good old cause, that did excite
Th' original rebels' wiles, revenge, and spite.
These raise the plot to have the scandal thrown
Upon the bright successor of the crown,
Whose virtue with such wrongs they had pursued,
As seem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.
Thus, while on private ends their zeal is built,
The cheated crowd applaud and share their guilt.
Such practices as these, too gross to lie
Long unobserv'd by each discerning eye,
The more judicious Israelites unspell'd,
Though still the charm the giddy rabble held,
Ev'n Absalom amidst the dazzling beams
Of empire, and ambition's flattering dreams,
Perceives the plot, too foul to be excus'd,
To aid designs, no less pernicious, us'd.
And, filial sense yet striving in his breast,
Thus to Achitophel his doubts exprest.
"Why are my thoughts upon a crown employ'd
Which once obtain'd can be but half enjoy'd?
Not so when virtue did my arms require,
And to my father's wars I flew entire.
My regal power how will my foes resent,
When I myself have scarce my own consent!
Give me a son's unblemish'd truth again,
Or quench the sparks of duty that remain.
How slight to force a throne that legions guard
The task to me; to prove unjust, how hard!
And if th' imagin'd guilt thus wound my thought,
What will it when the tragic scene is wrought?
Dire war must first be conjur'd from below,
The realm we 'd rule, we first must overthrow:

ınd when the civil furies are on wing,
'hat blind and undistinguish'd slaughters fling,
Vho knows what impious chance may reach the king?
h! rather let me perish in the strife,
'han have my crown the price of David's life!
r, if the tempest of the war he stand,
ı peace, some vile officious villain's hand
Iis soul's anointed temple may invade,
r, prest by clamorous crowds, myself be made
Iis murtherer; rebellious crowds, whose guilt
hall dread his vengeance till his blood be spilt.
Vhich if my filial tenderness oppose,
ince to the empire by their arms I rose,
hose very arms on me shall be employ'd,
, new usurper crown'd, and I destroy'd:
he same pretence of public good will hold,
ınd new Achitophels be found as bold
'o urge the needful change, perhaps the old."
He said. The statesman with a smile replies,
smile that did his rising spleen disguise;
"My thoughts presum'd our labours at an end,
ınd are we still with conscience to contend?
Vhose want in kings, as needful is allow'd,
s 'tis for them to find it in the crowd.
'ar in the doubtful passage you are gone,
ınd only can be safe by pressing on.
'he crown's true heir, a prince severe and wise,
Ias view'd your motions long with jealous eyes:
'our person's charms, your more prevailing arts,
ınd mark'd your progress in the people's hearts,
Vhose patience is th' effect of stinted power,
Iut treasures vengeance for the fatal hour,
ınd if remote the peril he can bring,
'our present danger is greater from the king.
et not a parent's name deceive your sense,
Ior trust the father in a jealous prince!
'our trivial faults if he could so resent,
'o doom you little less than banishment,
Vhat rage must your presumption since inspire!
ıgainst his orders you return from Tyre.
Ior only so, but with a pomp more high,
ınd open court of popularity,
'he factious tribes."—"And this reproof from thee?"
'he prince replies, "O statesman's winding skill!
'hey first condemn, that first advis'd the ill!"
"Illustrious youth!" return'd Achitophel,
"Misconstrue not the words that mean you well;
'he course you steer I worthy blame conclude,
Iut 'tis because you leave it unpursued.—
ı monarch's crown with fate surrounded lies,
Vho reach, lay hold on Death that miss the prize.
Iid you for this expose yourself to show,
ınd to the crowd bow popularly low?
'or this your glorious progress next ordain,
Vith chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train?
Vith Fame before you like the morning star,
ınd shouts of joy saluting from afar?
h from the heights you've reach'd but take a view,
ıcarce leading Lucifer could fall like you!
ınd must I here my shipwreck'd arts bemoan?
Iave I for this so oft made Israel groan?
'our single interest with the nation weigh'd,
ınd turn'd the scale where your desires were laid!
Ev'n when at helm a course so dangerous mov'd,
'o land your hopes as my removal prov'd."
"I not dispute," the royal youth replies,
"The known perfection of your policies,
Vor in Achitophel yet grudge or blame,
'he privilege that statesmen ever claim;
Who private interest never yet pursued,
But still pretended 'twas for others' good:
What politician yet e'er scap'd his fate,
Who saving his own neck not sav'd the state?
From hence on every humorous wind that veer'd,
With shifted sails a several course you steer'd.
What from a sway did David e'er pursue,
That seem'd like absolute, but sprung from you?
Who at your instance quash'd each penal law,
That kept dissenting factious Jews in awe;
And who suspends fixt laws, may abrogate,
That done, form new, and so enslave the state.
Ev'n property, whose champion now you stand,
And seem for this the idol of the land,
Did ne'er sustain such violence before,
As when your counsel shut the royal store;
Advice, that ruin to whole tribes procur'd,
But secret kept till your own bank's secur'd.
Recount with this the triple covenant broke,
And Israel fitted for a foreign yoke;
Nor here your counsels fatal progress staid,
But sent our levied powers to Pharaoh's aid.
Hence Tyre and Israel, low in ruins laid, [made,
And Egypt, once their scorn, their common terrour
Ev'n yet of such a season can we dream,
When royal rights you made your darling theme.
For power unlimited could reasons draw,
And place prerogative above the law;
Which on your fall from office grew unjust,
The laws made king, the king a slave in trust:
Whom with state-craft, to interest only true,
You now accuse of ills contriv'd by you."
To this Hell's agent—"Royal youth, fix here,
Let interest be the star by which you steer;
Hence to repose your trust in me was wise,
Whose interest most in your advancement lies.
A tie so firm as always will avail,
When friendship, nature, and religion, fail;
On our's the safety of the crowd depends,
Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends,
Whom I will cause so far our guilt to share,
Till they are made our champions by their fear.
What opposition can your rival bring,
While sanhedrims are jealous of the king?
His strength as yet in David's friendship lies,
And what can David's self without supplies?
Who with exclusive bills must now dispense,
Debar the heir, or starve in his defence,
Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit,
And David's justice never can admit.
Or forc'd by wants his brother to betray,
To your ambition next he clears the way;
For if succession once to nought they bring,
Their next advance removes the present king;
Persisting else his senates to dissolve,
In equal hazard shall his reign involve.
Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's power so much alarms,
Shall rise without their prince t' oppose his arms;
Nor boots it on what cause at first they join,
Their troops, once up, are tools for our design.
At least such subtle covenants shall be made,
Till peace itself is war in masquerade.
Associations of mysterious sense,
Against, but seeming for, the king's defence;
Ev'n on their courts of justice fetters draw,
And from our agents muzzle up their law.
By which a conquest if we fail to make, [stake."
'Tis a drawn game at worst, and we secure our
He said, and for the dire success depends
On various sects, by common guilt made friends.

UNIV

Whose heads, though ne'er so differing in their creed,
I' th' point of treason yet were well agreed.
'Mongst these, extorting Ishban first appears,
Pursued by a meagre troop of bankrupt heirs.
Blest times, when Ishban, he whose occupation
So long has been to cheat, reform the nation!
Ishban of conscience suited to his trade,
As good a saint as usurer ever made.
Yet Mammon has not so engrost him quite,
But Belial lays as large a claim of spite;
Who, for those pardons from his prince he draws,
Returns reproaches, and cries up the cause.
That year in which the city he did sway,
He left rebellion in a hopeful way.
Yet his ambition once was found so bold,
To offer talents of extorted gold;
Could David's wants have so been brib'd, to shame
And scandalize our peerage with his name;
For which, his dear sedition he'd forswear,
And ev'n turn loyal to be made a peer.
Next him, let railing Rabsheka have place,
So full of zeal he has no need of grace;
A saint that can both flesh and spirit use,
Alike haunt conventicles and the stews:
Of whom the question difficult appears,
If most i' th' preachers' or the bawds' arrears.
What caution could appear too much in him
That keeps the treasure of Jerusalem!
Let David's brother but approach the town,
"Double our guards!" he cries, "we are undone."
Protesting that he dares not sleep in 's bed
Lest he should rise next morn without his head.
Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,
Of little fortunes, and of conscience less;
With them the tribe, whose luxury had drain'd
Their banks, in former sequestrations gain'd;
Who rich and great by past rebellions grew,
And long to fish the troubled streams anew.
Some future hopes, some present payment draws,
To sell their conscience and espouse the cause.
Such stipends those vile hirelings best befit,
Priests without grace, and poets without wit.
Shall that false Hebronite escape our curse,
Judas, that keeps the rebels' pension-purse;
Judas, that pays the treason-writer's fee,
Judas, that well deserves his namesake's tree;
Who at Jerusalem's own gates erects
His college for a nursery of sects;
Young prophets with an early care secures,
And with the dung of his own arts manures?
What have the men of Hebron here to do?
What part in Israel's promis'd land have you?
Here Phaleg, the lay-Hebronite is come,
'Cause, like the rest, he could not live at home;
Who from his own possessions could not drain
An omer even of Hebronitish grain,
Here struts it like a patriot, and talks high
Of injur'd subjects, alter'd property:
An emblem of that buzzing insect just,
That mounts the wheel, and thinks she raises dust.
Can dry bones live? or skeletons produce
The vital warmth of cuckoldizing juice?
Slim Phaleg could, and, at the table fed,
Return'd the grateful product to the bed.
A waiting-man to travelling nobles chose,
He his own laws would saucily impose,
Till bastinadoed back again he went,
To learn those manners he to teach was sent.
Chastis'd he ought to have retreated home,
But he reads politics to Absalom.

For never Hebronite, though kick'd and scorn'd,
To his own country willingly return'd.
—But, leaving famish'd Phaleg to be fed,
And to talk treason for his daily bread,
Let Hebron, nay let Hell produce a man
So made for mischief as Ben-Jochanan.
A Jew of humble parentage was he,
By trade a Levite, though of low degree:
His pride no higher than the desk aspir'd,
But for the drudgery of priests was hir'd
To read and pray in linen ephod brave,
And pick up single shekels from the grave.
Marry'd at last, but finding charge come faster,
He could not live by God, but chang'd his master.
Inspir'd by want, was made a factious tool,
They got a villain, and we lost a fool.
Still violent, whatever cause he took,
But most against the party he forsook.
For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in conscience to be double knaves.
So this prose-prophet took most monstrous pains,
To let his masters see he earn'd his gains.
But, as the Devil owes all his imps a shame,
He chose th' apostate for his proper theme;
With little pains he made the picture true,
And from reflection took the rogue he drew.
A wondrous work, to prove the Jewish nation
In every age a murmuring generation;
To trace them from their infancy of sinning,
And show them factious from their first beginning.
To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
Much to the credit of the chosen flock;
A strong authority, which must convince,
That saints own no allegiance to their prince.
As 'tis a leading-card to make a whore,
To prove her mother had turn'd up before.
But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bless
The son that show'd his father's nakedness?
Such thanks the present church thy pen will give,
Which proves rebellion was so primitive.
Must ancient failings be examples made?
Then murtherers from Cain may learn their trade.
As thou the heathen and the saint hast drawn,
Methinks th' apostate was the better man:
And thy hot father, waving my respect,
Not of a mother-church, but of a sect.
And such he needs must be of thy inditing,
This comes of drinking asses milk and writing.
If Balak should be call'd to leave his place,
As profit is the loudest call of grace,
His temple, dispossess'd of one, would be
Replenish'd with seven devils more by thee.
Levi, thou art a load, I 'll lay thee down,
And show Rebellion bare, without a gown;
Poor slaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
Who rhyme below ev'n David's psalms translated.
Some in my speedy pace I must outrun,
As lame Mephibosheth the wizard's son:
To make quick way, I 'll leap o'er heavy blocks,
Shun rotten Uzza as I would the pox;
And hasten Og and Doeg to rehearse,
Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse;
Who by my Muse to all succeeding times,
Shall live in spite of their own doggrel rhymes.
Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made still a blundering kind of melody;
Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and thin,
Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And, in one word, heroically mad:

He was two warm on picking-work to dwell,
But fagotted his notions as they fell,
And if they rhym'd and rattled, all was well.
Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,
For still there goes some thinking to ill nature:
He needs no more than birds and beasts to think,
All his occasions are to eat and drink.
If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,
He means you no more mischief than a parrot:
The words for friend and foe alike were made,
To fetter them in verse is all his trade.
For almonds he 'll cry whore to his own mother:
And call young Absalom king David's brother.
Let him be gallows-free by my consent,
And nothing suffer, since he nothing meant;
Hanging supposes human soul and reason,
This animal 's below committing treason:
Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel?
That 's a preferment for Achitophel.
The woman that committed buggery,
Was rightly sentenc'd by the law to die;
But 'twas hard fate that to the gallows led
The dog that never heard the statute read.
Railing in other men may be a crime,
But ought to pass for mere instinct in him:
Instinct he follows and no further knows,
For to write verse with him is to transprose.
'Twere pity treason at his door to lay,
Who makes Heaven's gate a lock to its own key:
Let him rail on, let his invective Muse
Have four-and-twenty letters to abuse,
Which, if he jumbles to one line of sense,
Indict him of a capital offence.
In fire-works give him leave to vent his spite,
Those are the only serpents he can write;
The height of his ambition is, we know,
But to be master of a puppet-show,
On that one stage his works may yet appear,
And a month's harvest keeps him all the year.
Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,
For here's a tun of midnight-work to come,
Og from a treason-tavern rolling home.
Round as a globe, and liquor'd every chink,
Goodly and great he sails behind his link;
With all this bulk there 's nothing lost in Og,
For every inch that is not fool is rogue:
A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter.
When wine has given him courage to blaspheme,
He curses God, but God before curst him;
And, if man could have reason, none has more,
That made his paunch so rich, and him so poor.
With wealth he was not trusted, for Heaven knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,
That ev'n on tripe and carrion could rebel?
But though Heaven made him poor, with reverence speaking,
He never was a poet of God's making;
The midwife laid her hand on his thick scull,
With this prophetic blessing—"Be thou dull;
Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk, do any thing but write;
Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men,
A strong nativity—but for the pen!
Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
Still thou mayst live, avoiding pen and ink."
I see, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,
For treason botcht in rhyme will be thy bane;
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck:
Why should thy metre good king David blast?
A psalm of his will surely be thy last.
Dar'st thou in verse presume to meet thy foes,
Thou whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in prose?
Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade;
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
A poet is, though he 's the poet's horse.
A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull
For writing treason, and for writing dull;
To die for faction is a common evil,
But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil:
Hadst thou the glories of thy king exprest,
Thy praises had been satire at the best;
But thou in clumsy verse, unlickt, unpointed,
Hast shamefully defy'd the Lord's anointed:
I will not rake the dunghill for thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
But of king David's foes be this the doom,
May all be like the young man Absalom!
And for my foes may this their blessing be,
To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee!

Achitophel, each rank, degree, and age,
For various ends, neglects not to engage:
The wise and rich for purse and counsel brought,
The fools and beggars for their number sought:
Who yet not only on the town depends,
For ev'n in court the faction had its friends;
These thought the places they possest too small,
And in their hearts wish'd court and king to fall:
Whose names the Muse disdaining, holds i' th' dark,
Thrust in the villain herd without a mark;
With parasites and libel-spawning imps,
Intriguing fops, dull jesters, and worse pimps.
Disdain the rascal rabble to pursue,
Their set cabals are yet a viler crew;
See where involv'd in common smoke they sit;
Some for our mirth, some for our satire fit:
These, gloomy, thoughtful, and on mischief bent,
While those, for mere good fellowship, frequent
Th' appointed club, can let sedition pass,
Sense, nonsense, any thing t' employ the glass;
And who believe in their dull honest hearts,
The rest talk treason but to show their parts;
Who ne'er had wit or will for mischief yet,
But pleas'd to be reputed of a set.

But in the sacred annals of our plot,
Industrious Arod never be forgot:
The labours of this midnight magistrate,
May vie with Corah's to preserve the state.
In search of arms he fail'd not to lay hold
On War's most powerful dangerous weapon, gold.
And last, to take from Jebusites all odds,
Their altars pillag'd, stole their very gods;
Oft would he cry, when treasure he surpris'd,
"'Tis Baalish gold in David's coin disguis'd."
Which to his house with richer relics came,
While lumber idols only fed the flame:
For our wise rabble ne'er took pains t' inquire,
What 'twas he burnt, so 't made a rousing fire.
With which our elder was enrich'd no more
Than false Gehazi with the Syrian's store;
So poor, that when our choosing-tribes were met,
Ev'n for his stinking votes he ran in debt;
For meat the wicked, and, as authors think,
The saints he chous'd for his electing drink;
Thus every shift and subtle method past,
And all to be no Zaken at the last.

Now, rais'd on Tyre's sad ruins, Pharaoh's pride
Soar'd high, his legions threatning far and wide;

As when a battering storm engender'd high,
By winds upheld, hangs hovering in the sky,
Is gaz'd upon by every trembling swain,
This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain;
For blooming plants, and flowers new opening, these
For lambs yean'd lately, and far-labouring bees:
To guard his stock each to the gods does call,
Uncertain where the fire-charg'd clouds will fall:
Ev'n so the doubtful nations watch his arms,
With terrour each expecting his alarms.
Where, Judah, where was now thy lion's roar?
Thou only couldst the captive lands restore:
But thou, with inbred broils and faction prest,
From Egypt needst a guardian with the rest.
Thy prince from sanhedrims no trust allow'd,
Too much the representers of the crowd,
Who for their own defence give no supply,
But what the crown's prerogatives must buy:
As if their monarch's rights to violate
More needful were, than to preserve the state!
From present dangers they divert their care,
And all their fears are of the royal heir;
Whom now the reigning malice of his foes
Unjudg'd would sentence, and ere crown depose.
Religion the pretence, but their decree
To bar his reign, whate'er his faith shall be!
By sanhedrims and clamorous crowds thus prest,
What passions rent the righteous David's breast?
Who knows not how t' oppose or to comply,
Unjust to grant, and dangerous to deny!
How near in this dark juncture Israel's fate,
Whose peace one sole expedient could create,
Which yet th' extremest virtue did require,
Ev'n of that prince whose downfall they conspire!
His absence David does with tears advise,
T' appease their rage. Undaunted he complies;
Thus he who, prodigal of love and ease,
A royal life expos'd to winds and seas,
At once contending with the waves and fire,
And heading danger in the wars of Tyre,
Inglorious now forsakes his native sand,
And like an exile quits the promis'd land!
Our monarch scarce from pressing tears refrains,
And painfully his royal state maintains,
Who now, embracing on th' extremest shore,
Almost revokes what he enjoin'd before:
Concludes at last more trust to be allow'd
To storms and seas than to the raging crowd!
Forbear, rash Muse, the parting scene to draw,
With silence charm'd as deep as their's that saw!
Not only our attending nobles weep,
But hardy sailors swell with tears the deep!
The tide restrain'd her course, and more amaz'd,
The twin-stars on the royal brothers gaz'd:
While this sole fear—
Does trouble to our suffering hero bring,
Lest next the popular rage oppress the king!
Thus parting, each for th' other's danger griev'd,
The shore the king, and seas the prince receiv'd.
Go, injur'd hero, while propitious gales,
Soft as thy consort's breath, inspire thy sails;
Well may she trust her beauties on a flood,
Where thy triumphant fleets so oft have rode!
Safe on thy breast reclin'd her rest be deep,
Rock'd like a Nereid by the waves asleep;
While happiest dreams her fancy entertain,
And to Elysian fields convert the main!
Go, injur'd hero, while the shores of Tyre
At thy approach so silent shall admire,
Who on thy thunder still their thoughts employ,
And greet thy landing with a trembling joy.

On heroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown,
Admir'd by every nation but their own;
Yet while our factious Jews his worth deny,
Their aching conscience gives their tongue the lie.
Ev'n in the worst of men the noblest parts
Confess him, and he triumphs in their hearts,
Whom to his king the best respects commend
Of subject, soldier, kinsman, prince, and friend;
All sacred names of most divine esteem,
And to perfection all sustain'd by him,
Wise, just, and constant, courtly without art,
Swift to discern and to reward desert;
No hour of his in fruitless ease destroy'd,
But on the noblest subjects still employ'd:
Whose steady soul ne'er learnt to separate
Between his monarch's interest and the state,
But heaps those blessings on the royal head,
Which he well knows must be on subjects shed.

On what pretence could then the vulgar rage
Against his worth and native rights engage?
Religious fears their argument are made,
Religious fears his sacred rights invade!
Of future superstition they complain,
And Jebusitic worship in his reign:
With such alarms his foes the crowd deceive,
With dangers fright, which not themselves believe.

Since nothing can our sacred rites remove,
Whate'er the faith of the successor prove:
Our Jews their ark shall undisturb'd retain,
At least while their religion is their gain,
Who know by old experience Baal's commands
Not only claim'd their conscience but their lands;
They grudge God's tithes, how therefore shall they [yield
An idol full possession of the field?
Grant such a prince enthron'd, we must confess
The people's sufferings than that monarch's less,
Who must to hard conditions still be bound,
And for his quiet with the crowd compound;
Or should his thoughts to tyranny incline,
Where are the means to compass the design?
Our crown's revenues are too short a store,
And jealous sanhedrims would give no more.

As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid,
Not so has Pharaoh learnt ambition's trade,
Nor ever with such measures can comply,
As shock the common rules of policy;
None dread like him the growth of Israel's king,
And he alone sufficient aids can bring;
Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law,
That on our stubborn tribes his yoke could draw,
At such profound expense he has not stood,
Nor dy'd for this his hands so deep in blood; [take,
Would ne'er through wrong and right his progress
Grudge his own rest, and keep the world awake,
To fix a lawless prince on Judah's throne,
First to invade our rights, and then his own;
His dear-gain'd conquests cheaply to despoil,
And reap the harvest of his crimes and toil.
We grant his wealth vast as our ocean's sand,
And curse its fatal influence on our land,
Which our brib'd Jews so numerously partake,
That ev'n an host his pensioners would make;
From these deceivers our divisions spring,
Our weakness, and the growth of Egypt's king;
These with pretended friendship to the state,
Our crowd's suspicion of their prince create,
Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the specious cry,
To guard their sacred rights and property;

To ruin, thus the chosen flock are sold,
While wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold;
Seduc'd by these we groundlessly complain,
And loath the mama of a gentle reign:
Thus our forefathers' crooked paths are trod,
We trust our prince no more than they their God.
But all in vain our reasoning prophets preach,
To those whom sad experience ne'er could teach,
Who can commence new broils in bleeding scars,
And fresh remembrance of intestine wars;
When the same household mortal foes d'd yield,
And brothers stain'd with brother's blood the field;
When sons' curst steel the fathers' gore did stain,
And mothers mourn'd for sons by fathers slain!
When thick as Egypt's locusts on the sand,
Our tribes lay slaughter'd through the promis'd land,
Whose few survivors with worse fate remain,
To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign;
Which scene of woes, unknowing, we renew,
And madly, ev'n those ills we fear, pursue;
While Pharaoh laughs at our domestic broils,
And safely crowds his tents with nations' spoils.
Yet our fierce sanhedrim in restless rage,
Against our absent hero still engage,
And chiefly urge, such did their frenzy prove,
The only suit their prince forbids to move,
Which till obtain'd they cease affairs of state,
And real dangers wave for groundless hate.
Long David's patience waits relief to bring,
With all th' indulgence of a lawful king,
Expecting till the troubled waves would cease,
But found the raging billows still increase.
The crowd, whose insolence forbearance swells,
While he forgives too far, almost rebels.
At last his deep resentments silence broke,
Th' imperial palace shook, while thus he spoke:
"Then Justice wake, and Rigour take her time,
For lo! our mercy is become our crime.
While halting Punishment her stroke delays,
Our sovereign right, Heaven's sacred trust, decays!
For whose support ev'n subjects' interest calls,
Woe to that kingdom where the monarch falls!
That prince who yields the least of regal sway,
So far his people's freedom does betray.
Right lives by law, and law subsists by power;
Disarm the shepherd, wolves the flock devour.
Hard lot of empire o'er a stubborn race,
Which Heaven itself in vain has try'd with grace!
When will our reason's long-charm'd eyes unclose,
And Israel judge between her friends and foes?
When shall we see expir'd deceivers sway,
And credit what our God and monarchs say?
Dissembled patriots, brib'd with Egypt's gold,
Ev'n sanhedrims in blind obedience hold;
Those patriots falsehood in their actions see,
And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree;
If aught for which so loudly they declaim,
Religion, laws, and freedom, were their aim,
Our senates in due methods they had led,
T' avoid those mischiefs which they seem'd to dread;
But first, ere yet they propp'd the sinking state,
T' impeach and charge, as urg'd by private hate,
Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they prest,
But barbarously destroy'd the nation's rest!
O! whither will ungovern'd senates drive,
And to what bounds licentious votes arrive?
When their injustice we are press'd to share,
The monarch urg'd to exclude the lawful heir;
Are princes thus distinguish'd from the crowd,
And this the privilege of royal blood?
But grant we should confirm the wrongs they press,
His sufferings yet were than the people's less;
Condemn'd for life the murdering sword to wield,
And on their heirs entail a bloody field:
Thus madly their own freedom they betray,
And for th' oppression which they fear make way;
Succession fix'd by Heaven, the kingdom's bar,
Which, once dissolv'd, admits the flood of war;
Waste, rapine, spoil, without, th' assault begin,
And our mad tribes supplant the fence within.
Since then their good they will not understand,
'Tis time to take the monarch's power in hand;
Authority and force to join with skill,
And save the lunatics against their will.
The same rough means that swage the crowd, appease
Our senates, raging with the crowd's disease.
Henceforth unbiass'd measures let them draw
From no false gloss, but genuine text of law;
Nor urge those crimes upon religion's score,
Themselves so much in Jebusites abhor.
Whom laws convict, and only they, shall bleed,
Nor Pharisees by Pharisees be freed.
Impartial justice from our throne shall shower,
All shall have right, and we our sovereign power."
He said, th' attendants heard with awful joy,
And glad presages their fix'd thoughts employ;
From Hebron now the suffering heir return'd,
A realm that long with civil discord mourn'd;
Till his approach, like some arriving god,
Compos'd and heal'd the place of his abode,
The deluge check'd, that to Judea spread,
And stopp'd sedition at the fountain's head.
Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,
And, chas'd from Israel, Israel's peace contrives.
The field confess'd his power in arms before,
And seas proclaim'd his triumphs to the shore;
As nobly has his sway in Hebron shown,
How fit t' inherit godlike David's throne.
Through Sion's streets his glad arrival 's spread,
And conscious Faction shrinks her snaky head;
His train their sufferings think o'erpaid, to see
The crowd's applause with virtue once agree.
Success charms all, but zeal for worth distrest,
A virtue proper to the brave and best;
'Mongst whom was Jothran, Jothran always bent
To serve the crown, and loyal by descent,
Whose constancy so firm, and conduct just,
Deserv'd at once two royal masters' trust;
Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully withstood
On seas, and gather'd laurels from the flood;
Of learning yet, no portion was deny'd,
Friend to the Muses, and the Muses' pride.
Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,
Of steady soul when public storms were high!
Whose conduct, while the Moor fierce onsets made,
Secur'd at once our honour and our trade.
Such were the chiefs who most his sufferings mourn'd,
And view'd with silent joy the prince return'd;
While those that sought his absence to betray,
Press first their nauseous false respects to pay;
Him still th' officious hypocrites molest,
And with malicious duty break his rest.
While real transports thus his friends employ,
And foes are loud in their dissembled joy,
His triumphs, so resounded far and near,
Miss'd not his young ambitious rival's ear;
And as when joyful hunters' clamorous train
Some slumbering lion wakes in Moab's plain,
Who oft had forc'd the bold assailants yield,
And scatter'd his pursuers through the field,

Disdaining, furls his mane and tears the ground,
His eyes inflaming all the desert round,
With roar of seas directs his chasers way,
Provokes from far, and dares them to the fray;
Such rage storm'd now in Absalom's fierce breast,
Such indignation his fir'd eyes confest;
Where now was the instructor of his pride?
Slept the old pilot in so rough a tide?
Whose wiles had from the happy shore betray'd,
And thus on shelves the credulous youth convey'd;
In deep revolving thoughts he weighs his state,
Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle Fate;
At least, if his storm'd bark must go adrift,
To baulk his charge, and for himself to shift,
In which his dextrous wit had oft been shown,
And in the wreck of kingdoms sav'd his own;
But now with more than common danger prest,
Of various resolution stands possest,
Perceives the crowd's unstable zeal decay,
Lest their recanting chief the cause betray,
Who on a father's grace his hopes may ground,
And for his pardon with their heads compound.
Him therefore, ere his fortune slip her time,
The statesman plots t' engage in some bold crime
Past pardon, whether to attempt his bed,
Or threat with open arms the royal head,
Or other daring method, and unjust,
That may confirm him in the people's trust.
But failing thus t' ensnare him, nor secure
How long his foil'd ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by, as past his date,
And try some new pretender's luckier fate;
Whose hopes with equal toil he would pursue,
Nor cares what claimer 's crown'd, except the true.
Wake, Absalom, approaching ruin shun,
And see, O see, for whom thou art undone!
How are thy honours and thy fame betray'd,
The property of desperate villains made?
Lost power and conscious fears their crimes create,
And guilt in them was little less than fate;
But why shouldst thou, from every grievance free,
Forsake thy vineyards for their stormy sea?
For thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow,
Love dress'd thy bowers, and laurels sought thy brow,
Preferment, Wealth, and Power, thy vassals were,
And of a monarch a'l things but the care.
Oh! should our crimes again that curse draw down,
And rebel arms once more attempt the crown,
Sure ruin waits unhappy Absalom,
Alike by conquest or defeat undone;
Who could relentless see such youth and charms
Expire with wretched fate in impious arms!
A prince so form'd with Earth's and Heaven's applause,
To triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's cause:
Or grant him victor, still his hopes must fail,
Who conquering would not for himself prevail;
The faction, whom he trusts for future sway,
Him and the public would alike betray;
Amongst themselves divide the captive state,
And found their hydra-empire in his fate!
Thus having beat the clouds with painful flight,
The pity'd youth, with sceptres in his sight,
So have their cruel politics decreed,
Must, by that crew that made him guilty, bleed!
For could their pride brook any prince's sway,
Whom but mild David would they choose t' obey?
Who once at such a gentle reign repine,
The fall of monarchy itself design;
From hate to that their reformations spring,
And David not their grievance, but the king.
Seiz'd now with panic fear the faction lies,
Lest this clear truth strike Absalom's charm'd eyes,
Lest he perceive, from long enchantment free,
What all beside the flatter'd youth must see.
But whate'er doubts his troubled bosom swell,
Fair carriage still became Achitophel.
Who now an envious festival instals,
And to survey their strength the faction calls,
Which fraud, religious worship too must gild;
But, oh! how weakly does sedition build!
For lo! the royal mandate issues forth,
Dashing at once their treason, zeal, and mirth!
So have I seen disastrous chance invade,
Where careful emmets had their forage laid,
Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy plain
Had seiz'd, engender'd by some careless swain;
Or swelling Neptune lawless inroads made,
And to their cell of store his flood convey'd;
The commonwealth broke up, distracted go,
And in wild haste their loaded mates o'erthrow;
Ev'n so our scatter'd guests confus'dly meet,
With boil'd, bak'd, roast, all justling in the street;
Dejecting all, and ruefully dismay'd,
For shekel without treat or treason paid.
Sedition's dark eclipse now fainter shows,
More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
Of force the clouds of envy to disperse,
In kind conjunction of assisting stars.
Here, labouring Muse, those glorious chiefs relate,
That turn'd the doubtful scale of David's fate;
The rest of that illustrious band rehearse,
Immortaliz'd in laurell'd Asaph's verse:
Hard task! yet will not I thy flight recal,
View Heaven, and then enjoy thy glorious fall.
First write Bezaliel, whose illustrious name
Forestalls our praise, and gives his poet fame.
The Kenites' rocky province his command,
A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land;
Which for its generous natives yet could be
Held worthy such a president as he!
Bezaliel, with each grace and virtue fraught,
Serene his looks; serene his life and thought;
On whom so largely Nature heap'd her store,
There scarce remain'd for arts to give him more!
To aid the crown and state his greatest zeal,
His second care that service to conceal;
Of dues observant, firm to every trust,
And to the needy always more than just;
Who truth from specious falsehood can divide,
Has all the gownsmens' skill without their pride;
Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honour won,
Sees all his glories copy'd in his son,
Whose forward fame should every Muse engage,
Whose youth boasts skill deny'd to others' age:
Men, manners, language, books of noblest kind,
Already are the conquest of his mind:
Whose loyalty before its date was prime,
Nor waited the dull course of rolling time:
The monster Faction early he dismay'd,
And David's cause long since confess'd his aid.
Brave Abdael o'er the prophet's school was plac'd;
Abdael, with all his father's virtue grac'd;
A hero, who, while stars look'd wondering down,
Without one Hebrew's blood restor'd the crown.
That praise was his; what therefore did remain
For following chiefs, but boldly to maintain
That crown restor'd: and, in this rank of fame,
Brave Abdael with the first a place must claim.

Proceed, illustrious, happy chief! proceed,
Foreseize the garlands for thy brow decreed,
While th' inspir'd tribe attend with noblest strain
To register the glories thou shalt gain:
For sure the dew shall Gilboah's hills forsake,
And Jordan mix his stream with Sodom's lake;
Or seas retir'd their secret stores disclose,
And to the Sun their scaly brood expose,
Or swell'd above the cliffs their billows raise,
Before the Muses leave their patron's praise.
Eliab our next labour does invite,
And hard the task to do Eliab right:
Long with the royal wanderer he rov'd,
And firm in all the turns of fortune prov'd!
Such ancient service, and desert so large,
Well claim'd the royal household for his charge.
His age with only one mild heiress blest,
In all the bloom of smiling Nature drest,
And blest again to see his flower ally'd
To David's stock, and made young Othniel's bride!
The bright restorer of his father's youth,
Devoted to a son's and subject's truth:
Resolv'd to bear that prize of duty home,
So bravely sought, while sought by Absalom.
Ah prince! th' illustrious planet of thy birth,
And thy more powerful virtue, guard thy worth;
That no Achitophel thy ruin boast;
Israel too much in one such wreck has lost.
Ev'n Envy must consent to Helon's worth,
Whose soul, though Egypt glories in his birth,
Could for our captive-ark its zeal retain,
And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp disdain:
To slight his gods was small; with nobler pride,
He all th' allurements of his court defy'd.
Whom profit nor example could betray,
But Israel's friend, and true to David's sway.
What acts of favour in his province fall,
On merit he confers, and freely all.
Our list of nobles next let Amri grace,
Whose merits claim'd the Abethdin's high place;
Who, with a loyalty that did excel,
Brought all th' endowments of Achitophel.
Sincere was Amri, and not only knew,
But Israel's sanctions into practice drew;
Our laws, that did a boundless ocean seem,
Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by him.
No rabbin speaks like him their mystic sense,
So just, and with such charms of eloquence:
To whom the double blessing does belong,
With Moses' inspiration, Aaron's tongue.
Than Sheva none more loyal zeal have shown,
Wakeful as Judah's lion for the crown,
Who for that cause still combats in his age,
For which his youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factious priests the cant revive;
In vain seditious scribes with libel strive
T' inflame the crowd; while he with watchful eye
Observes, and shoots their treasons as they fly:
Their weekly frauds his keen replies detect;
He undeceives more fast than they infect.
So Moses, when the pest on legions prey'd,
Advanc'd his signal, and the plague was stay'd.
Once more, my fainting Muse, thy pinions try,
And strength's exhausted store let love supply.
What tribute, Asaph, shall we render thee?
We 'll crown thee with a wreath from thy own tree!
Thy laurel grove no envy's flash can blast;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.
With wonder late posterity shall dwell
On Absalom and false Achitophel:
Thy strains shall be our slumbering prophets' dream,
And when our Sion virgins sing their theme;
Our jubilees shall with thy verse be grac'd,
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.
How fierce his satyr, loos'd; restrain'd, how tame;
How tender of th' offending young man's fame!
How well his worth, and brave adventures styl'd;
Just to his virtues, to his errour mild.
No page of thine, that fears the strictest view,
But teems with just reproof, or praise as due;
Not Eden could a fairer prospect yield,
All paradise without one barren field:
Whose wit the censure of his foes has past,
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.
What praise for such rich strains shall we allow?
What just rewards the grateful crown bestow?
While bees in flowers rejoice, and flowers in dew,
While stars and fountains to their course are true;
While Judah's throne and Sion's rock stand fast,
The song of Asaph and the fame shall last.
Still Hebron's honour'd happy soil retains
Our royal hero's beauteous dear remains;
Who now sails off with winds nor wishes slack,
To bring his sufferings' bright companion back.
But ere such transport can our sense employ,
A bitter grief must poison half our joy;
Nor can our coasts restor'd those blessings see
Without a bribe to envious Destiny!
Curs'd Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide
Where by inglorious chance the valiant dy'd!
Give not insulting Askalon to know,
Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our woe!
No sailor with the news swell Egypt's pride,
By what inglorious fate our valiant dy'd!
Weep, Arnon! Jordan, weep thy fountains dry,
While Sion's rock dissolves for a supply.
Calm were the elements, night's silence deep,
The waves scarce murmuring, and the winds asleep;
Yet Fate for ruin takes so still an hour,
And treacherous sands the princely bark devour;
Then Death unworthy seiz'd a generous race,
To virtue's scandal, and the stars disgrace!
Oh! had th' indulgent powers vouchsaf'd to yield,
Instead of faithless shelves, a listed field:
A listed field of Heaven's and David's foes,
Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppose,
Each life had on his slaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not tamely, and unconquering thus expir'd:
But Destiny is now their only foe,
And dying ev'n o'er that they triumph too;
With loud last breaths their master's scape applaud,
Of whom kind fortune could scarce the Fates defraud;
Who, for such followers lost, O matchless mind!
At his own safety now almost repin'd!
Say, royal sir, by all your fame in arms,
Your praise in peace, and by Urania's charms;
If all your sufferings past so nearly prest,
Or pierc'd with half so painful grief your breast?
Thus some diviner Muse her hero forms,
Not sooth'd with soft delights, but tost in storms.
Nor stretch'd on roses in the myrtle grove,
Nor crowns his days with mirth, his nights with love,
But far remov'd in thundering camps is found,
His slumbers short, his bed the herbless ground:
In tasks of danger always seen the first,
Feeds from the hedge, and slakes with ice his thirst.
Long must his patience strive with Fortune's rage,
And long opposing gods themselves engage,
Must see his country flame, his friends destroy'd,
Before the promis'd empire be enjoy'd:

Such toil of Fate must build a man of fame,
And such, to Israel's crown, the godlike David came.
What sudden beams dispel the clouds so fast,
Whose drenching rains laid all our vineyards waste!
The spring so far behind her course delay'd,
On th' instant is in all her bloom array'd;
The winds breathe low, the elements serene;
Yet mark what motion in the waves is seen!
Thronging and busy as Hyblean swarms,
Or straggled soldiers summon'd to their arms.
See where the princely bark in loosest pride,
With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide!
High on her deck the royal lovers stand,
Our crimes to pardon ere they touch'd our land.
Welcome to Israel and to David's breast!
Here all your toils, here all your suffrings rest.
This year did Ziloah rule Jerusalem,
And boldly all Sedition's syrtes stem,
Howe'er encumber'd with a viler pair,
Than Ziph or Shimei to assist the chair;
Yet Ziloah's loyal labours so prevail'd
That Faction at the next election fail'd,
When ev'n the common cry did justice sound,
And merit by the multitude was crown'd:
With David then was Israel's peace restor'd,
Crowds mourn'd their errour, and obey'd their lord.

KEY TO ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Abdael .....General Monk, duke of Albemarle.
Abethdin .....The name given, through this poem, to a lord chancellor in general.
Absalom.....Duke of Monmouth.
Achitophel.....The earl of Shaftesbury.
Adriel.....Earl of Mulgrave.
Agag.....Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.
Amiel.....Mr. Seymour, speaker of the house of commons.
Amri.....Sir Heneage Finch, earl of Winchelsea, and lord chancellor.
Annabel.....Dutchess of Monmouth.
Arod.....Sir William Waller.
Asaph .....A character drawn by Tate for Dryden, in the second part of this poem.
Balaam.....Earl of Huntingdon.
Balaak .....Barnet.
Barzillai .....Duke of Ormond.
Bathsheba .....Dutchess of Portsmouth.
Benaiah.....General Sackville.
Ben Jochanan .....Rev. Mr. Samuel Johnson.
Bezaliel .....Duke of Beaufort.
Caleb .....Lord Grey.
Corah.....Dr. Oates.
David.....Charles II.
Doeg .....Elkanah Settle.
Egypt .....France.
Eliab .....Sir Henry Bennet, earl of Arlington.
Ethnic Plot .....The popish plot.
Gath .....The land of exile, more particularly Brussels, where king Charles II. long resided.
Hebron.....Scotland.
Hebrew priests .....The church of England clergy.
Helon.....Earl of Feversham.
Hushai.....Hyde, earl of Rochester.
Jebusites .....Papists.
Jerusalem .....London.
Jews .....English.
Jonas.....Sir William Jones.
Jordan.....Dover.
Jotham .....Marquis of Halifax.
Jothram.....Lord Dartmouth.
Ishbosheth .....Richard Cromwell.
Israel.....England.
Issachar.....Thomas Thynne, Esq.
Judas.....Mr. Ferguson, a canting teacher.
Ishban.....Sir Robert Clayton.
Mephibosheth.....Pordage.
Michal .....Queen Catharine.
Nadab .....Lord Howard of Escrick.
Og.....Shadwell.
Phaleg.....Forbes.
Pharaoh.....King of France.
Rabsheka.....Sir Thomas Player.
Sagan of Jerusalem...Dr. Compton, bishop of London.
Sanhedrim .....Parliament.
Saul.....Oliver Cromwell.
Shimei .....Sheriff Bethel.
Sheva .....Sir Roger Lestrange.
Solymean rout .....London rebels.
Tyre.....Holland.
Uzza .....Jack Hall.
Zadoc.....Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury.
Zaken.....A member of the house of commons.
Zimri.....Villiers, duke of Buckingham.
Ziloah.....Sir John Moor.

THE MEDAL.

A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION.

EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS.

For to whom can I dedicate this poem, with so much justice as to you? It is the representation of your own hero: it is the picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your ornaments are wanting; neither the landscape of your Tower, nor the rising Sun; nor the Anno Domini of your new sovereign's coronation. This must needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole party: especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the original. I hear the graver has made a good market of it: all his kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder so enhanced, that many a poor Polander, who would be glad to worship the image, is not able to go to the cost of him, but must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great artist; but sign-post painting will serve the turn to remember a friend by; especially when better is not to be had. Yet, for your comfort, the lineaments are true: and though he sat not five times to me, as he did to B. yet I have consulted history; as the Italian painters do, when they would draw a

Nero or a Caligula: though they have not seen the man, they can help their imagination by a statue of him, and find out the colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spared one side of your Medal: the head would be seen to more advantage if it were placed on a spike of the Tower, a little nearer to the Sun; which would then break out to better purpose.

You tell us in your preface to the No-protestant Plot, that you shall be forced hereafter to leave off your modesty: I suppose you mean that little which is left you: for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practised such a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an established government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in thum-rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were virtue in his bones to preserve you against monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the public good, but a due veneration for the person of the king. But all men who can see an inch before them, may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a faction. But I would ask you one civil question, what right has any man among you, or any association of men, to come nearer to you, who, out of parliament, cannot be considered in a public capacity, to meet as you daily do in factious clubs, to vilify the government in your discourses, and to libel it in all your writings? Who made you judges in Israel? Or how is it consistent with your zeal for the public welfare, to promote sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to serve the king according to the laws, allow you the licence of traducing the executive power with which you own he is invested? You complain, that his majesty has lost the love and confidence of his people; and, by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies to make him lose them. All good subjects abhor the thought of arbitrary power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the king's disposition or his practice; or even, where you would odiously lay it, from his ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the government and benefit of laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our posterity. You are not the trustees of the public liberty: and if you have not right to petition in a crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of affairs; or to arraign what you do not like; which in effect is every thing that is done by the king and council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his majesty, when it is apparent, that your seditious pamphlets are stuffed with particular reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, it is easy to be evinced from a thousand passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perused many of your papers; and to show you that I have, the third part of your No-protestant Plot is much of it stolen from your dead author's pamphlet, called the Growth of Popery; as manifestly as Milton's Defence of the English People is from Buchanan De Jure Regni apud Scotos: or your first Covenant and new Association from the holy league of the French Guisards. Any one who reads Davila, may trace your practices all along. There were the same pretences for reformation and loyalty, the same aspersions of the king, and the same grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the historian's word, who says it was reported, that Poltrot, a Hugonot, murdered Francis duke of Guise, by the instigations of Theodore Beza, or that it was a Hugonot minister, otherwise called a presbyterian, for our church abhors so devilish a tenet, who first writ a treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murdering kings of a different persuasion in religion: but I am able to prove, from the doctrine of Calvin, and principles of Buchanan, that they set the people above the magistrate; which, if I mistake not, is your own fundamental, and which carries your loyalty no further than your liking. When a vote of the house of commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it as if it were passed into a law; but when you are pinched with any former and yet unrepealed act of parliament, you declare that in some cases you will not be obliged by it. The passage is in the same third part of the No-protestant Plot; and is too plain to be denied. The late copy of your intended association, you neither wholly justify nor condemn; but as the papists, when they are unopposed, fly out into all the pageantries of worship; but in times of war, when they are hard pressed by arguments, lie close intrenched behind the council of Trent: so now, when your affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal combination; but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintained and justified to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the sword: it is the proper time to say any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time, you would fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this association, and that in the time of queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other: one with the queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it; the other without either the consent or knowledge of the king, against whose authority it is manifestly designed. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last evasion, that it was contrived by your enemies, and shuffled into the papers that were seized; which yet you see the nation is not so easy to believe as your own jury; but the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in Newgate who would acquit a malefactor.

I have only one favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this poem, you would employ the same pens against it, who have combated with so much success against Absalom and Achitophel: for then you may assure yourselves of a clear victory, without the least reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a custom, do it without wit: by this method you will gain a considerable point, which is wholly to wave the answer of my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, for fear they should be treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of government; for if scandal be not allowed, you are no freeborn subjects. If God has not blessed you with the talent of rhyming, make use of my poor stock and welcome: let your verses run upon my feet: and for the utmost refuge of notorious blockheads, reduced to the last extremity of sense,

turn my own lines upon me, and in utter despair of your own satire, make me satirize myself. Some of you have been driven to this bay already; but, above all the rest, commend me to the nonconformist parson, who writ the Whip and Key. I am afraid it is not read so much as the piece deserves, because the bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him a kindness, that it may be published as well as printed; and that so much skill in Hebrew derivations may not lie for waste-paper in the shop. Yet I half suspect he went no further for his learning, than the index of Hebrew names and etymologies, which is printed at the end of some English Bibles. If Achitophel signify the brother of a fool, the author of that poem will pass with his readers for the next of kin. And perhaps it is the relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the verses are, buy them up, I beseech you, out of pity; for I hear the conventicle is shut up, and the brother of Achitophel out of service.

Now footmen, you know, have the generosity to make a purse for a member of their society, who has had his livery pulled over his ears: and even protestant socks are bought up among you out of veneration to the name. A dissenter in poetry from sense and English will make as good a protestant rhymer, as a dissenter from the church of England a protestant parson. Besides, if you encourage a young beginner, who knows but he may elevate his style a little above the vulgar epithets of prophane, and saucy Jack, and atheistic scribbler, with which he treats me, when the fit of enthusiasm is strong upon him: by which well-mannered and charitable expressions I was certain of his sect before I knew his name. What would you have more of a man? He has damned me in your cause from Genesis to the Revelations: and has half the texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to yourselves as to take him for your interpreter; and not to take them for Irish witnesses. After all, perhaps, you will tell me, that you retained him only for the opening of your cause, and that your main lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his predecessors, you may either conclude, that I trust to the goodness of my cause, or fear my adversary, or disdain him, or what you please; for the short of it is, it is indifferent to your humble servant, whatever your party says or thinks of him.

THE MEDAL.

Of all our antic sights and pageantry,
Which English ideots run in crowds to see,
The Polish Medal bears the prize alone:
A monster, more the favourite of the town
Than either fairs or theatres have shown.
Never did Art so well with Nature strive;
Nor ever idol seem'd so much alive:
So like the man; so golden to the sight,
So base within, so counterfeit and light.
One side is fill'd with title and with face;
And, lest the king should want a regal place,
On the reverse, a tower the town surveys;
O'er which our mounting Sun his beams displays.
The word, pronounc'd aloud by shrieval voice,
Lætamur, which, in Polish, is rejoice.
The day, month, year, to the great act are join'd:
And a new canting holiday design'd.
Five days he sat, for every cast and look;
Four more than God to finish Adam took.
But who can tell what essence angels are,
Or how long Heaven was making Lucifer?
Oh, could the style that copy'd every grace,
And plough'd such furrows for an eunuch face,
Could it have form'd his ever-changing will,
The various piece had tir'd the graver's skill!
A martial hero first, with early care,
Blown, like a pigmy by the winds, to war.
A beardless chief, a rebel, ere a man:
So young his hatred to his prince began.
Next this, how wildly will ambition steer!
A vermin wriggling in th' usurper's ear.
Bartering his venal wit for sums of gold,
He cast himself into the saint-like mould;
Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while godliness was gain,
The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train.
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,
His open lewdness he could ne'er disguise.
There split the saint; for hypocritic zeal
Allows no sins but those it can conceal.
Whoring to scandal gives too large a scope:
Saints must not trade; but they may interlope.
Th' ungodly principle was all the same;
But a gross cheat betrays his partner's game.
Besides, their pace was formal, grave, and slack;
His nimble wit outran the heavy pack.
Yet still he found his fortune at a stay;
Whole droves of blockheads choking up his way;
They took, but not rewarded, his advice;
Villain and wit exact a double price.
Power was his aim: but, thrown from that pretence,
The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence;
And malice reconcil'd him to his prince.
Him, in the anguish of his soul he serv'd;
Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.
Behold him now exalted into trust;
His counsel 's oft convenient, seldom just.
Ev'n in the most sincere advice he gave
He had a grudging still to be a knave.
The frauds he learn'd in his fanatic years
Made him uneasy in his lawful gears.
At best as little honest as he could,
And like white witches mischievously good.
To his first bias longingly he leans;
And rather would be great by wicked means.
Thus fram'd for ill, he loos'd our triple hold;
Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold.
From hence those tears! that Ilium of our woe!
Who helps a powerful friend, fore-arms a foe.
What wonder if the waves prevail so far,
When he cut down the banks that made the bar?
Seas follow but their nature to invade;
But he by art our native strength betray'd.
So Samson to his foe his force confest;
And to be shorn, lay slumbering on her breast.
But when this fatal counsel, found too late,
Expos'd its author to the public hate;
When his just sovereign, by no impious way
Could be seduc'd to arbitrary sway;
Forsaken of that hope, he shifts his sail,
Drives down the current with a popular gale,
And shows the fiend confess'd without a veil.
He preaches to the crowd, that power is lent,
But not convey'd to kingly government;

That claims successive bear no binding force,
That coronation oaths are things of course;
Maintains the multitude can never err;
And sets the people in the papal chair.
The reason 's obvious; interest never lies:
The most have still their interest in their eyes;
The power is always theirs, and power is ever wise.
Almighty crowd, thou shortenest all dispute,
Power is thy essence; wit thy attribute!
Nor faith nor reason make thee at a stay,
Thou leap'st o'er all eternal truths in thy Pindaric [way!
Athens no doubt did righteously decide,
When Phocion and when Socrates were try'd:
As righteously they did those dooms repent;
Still they were wise whatever way they went:
Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run;
To kill the father, and recal the son.
Some think the fools were most as times went then,
But now the world 's o'erstock'd with prudent men.
The common cry is ev'n religion's test,
The Turk's is at Constantinople best;
Idols in India; popery at Rome;
And our own worship only true at home.
And true, but for the time 'tis hard to know
How long we please it shall continue so.
This side to day, and that to morrow burns;
So all are God-a'mighties in their turns.
A tempting doctrine, plausible, and new;
What fools our fathers were, if this be true!
Who, to destroy the seeds of civil war,
Inherent right in monarchs did declare:
And that a lawful power might never cease,
Secur'd succession to secure our peace.
Thus property and sovereign sway at last
In equal balances were justly cast:
But this new Jehu spurs the hot-mouth'd horse;
Instructs the beast to know his native force;
To take the bit between his teeth, and fly
To the next headlong steep of anarchy.
Too happy England, if our good we knew,
Would we possess the freedom we pursue!
The lavish government can give no more;
Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.
God try'd us once; our rebel-fathers fought,
He glutted them with all the power they sought;
Till, master'd by their own usurping brave,
The free-born subject sunk into a slave.
We loath our manna, and we long for quails:
Ah, what is man when his own wish prevails!
How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill!
Proud of his power, and boundless in his will!
That kings can do no wrong, we must believe;
None can they do, and must they all receive?
Help, Heaven! or sadly we shall see an hour,
When neither wrong nor right are in their power!
Already they have lost their best defence,
The benefit of laws which they dispense.
No justice to their righteous cause allow'd;
But baffled by an arbitrary crowd.
And medals grav'd their conquest to record,
The stamp and coin of their adopted lord.
The man who laugh'd but once, to see an ass
Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd thistles pass,
Might laugh again to see a jury chew
The prickles of unpalatable law.
The witnesses, that leech-like liv'd on blood,
Sucking for them was med'cinally good;
But, when they fasten'd on their fester'd sore,
Then justice and religion they forswore;
Their maiden oaths debauch'd into a whore.
Thus men are rais'd by factions, and decry'd;
And rogue and saint distinguish'd by their side.
They rack ev'n Scripture to confess their cause,
And plead a call to preach in spite of laws.
But that 's no news to the poor injur'd page,
It has been us'd as ill in every age;
And is constrain'd with patience all to take,
For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
Happy who can this talking-trumpet seize;
They make it speak whatever sense they please!
'Twas fram'd at first our oracle t' inquire;
But since our sects in prophecy grow higher,
The text inspires not them, but they the text inspire.
London, thou great emporium of our isle,
O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile!
How shall I praise or curse to thy desert?
Or separate thy sound from thy corrupted part?
I call'd thee Nile; the parallel will stand:
Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land;
Yet monsters from thy large increase we find,
Engender'd on the slime thou leav'st behind.
Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee,
Thy nobler parts are from infection free.
Of Israel's tribe thou hast a numerous band,
But still the Canaanite is in the land.
Thy military chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy disenchanted burghers few.
The head is loyal which thy heart commands,
But what 's a head with two such gouty hands?
The wise and wealthy love the surest way,
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But Wisdom is to Sloth too great a slave;
None are so busy as the fool and knave.
Those let me curse; what vengeance will they urge,
Whose ordures neither plague nor fire can purge?
Nor sharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry Heaven, nor a forgiving king!
In gospel-phrase their chapmen they betray;
Their shops are dens, the buyer is their prey.
The knack of trades is living on the spoil;
They boast ev'n when each other they beguile.
Customs to steal is such a trivial thing,
That 'tis their charter to defraud their king.
All hands unite of every jarring sect;
They cheat the country first, and then infect.
They for God's cause their monarchs dare dethrone,
And they 'll be sure to make his cause their own.
Whether the plotting jesuit lay'd the plan
Of murdering kings, or the French puritan,
Our sacrilegious sects their guides outgo,
And kings and kingly power would murder too.
What means that traitorous combination less,
Too plain t' evade, too shameful to confess.
But treason is not own'd when 'tis descry'd;
Successful crimes alone are justify'd.
The men who no conspiracy would find
Who doubts? but had it taken, they had join'd,
Join'd in a mutual covenant of defence;
At first without, at last against, their prince.
If sovereign right by sovereign power they scan,
The same bold maxim holds in God and man:
God were not safe, his thunder could they shun;
He should be forc'd to crown another son.
Thus, when the heir was from the vineyard thrown,
The rich possession was the murderer's own.
In vain to sophistry they have recourse:
By proving their's no plot, they prove 'tis worse;
Unmask'd rebellion, and audacious force;
Which, though not actual, yet all eyes may see
'Tis working in th' immediate power to be:

For from pretended grievances they rise,
First to dislike, and after to despise.
Then cyclop-like in human flesh to deal,
Chop up a minister at every meal:
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the king;
But clip his regal rights within the ring.
From thence t' assume the power of peace and war;
And ease him by degrees of public care.
Yet, to consult his dignity and fame,
He should have leave to exercise the name;
And hold the cards while commons play'd the game.
For what can power give more than food and drink,
To live at ease, and not be bound to think?
These are the cooler methods of their crime,
But their hot zealots think 'tis loss of time;
On utmost bounds of loyalty they stand,
And grin and whet like a Croatian band,
That waits impatient for the last command.
Thus outlaws open villany maintain,
They steal not, but in squadrons scour the plain:
And if their power the passengers subdue,
The most have right, the wrong is in the few.
Such impious axioms foolishly they show,
For in some soils republics will not grow:
Our temperate isle will no extremes sustain,
Of popular sway or arbitrary reign:
But slides between them both into the best,
Secure in freedom, in a monarch blest,
And though the climate, vex'd with various winds,
Works through our yielding bodies on our minds,
The wholesome tempest purges what it breeds,
To recommend the calmness that succeeds.
  But thou, the pander of the people's hearts,
O crooked soul, and serpentine in arts,
Whose blandishments a loyal land have whor'd,
And broke the bonds she plighted to her lord;
What curses on thy blasted name will fall!
Which age to age their legacy shall call;
For all must curse the woes that must descend to all.
Religion thou hast none: thy mercury
Has pass'd through every sect, or theirs through thee.
But what thou giv'st, that venom still remains,
And the pox'd nation feels thee in their brains.
What else inspires the tongues and swells the breasts
Of all thy bellowing renegado priests,
That preach up thee for God; dispense thy laws;
And with the stum ferment their fainting cause?
Fresh fumes of madness raise; and toil and sweat
To make the formidable cripple great.
Yet should thy crimes succeed, should lawless power
Compass those ends thy greedy hopes devour,
Thy canting friends thy mortal foes would be,
Thy God and theirs will never long agree;
For thine, if thou hast any, must be one
That lets the world and human-kind alone:
A jolly god, that passes hours too well
To promise Heaven, or threaten us with Hell:
That unconcern'd can at rebellion sit,
And wink at crimes he did himself commit.
A tyrant theirs; the Heaven their priesthood paints
A conventicle of gloomy sullen saints;
A Heaven like Bedlam, slovenly and sad,
Fore-doom'd for souls, with false religion, mad.
  Without a vision poets can foreshow
What all but fools by common sense may know:
If true succession from our isle should fail,
And crowds profane with impious arms prevail,
Not thou, nor those thy factious arts engage,
Shall reap that harvest of rebellious rage,
With which thou flatterest thy decrepit age.
The swelling poison of the several sects,
Which, wanting vent, the nation's health infects,
Shall burst its bag; and, fighting out their way,
The various venoms on each other prey.
The presbyter, puff'd up with spiritual pride,
Shall on the necks of the lewd nobles ride;
His brethren damn, the civil power defy,
And parcel out republic prelacy.
But short shall be his reign: his rigid yoke
And tyrant power will puny sects provoke;
And frogs and toads, and all the tadpole train,
Will croak to Heaven for help, from this devouring crane.
The cut-throat sword and clamorous gown shall jar,
In sharing their ill-gotten spoils of war:
Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they pretend;
Lords envy lords, and friends with every friend
About their impious merit shall contend,
The surly commons shall respect deny,
And justle peerage out with property.
Their general either shall his trust betray,
And force the crowd to arbitrary sway;
Or they, suspecting his ambitious aim,
In hate of kings shall cast anew the frame;
And thrust out Collatine that bore their name.
  Thus inborn broils the factions would engage,
Or wars of exil'd heirs, or foreign rage,
Till halting vengeance overtook our age:
And our wild labours wearied into rest,
Reclin'd us on a rightful monarch's breast.

..... Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

TARQUIN AND TULLIA.

In times when princes cancell'd Nature's law,
And declarations which themselves did draw;
When children us'd their parents to dethrone,
And gnaw their way, like vipers, to the crown;
Tarquin, a savage, proud, ambitious prince,
Prompt to expel, yet thoughtless of defence,
The envied sceptre did from Tullius snatch,
The Roman king, and father by the match.
To form his party, histories report,
A sanctuary was open'd in his court,
Where glad offenders safely might resort.
Great was the crowd, and wondrous the success,
For those were fruitful times of wickedness;
And all, that liv'd obnoxious to the laws,
Flock'd to prince Tarquin, and embrac'd his cause.
'Mongst these a pagan priest for refuge fled;
A prophet deep in godly faction read;
A sycophant, that knew the modish way
To cant and plot, to flatter and betray,
To whine and sin, to scribble and recant,
A shameless author, and a lustful saint.
To serve all times he could distinctions coin,
And with great ease flat contradictions join:
A traitor now, once loyal in extreme,
And then obedience was his only theme:
He sung in temples the most passive lays,
And wearied monarchs with repeated praise;
But mishag'd awkwardly that lawful part;
To vent foul lies and treason was his art,
And pointed libels at crown'd heads to dart.
This priest, and others learned to defame,
First murder injur'd Tullius in his name:

With blackest calumnies their sovereign load,
A poison'd brother, and dark league abroad;
A son unjustly topp'd upon the throne,
Which yet was prov'd undoubtedly his own;
Though, as the law was there, 'twas his behoof,
Who dispossess'd the heir, to bring the proof.
This hellish charge they back'd with dismal frights,
The loss of property and sacred rights,
And freedom, words which all false patriots use,
As surest names the Romans to abuse.
Jealous of kings, and always malecontent,
Forward in change, yet certain to repent.
Whilst thus the plotters needful fears create,
Tarquin with open force invades the state.
Lewd nobles join him with their feeble might,
And atheist fools for dear religion fight.
The priests their boasted principles disown,
And level their harangues against the throne.
Vain promises the people's minds allure,
Slight were their ills, but desperate the cure.
'Tis hard for kings to steer an equal course,
And they who banish one, oft gain a worse.
Those heavenly bodies we admire above,
Do every day irregularly move;
Yet Tullius, 'tis decreed, must lose the crown,
For faults, that were his council's, not his own.
He now in vain commands ev'n those he pay'd,
By darling troops deserted and betray'd,
By creatures which his generous warmth had made.
Of these a captain of the guards was worst,
Whose memory to this day stands accurst.
This rogue, advanc'd to military trust
By his own whoredom, and his sister's lust,
Forsook his master, after dreadful vows,
And plotted to betray him to his foes;
The kindest master to the vilest slave,
As free to give, as he was sure to crave.
His haughty female, who, as books declare,
Did always toss wide nostrils in the air,
Was to the younger Tullia governess,
And did attend her, when, in borrow'd dress,
She fled by night from Tullius in distress.
This wretch, by letters, did invite his foes,
And us'd all arts her father to depose;
A father, always generously bent,
So kind, that ev'n her wishes he'd prevent.
'Twas now high time for Tullius to retreat,
When ev'n his daughter hasten'd his defeat;
When faith and duty vanish'd, and no more
The name of father and of king he bore:
A king, whose right his foes could ne'er dispute;
So mild, that mercy was his attribute;
Affable, kind, and easy of access;
Swift to relieve, unwilling to oppress;
Rich without taxes, yet in payment just;
So honest, that he hardly could distrust;
His active soul from labours ne'er did cease,
Valiant in war, and vigilant in peace:
Studious with traffic to enrich the land;
Strong to protect, and skilful to command;
Liberal and splendid, yet without excess;
Prone to relieve, unwilling to distress;
In sum, how godlike must his nature be,
Whose only fault was too much piety!
This king remov'd, th' assembled states thought fit
That Tarquin in the vacant throne should sit;
Voted him regent in their senate-house,
And with an empty name endow'd his spouse,
The elder Tullia, who, some authors feign,
Drove o'er her father's corpse a rumbling wain:
But she more guilty numerous wains did drive
To crush her father and her king alive;
And in remembrance of his hasten'd fall,
Resolv'd to institute a weekly ball.
The jolly glutton grew in bulk and chin,
Feasted on rapine, and enjoy'd her sin;
With luxury she did weak reason force,
Debauch'd good-nature, and cram'd down remorse;
Yet when she drank cold tea in liberal sups,
The sobbing dame was maudling in her cups.
But brutal Tarquin never did relent,
Too hard to melt, too wicked to repent;
Cruel in deeds, more merciless in will,
And blest with natural delight in ill.
From a wise guardian he receiv'd his doom
To walk the 'change, and not to govern Rome.
He swore his native honours to disown,
And did by perjury ascend the throne.
Oh! had that oath his swelling pride represt,
Rome had been then with peace and plenty blest.
But Tarquin, guided by destructive Fate,
The country wasted, and embroil'd the state,
Transported to their foes the Roman pelf,
And by their ruin hop'd to save himself.
Innumerable woes oppress'd the land,
When it submitted to his curs'd command.
So just was Heaven, that 'twas hard to tell,
Whether its guilt or losses did excel.
Men that renounc'd their God for dearer trade,
Were then the guardians of religion made.
Rebels were sainted, foreigners did reign,
Outlaws return'd, preferment to obtain,
With frogs, and toads, and all their croaking train.
No native knew their features nor their birth,
They seem'd the greasy offspring of the earth.
The trade was sunk, the fleet and army spent;
Devouring taxes swallow'd lesser rent;
Taxes impos'd by no authority;
Each lewd collection was a robbery.
Bold self-creating men did statutes draw,
Skill'd to establish villany by law;
Fanatic drivers, whose unjust careers
Produc'd new ills exceeding former fears.
Yet authors here except, a faithful band,
Which the prevailing faction did withstand;
And some, who bravely stood in the defence
Of baffled justice and their exil'd prince.
These shine to after-times, each sacred name
Stands still recorded in the rolls of Fame.

SUUM CUIQUE.

When lawless men their neighbours dispossess,
The tenants they extirpate or oppress,
And make rude havoc in the fruitful soil,
Which the right owners plough'd with careful toil.
The same proportion does in kingdoms hold,
A new prince breaks the fences of the old!
And will o'er carcases and deserts reign,
Unless the land its rightful lord regain.
He gripes the faithless owners of the place,
And buys a foreign army to deface
The fear'd and hated remnant of their race.
He starves their forces, and obstructs their trade;
Vast sums are given and yet no native paid.
The church itself he labours to assail,
And keeps fit tools to break the sacred pale.

Of those let him the guilty roll commence,
Who has betray'd a master and a prince;
A man, seditious, lewd, and impudent;
An engine always mischievously bent;
One who from all the bands of duty swerves;
No tie can hold but that which he deserves;
An author dwindled to a pamphleteer;
Skilful to forge, and always insincere;
Careless exploded practices to mend;
Bold to attack, yet feeble to defend.
Fate's blindfold reign the atheist loudly owns,
And Providence blasphemously dethrones.
In vain the leering actor strains his tongue
To cheat, with tears and empty noise, the throng,
Since all men know, whate'er he says or writes,
Revenge or stronger interest indites,
And that the wretch employs his venal wit
How to confute what formerly he writ.
Next him the grave Socinian claims a place,
Endow'd with reason, though bereft of grace;
A preaching pagan of surpassing fame:
No register records his borrow'd name.
Oh, had the child more happily been bred,
A radiant mitre would have grac'd his head:
But now unfit, the most he should expect,
Is to be enter'd of T—— F——'s sect.
To him succeeds, with looks demurely sad,
A gloomy soul, with revelation mad;
False to his friend, and careless of his word;
A dreaming prophet, and a griping lord;
He sells the livings which he can't possess,
And farms that sinecure his diocese.
Unthinking man! to quit thy barren see,
And vain endeavours in chronology,
For the more fruitless care of royal charity.
Thy hoary noddle warns thee to return,
The treason of old age in Wales to mourn;
Nor think the city-poor may loss sustain,
Thy place may well be vacant in this reign.
I should admit the booted prelate now,
But he is even for lampoon too low:
The scum and outcast of a royal race;
The nation's grievance, and the gown's disgrace.
None so unlearn'd did ere at London sit;
This driveler does the sacred chair besh—t.
I need not brand the spiritual parricide,
Nor draw the weapon dangling by his side:
Th' astonish'd world remembers that offence,
And knows he stole the daughter of his prince.
'Tis time enough, in some succeeding age,
To bring this mitred captain on the stage.
These are the leaders in apostacy,
The wild reformers of the liturgy,
And the blind guides of poor elective majesty;
A thing which commonwealth's-men did devise,
Till plots were ripe, to catch the people's eyes.
Their king 's a monster, in a quagmire born,
Of all the native brutes the grief and scorn;
With a big snout, cast in a crooked mould,
Which runs with glanders and an inborn cold.
His substance is of clammy snot and phlegm;
Sleep is his essence, and his life a dream.
To Capreæ this Tiberius does retire,
To quench with catamite his feeble fire.
Dear catamite! who rules alone the state,
While monarch dozes on his unpropt height,
Silent, yet thoughtless, and secure of fate.
Could you but see the fulsome hero led
By loathing vassals to his noble bed!
In flannen robes the coughing ghost does walk,
And his mouth moats like cleaner breech of hawk.
Corruption, springing from his canker'd breast,
Furs up the channel, and disturbs his rest.
With head propt up the bolster'd engine lies;
If pillow slip aside, the monarch dies.

RELIGIO LAICI:

OR,

A LAYMAN'S FAITH.

AN EPISTLE.

THE PREFACE.

A POEM with so bold a title, and a name prefixed from which the handling of so serious a subject would not be expected, may reasonably oblige the author to say somewhat in defence, both of himself and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me, that, being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myself with speculations, which belong to the profession of divinity; I could answer, that perhaps laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the most incompetent judges of sacred things; but, in the due sense of my own weakness and want of learning, I plead not this: I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own. I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark, but wait on it, with the reverence that becomes me, at a distance. In the next place I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have used in this small treatise, were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the church of England; so that the weapons with which I combat irreligion, are already consecrated; though I suppose they may be taken down as lawfully as the sword of Goliah was by David, when they are to be employed for the common cause against the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to entitle them to any of my errours, which yet I hope are only those of charity to mankind; and such as my own charity has caused me to commit, that of others may more easily excuse. Being naturally inclined to scepticism in philosophy, I have no reason to impose my opinions in a subject which is above it; but, whatever they are, I submit them with all reverence to my mother church, accounting them no further mine, than as they are authorised, or at least uncondemned, by her. And, indeed, to secure myself on this side, I have used the necessary precaution of showing this paper before it was published to a judicious and learned friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the service of the church and state; and whose writings have highly deserved of both. He was pleased to approve the body of the discourse, and I hope he is more my friend than to do it out of complaisance: it is true he had too good a taste to like it all; and amongst some other faults recommended to my second view, what I have written perhaps too boldly on St. Athanasius, which he advised me wholly to omit. I am sensible enough that I had done more prudently to have followed his opinion: but then I could not

have satisfied myself that I had done honestly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought, that heathens who never did, nor without miracle could, hear of the name of Christ, were yet in a possibility of salvation. Neither will it enter easily into my belief, that before the coming of our Saviour, the whole world, excepting only the Jewish nation, should lie under the inevitable necessity of everlasting punishment, for want of that revelation, which was confined to so small a spot of ground as that of Palestine. Among the sons of Noah we read of one only who was accursed; and if a blessing in the ripeness of time was reserved for Japhet, (of whose progeny we are) it seems unaccountable to me, why so many generations of the same offspring, as preceded our Saviour in the flesh, should be all involved in one common condemnation, and yet that their posterity should be entitled to the hopes of salvation: as if a bill of exclusion had passed only on the fathers, which debarred not the sons from their succession. Or that so many ages had been delivered over to Hell, and so many reserved for Heaven, and that the Devil had the first choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think, that the revealed religion which was taught by Noah to all his sons, might continue for some ages in the whole posterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Sem, is manifest; but when the progenies of Cham and Japhet swarmed into colonies, and those colonies were subdivided into many others: in process of time their descendants lost by little and little the primitive and purer rites of divine worship, retaining only the notion of one deity; to which succeeding generations added others: for men took their degrees in those ages from conquerors to gods. Revelation being thus eclipsed to almost all mankind, the light of nature as the next in dignity was substituted; and that is it which St. Paul concludes to be the rule of the heathens, and by which they are hereafter to be judged. If my supposition be true, then the consequence which I have assumed in my poem may be also true; namely, that deism, or the principles of natural worship, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of revealed religion in the posterity of Noah: and that our modern philosophers, nay and some of our philosophising divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our souls, when they have maintained, that, by their force, mankind has been able to find out that there is one supreme agent or intellectual being, which we call God: that praise and prayer are his due worship; and the rest of those deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of revelation, and unattainable by our discourse, I mean as simply considered, and without the benefit of divine illumination. So that we have not lifted up ourselves to God, by the weak pinions of our reason, but he has been pleased to descend to us; and what Socrates said of him, what Plato writ, and the rest of the heathen philosophers of several nations, is all no more than the twilight of revelation, after the sun of it was set in the race of Noah. That there is something above us, some principle of motion, our reason can apprehend, though it cannot discover what it is by its own virtue. And indeed it is very improbable, that we, who by the strength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any being, not so much as of our own, should be able to find out by them, that supreme nature, which we cannot otherwise define than by saying it is infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a subject for our narrow understanding. They who would prove religion by reason, do but weaken the cause which they endeavour to support: it is to take away the pillars from our faith, and to prop it only with a twig; it is to design a tower like that of Babel, which if it were possible, as it is not, to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confusion of the workmen. For every man is building a several way; impotently conceited of his own model and his own materials: reason is always striving, and always at a loss; and of necessity it must so come to pass, while it is exercised about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at last to know God by his own methods; at least, so much of him as he is pleased to reveal to us in the sacred scriptures: to apprehend them to be the word of God, is all our reason has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the seal of heaven impressed upon our human understanding.

Pascal

And now for what concerns the holy bishop Athanasius, the preface of whose creed seems inconsistent with my opinion; which is, that heathens may possibly be saved: in the first place I desire it may be considered that it is the preface only, not the creed itself, which, till I am better informed, is of too hard a digestion for my charity. It is not that I am ignorant how many several texts of scripture seemingly support that cause; but neither am I ignorant how all those texts may receive a kinder and more mollified interpretation. Every man who is read in church history, knows that belief was drawn up after a long contestation with Arius, concerning the divinity of our blessed Saviour, and his being one substance with the father; and that thus compiled it was sent abroad among the christian churches, as a kind of test, which whosoever took was looked upon as an orthodox believer. It is manifest from hence, that the heathen part of the empire was not concerned in it; for its business was not to distinguish betwixt pagans and Christians, but betwixt heretics and true believers. This, well considered, takes off the heavy weight of censure, which I would willingly avoid from so venerable a man; for if this proposition, "whosoever will be saved," be restrained only to those to whom it was intended, and for whom it was composed, I mean the Christians; then the anathema reaches not the heathens, who had never heard of Christ, and were nothing interested in that dispute. After all, I am far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the creed, and as far from cavilling at the continuation of it in the liturgy of the church, where on the days appointed it is publicly read: for I suppose there is the same reason for it now, in opposition to the Socinians, as there was then against the Arians; the one being a heresy, which seems to have been refined out of the other; and with how much more plausibility of reason it combats our religion, with so much more caution it ought to be avoided: therefore the prudence of our church is to be commended, which has interposed her authority for the recommendation of this creed. Yet to such as are grounded in the true belief, those explanatory creeds, the Nicene and this of Athanasius, might perhaps be spared; for what is supernatural, will always be a mystery in spite of exposition; and

for my own part, the plain apostles' creed is most suitable to my weak understanding, as the simplest diet is the most easy of digestion.

I have dwelt longer on this subject than I intended, and longer than perhaps I ought; for having laid down, as my foundation, that the scripture is a rule; that in all things needful to salvation it is clear, sufficient, and ordained by God Almighty for that purpose, I have left myself no right to interpret obscure places, such as concern the possibility of eternal happiness to heathens: because whatsoever is obscure is concluded not necessary to be known.

But, by asserting the scripture to be the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created to myself two sorts of enemies: the papists indeed, more directly, because they have kept the scripture from us what they could; and have reserved to themselves a right of interpreting what they have delivered, under the pretence of infallibility: and the fanatics more collaterally, because they have assumed what amounts to an infallibility, in the private spirit: and have detorted those texts of scripture which are not necessary to salvation, to the damnable uses of sedition, disturbance and destruction of the civil government. To begin with the papists, and to speak freely, I think them the less dangerous, at least in appearance, to our present state; for not only the penal laws are in force against them, and their number is contemptible; but also their peers and commons are excluded from parliament, and consequently those laws in no probability of being repealed. A general and uninterrupted plot of their clergy, ever since the reformation, I suppose all protestants believe; for it is not reasonable to think but that so many of their orders, as were outed from their fat possessions, would endeavour a re-entrance against those whom they account heretics. As for the late design, Mr. Coleman's letters, for aught I know, are the best evidence; and what they discover, without wire-drawing their sense, or malicious glosses, all men of reason conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this required of me, I must believe it as well as I am able, in spite of the witnesses, and out of a decent conformity to the votes of parliament; for I suppose the fanatics will not allow the private spirit in this case. Here the infallibility is at least in one part of the government; and our understandings as well as our wills are represented. But to return to the Roman catholics, how can we be secure from the practice of jesuited papists in that religion? For not two or three of that order, as some of them would impose upon us, but almost the whole body of them are of opinion, that their infallible master has a right over kings, not only in spirituals but temporals. Not to name Mariana, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santare, Simancha, and at least twenty others of foreign countries; we can produce of our own nation, Campian, and Doleman or Parsons, besides many are named whom I have not read, who all of them attest this doctrine, that the pope can depose and give away the right of any sovereign prince, si vel paulum de flexeret, if he shall never so little warp: but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the bond of obedience is taken off from subjects; and they may and ought to drive him like another Nebuchadnezzar, ex hominum christianorum dominatu, from exercising dominion over christians; and to this they are bound by virtue of divine precept and by all the ties of conscience, under no less penalty than damnation. If they answer me, as a learned priest has lately written, that this doctrine of the Jesuits is not de fide; and that consequently they are not obliged by it, they must pardon me, if I think they have said nothing to the purpose; for it is a maxim in their church, where points of faith are not decided, and that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they please; but more safely the most received and most authorized. And their champion Bellarmine has told the world, in his apology, that the king of England is a vassal to the pope, ratione directi domini, and that he holds in villanage of his Roman landlord. Which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his authentic witnesses, that king John was deposed by the same plea, and Philip Augustus admitted tenant. And, which makes the more for Bellarmine, the French king was again ejected when our king submitted to the church, and the crown was received under the sordid condition of a vassalage.

It is not sufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning papists, of which I doubt not there are many, to produce the evidences of their loyalty to the late king, and to declare their innocency in this plot: I will grant their behaviour in the first, to have been as loyal and as brave as they desire; and will be willing to hold them excused as to the second, I mean when it comes to my turn, and after my betters; for it is a madness to be sober alone, while the nation continues drunk: but that saying of their father Cres. is still running in my head, that they may be dispensed with in their obedience to an heretic prince, while the necessity of the times shall oblige them to it: for that, as another of them tells us, is only the effect of Christian prudence; but when once they shall get power to shake him off, an heretic is no lawful king, and consequently to rise against him is no rebellion. I should be glad, therefore, that they would follow the advice which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our church; namely, that they would join in a public act of disowning and detesting those Jesuitic principles; and subscribe to all doctrines which deny the pope's authority of deposing kings, and releasing subjects from their oath of allegiance: to which I should think they might easily be induced, if it be true that this present pope has condemned the doctrine of king-killing, a thesis of the Jesuits maintained, amongst others, ex cathedra, as they call it, or in open consistory.

Leaving them therefore in so fair a way, if they please themselves, of satisfying all reasonable men of their sincerity and good meaning to the government, I shall make bold to consider that other extreme in our religion, I mean the fanatics, or schismatics of the English church. Since the Bible has been translated into our tongue, they have used it so, as if their business was not to be saved, but to be damned by its contents. If we consider only them, better had it been for the English nation, that it had still remained in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latin of St. Jerome, than that several texts in it should have been prevaricated to the destruction of that government, which put it into so ungrateful hands.

How many heresies the first translation of Tindal

produced in few years, let my lord Herbert's history of Henry the Eighth inform you; insomuch, that for the gross errours in it, and the great mischiefs it occasioned, a sentence passed on the first edition of the Bible, too shameful almost to be repeated. After the short reign of Edward the Sixth, who had continued to carry on the reformation on other principles than it was begun, every one knows, that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whose consciences would not dispense with popery, were forced, for fear of persecution, to change climates: from whence returning at the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid opinions and imperious discipline of Calvin, to graft upon our reformation. Which, though they cunningly concealed at first, as well knowing how nauseously that drug would go down in a lawful monarchy, which was prescribed for a rebellious commonwealth, yet they always kept it in reserve; and were never wanting to themselves either in court or parliament, when either they had any prospect of a numerous party of fanatic members of the one, or the encouragement of any favourite in the other, whose covetousness was gaping at the patrimony of the church. They who will consult the works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his life, or more particularly the letter written to him on this subject, by George Cranmer, may see by what gradations they proceeded: from the dislike of cap and surplice, the very next step was admonitions to the parliament against the whole government ecclesiastical: then came out volumes in English and Latin in defence of their tenets: and immediately practices were set on foot to erect their discipline without authority. Those not succeeding, satire and railing was the next: and Martin Mar-prelate, the Marvel of those times, was the first presbyterian scribbler, who sanctified libels and scurrility to the use of the good old cause. Which was done, says my author, upon this account; that, their serious treatises having been fully answered and refuted, they might compass by railing what they had lost by reasoning; and, when their cause was sunk in court and parliament, they might at least hedge in a stake amongst the rabble: for to their ignorance all things are wit which are abusive; but if church and state were made the theme, then the doctoral degree of wit was to be taken at Billingsgate: even the most saintlike of the party, though they durst not excuse this contempt and vilifying of the government, yet were pleased, and grinned at it with a pious smile; and called it a judgment of God against the hierarchy. Thus sectaries, we may see, were born with teeth, foulmouthed and scurrilous from their infancy: and if spiritual pride, venom, violence, contempt of superiors, and slander, had been the marks of orthodox belief; the presbytery and the rest of our schismatics, which are their spawn, were always the most visible church in the Christian world.

It is true, the government was too strong at that time for a rebellion; but to show what proficiency they had made in Calvin's school, even then their mouths watered at it: for two of their gifted brotherhood, Hacket and Coppinger, as the story tells us, got up into a pease-cart and harangued the people, to dispose them to an insurrection, and to establish their discipline by force: so that however it comes about, that now they celebrate queen Elizabeth's birth-night, as that of their saint and patroness; yet then they were for doing the work of the Lord by arms against her: and in all probability they wanted but a fanatic lord mayor and two sheriffs of their party, to have compassed it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many admonitions which he had given them, towards the end of his preface, breaks out into this prophetic speech. "There is in every one of these considerations most just cause to fear, lest our hastiness to embrace a thing of so perilous consequence (meaning the presbyterian discipline) should cause posterity to feel those evils, which as yet are more easy for us to prevent, than they would be for them to remedy."

How fatally this Cassandra has foretold, we know too well by sad experience: the seeds were sown in the time of queen Elizabeth, the bloody harvest ripened in the reign of king Charles the Martyr: and because all the sheaves could not be carried off without shedding some of the loose grains, another crop is too like to follow; nay, I fear it is unavoidable if the conventiclers be permitted still to scatter.

A man may be suffered to quote an adversary to our religion, when he speaks truth: and it is the observation of Maimbourg, in his history of Calvinism, that wherever that discipline was planted and embraced, rebellion, civil war, and misery, attended it. And how indeed should it happen otherwise? Reformation of church and state has always been the ground of our divisions in England. While we were papists, our holy father rid us, by pretending authority out of the scriptures to depose princes; when we shook off his authority, the sectaries furnished themselves with the same weapons; and out of the same magazine, the Bible: so that the scriptures, which are in themselves the greatest security of governors, as commanding express obedience to them, are now turned to their destruction; and never, since the Reformation, has there wanted a text of their interpreting to authorize a rebel. And it is to be noted by the way, that the doctrines of king-killing and deposing, which have been taken up only by the worst party of the papists, the most frontless flatterers of the pope's authority, have been espoused, defended, are still maintained by the whole body of non-conformists and republicans. It is but dubbing themselves the people of God, which it is the interest of their preachers to tell them they are, and their own interest to believe; and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one text or another will turn up for their purpose; if they are under persecution, as they call it, then that is a mark of their election; if they flourish, then God works miracles for their deliverance, and the saints are to possess the earth.

They may think themselves to be too roughly handled in this paper; but I, who know best how far I could have gone on this subject, must be bold to tell them they are spared: though at the same time I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildness of a writer to them, as they do the mercy of the government; in the one they think it fear, and conclude it weakness in the other. The best way for them to confute me is, as I before advised the papists, to disclaim their principles and re-

nounce their practices. We shall all be glad to think them true Englishmen when they obey the king, and true protestants when they conform to the church-discipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader, that these verses were written for an ingenious young gentleman, my friend, upon his translation of the critical history of the Old Testament, composed by the learned father Simon; the verses therefore are addressed to the translator of that work, and the style of them is, what it ought to be, epistolary.

If any one be so lamentable a critic as to require the smoothness, the numbers, and the turn of heroic poetry in this poem; I must tell him, that if he has not read Horace, I have studied him, and hope the style of his epistles is not ill imitated here. The expressions of a poem designed purely for instruction, ought to be plain and natural, and yet majestic: for here the poet is presumed to be a kind of lawgiver; and those three qualities which I have named, are proper to the legislative style. The florid, elevated, and figurative way is for the passions; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the soul, by showing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life, or less: but instruction is to be given by showing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into passion, but to be reasoned into truth.

RELIGIO LAICI.

AN EPISTLE.

Dim as the borrow'd beams of Moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is reason to the soul: and as on high,
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
From cause to cause, to Nature's secret head;
And found, that one first principle must be:
But what, or who, that universal He;
Whether some soul encompassing this ball
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving all;
Or various atoms, interfering dance,
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;
Or this great all was from eternity;
Not ev'n the Stagirite himself could see;
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he;
As blindly grop'd they for a future state;
As rashly judg'd of providence and fate:
But least of all could their endeavours find
What most concern'd the good of human kind:
For happiness was never to be found;
But vanish'd from them like enchanted ground.
One thought content the good to be enjoy'd;
This every little accident destroy'd:
The wiser madmen did for virtue toil:
A thorny, or at best a barren soil:
In pleasure some their glutton souls would steep;
But found their line too short, the well too deep;
And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the soul:
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end:
How can the less the greater comprehend?
Or finite reason reach Infinity?
For what could fathom God were more than He.
The deist thinks he stands on firmer ground;
Cries ευρηκα, the mighty secret 's found:
God is that spring of good; supreme, and best;
We made to serve, and in that service blest.
If so, some rules of worship must be given,
Distributed alike to all by Heaven:
Else God were partial, and to some deny'd
The means his justice should for all provide.
This general worship is to praise and pray:
One part to borrow blessings, one to pay:
And when frail Nature slides into offence,
The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
Yet, since the effects of providence, we find,
Are variously dispens'd to human kind;
That Vice triumphs, and Virtue suffers here,
A brand that sovereign justice cannot bear;
Our reason prompts us to a future state:
The last appeal from fortune and from fate:
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd;
The bad meet punishment, the good reward.
Thus man by his own strength to Heaven would soar:
And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
Vain wretched creature, how art thou misled
To think thy wit these god-like notions bred!
These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropt from Heaven, and of a nobler kind.
Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
And reason saw not till faith sprung the light.
Hence all thy natural worship takes the source:
'Tis revelation what thou think'st discourse.
Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,
Which so obscure to heathens did appear?
Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found:
Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.
Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?
Canst thou by reason more of godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
Those giant wits in happier ages born,
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
Knew no such system: no such piles could raise
Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise
To one sole God.
Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe:
But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence;
And cruelty and blood was penitence.
If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin!
And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath beguile,
By offering his own creatures for a spoil!
Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
And must the terms of peace be given by thee?
Then thou art Justice in the last appeal;
Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel:
And, like a king remote and weak, must take
What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
But if there be a power too just and strong,
To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong;
Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose:
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not Eternal Wisdom found the way:

And with celestial wealth supply'd thy store:
His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.
See God descending in thy human frame;
Th' offended suffering in th' offender's name:
All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee.
For, granting we have sinn'd, and that th' offence
Of man is made against Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion must be paid;
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the deist lost: remorse for vice,
Not paid; or, paid, inadequate in price:
What farther means can reason now direct,
Or what relief from human wit expect?
That shows us sick; and sadly are we sure
Still to be sick, till Heaven reveal the cure:
If then Heaven's will must needs be understood,
Which must, if we want cure, and Heaven be good,
Let all records of will reveal'd be shown;
With scripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one sacred book will be that one.
Proof needs not here; for whether we compare
That impious, idle, superstitious ware
Of rites, lustrations, offerings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
With Christian faith and virtues, we shall find
None answering the great ends of human kind
But this one rule of life, that shows us best
How God may be appeas'd, and mortals blest.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The word is scarce more ancient than the law:
Heaven's early care prescrib'd for every age;
First, in the soul, and after, in the page.
Or, whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written book,
Whence, but from Heaven, could men unskill'd in arts,
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.
If on the book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the story true:
The doctrine, miracles; which must convince,
For Heaven in them appeals to human sense:
And though they prove not, they confirm the cause,
When what is taught agrees with Nature's laws.
Then for the style, majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in every line:
Commanding words; whose force is still the same
As the first fiat that produc'd our frame.
All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend;
Or sense indulg'd has made mankind their friend:
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose:
Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows;
Cross to our interests, curbing sense and sin;
Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives through pain; it's own tormentors tires;
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
To what can reason such effects assign
Transcending nature, but to laws divine;
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd?
But stay: the deist here will urge anew,
No supernatural worship can be true:
Because a general law is that alone
Which must to all, and every where, be known;
A style so large as not this book can claim,
Nor ought that bears reveal'd religion's name.
'Tis said the sound of a Messiah's birth
Is gone through all the habitable Earth:
But still that text must be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited and known:
And what provision could from thence accrue
To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new?
In other parts it helps, that, ages past,
The scriptures there were known, and were embrac'd,
Till sin spread once again the shades of night:
What 's that to these, who never saw the light?
Of all objections this indeed is chief
To startle reason, stagger frail belief:
We grant, 'tis true, that Heaven from human sense
Has hid the secret paths of providence:
But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may
Find ev'n for those bewilder'd souls, a way:
If from his nature foes may pity claim,
Much more may strangers who ne'er heard his name.
And though no name be for salvation known,
But that of his eternal Son's alone;
Who knows how far transcending goodness can
Extend the merits of that Son to man?
Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead;
Or ignorance invincible may plead?
Not only charity bids hope the best,
But more the great apostle has exprest:
"That if the Gentiles, whom no law inspir'd;
By nature did what was by law requir'd;
They, who the written rule had never known,
Were to themselves both rule and law alone:
To nature's plain indictment they shall plead;
And by their conscience be condemn'd or freed."
Most righteous doom! because a rule reveal'd
Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd.
Then those who follow'd reason's dictates right;
Liv'd up, and lifted high their natural light;
With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
While thousand rubric-martyrs want a place.
Nor does it baulk my charity, to find
Th' Egyptian bishop of another mind:
For though his creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains
All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd;
Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to say
This faith, where publish'd, was the only way;
Or else conclude, that, Arius to confute,
The good old man, too eager in dispute,
Flew high; and as his Christian fury rose,
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.
Thus far my charity this path has try'd;
A much unskilful, but well-meaning guide:
Yet what they are, ev'n these crude thoughts were [bred.
By reading that which better thou hast read.
Thy matchless author's work: which thou, my friend,
By well translating better dost commend:
Those youthful hours which, of thy equals most
In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost,
Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd;
And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.
Witness this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by thy author, in the sifting care
Of rabbins old sophisticated ware
From gold divine; which he who well can sort
May afterwards make algebra a sport.
A treasure, which if country-curates buy,
They Junius and Tremellius may defy:
Save pains in various readings, and translations;
And without Hebrew make most learn'd quotations.

Love Reason then; and let whate'er you write
Borrow from her its beauty, force, and light.
Most writers, mounted on a resty Muse,
Extravagant and senseless objects choose;
They think they err, if in their verse they fall
On any thought that 's plain or natural:
Fly this excess; and let Italians be
Vain authors of false glittering poetry.
All ought to aim at sense; but most in vain
Strive the hard pass and slippery path to gain:
You drown, if to the right or left you stray;
Reason to go has often but one way.
Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
Pursues its object till it 's over-wrought:
If he describes a house, he shows the face,
And after walks you round from place to place;
Here is a vista, there the doors unfold,
Balconies here are ballustred with gold;
Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls,
"The festoons, friezes, and the astragals:"
Tir'd with his tedious pomp, away I run,
And skip o'er twenty pages to be gone.
Of such descriptions the vain folly see,
And shun their barren superfluity.
All that is needless carefully avoid;
The mind once satisfy'd is quickly cloy'd:
He cannot write who knows not to give o'er;
To mend one fault, he makes a hundred more:
A verse was weak; you turn it, much too strong,
And grow obscure for fear you should be long.
Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry;
Not to be low, another soars too high.
Would you of every one deserve the praise?
In writing, vary your discourse and phrase;
A frozen style, that neither ebbs nor flows,
Instead of pleasing, makes us gape and doze.
Those tedious authors are esteem'd by none
Who tire us, humming the same heavy tone.
Happy who in his verse can gently steer,
From grave to light; from pleasant to severe;
His works will be admir'd wherever found,
And oft with buyers will be compass'd round.
In all you write, be neither low nor vile:
The meanest theme may have a proper style.
The dull burlesque appear'd with impudence,
And pleas'd by novelty in spite of sense.
All, except trivial points, grew out of date;
Parnassus spoke the cant of Billingsgate:
Boundless and mad, disorder'd rhyme was seen:
Disguis'd Apollo chang'd to Harlequin.
This plague, which first in country towns began,
Cities and kingdoms quickly over-ran:
The dullest scribblers some admirers found,
And the Mock Tempest was a while renown'd:
But this low stuff the town at last despis'd,
And scorn'd the folly that they once had priz'd;
Distinguish'd dull from natural and plain,
And left the villages to Fleckno's reign.
Let not so mean a style your Muse debase;
But learn from Butler the buffooning grace:
And let burlesque in ballads be employ'd;
Yet noisy bombast carefully avoid,
Nor think to raise, though on Pharsalia's plain,
"Millions of mourning mountains of the slain:"
Nor with Dubartas bridle up the floods,
And perriwig with wool the baldpate woods.
Choose a just style; be grave without constraint,
Great without pride, and lovely without paint:
Write what your reader may be pleas'd to hear;
And for the measure have a careful ear.
On easy numbers fix your happy choice:
Of jarring sounds avoid the odious noise:
The fullest verse, and the most labour'd sense,
Displease us, if the ear once take offence.
Our ancient verse, as homely as the times,
Was rude, unmeasur'd, only tagg'd with rhymes;
Number and cadence that have since been shown,
To those unpolish'd writers were unknown.
Fairfax was he, who, in that darker age,
By his just rules restrain'd poetic rage;
Spenser did next in pastorals excel,
And taught the nobler art of writing well:
To stricter rules the stanza did restrain,
And found for poetry a richer vein.
Then Davenant came; who, with a new found art,
Chang'd all, spoil'd all, and had his way apart;
His haughty Muse all others did despise,
And thought in triumph to bear off the prize,
Till the sharp-sighted critics of the times
In their Mock Gondibert expos'd his rhymes;
The laurels he pretended did refuse,
And dash'd the hopes of his aspiring Muse.
This headstrong writer, falling from on high,
Made following authors take less liberty.
Waller came last, but was the first whose art,
Just weight and measure did to verse impart;
That of a well-plac'd word could teach the force,
And show'd for poetry a nobler course:
His happy genius did our tongue refine,
And easy words with pleasing numbers join:
His verses to good method did apply,
And chang'd hard discord to soft harmony.
All own'd his laws; which, long approv'd and try'd,
To present authors now may be a guide.
Tread boldly in his steps, secure from fear,
And be, like him, in your expressions clear.
If in your verse you drag, and sense delay,
My patience tires, my fancy goes astray;
And from your vain discourse I turn my mind,
Nor search an author troublesome to find.
There is a kind of writer, pleas'd with sound,
Whose fustian head with clouds is compass'd round,
No reason can disperse them with its light:
Learn then to think ere you pretend to write.
As your idea 's clear, or else obscure,
Th' expression follows perfect or impure:
What we conceive with ease we can express;
Words to the notions flow with readiness.
Observe the language well in all you write,
And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.
The smoothest verse and the exactest sense
Displease us, if ill English give offence:
A barbarous phrase no reader can approve;
Nor bombast, noise, or affectation love.
In short, without pure language, what you write
Can never yield us profit or delight.
Take time for thinking; never work in haste;
And value not yourself for writing fast.
A rapid poem, with such fury writ,
Shows want of judgment, not abounding wit.
More pleas'd we are to see a river lead
His gentle streams along a flowery mead,
Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,
With foamy waters on a muddy shore.
Gently make haste, of labour not afraid:
A hundred times consider what you 've said:
Polish, repolish, every colour lay,
And sometimes add, but oftener take away.
'Tis not enough when swarming faults are writ,
That here and there are scatter'd sparks of wit;

Each object must be fix'd in the due place,
And differing parts have corresponding grace:
Till, by a curious art dispos'd, we find
One perfect whole, of all the pieces join'd.
Keep to your subject close in all you say;
Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray.
The public censure for your writings fear,
And to yourself be critic most severe.
Fantastic wits their darling follies love;
But find you faithful friends, that will approve,
That on your works may look with careful eyes,
And of your faults be zealous enemies:
Lay by an author's pride and vanity,
And from a friend a flatterer descry,
Who seems to like, but means not what he says:
Embrace true counsel, but suspect false praise.
A sycophant will every thing admire:
Each verse, each sentence, sets his soul on fire:
All is divine! there 's not a word amiss!
He shakes with joy, and weeps with tenderness,
He overpowers you with his mighty praise.
Truth never moves in those impetuous ways;
A faithful friend is careful of your fame,
And freely will your heedless errours blame;
He cannot pardon a neglected line,
But verse to rule and order will confine.
Reprove of words the too-affected sound;
Here the sense flags, and your expression 's round,
Your fancy tires, and your discourse grows vain,
Your terms improper, make them just and plain.
Thus 'tis a faithful friend will freedom use;
But authors, partial to their darling Muse,
Think to protect it they have just pretence,
And at your friendly counsel take offence.
Said you of this, that the expression 's flat?
Your servant, sir, you must excuse me that,
He answers you. This word has here no grace,
Pray leave it out: that, sir, 's the properest place.
This turn I like not: 'tis approv'd by all.
Thus, resolute not from one fault to fall,
If there 's a syllable of which you doubt,
'Tis a sure reason not to blot it out.
Yet still he says you may his faults confute,
And over him your power is absolute:
But of his feign'd humility take heed;
'Tis a bait laid to make you hear him read.
And when he leaves you happy in his Muse,
Restless he runs some other to abuse,
And often finds; for in our scribbling times
No fool can want a sot to praise his rhymes;
The flattest work has ever in the court
Met with some zealous ass for its support:
And in all times a forward scribbling fop
Has found some greater fool to cry him up.

CANTO II.

PASTORAL.

As a fair nymph, when rising from her bed,
With sparkling diamonds dresses not her head,
But, without gold or pearl, or costly scents,
Gathers from neighbouring fields her ornaments:
Such, lovely in its dress, but plain withal,
Ought to appear a perfect Pastoral:
Its humble method nothing has of fierce,
But hates the rattling of a lofty verse:
There native beauty pleases, and excites,
And never with harsh sounds the ear affrights.
But in this style a poet often spent,
In rage throws by his rural instrument,
And vainly, when disorder'd thoughts abound,
Amidst the Eclogue makes the trumpet sound:
Pan flies alarm'd into the neighbouring woods,
And frighted nymphs dive down into the floods.
Oppos'd to this, another, low in style,
Makes shepherds speak a language base and vile:
His writings, flat and heavy, without sound,
Kissing the earth, and creeping on the ground;
You'd swear that Randal, in his rustic strains,
Again was quavering to the country swains,
And changing, without care of sound or dress,
Strephon and Phyllis, into Tom and Bess.
'Twixt these extremes 'tis hard to keep the right;
For guides take Virgil, and read Theocrite:
Be their just writing, by the gods inspir'd,
Your constant pattern practis'd and admir'd.
By them alone you 'll easily comprehend
How poets, without shame, may condescend
To sing of gardens, fields, of flowers, and fruit,
To stir up shepherds, and to tune the flute;
Of love's rewards to tell the happy hour,
Daphne a tree, Narcissus made a flower,
And by what means the Eclogue yet has power
To make the woods worthy a conqueror:
This of their writings is the grace and flight;
Their risings lofty, yet not out of sight.

ELEGY.

The Elegy, that loves a mournful style,
With unbound hair weeps at a funeral pile;
It paints the lover's torments and delights,
A mistress flatters, threatens, and invites:
But well these raptures if you 'll make us see,
You must know love as well as poetry.
I hate those lukewarm authors, whose forc'd fire
In a cold style describes a hot desire,
That sigh by rule, and, raging in cold blood,
Their sluggish Muse whip to an amorous mood:
Their transports feign'd appear but flat and vain;
They always sigh, and always hug their chain,
Adore their prison, and their sufferings bless,
Make sense and reason quarrel as they please.
'Twas not of old in this affected tone,
That smooth Tibullus made his amorous moan;
Nor Ovid, when, instructed from above,
By Nature's rules he taught the art of love.
The heart in elegies forms the discourse.

ODE.

The Ode is bolder, and has greater force.
Mounting to Heaven in her ambitious flight,
Amongst the gods and heroes takes delight;
Of Pisa's wrestlers tells the sinewy force,
And sings the dusty conqueror's glorious course:
To Simo's streams does fierce Achilles bring,
And makes the Ganges bow to Britain's king.
Sometimes she flies like an industrious bee,
And robs the flowers by Nature's chymistry,
Describes the shepherd's dances, feasts, and bliss,
And boasts from Phyllis to surprise a kiss,
When gently she resists with feign'd remorse,
That what she grants may seem to be by force:
Her generous style at random oft will part,
And by a brave disorder shows her art.
Unlike those fearful poets, whose cold rhyme
In all their raptures keeps exactest time,

That sing th' illustrious hero's mighty praise
(Lean writers!) by the terms of weeks and days;
And dare not from least circumstances part,
But take all towns by strictest rules of art:
Apollo drives those fops from his abode;
And some have said, that once the humorous god,
Resolving all such scribblers to confound,
For the short Sonnet order'd this strict bound:
Set rules for the just measure, and the time,
The easy running and alternate rhyme;
But, above all, those licences deny'd
Which in these writings the lame sense supply'd;
Forbad an useless line should find a place,
Or a repeated word appear with grace.
A faultless sonnet, finish'd thus, would be
Worth tedious volumes of loose poetry.
A hundred scribbling authors, without ground,
Believe they have this only phenix found:
When yet th' exactest scarce have two or three,
Among whole tomes, from faults and censure free.
The rest but little read, regarded less,
Are shovel'd to the pastry from the press.
Closing the sense within the measur'd time,
'Tis hard to fit the reason to the rhyme.

EPIGRAM.

The Epigram, with little art compos'd,
Is one good sentence in a distich clos'd.
These points, that by Italians first were priz'd,
Our ancient authors knew not, or despis'd:
The vulgar, dazzled with their glaring light,
To their false pleasures quickly they invite;
But public favour so increas'd their pride,
They overwhelm'd Parnassus with their tide.
The Madrigal at first was overcome,
And the proud Sonnet fell by the same doom;
With these grave Tragedy adorn'd her flights,
And mournful Elegy her funeral rites:
A hero never fail'd them on the stage,
Without his point a lover durst not rage;
The amorous shepherds took more care to prove
True to his point, than faithful to their love.
Each word, like Janus, had a double face:
And prose, as well as verse, allow'd it place:
The lawyer with conceits adorn'd his speech,
The parson without quibbling could not preach.
At last affronted Reason look'd about,
And from all serious matters shut them out:
Declar'd that none should use them without shame,
Except a scattering in the Epigram;
Provided that by art, and in due time,
They turn'd upon the thought, and not the rhyme.
Thus in all parts disorders did abate:
Yet quibblers in the court had leave to prate:
Insipid jesters, and unpleasant fools,
A corporation of dull punning drolls.
'Tis not, but that sometimes a dexterous Muse
May with advantage a turn'd sense abuse,
And on a word may trifle with address;
But above all avoid the fond excess;
And think not, when your verse and sense are lame,
With a dull point to tag your Epigram.
Each poem his perfection has apart;
The British Round in plainness shows his art.
The Ballad, though the pride of ancient time,
Has often nothing but his humorous rhyme;
The Madrigal may softer passions move,
And breathe the tender ecstasies of love.
Desire to show itself, and not to wrong,
Arm'd Virtue first with Satire in its tongue.

SATIRE.

Lucilius was the man who, bravely bold,
To Roman vices did this mirror hold,
Protected humble goodness from reproach,
Show'd worth on foot, and rascals in the coach.
Horace his pleasing wit to this did add,
And none uncensur'd could be fool or mad:
Unhappy was that wretch, whose name might be
Squar'd to the rules of their sharp poetry.
Persius obscure, but full of sense and wit,
Affected brevity in all he writ:
And Juvenal, learned as those times could be,
Too far did stretch his sharp hyperbole;
Though horrid truths through all his labours shine,
In what he writes there 's something of divine,
Whether he blames the Caprean debauch,
Or of Sejanus' fall tells the approach,
Or that he makes the trembling senate come
To the stern tyrant to receive their doom;
Or Roman vice in coarsest habits shews,
And paints an empress reeking from the stews.
In all he writes appears a noble fire;
To follow such a master then desire.
Chaucer alone, fix'd on this solid base,
In his old style conserves a modern grace:
Too happy, if the freedom of his rhymes
Offended not the method of our times.
The Latin writers decency neglect;
But modern authors challenge our respect,
And at immodest writings take offence,
If clean expression cover not the sense.
I love sharp Satire, from obsceneness free;
Not impudence that preaches modesty:
Our English, who in malice never fail,
Hence in lampoons and libels learn to rail;
Pleasant detraction, that by singing goes
From mouth to mouth, and as it marches grows:
Our freedom in our Poetry we see,
That child of joy begot by Liberty.
But, vain blasphemer, tremble when you choose
God for the subject of your impious Muse:
At last, those jests which libertines invent,
Bring the lewd author to just punishment.
Ev'n in a song there must be art and sense;
Yet sometimes we have seen that wine, or chance,
Have warm'd cold brains, and given dull writers mettle,
And furnish'd out a scene for Mr. Settle.
But for one lucky hit, that made thee please,
Let not thy folly grow to a disease,
Nor think thyself a wit; for in our age
If a warm fancy does some fop engage,
He neither eats nor sleeps till he has writ,
But plagues the world with his adulterate wit.
Nay 'tis a wonder, if, in his dire rage,
He prints not his dull follies for the stage;
And in the front of all his senseless plays,
Makes David Logan crown his head with bays.

CANTO III.

TRAGEDY.

There 's not a monster bred beneath the sky
But, well-dispos'd by art, may please the eye:
A curious workman, by his skill divine,
From an ill object makes a good design.

Thus, to delight us, Tragedy, in tears
For Œdipus, provokes our hopes and fears:
For parricide Orestes asks relief;
And to encrease our pleasure causes grief.
You then, that in this noble art would rise,
Come; and in lofty verse dispute the prize.
Would you upon the stage acquire renown,
And for your judges summon all the town?
Would you your works for ever should remain,
And after ages past be sought again?
In all you write, observe with care and art
To move the passions, and incline the heart.
If in a labour'd act, the pleasing rage
Cannot our hopes and fears by turns engage,
Nor in our mind a feeling pity raise;
In vain with learned scenes you fill your plays:
Your cold discourse can never move the mind
Of a stern critic, naturally unkind;
Who, justly tir'd with your pedantic flight,
Or falls asleep, or censures all you write.
The secret is, attention first to gain;
To move our minds, and then to entertain:
That, from the very opening of the scenes,
The first may show us what the author means.
I 'm tir'd to see an actor on the stage,
That knows not whether he 's to laugh or rage;
Who, an intrigue unravelling in vain,
Instead of pleasing keeps my mind in pain.
I 'd rather much the nauseous dunce should say
Downright, My name is Hector in the play;
Than with a mass of miracles, ill-join'd,
Confound my ears, and not instruct my mind.
The subject 's never soon enough exprest;
Your place of action must be fix'd, and rest.
A Spanish poet may with good event,
In one day's space whole ages represent;
There oft the hero of a wandering stage
Begins a child, and ends the play of age:
But we, that are by reason's rules confin'd,
Will, that with art the poem be design'd,
That unity of action, time, and place,
Keep the stage full, and all our labours grace.
Write not what cannot be with ease conceiv'd;
Some truths may be too strong to be believ'd.
A foolish wonder cannot entertain:
My mind 's not mov'd if your discourse be vain.
You may relate what would offend the eye:
Seeing, indeed, would better satisfy;
But there are objects that a curious art
Hides from the eyes, yet offers to the heart.
The mind is most agreeably surpris'd,
When a well-woven subject, long disguis'd,
You on a sudden artfully unfold,
And give the whole another face and mould.
At first the Tragedy was void of art;
A song; where each man danc'd and sung his part,
And, of god Bacchus roaring out the praise,
Sought a good vintage for their jolly days:
Then wine and joy were seen in each man's eyes,
And a fat goat was the best singer's prize.
Thespis was first, who, all besmear'd with lee,
Began this pleasure for posterity:
And with his carted actors, and a song,
Amus'd the people as he pass'd along.
Next Æschylus the different persons plac'd,
And with a better mask his players grac'd:
Upon a theatre his verse express'd,
And show'd his hero with a buskin dress'd.
Then Sophocles, the genius of his age,
Increas'd the pomp and beauty of the stage,
Engag'd the chorus song in every part,
And polish'd rugged verse by rules of art:
He in the Greek did those perfections gain,
Which the weak Latin never could attain.
Our pious fathers, in their priest-rid age,
As impious and profane, abhorr'd the stage:
A troop of silly pilgrims, as 'tis said,
Foolishly zealous, scandalously play'd,
Instead of heroes, and of love's complaints,
The angels, God, the virgin, and the saints.
At last, right reason did his laws reveal,
And show'd the folly of their ill-plac'd zeal,
Silenc'd those nonconformists of the age,
And rais'd the lawful heroes of the stage:
Only th' Athenian mask was laid aside
And chorus by the music was supply'd.
Ingenious love, inventive in new arts,
Mingled in plays, and quickly touch'd our hearts:
This passion never could resistance find,
But knows the shortest passage to the mind.
Paint then, I 'm pleas'd my hero be in love;
But let him not like a tame shepherd move;
Let not Achilles be like Thyrsis seen,
Or for a Cyrus show an Artaben;
That struggling oft his passions we may find,
The frailty, not the virtue of his mind.
Of romance heroes shun the low design;
Yet to great hearts some human frailties join:
Achilles must with Homer's heat engage;
For an affront I 'm pleas'd to see him rage.
Those little failings in your hero's heart
Show, that of man and nature he has part:
To leave known rules you cannot be allow'd;
Make Agamemnon covetous and proud,
Æneas in religious rites austere,
Keep to each man his proper character.
Of countries and of times the humours know;
From different climates different customs grow:
And strive to shun their fault who vainly dress
An antique hero like some modern ass;
Who make old Romans like our English move,
Show Cato sparkish, or make Brutus love.
In a romance those errours are excus'd:
There 'tis enough that, reading, we 're amus'd:
Rules too severe would there be useless found;
But the strict scene must have a juster bound:
Exact decorum we must always find.
If then you form some hero in your mind,
Be sure your image with itself agree;
For what he first appears, he still must be.
Affected wits will naturally incline
To paint their figures by their own design:
Your bully poets, bully heroes write:
Chapman in Bussy d'Ambois took delight,
And thought perfection was to huff and fight.
Wise Nature by variety does please;
Clothe differing passions in a differing dress:
Bold anger, in rough haughty words appears;
Sorrow is humble, and dissolves in tears.
Make not your Hecuba with fury rage,
And show a ranting grief upon the stage;
Or tell in vain how the rough Tanais bore
His sevenfold waters to the Euxine shore:
These swoln expressions, this affected noise,
Shows like some pedant that declaims to boys.
In sorrow you must softer methods keep;
And, to excite our tears, yourself must weep.
Those noisy words with which ill plays abound,
Come not from hearts that are in sadness drown'd.

The theatre for a young poet's rhymes
Is a bold venture in our knowing times:
An author cannot easily purchase fame;
Critics are always apt to hiss, and blame:
You may be judg'd by every ass in town,
The privilege is bought for half a crown.
To please, you must a hundred changes try;
Sometimes be humble, then must soar on high:
In noble thoughts must every where abound,
Be easy, pleasant, solid, and profound:
To these you must surprising touches join,
And show us a new wonder in each line:
That all, in a just method well-design'd,
May leave a strong impression in the mind.
These are the arts that Tragedy maintain:

THE EPIC.

But the Heroic claims a loftier strain.
In the narration of some great design,
Invention, art, and fable, all must join:
Here fiction must employ its utmost grace;
All must assume a body, mind, and face:
Each virtue a divinity is seen;
Prudence is Pallas, Beauty Paphos' queen.
'Tis not a cloud from whence swift lightnings fly;
But Jupiter, that thunders from the sky:
Nor a rough storm that gives the sailor pain;
But angry Neptune ploughing up the main:
Echo's no more an empty airy sound;
But a fair nymph that weeps her lover drown'd.
Thus in the endless treasure of his mind,
The poet does a thousand figures find,
Around the work his ornaments he pours,
And strows with lavish hand his opening flowers.
'Tis not a wonder if a tempest bore
The Trojan fleet against the Libyan shore;
From faithless Fortune this is no surprise,
For every day 'tis common to our eyes;
But angry Juno, that she might destroy,
And overwhelm the rest of ruin'd Troy:
That Æolus with the fierce goddess join'd,
Open'd the hollow prisons of the wind;
Till angry Neptune looking o'er the main,
Rebukes the tempest, calms the waves again,
Their vessels from the dangerous quicksands steers;
These are the springs that move our hopes and fears:
Without these ornaments before our eyes,
Th' unsinew'd poem languishes and dies;
Your poet in his art will always fail,
And tell you but a dull insipid tale.
In vain have our mistaken authors try'd
To lay these ancient ornaments aside,
Thinking our God, and prophets that he sent,
Might act like those the poets did invent,
To fright poor readers in each line with Hell,
And talk of Satan, Ashtaroth, and Bel;
The mysteries which Christians must believe
Disdain such shifting pageants to receive:
The gospel offers nothing to our thoughts
But penitence, or punishment for faults;
And mingling falsehoods with those mysteries,
Would make our sacred truths appear like lies.
Besides, what pleasure can it be to hear
The howlings of repining Lucifer,
Whose rage at your imagin'd hero flies,
And oft with God himself disputes the prize?
Tasso you 'll say has done it with applause.
It is not here I mean to judge his cause:
Yet, though our age has so extoll'd his name,
His works had never gain'd immortal fame,
If holy Godfrey in his ecstasies
Had only conquer'd Satan on his knees;
If Tancred and Armida's pleasing form
Did not his melancholy theme adorn.
'Tis not, that Christian poems ought to be
Fill'd with the fictions of idolatry;
But in a common subject to reject
The gods, and heathen ornaments neglect;
To banish Tritons who the seas invade,
To take Pan's whistle, or the Fates degrade,
To hinder Charon in his leaky boat
To pass the shepherd with the man of note,
Is with vain scruples to disturb your mind,
And search perfection you can never find:
As well they may forbid us to present
Prudence or Justice for an ornament,
To paint old Janus with his front of brass,
And take from Time his scythe, his wings and glass,
And every where, as 'twere idolatry,
Banish descriptions from our poetry.
Leave them their pious follies to pursue;
But let our reason such vain fears subdue:
And let us not, amongst our vanities,
Of the true God create a God of lies.
In fable we a thousand pleasures see,
And the smooth names seem made for poetry;
As Hector, Alexander, Helen, Phyllis,
Ulysses, Agamemnon, and Achilles:
In such a crowd, the poet were to blame
To choose king Chilperic for his hero's name.
Sometimes the name being well or ill apply'd,
Will the whole fortune of your work decide.
Would you your reader never should be tir'd?
Choose some great hero, fit to be admir'd;
In courage signal, and in virtue bright,
Let e'en his very failings give delight;
Let his great actions our attention bind,
Like Cæsar, or like Scipio, frame his mind,
And not like Œdipus his perjur'd race;
A common conqueror is a theme too base.
Choose not your tale of accidents too full;
Too much variety may make it dull:
Achilles' rage alone, when wrought with skill,
Abundantly does a whole Iliad fill.
Be your narrations lively, short, and smart;
In your descriptions show your noblest art:
There 'tis your poetry may be employ'd:
Yet you must trivial accidents avoid.
Nor imitate that fool, who, to describe
The wondrous marches of the chosen tribe,
Plac'd on the sides, to see their armies pass,
The fishes, staring through the liquid glass;
Describ'd a child, who, with his little hand,
Pick'd up the shining pebbles from the sand.
Such objects are too mean to stay our sight;
Allow your work a just and nobler flight.
Be your beginning plain; and take good heed
Too soon you mount not on the airy steed;
Nor tell your reader in a thundering verse,
"I sing the conqueror of the universe."
What can an author after this produce?
The labouring mountain must bring forth a mouse.
Much better are we pleas'd with his address,
Who, without making such vast promises,
Says, in an easier style and plainer sense,
"I sing the combats of that pious prince
Who from the Phrygian coast his armies bore,
And landed first on the Lavinian shore."

His opening Muse sets not the world on fire,
And yet performs more than we can require;
Quickly you 'll hear him celebrate the fame
And future glory of the Roman name;
Of Styx and Acheron describe the floods,
And Cæsar's wandering in th' Elysian woods:
With figures numberless his story grace,
And every thing in beauteous colours trace.
At once you may be pleasing and sublime:
I hate a heavy melancholy rhyme:
I 'd rather read Orlando's comic tale,
Than a dull author always stiff and stale,
Who thinks himself dishonour'd in his style,
If on his works the Graces do but smile.
'Tis said, that Homer, matchless in his art,
Stole Venus' girdle to engage the heart:
His works indeed vast treasures do unfold,
And whatsoe'er he touches turns to gold:
All in his hands new beauty does acquire;
He always pleases, and can never tire.
A happy warmth he every where may boast;
Nor is he in too long digressions lost:
His verses without rule a method find,
And of themselves appear in order join'd:
All without trouble answers his intent;
Each syllable is tending to th' event.
Let his example your endeavours raise:
To love his writings is a kind of praise.
A poem, where we all perfections find,
Is not the work of a fantastic mind:
There must be care, and time, and skill, and pains;
Not the first heat of unexperienc'd brains.
Yet sometimes artless poets, when the rage
Of a warm fancy does their minds engage,
Puff'd with vain pride, presume they understand,
And boldly take the trumpet in their hand;
Their fustian Muse each accident confounds;
Nor can she fly, but rise by leaps and bounds,
Till, their small stock of learning quickly spent,
Their poem dies for want of nourishment.
In vain mankind the hot-brain'd fool decries,
No branding censures can unveil his eyes;
With impudence the laurel they invade,
Resolv'd to like the monsters they have made.
Virgil, compared to them, is flat and dry;
And Homer understood not poetry:
Against their merit if this age rebel,
To future times for justice they appeal.
But waiting till mankind shall do them right,
And bring their works triumphantly to light;
Neglected heaps we in by-corners lay,
Where they become to worms and moths a prey;
Forgot, in dust and cobwebs let them rest,
Whilst we return from whence we first digrest.
The great success which tragic writers found,
In Athens first the comedy renown'd;
Th' abusive Grecian there by pleasing ways,
Dispers'd his natural malice in his plays:
Wisdom and virtue, honour, wit, and sense,
Were subject to buffooning insolence:
Poets were publicly approv'd, and sought,
That vice extoll'd, and virtue set at nought!
A Socrates himself, in that loose age,
Was made the pastime of a scoffing stage:
At last the public took in hand the cause,
And cur'd this madness by the power of laws;
Forbad at any time, or any place,
To name the person, or describe the face.
The stage its ancient fury thus let fall,
And comedy diverted without gall:
By mild reproofs recover'd minds diseas'd,
And, sparing persons, innocently pleas'd.
Each one was nicely shown in this new glass,
And smil'd to think he was not meant the ass:
A miser oft would laugh at first, to find
A faithful draught of his own sordid mind;
And fops were with such care and cunning writ,
They lik'd the piece for which themselves did sit.
You then, that would the comic laurels wear,
To study Nature be your only care:
Whoe'er knows man, and by a curious art
Discerns the hidden secrets of the heart;
He who observes, and naturally can paint
The jealous fool, the fawning sycophant,
A sober wit, an enterprising ass,
A humorous Otter, or a Hudibras;
May safely in those noble lists engage,
And make them act and speak upon the stage.
Strive to be natural in all you write,
And paint with colours that may please the sight:
Nature in various figures does abound,
And in each mind are different humours found;
A glance, a touch, discovers to the wise;
But every man has not discerning eyes.
All-changing time does also change the mind;
And different ages different pleasures find:
Youth, hot and furious, cannot brook delay,
By flattering vice is easily led away;
Vain in discourse, inconstant in desire,
In censure, rash, in pleasures, all on fire.
The manly age does steadier thoughts enjoy;
Power and ambition do his soul employ:
Against the turns of Fate he sets his mind;
And by the past the future hopes to find.
Decrepit age, still adding to his stores,
For others heaps the treasure he adores,
In all his actions keeps a frozen pace;
Past times extols, the present to debase:
Incapable of pleasures youth abuse,
In others blames what age does him refuse.
Your actors must by reason be control'd;
Let young men speak like young, old men like old:
Observe the town, and study well the court:
For thither various characters resort:
Thus 'twas great Jonson purchas'd his renown,
And in his art had borne away the crown;
If, less desirous of the people's praise,
He had not with low farce debas'd his plays;
Mixing dull buffoonry with wit refin'd,
And Harlequin with noble Terence join'd.
When in the Fox I see the Tortoise hist,
I lose the author of the Alchymist.
The comic wit, born with a smiling air,
Must tragic grief and pompous verse forbear;
Yet may he not, as on a market-place,
With bawdy jests amuse the populace:
With well-bred conversation you must please,
And your intrigue unravell'd be with ease:
Your action still should reason's rules obey,
Nor in an empty scene may lose its way.
Your humble style must sometimes gently rise;
And your discourse sententious be, and wise:
The passions must to Nature be confin'd;
And scenes to scenes with artful weaving join'd.
Your wit must not unseasonably play;
But follow bus'ness, never lead the way.
Observe how Terence does this errour shun;
A careful father chides his amorous son:

Then see that son, whom no advice can move,
Forget those orders, and pursue his love.
'Tis not a well-drawn picture we discover:
'Tis a true son, a father, and a lover.
I like an author that reforms the age,
And keeps the right decorum of the stage;
That always pleases by just reason's rule:
But for a tedious droll, a quibbling fool,
Who with low nauseous bawdry fills his plays;
Let him be gone, and on two tressels raise
Some Smithfield stage, where he may act his pranks;
And make Jack-Puddings speak to mountebanks.

CANTO IV.

In Florence dwelt a doctor of renown,
The scourge of God, and terrour of the town,
Who all the cant of physic had by heart,
And never murder'd but by rules of art.
The public mischief was his private gain;
Children their slaughter'd parents sought in vain:
A brother here his poison'd brother wept;
Some bloodless dy'd, and some by opium slept.
Colds, at his presence, would to frenzies turn;
And agues, like malignant fevers, burn.
Hated, at last, his practice gives him o'er;
One friend, unkill'd by drugs, of all his store,
In his new country-house affords him place;
'Twas a rich abbot, and a building ass:
Here first the doctor's talent came in play,
He seems inspir'd, and talks like Wren or May:
Of this new portico condemns the face,
And turns the entrance to a better place;
Designs the stair-case at the other end:
His friend approves, does for his mason send.
He comes; the doctor's arguments prevail.
In short, to finish this our humorous tale,
He Galen's dangerous science does reject,
And from ill doctor turns good architect.
In this example we may have our part:
Rather be mason, 'tis a useful art!
Than a dull poet; for that trade accurst,
Admits no mean betwixt the best and worst.
In other sciences, without disgrace,
A candidate may fill a second place;
But poetry no medium can admit,
No reader suffers an indifferent wit:
The ruin'd stationers against him bawl,
And Herringham degrades him from his stall.
Burlesque, at least, our laughter may excite:
But a cold writer never can delight.
The Counter-Scuffle has more wit and art,
Than the stiff formal style of Gondibert.
Be not affected with that empty praise
Which your vain flatterers will sometimes raise,
And when you read, with ecstasy will say,
"The finish'd piece! the admirable play!"
Which, when expos'd to censure and to light,
Cannot endure a critic's piercing sight.
A hundred authors' fates have been foretold,
And Shadwell's works are printed, but not sold.
Hear all the world; consider every thought;
A fool by chance may stumble on a fault:
Yet, when Apollo does your Muse inspire,
Be not impatient to expose your fire;
Nor imitate the Settles of our times,
Those tuneful readers of their own dull rhymes.
Who seize on all th' acquaintance they can meet,
And stop the passengers that walk the street:
There is no sanctuary you can choose
For a defence from their pursuing Muse.
I've said before, be patient when they blame;
To alter for the better, is no shame.
Yet yield not to a fool's impertinence:
Sometimes conceited sceptics, void of sense,
By their false taste condemn some finish'd part,
And blame the noblest flights of wit and art;
In vain their fond opinions you deride,
With their lov'd follies they are satisfy'd;
And their weak judgment, void of sense and light,
Thinks nothing can escape their feeble sight:
Their dangerous counsels do not cure, but wound;
To shun the storm, they run your verse aground,
And, thinking to escape a rock, are drown'd.
Choose a sure judge to censure what you write,
Whose reason leads, and knowledge gives you light;
Whose steady hand will prove your faithful guide,
And touch the darling follies you would hide:
He, in your doubts, will carefully advise,
And clear the mist before your feeble eyes.
'Tis he will tell you to what noble height
A generous Muse may sometimes take her flight;
When too much fetter'd with the rules of art,
May from her stricter bounds and limits part:
But such a perfect judge is hard to see,
And every rhymer knows not poetry;
Nay some there are, for writing verse extoll'd,
Who know not Lucan's dross from Virgil's gold.
Would you in this great art acquire renown?
Authors, observe the rules I here lay down.
In prudent lessons every where abound:
With pleasant join the useful and the sound:
A sober reader a vain tale will slight;
He seeks as well instruction as delight.
Let all your thoughts to virtue be confin'd,
Still offering nobler figures to our mind:
I like not those loose writers who employ
Their guilty Muse, good manners to destroy;
Who with false colours still deceive our eyes,
And show us Vice dress'd in a fair disguise.
Yet do I not their sullen Muse approve,
Who from all modest writings banish love:
That strip the playhouse of its chief intrigue,
And make a murderer of Roderigue:
The lightest love, if decently exprest,
Will raise no vicious motions in our breast.
Dido in vain may weep, and ask relief;
I blame her folly, whilst I share her grief.
A virtuous author, in his charming art,
To please the sense needs not corrupt the heart:
His heat will never cause a guilty fire:
To follow virtue then be your desire.
In vain your art and vigour are exprest;
Th' obscene expression shows th' infected breast.
But above all, base jealousies avoid,
In which detracting poets are employ'd.
A noble wit dares literally contend;
And scorns to grudge at his deserving friend.
Base rivals, who true wit and merit hate,
Caballing still against it with the great,
Maliciously aspire to gain renown,
By standing up, and pulling others down.
Never debase yourself by treacherous ways,
Nor by such abject methods seek for praise:
Let not your only business be to write;
Be virtuous, just, and in your friends delight.
'Tis not enough your poems be admir'd;
But strive your conversation be desir'd:

Write for immortal fame; nor ever choose
Gold for the object of a generous Muse.
I know a noble wit may, without crime,
Receive a lawful tribute for his time:
Yet I abhor those writers, who despise
Their honour; and alone their profits prize;
Who their Apollo basely will degrade,
And of a noble science make a trade.
Before kind Reason did her light display,
And government taught mortals to obey,
Men, like wild beasts, did Nature's laws pursue,
They fed on herbs, and drink from rivers drew;
Their brutal force, on lust and rapine bent,
Committed murder without punishment:
Reason at last, by her all-conquering arts,
Reduc'd these savages, and turn'd their hearts;
Mankind from bogs, and woods, and caverns calls,
And towns and cities fortifies with walls:
Thus fear of Justice made proud Rapine cease,
And shelter'd Innocence by laws and peace.
These benefits from poets we receiv'd,
From whence are rais'd those fictions since believ'd:
That Orpheus, by his soft harmonious strains,
Tam'd the fierce tigers of the Thracian plains;
Amphion's notes, by their melodious powers,
Drew rocks and woods, and rais'd the Theban towers;
These miracles from numbers did arise:
Since which, in verse Heaven taught his mysteries,
And by a priest, possess'd with rage divine,
Apollo spoke from his prophetic shrine.
Soon after Homer the old heroes prais'd,
And noble minds by great examples rais'd;
Then Hesiod did his Grecian swains incline
To till the fields, and prune the bounteous vine.
Thus useful rules were by the poet's aid,
In easy numbers to rude men convey'd,
And pleasingly their precepts did impart;
First charm'd the ear, and then engag'd the heart:
The Muses thus their reputation rais'd,
And with just gratitude in Greece were prais'd.
With pleasure mortals did their wonders see,
And sacrific'd to their divinity;
But Want, at last, base Flattery entertain'd,
And old Parnassus with this vice was stain'd:
Desire of gain dazzling the poets' eyes,
Their works were fill'd with fulsome flatteries.
Thus needy wits a vile revenue made,
And verse became a mercenary trade.
Debase not with so mean a vice thy art:
If gold must be the idol of thy heart,
Fly, fly th' unfruitful Heliconian strand,
Those streams are not enrich'd with golden sand:
Great wits, as well as warriors, only gain
Laurels and honours for their toil and pain:
"But what? an author cannot live on fame,
Or pay a reckoning with a lofty name:
A poet to whom Fortune is unkind,
Who when he goes to bed has hardly din'd,
Takes little pleasure in Parnassus' dreams,
Or relishes the Heliconian streams.
Horace had ease and plenty when he writ,
And, free from cares for money or for meat,
Did not expect his dinner from his wit."
'Tis true; but verse is cherish'd by the great,
And now none famish who deserve to eat:
What can we fear, when virtue, arts, and sense,
Receive the stars' propitious influence;
When a sharp-sighted prince, by early grants,
Rewards your merits, and prevents your wants?
Sing then his glory, celebrate his fame;
Your noblest theme is his immortal name.
Let mighty Spenser raise his reverend head,
Cowley and Denham start up from the dead;
Waller his age renew, and offerings bring,
Our monarch's praise let bright-ey'd virgins sing;
Let Dryden with new rules our stage refine,
And his great models form by this design:
But where 's a second Virgil to rehearse
Our Hero's glories in his epic verse?
What Orpheus sing his triumphs o'er the main,
And make the hills and forests move again;
Show his bold fleet on the Batavian shore,
And Holland trembling as his cannons roar;
Paint Europe's balance in his steady hand,
Whilst the two worlds in expectation stand
Of peace or war, that wait on his command?
But as I speak new glories strike my eyes,
Glories, which Heaven itself does give and prize,
Blessings of peace; that with their milder rays
Adorn his reign, and bring Saturnian days:
Now let rebellion, discord, vice, and rage,
That have in patriots' forms debauch'd our age,
Vanish with all the ministers of Hell:
His rays their poisonous vapours shall dispel:
'Tis he alone our safety did create,
His own firm soul secur'd the nation's fate,
Oppos'd to all the Bout'feu's of the state.
Authors, for him your great endeavours raise;
The loftiest numbers will but reach his praise.
For me, whose verse in satire has been bred,
And never durst heroic measures tread;
Yet you shall see me, in that famous field,
With eyes and voice, my best assistance yield:
Offer your lessons, that my infant Muse
Learnt, when she Horace for her guide did choose:
Second your zeal with wishes, heart, and eyes,
And from afar hold up the glorious prize.
But pardon too, if, zealous for the right,
A strict observer of each noble flight,
From the fine gold I separate the allay,
And show how hasty writers sometimes stray:
Apter to blame, than knowing how to mend:
A sharp, but yet a necessary friend.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:

A FUNERAL PINDARIC POEM, SACRED TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF KING CHARLES II.

Thus long my grief has kept me dumb:
Sure there 's a lethargy in mighty woe,
Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow!
And the sad soul retires into her inmost room:
Tears, for a stroke foreseen, afford relief;
But, unprovided for a sudden blow,
Like Niobé we marble grow;
And petrify with grief.
Our British Heaven was all serene,
No threatening cloud was nigh,
Not the least wrinkle to deform the sky;
We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
As the first age in Nature's golden scene;
Supine amidst our flowing store,
We slept securely and we dreamt of more:
When suddenly the thunder-clap was heard,
It took us unprepar'd and out of guard,
Already lost before we fear'd.

Th' amazing news of Charles at once were spread,
At once the general voice declar'd,
"Our gracious prince was dead."
No sickness known before, no slow disease,
To soften grief by just degrees,
But like an hurricane on Indian seas,
The tempest rose;
An unexpected burst of woes:
With scarce a breathing space betwixt,
This now becalm'd, and perishing the next.
As if great Atlas from his height
Should sink beneath his heavenly weight,
And with a mighty flaw, the flaming wall
As once it shall,
Should gape immense, and rushing down, o'erwhelm
this nether ball;
So swift and so surprising was our fear:
Our Atlas fell indeed; but Hercules was near.

His pious brother, sure the best
Who ever bore that name,
Was newly risen from his rest,
And, with a fervent flame,
His usual morning vows had just addrest
For his dear sovereign's health;
And hop'd to have them heard,
In long increase of years,
In honour, fame, and wealth:
Guiltless of greatness thus he always pray'd:
Nor knew nor wish'd those vows he made,
On his own head should be repay'd.
Soon as th' ill-omen'd rumour reach'd his ear,
Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies apace,
Who can describe th' amazement of his face!
Horrour in all his pomp was there,
Mute and magnificent without a tear:
And then the hero first was seen to fear.
Half unarray'd he ran to his relief,
So hasty and so artless was his grief:
Approaching Greatness met him with her charms
Of power and future state;
But look'd so ghastly in a brother's fate,
He shook her from his arms.
Arriv'd within the mournful room, he saw
A wild distraction, void of awe,
And arbitrary grief unbounded by a law.
God's image, God's anointed, lay
Without motion, pulse, or breath,
A senseless lump of sacred clay,
An image now of Death.
Amidst his sad attendants' groans and cries,
The lines of that ador'd, forgiving face,
Distorted from their native grace;
An iron slumber sat on his majestic eyes.
The pious duke—Forbear, audacious Muse!
No terms thy feeble art can use
Are able to adorn so vast a woe:
The grief of all the rest like subject-grief did show,
His like a sovereign did transcend;
No wife, no brother, such a grief could know,
Nor any name but friend.

O wondrous changes of a fatal scene,
Still varying to the last!
Heaven, though its hard decree was past,
Seem'd pointing to a gracious turn again:
And Death's uplifted arm arrested in its haste.
Heaven half repented of the doom,
And almost griev'd it had foreseen,
What by foresight it will'd eternally to come.
Mercy above did hourly plead
For her resemblance here below;
And mild Forgiveness intercede
To stop the coming blow.
New miracles approach'd th' ethereal throne,
Such as his wondrous life had oft and lately known,
And urg'd that still they might be shown.
On Earth his pious brother pray'd and vow'd,
Renouncing greatness at so dear a rate,
Himself defending what he could,
From all the glories of his future fate.
With him th' innumerable crowd,
Of armed prayers
Knock'd at the gates of Heaven, and knock'd aloud;
The first well-meaning rude petitioners.
All for his life assail'd the throne, [own.
All would have brib'd the skies by offering up their
So great a throng not Heaven itself could bar;
'Twas almost borne by force as in the giants' war.
The prayers at least for his reprieve were heard;
His death, like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd:
Against the Sun the shadow went;
Five days, those five degrees, were lent
To form our patience and prepare th' event.
The second causes took the swift command,
The medicinal head, the ready hand,
All eager to perform their part;
All but eternal doom was conquer'd by their art:
Once more the fleeting soul came back
T' inspire the mortal frame;
And in the body took a doubtful stand,
Doubtful and hovering like expiring flame,
That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o'er
the brand.

The joyful short-liv'd news soon spread around,
Took the same train, the same impetuous bound:
The drooping town in smiles again was drest,
Gladness in every face exprest,
Their eyes before their tongues confest.
Men met each other with erected look,
The steps were higher that they took,
Friends to congratulate their friends made haste;
And long-inveterate foes saluted as they past:
Above the rest heroic James appear'd
Exalted more, because he more had fear'd:
His manly heart, whose noble pride
Was still above
Dissembled hate or varnish'd love,
Its more than common transport could not hide;
But like an eagre rode in triumph o'er the tide.
Thus, in alternate course,
The tyrant passions, hope and fear,
Did in extremes appear,
And flash'd upon the soul with equal force.
Thus, at half ebb, a rolling sea
Returns and wins upon the shore;
The watery herd, affrighted at the roar,
Rest on their fins a while, and stay,
Then backward take their wondering way:
The prophet wonders more than they,
At prodigies but rarely seen before, [sway.
And cries, a king must fall, or kingdoms change their
Such were our counter-tides at land, and so
Presaging of the fatal blow,
In their prodigious ebb and flow.
The royal soul, that, like the labouring moon,
By charms of art was hurried down,
Forc'd with regret to leave her native sphere,
Came but a while on liking here,

Soon weary of the painful strife,
And made but faint essays of life:
And evening light
Soon shut in night:
A strong distemper, and a weak relief,
Short intervals of joy, and long returns of grief.

The sons of Art all medicines try'd,
And every noble remedy apply'd;
With emulation each essay'd
His utmost skill, nay more, they pray'd:
Never was losing game with better conduct play'd.
Death never won a stake with greater toil,
Nor e'er was Fate so near a foil:
But like a fortress on a rock,
Th' impregnable disease their vain attempts did mock;
They min'd it near, they batter'd from afar
With all the cannon of the medicinal war;
No gentle means could be essay'd,
'Twas beyond parley when the siege was laid:
Th' extremest ways they first ordain,
Prescribing such intolerable pain,
As none but Cæsar could sustain:
Undaunted Cæsar underwent
The malice of their art, nor bent
Beneath whate'er their pious rigour could invent:
In five such days he suffer'd more
Than any suffer'd in his reign before;
More, infinitely more, than he,
Against the worst of rebels, could decree,
A traitor or twice-pardon'd enemy.
Now Art was tir'd without success,
No racks could make the stubborn malady confess.
The vain insurancers of life,
And he who most perform'd and promis'd less,
Ev'n Short himself forsook th' unequal strife.
Death and despair were in their looks,
No longer they consult their memories or books;
Like helpless friends, who view from shore
The labouring ship, and hear the tempest roar;
So stood they with their arms across;
Not to assist, but to deplore
Th' inevitable loss.

Death was denounc'd; that frightful sound
Which ev'n the best can hardly bear,
He took the summons void of fear;
And unconcern'dly cast his eyes around;
As if to find and dare the grisly challenger.
What Death could do he lately try'd,
When in four days he more than dy'd.
The same assurance all his words did grace:
The same majestic mildness held its place;
Nor lost the monarch in his dying face.
Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
He look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.

As if some angel had been sent
To lengthen out his government,
And to foretel as many years again,
As he had number'd in his happy reign,
So cheerfully he took the doom
Of his departing breath;
Nor shrunk nor stept aside for Death:
But with unalter'd pace kept on;
Providing for events to come,
When he resign'd the throne.
Till he maintain'd his kingly state;
And grew familiar with his fate.

Kind, good, and gracious, to the last,
On all he lov'd before his dying beams he cast:
Oh truly good, and truly great,
For glorious as he rose benignly so he set!
All that on Earth he held most dear,
He recommended to his care,
To whom both Heaven
The right had given,
And his own love bequeath'd supreme command;
He took and prest that ever-loyal hand,
Which could in peace secure his reign,
Which could in wars his power maintain,
That hand on which no plighted vows were ever vain.
Well, for so great a trust he chose
A prince who never disobey'd:
Not when the most severe commands were laid;
Nor want, nor exile, with his duty weigh'd:
A prince on whom, if Heaven its eyes could close,
The welfare of the world it safely might repose.

That king who liv'd to God's own heart,
Yet less serenely died than he:
Charles left behind no harsh decree
For schoolmen with laborious art
To salve from cruelty:
Those, for whom love could no excuses frame,
He graciously forgot to name.
Thus far my Muse, though rudely, has design'd
Some faint resemblance of his godlike mind:
But neither pen nor pencil can express
The parting brothers' tenderness:
Though that 's a term too mean and low;
The blest above a kinder word may know:
But what they did, and what they said,
The monarch who triumphant went,
The militant who staid,
Like painters, when their heightening arts are spent,
I cast into a shade.
That all-forgiving king,
The type of him above,
That unexhausted spring
Of clemency and love;
Himself to his next self accus'd,
And ask'd that pardon which he ne'er refus'd:
For faults not his, for guilt and crimes
Of godless men, and of rebellious times:
For an hard exile, kindly meant,
When his ungrateful country sent
Their best Camillus into banishment:
And forc'd their sovereign's act, they could not his consent.
Oh how much rather had that injur'd chief
Repeated all his sufferings past!
Than hear a pardon begg'd at last,
Which given could give the dying no relief:
He bent, he sunk beneath his grief:
His dauntless heart would fain have held
From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd.
Perhaps the godlike hero in his breast
Disdain'd, or was asham'd to show
So weak, so womanish a woe,
Which yet the brother and the friend so plenteously [confest.

Amidst that silent shower, the royal mind
An easy passage found,
And left its sacred earth behind:
Nor murmuring groan exprest, nor labouring sound,
Nor any least tumultuous breath;
Calm was his life, and quiet was his death.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for lost man's redemption dy'd:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

THE

SOLILOQUY OF A ROYAL EXILE.

UNHAPPY I! who, once ordain'd to bear
God's justice sword, and his vicegerent here,
Am now depos'd—'gainst me my children rise,
My life must be their only sacrifice:
Highly they me accuse, but nothing prove;
But this is out of tenderness and love!
They seek to spill my blood; 'tis that alone
Must for the nation's crying sins atone.
But careful Heaven forewarn'd me in a dream,
And show'd me that my dangers were extreme;
The heavenly vision spoke, and bade me flee
Th' ungrateful brood, that were not worthy me:
Alarm'd I fled at the appointed time;
And mere necessity was made my crime!

THE

HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A POEM.

IN THREE PARTS.

..... Antiquam exquirite matrem.
Et vera incessu patuit Dea. Virg.

PREFACE.

THE nation is in too high a ferment, for me to expect either fair war, or even so much as fair quarter, from a reader of the opposite party. All men are engaged either on this side or that; and though conscience is the common word, which is given by both, yet if a writer fall among enemies, and cannot give the marks of their conscience, he is knocked down before the reasons of his own are heard. A preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the reader should know concerning me, he will find in the body of the poem, if he have but the patience to peruse it. Only this advertisement let him take before hand, which relates to the merits of the cause. No general characters of parties (call them either sects or churches) can be so fully and exactly drawn, as to comprehend all the several members of them; at least all such as are received under that denomination. For example; there are some of the church, by law established, who envy not liberty of conscience to dissenters; as being well satisfied, that, according to their own principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the numbers of the rest, with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the other side, there are many of our sects, and more indeed than I could reasonably have hoped, who have withdrawn themselves from the communion of the Panther, and embraced this gracious indulgence of his majesty in point of toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this satire any way intended: it is aimed only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those, who are come over to the royal party, are consequently supposed to be out of gun-shot. Our physicians have observed, that, in process of time, some diseases have abated of their virulence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, so as to be no longer mortal: and why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those, who have formerly been enemies to kingly government, as well as catholic religion? I hope they have now another notion of both, as having found, by comfortable experience, that the doctrine of persecution is far from being an article of our faith.

It is not for any private man to censure the proceedings of a foreign prince: but, without suspicion of flattery, I may praise our own, who has taken contrary measures, and those more suitable to the spirit of Christianity. Some of the dissenters, in their addresses to his majesty, have said, "that he has restored God to his empire over conscience." I confess, I dare not stretch the figure to so great a boldness: but I may safely say, that conscience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is absolute in his own breast, and accountable to no earthly power for that which passes only betwixt God and him. Those who are driven into the fold are, generally speaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the sects, it ought in reason to be expected, that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For, at this time of day, to refuse the benefit, and adhere to those whom they have esteemed their persecutors, what is it else, but publicly to own, that they suffered not before for conscience sake, but only out of pride and obstinacy, to separate from a church for those impositions, which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have so long contended for their classical ordination, (not to speak of rites and ceremonies) will they at length submit to an episcopal? If they can go so far out of complaisance to their old enemies, methinks a little reason should persuade them to take another step, and see whither that would lead them.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully I shall say no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will, consider from what hand they received it. It is not from a Cyrus, a heathen prince, and a foreigner, but from a Christian king, their native sovereign; who expects a return in specie from them, that the kindness, which he has graciously shown them, may be retaliated on those of his own persuasion.

As for the poem in general, I will only thus far satisfy the reader, that it was neither imposed on

me, nor so much as the subject given me by any man. It was written during the last winter, and the beginning of this spring; though with long interruptions of ill health and other hindrances. About a fortnight before I had finished it, his majesty's declaration for liberty of conscience came abroad: which, if I had so soon expected, I might have spared myself the labour of writing many things which are contained in the third part of it. But I was always in some hope, that the church of England might have been persuaded to have taken off the penal laws and the test, which was one design of the poem, when I proposed to myself the writing of it.

It is evident, that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended: I mean that defence of myself, to which every honest man is bound, when he is injuriously attacked in print: and I refer myself to the judgment of those, who have read the answer to the defence of the late king's papers, and that of the dutchess, (in which last I was concerned) how charitably I have been represented there. I am now informed both of the author and supervisors of this pamphlet, and will reply, when I think he can affront me: for I am of Socrates's opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the mean time, let him consider whether he deserved not a more severe reprehension, than I gave him formerly, for using so little respect to the memory of those, whom he pretended to answer; and at his leisure, look out for some original treatise of humility, written by any protestant in English; I believe I may say in any other tongue; for the magnified piece of Duncomb on that subject, which either he must mean, or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me, was translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez; though with the omission of the seventeenth, the twenty-fourth, the twenty-fifth, and the last chapter, which will be found in comparing of the books.

He would have insinuated to the world, that her late highness died not a Roman catholic. He declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary, in which he has given up the cause: for matter of fact was the principal debate betwixt us. In the mean time, he would dispute the motives of her change; how preposterously, let all men judge, when he seemed to deny the subject of the controversy, the change itself. And because I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue: but he may as well infer, that a catholic cannot fast, because he will not take up the cudgels against Mrs. James, to confute the protestant religion.

I have but one word more to say concerning the poem as such, and abstracted from the matters, either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The first part, consisting most in general characters and narration, I have endeavoured to raise, and give it the majestic turn of heroic poesy. The second, being matter of dispute, and chiefly concerning church authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I could; yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the magnificence of verse. The third, which has more of the nature of domestic conversation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two episodes or fables, which are interwoven with the main design; so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinct stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the common-places of satire, whether true or false, which are urged by the members of the one church against the other: at which I hope no reader of either party will be scandalized, because they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

PART I.

A MILK-WHITE Hind, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts; and many winged wounds
Aim'd at her heart; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.
Not so her young; for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
Their earthly mould obnoxious was to Fate,
Th' immortal part assum'd immortal state.
Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose,
And cry'd for pardon on their perjur'd foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
Endued with souls, increas'd the sacred breed.
So captive Israel multiply'd in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains.
With grief and gladness mix'd the mother view'd
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd;
Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,
So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpass'd.
Panting and pensive now she rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms, once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage restrain'd
By sovereign power, her company disdain'd;
Grinn'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
'Tis true, she bounded by, and tripp'd so light,
They had not time to take a steady sight.
For Truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.
The bloody Bear, an independent beast,
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate express'd.
Among the timorous kind the quaking Hare
Profess'd neutrality, but would not swear.
Next her the buffoon Ape, as atheists use,
Mimick'd all sects, and had his own to choose:
Still when the Lion look'd, his knees he bent,
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
The bristled baptist Boar, impure as he,
But whiten'd with the foam of sanctity,
With fat pollutions fill'd the sacred place,
And mountains levell'd in his furious race:
So first rebellion founded was in grace.
But since the mighty ravage, which he made
In German forest, had his guilt betray'd,
With broken tusks, and with a borrow'd name,
He shunn'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the shame;
So lurk'd in sects unseen. With greater guile
False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil:
The graceless beast by Athanasius first
Was chas'd from Nice, then by Socinus nurs'd:

His impious race their blasphemy renew'd,
And Nature's king through Nature's optics view'd.
Revers'd they view'd him lessen'd to their eye,
Nor in an infant could a god descry.
New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.
What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And search no further than thyself reveal'd;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires,
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Follow'd false lights; and, when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.
Good life be now my task: my doubts are done:
What more could fright my faith, than three in one?
Can I believe eternal God could lie
Disguis'd in mortal mould and infancy?
That the great Maker of the world could die?
And after that trust my imperfect sense,
Which calls in question his omnipotence?
Can I my reason to my faith compel?
And shall my sight, and touch, and taste, rebel?
Superior faculties are set aside;
Shall their subservient organs be my guide?
Then let the Moon usurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers show the Sun his way;
For what my senses can themselves perceive,
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they who say the host should be descry'd
By sense, define a body glorify'd?
Impassable, and penetrating parts?
Let them declare by what mysterious arts
He shot that body through th' opposing might
Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
And stood before his train confess'd in open sight.
For since thus wondrously he pass'd, 'tis plain,
One single place two bodies did contain.
And sure the same omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.
Let reason then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite grasp infinity?
'Tis urg'd again, that faith did first commence
By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
And thence concluded, that our sense must be
The motive still of credibility.
For latter ages must on former wait,
And what began belief must propagate.
But winnow well this thought, and you shall find
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
Were all those wonders wrought by power divine
As means or ends of some more deep design?
Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,
To prove the Godhead of th' eternal Son.
God thus asserted, man is to believe
Beyond what sense and reason can conceive,
And for mysterious things of faith rely
On the proponent, Heaven's authority.
If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the further search of human wit,
As when the building gains a surer stay,
We take th' unuseful scaffolding away.
Reason by sense no more can understand;
The game is play'd into another hand.
Why choose we then like bilanders to creep
Along the coast, and land in view to keep,
When safely we may launch into the deep?
In the same vessel which our Saviour bore,
Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could he his Godhead veil with flesh and blood,
And not veil these again to be our food?
His grace in both is equal in extent,
The first affords us life, the second nourishment.
And if he can, why all this frantic pain
To construe what his clearest words contain,
And make a riddle what he made so plain?
To take up half on trust, and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,
To pay great sums, and to compound the small:
For who would break with Heaven, and would not break for all?
Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed:
Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.
Faith is the best ensurer of thy bliss;
The bank above must fail before the venture miss.
But Heaven and heaven-born faith are far from thee,
Thou first apostate to divinity.
Unkennel'd range in thy Polonian plains:
A fiercer foe the insatiate Wolf remains.
Too boastful Britain, please thyself no more,
That beasts of prey are banish'd from thy shore:
The bear, the boar, and every savage name,
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
Lay waste thy woods, destroy thy blissful bower,
And, muzzled though they seem, the mutes devour.
More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race
Appear with belly gaunt, and famish'd face:
Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
Close clapp'd for shame; but his rough crest he rears,
And pricks up his predestinating ears.
His wild disorder'd walk, his haggard eyes,
Did all the bestial citizens surprise.
Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a while,
As captain or companion of the spoil.
Full many a year his hateful head had been
For tribute paid, nor since in Cambria seen:
The last of all the litter scap'd by chance,
And from Geneva first infested France.
Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upstart race;
Because of Wickliff's brood no mark he brings,
But his innate antipathy to kings.
These last deduce him from th' Helvetian kind,
Who near the Leman-lake his consort lin'd:
That fiery Zuinglius first th' affection bred,
And meagre Calvin blest the nuptial bed.
In Israel some believe him whelp'd long since,
When the proud sanhedrim oppress'd the prince,
Or, since he will be Jew, derive him higher,
When Corah with his brethren did conspire
From Moses' hand the sovereign sway to wrest,
And Aaron of his ephod to divest:
Till opening Earth made way for all to pass,
And could not bear the burthen of a class.
The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark,
If ever they were stow'd in Noah's ark:

erhaps not made; for all their barking train
he dog (a common species) will contain.
nd some wild curs, who from their masters ran,
bhorring the supremacy of man,
n woods and caves the rebel-race began.
O happy pair, how well have you increas'd!
What ills in church and state have you redress'd?
With teeth untry'd, and rudiments of claws,
Your first essay was on your native laws:
Those having torn with ease, and trampled down,
Your fangs you fasten'd on the mitred crown,
And freed from God and monarchy your town.
What though your native kennel still be small,
Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall;
Yet your victorious colonies are sent
Where the north ocean girds the continent.
Quicken'd with fire below, your monsters breed
In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed:
And like the first the last affects to be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
As, where in fields the fairy rounds are seen,
A rank sour herbage rises on the green:
So, springing where those midnight elves advance,
Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance.
Such are their doctrines, such contempt they show
To Heaven above, and to their prince below,
As none but traitors and blasphemers know.
God, like the tyrant of the skies, is plac'd,
And kings, like slaves, beneath the crowd debas'd.
So fulsome is their food, that flocks refuse
To bite, and only dogs for physic use.
As where the lightning runs along the ground,
No husbandry can heal the blasting wound;
Nor bladed grass, nor bearded corn succeeds,
But scales of scurf and putrefaction breeds:
Such wars, such waste, such fiery tracks of dearth
Their zeal has left, and such a teemless earth.
But, as the poisons of the deadliest kind
Are to their own unhappy coast confin'd;
As only Indian shades of sight deprive,
And magic plants will but in Colchos thrive;
So presbytery and pestilential zeal
Can only flourish in a commonweal.
From Celtic woods is chas'd the wolfish crew;
But ah! some pity ev'n to brutes is due:
Their native walks methinks they might enjoy,
Curb'd of their native malice to destroy.
Of all the tyrannies on human-kind,
The worst is that which persecutes the mind.
Let us but weigh at what offence we strike,
'Tis but because we cannot think alike.
In punishing of this, we overthrow
The laws of nations and of Nature too.
Beasts are the subjects of tyrannic sway,
Where still the stronger on the weaker prey.
Man only of a softer mould is made,
Not for his fellow's ruin but their aid:
Created kind, beneficent, and free,
The noble image of the Deity.
One portion of informing fire was given
To brutes, th' inferior family of Heaven:
The smith divine, as with a careless beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat:
But when arriv'd at last to human race,
The Godhead took a deep considering space;
And to distinguish man from all the rest,
Unlock'd the sacred treasures of his breast;
And mercy mixt with reason did impart,
One to his head, the other to his heart:
Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive:
The first is law, the last prerogative.
And like his mind his outward form appear'd,
When, issuing naked, to the wondering herd,
He charm'd their eyes; and, for they lov'd, they fear'd:
Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,
Or claws to seize their furry spoils in fight,
Or with increase of feet, t' o'ertake them in their flight:
Of easy shape, and pliant every way;
Confessing still the softness of his clay,
And kind as kings upon their coronation-day:
With open hands, and with extended space
Of arms, to satisfy a large embrace.
Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man
His kingdom o'er his kindred world began:
Till knowledge misapply'd, misunderstood,
And pride of empire sour'd his balmy blood.
Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins;
The murderer Cain was latent in his loins:
And blood began its first and loudest cry,
For differing worship of the Deity.
Thus Persecution rose, and further space
Produc'd the mighty hunter of his race.
Not so the blessed Pan his flock increas'd,
Content to fold them from the famish'd beast:
Mild were his laws; the sheep and harmless hind
Were never of the persecuting kind.
Such pity now the pious pastor shows,
Such mercy from the British lion flows,
That both provide protection from their foes.
Oh happy regions, Italy and Spain,
Which never did those monsters entertain!
The Wolf, the Bear, the Boar, can there advance
No native claim of just inheritance.
And self-preserving laws, severe in show,
May guard their fences from th' invading foe.
Where birth has plac'd them, let them safely share
The common benefit of vital air.
Themselves unharmful, let them live unharm'd;
Their jaws disabled, and their claws disarm'd:
Here, only in nocturnal bowlings bold,
They dare not seize the Hind, nor leap the fold.
More powerful, and as vigilant as they,
The Lion awfully forbids the prey.
Their rage repress'd, though pinch'd with famine sore,
They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar:
Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.
These are the chief: to number o'er the rest,
And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,
Were weary work; nor will the Muse describe
A slimy-born and sun-begotten tribe;
Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,
In fields their sullen conventicles found.
These gross, half-animated, lumps I leave;
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.
But, if they think at all, 'tis sure no higher
Than matter, put in motion, may aspire:
Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay:
So drossy, so divisible are they,
As would but serve pure bodies for allay:
Such souls as shards produce, such beetle things
As only buz to Heaven with evening wings;
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
They know not beings, and but hate a name;
To them the Hind and Panther are the same.
The Panther sure the noblest, next the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind;

Oh, could her inborn stains be wash'd away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey!
How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faults and virtues lie so mix'd, that she
Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free.
Then, like her injur'd Lion, let me speak:
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
The Wolf begins to share her wandering heart.
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits who sins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for Heaven, and yet too white for Hell,
Who just dropt half way down, nor lower fell;
So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismission from the sky.
Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence
Her clergy-heralds make in her defence.
A second century not half-way run,
Since the new honours of her blood begun.
A Lion old, obscene, and furious made
By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade;
Then, by a left-hand marriage, weds the dame,
Covering adultery with a specious name:
So Schism begot; and Sacrilege and she,
A well-match'd pair, got graceless Heresy.
God's and kings' rebels have the same good cause,
To trample down divine and human laws:
Both would be call'd reformers, and their hate
Alike destructive both to church and state:
The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawless prince
By luxury reform'd incontinence;
By ruins, charity; by riots, abstinence.
Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside;
Oh, with what ease we follow such a guide,
Where souls are starv'd, and senses gratify'd!
Where marriage pleasures midnight prayer supply,
And mattin bells, a melancholy cry,
Are tun'd to merrier notes, "increase and multiply."
Religion shows a rosy-colour'd face;
Not batter'd out with drudging works of grace:
A down-hill reformation rolls apace.
What flesh and blood would crowd the narrow gate,
Or, till they waste their pamper'd paunches, wait?
All would be happy at the cheapest rate.
Though our lean faith these rigid laws has given,
The full-fed Mussulman goes fat to Heaven;
For his Arabian prophet with delights
Of sense allur'd his eastern proselytes.
The jolly Luther, reading him, began
T' interpret Scriptures by his Alcoran;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
And make the paths of Paradise more sweet:
Bethought him of a wife ere half way gone,
For 'twas uneasy travelling alone;
And, in this masquerade of mirth and love,
Mistook the bliss of Heaven for Bacchanals above.
Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to stock
Th' ethereal pastures with so fair a flock,
Burnish'd, and battening on their food, to show
Their diligence of careful herds below. [head,
Our Panther, though like these she chang'd her
Yet as the mistress of a monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majesty she bore,
The crosier wielded, and the mitre wore.
Her upper part of decent discipline
Show'd affectation of an ancient line;
And fathers, councils, church, and church's head,
Were on her reverend phylacteries read.
But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest,
Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatiz'd the beast.
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth she lives confin'd.
To foreign lands no sound of her is come,
Humbly content to be despis'd at home.
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At least she leaves the refuse of the bad:
Nice in her choice of ill, though not of best,
And least deform'd, because deform'd the least.
In doubtful points betwixt her differing friends,
Where one for substance, one for sign contends,
Their contradicting terms she strives to join;
Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.
A real presence all her sons allow,
And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow,
Because the Godhead 's there they know not how.
Her novices are taught, that bread and wine
Are but the visible and outward sign,
Receiv'd by those who in communion join.
But th' inward grace, or the thing signify'd,
His blood and body, who to save us dy'd;
The faithful this thing signify'd receive:
What is't those faithful then partake or leave?
For what is signify'd and understood,
Is, by her own confession, flesh and blood.
Then, by the same acknowledgment, we know
They take the sign, and take the substance too.
The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood,
But nonsense never can be understood.
Her wild belief on every wave is tost;
But sure no church can better morals boast.
True to her king her principles are found;
Oh that her practice were but half so sound!
Stedfast in various turns of state she stood,
And seal'd her vow'd affection with her blood:
Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,
That interest or obligement made the tie.
Bound to the fate of murder'd monarchy,
Before the sounding axe so falls the vine,
Whose tender branches round the poplar twine,
She chose her ruin, and resign'd her life,
In death undaunted as an Indian wife:
A rare example! but some souls we see
Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity:
Yet these by Fortune's favours are undone;
Resolv'd into a baser form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the Sun.
Let this be Nature's frailty, or her fate,
Or Isgrim's counsel, her new-chosen mate;
Still she 's the fairest of the fallen crew,
No mother more indulgent but the true.
Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Because she wants innate authority;
For how can she constrain them to obey,
Who has herself cast off the lawful sway?
Rebellion equals all; and those, who toil
In common theft, will share the common spoil.
Let her produce the title and the right
Against her old superiors first to fight;
If she reform by text, ev'n that 's as plain
For her own rebels to reform again.
As long as words a different sense will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find:
The word 's a weathercock for every wind:
The Bear, the Fox, the Wolf, by turns prevail;
The most in power supplies the present gale.

he wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
o church and councils, whom she first betray'd;
o help from fathers or tradition's train:
hose ancient guides she taught us to disdain,
nd by that scripture, which she once abus'd
o reformation, stands herself accus'd.
Vhat bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
xpounding which she owns herself may err?
nd, after all her winding ways are try'd,
f doubts arise, she slips herself aside,
nd leaves the private conscience for the guide.
f then that conscience set th' offender free,
bars her claim to church authority.
ow can she censure, or what crime pretend,
ut scripture may be construed to defend?
v'n those, whom for rebellion she transmits
o civil power, her doctrine first acquits;
ecause no disobedience can ensue,
Vhere no submission to a judge is due;
ach judging for himself by her consent,
Vhom thus absolv'd she sends to punishment.
uppose the magistrate revenge her cause,
is only for transgressing human laws.
ow answering to its end a church is made,
Vhose power is but to counsel and persuade!
solid rock, on which secure she stands!
ternal house not built with mortal hands!
sure defence against th' infernal gate,
patent during pleasure of the state!
Thus is the Panther neither lov'd nor fear'd,
mere mock queen of a divided herd;
Vhom soon by lawful power she might control,
erself a part submitted to the whole.
hen, as the Moon who first receives the light
y which she makes our nether regions bright,
o might she shine, reflecting from afar
he rays she borrow'd from a better star;
ig with the beams which from her mother flow,
nd reigning o'er the rising tides below:
ow, mixing with a savage crowd, she goes,
nd meanly flatters her inveterate foes,
ul'd while she rules, and losing every hour
er wretched remnants of precarious power.
One evening, while the cooler shade she sought,
evolving many a melancholy thought,
lone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
Vith rueful visage, for her vanish'd train:
one of her sylvan subjects made their court;
evées and couchées pass'd without resort.
o hardly can usurpers manage well
hose whom they first instructed to rebel.
ore liberty begets desire of more;
he hunger still increases with the store.
Vithout respect they brush'd along the wood
ach in his clan, and, fill'd with loathsome food,
sk'd no permission to the neighbouring flood.
he Panther, full of inward discontent,
nce they would go, before them wisely went;
pplying want of power by drinking first,
if she gave them leave to quench their thirst.
mong the rest, the Hind, with fearful face,
eheld from far the common watering-place,
or durst approach; till with an awful roar
he sovereign Lion bad her fear no more.
ncourag'd thus she brought her younglings nigh,
atching the motions of her patron's eye,
nd drank a sober draught; the rest amaz'd
ood mutely still, and on the stranger gaz'd;
Survey'd her part by part, and sought to find
The ten-horn'd monster in the harmless Hind,
Such as the Wolf and Panther had design'd.
They thought at first they dream'd; for 'twas offence
With them, to question certitude of sense,
Their guide in faith: but nearer when they drew,
And had the faultless object full in view,
Lord, how they all admir'd her heavenly hue!
Some, who before her fellowship disdain'd,
Scarce, and but scarce, from inborn rage restrain'd,
Now frisk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.
Whether for love or interest, every sect
Of all the savage nation show'd respect.
The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd;
The more the company, the less they fear'd.
The surly Wolf with secret envy burst,
Yet could not howl; the Hind had seen him first:
But what he durst not speak, the Panther durst.
For when the herd, suffic'd, did late repair
To ferney heaths, and to their forest lare,
She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way:
That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good will the motion was embrac'd,
To chat a while on their adventures pass'd:
Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot.
Yet wondering how of late she grew estrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy, and her countenance chang'd,
She thought this hour th' occasion would present
To learn her secret cause of discontent,
Which, well she hop'd, might be with ease redress'd,
Considering her a well-bred civil beast,
And more a gentlewoman than the rest.
After some common talk what rumours ran,
The lady of the spotted-muff began.

PART II.

"Dame," said the Panther, "times are mended well,
Since late among the Philistines you fell.
The toils were pitch'd, a spacious tract of ground
With expert huntsmen was encompass'd round;
Th' enclosure narrow'd; the sagacious power
Of hounds and death drew nearer every hour.
'Tis true, the younger Lion scap'd the snare,
But all your priestly calves lay struggling there;
As sacrifices on their altars laid;
While you, their careful mother, wisely fled,
Nor trusting Destiny to save your head.
For whate'er promises you have apply'd
To your unfailing church, the surer side
Is four fair legs in danger to provide.
And whate'er tales of Peter's chair you tell,
Yet, saving reverence of the miracle,
The better luck was yours to scape so well."
"As I remember," said the sober Hind,
"Those toils were for your own dear self design'd,
As well as me; and with the self-same throw,
To catch the quarry and the vermin too,
Forgive the slanderous tongues that call'd you so.
Howe'er you take it now, the common cry
Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.
Besides, in popery they thought you nurst,
As evil tongues will ever speak the worst,
Because some forms, and ceremonies some
You kept, and stood in the main question dumb.

Dumb you were born indeed; but thinking long,
The test, it seems, at last has loos'd your tongue.
And to explain what your forefathers meant,
By real presence in the sacrament,
After long fencing push'd against a wall,
Your salvo comes, that he 's not there at all:
There chang'd your faith, and what may change may fall.
Who can believe what varies every day,
Nor ever was, nor will be, at a stay?"
"Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell,
And I ne'er own'd myself infallible,"
Reply'd the Panther: "grant such presence were,
Yet in your sense I never own'd it there.
A real virtue we by faith receive,
And that we in the sacrament believe."
"Then," said the Hind, "as you the matter state,
Not only Jesuits can equivocate;
For real, as you now the word expound,
From solid substance dwindles to a sound.
Methinks an Esop's fable you repeat;
You know who took the shadow for the meat:
Your church's substance thus you change at will,
And yet retain your former figure still.
I freely grant you spoke to save your life;
For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.
Long time you fought, redoubled battery bore,
But, after all, against yourself you swore;
Your former self: for every hour your form
Is chopp'd and chang'd, like winds before a storm.
Thus fear and interest will prevail with some;
For all have not the gift of martyrdom."
The Panther grinn'd at this, and thus reply'd:
"That men may err was never yet deny'd.
But, if that common principle be true,
The canon, dame, is levell'd full at you.
But, shunning long disputes, I fain would see
That wondrous wight Infallibility.
Is he from Heaven, this mighty champion, come:
Or lodg'd below in subterranean Rome?
First, seat him somewhere, and derive his race,
Or else conclude that nothing has no place."
"Suppose, though I disown it," said the Hind,
"The certain mansion were not yet assign'd:
The doubtful residence no proof can bring
Against the plain existence of the thing.
Because philosophers may disagree,
If sight emission or reception be,
Shall it be thence inferr'd, I do not see?
But you require an answer positive,
Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give;
For fallacies in universals live.
I then affirm that this unfailing guide
In pope and general councils must reside;
Both lawful, both combin'd: what one decrees
By numerous votes, the other ratifies:
On this undoubted sense the church relies.
'Tis true, some doctors in a scantier space,
I mean, in each apart, contract the place.
Some, who to greater length extend the line,
The church's after-acceptation join.
This last circumference appears too wide;
The church diffus'd is by the council ty'd;
As members, by their representatives
Oblig'd to laws, which prince and senate gives.
Thus some contract, and some enlarge the space:
In pope and council who denies the place,
Assisted from above with God's unfailing grace?
Those canons all the needful points contain;
Their sense so obvious, and their words so plain,
That no disputes about the doubtful text
Have hitherto the labouring world perplex'd.
If any should in after-times appear, [clear:
New councils must be call'd, to make the meaning
Because in them the power supreme resides;
And all the promises are to the guides.
This may be taught with sound and safe defence:
But mark how sandy is your own pretence,
Who, setting councils, pope, and church aside,
Are every man his own presuming guide.
The sacred books, you say, are full and plain,
And every needful point of truth contain:
All who can read interpreters may be:
Thus, though your several churches disagree,
Yet every saint has to himself alone
The secret of this philosophic stone.
These principles your jarring sects unite,
When differing doctors and disciples fight.
Though Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,
Have made a battle-royal of beliefs;
Or, like wild horses, several ways have whirl'd
The tortur'd text about the Christian world;
Each Jehu lashing on with furious force,
That Turk or Jew could not have us'd it worse;
No matter what dissension leaders make,
Where every private man may save a stake:
Rul'd by the scripture and his own advice,
Each has a blind by-path to Paradise;
Where, driving in a circle slow or fast,
Opposing sects are sure to meet at last.
A wondrous charity you have in store
For all reform'd to pass the narrow door:
So much, that Mahomet had scarcely more.
For he, kind prophet, was for damning none;
But Christ and Moses were to save their own:
Himself was to secure his chosen race,
Though reason good for Turks to take the place,
And he allow'd to be the better man,
In virtue of his holier Alcoran."
"True," said the Panther, "I shall ne'er deny
My brethren may be sav'd as well as I:
Though Huguenots condemn our ordination,
Succession, ministerial vocation;
And Luther, more mistaking what he read,
Misjoins the sacred body with the bread:
Yet, lady, still remember I maintain,
The word in needful points is only plain."
"Needless, or needful, I not now contend,
For still you have a loop-hole for a friend,"
Rejoin'd the matron: "but the rule you lay
Has led whole flocks, and leads them still astray,
In weighty points, and full damnation's way.
For did not Arius first, Socinus now,
The Son's eternal Godhead disavow?
And did not these by gospel texts alone
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own?
Have not all heretics the same pretence
To plead the scriptures in their own defence?
How did the Nicene council then decide
That strong debate? was it by scripture try'd?
No, sure; to that the rebel would not yield;
Squadrons of texts he marshall'd in the field:
That was but civil war, an equal set,
Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met.
With texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the foe,
And did not Satan tempt our Saviour so?
The good old bishops took a simpler way;
Each ask'd but what he heard his father say,
Or how he was instructed in his youth,
And by tradition's force upheld the truth."

The Panther smil'd at this; "And when," said she,
Were those first councils disallow'd by me?
r where did I at sure tradition strike,
rovided still it were apostolic?"
"Friend," said the Hind, "you quit your former ground,
Vhere all your faith you did on scripture found:
low 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ;
ut thus your memory betrays your wit."
"No," said the Panther; "for in that I view,
Vhen your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true.
set them by the rule, and, as they square,
r deviate from undoubted doctrine there,
his oral fiction, that old faith declare.
HIND. "The council steer'd, it seems, a different course;
hey try'd the scripture by tradition's force:
ut you tradition by the scripture try;
ursued by sects, from this to that you fly,
or dare on one foundation to rely.
he word is then depos'd, and in this view
ou rule the scripture, not the scripture you."
hus said the dame, and, smiling, thus pursu'd:
I see, tradition then is disallow'd,
Vhen not evinc'd by scripture to be true,
nd scripture, as interpreted by you.
ut here you tread upon unfaithful ground;
nless you could infallibly expound:
Vhich you reject as odious popery,
nd throw that doctrine back with scorn on me.
uppose we on things traditive divide,
nd both appeal to scripture to decide;
y various texts we both uphold our claim,
ay, often, ground our titles on the same:
fter long labour lost, and time's expense,
oth grant the words, and quarrel for the sense.
hus all disputes for ever must depend;
or no dumb rule can controversies end.
hus, when you said, 'tradition must be try'd
y sacred writ,' whose sense yourselves decide,
ou said no more, but that yourselves must be
he judges of the scripture sense, not we.
gainst our church-tradition you declare,
nd yet your clerks would sit in Moses' chair:
t least 'tis prov'd against your argument,
he rule is far from plain, where all dissent."
"If not by scriptures, how can we be sure,"
eply'd the Panther, "what tradition's pure?
or you may palm upon us new for old:
ll, as they say, that glitters is not gold."
"How but by following her," reply'd the dame,
To whom deriv'd from sire to son they came;
Vhere every age does on another move,
nd trusts no further than the next above;
Vhere all the rounds like Jacob's ladder rise,
he lowest hid in Earth, the topmost in the skies."
Sternly the savage did her answer mark,
ler glowing eye-balls glittering in the dark,
nd said but this: "Since lucre was your trade,
nceeding times such dreadful gaps have made,
'is dangerous climbing: to your sons and you
leave the ladder, and its omen too."
HIND. "The Panther's breath was ever fam'd for sweet;
ut from the Wolf such wishes oft I meet:
ou learn'd this language from the blatant beast,
r rather did not speak, but were possess'd.
s for your answer, 'tis but barely urg'd:
ou must evince tradition to be forg'd;
roduce plain proofs; unblemish'd authors use,
s ancient as those ages they accuse;
Till when 'tis not sufficient to defame:
An old possession stands, till elder quits the claim.
Then for our interest, which is nam'd alone
To load with envy, we retort your own.
For when traditions in your faces fly,
Resolving not to yield, you must decry.
As, when the cause goes hard, the guilty man
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can;
So, when you stand of other aid bereft,
You to the twelve apostles would be left.
Your friend the Wolf did with more craft provide
To set those toys, traditions, quite aside;
And fathers too, unless when, reason spent,
He cites them but sometimes for ornament.
But, madam Panther, you, though more sincere,
Are not so wise as your adulterer:
The private spirit is a better blind,
Than all the dodging tricks your authors find.
For they, who left the scripture to the crowd,
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd,
The way to please them was to make them proud
Thus with full sails they ran upon the shelf;
Who could suspect a cozenage from himself?
On his own reason safer 'tis to stand,
Than be deceiv'd, and damn'd at second-hand.
But you, who fathers and traditions take,
And garble some, and some you quite forsake,
Pretending church-authority to fix,
And yet some grains of private spirit mix,
Are like a mule made up of differing seed,
And that's the reason why you never breed;
At least not propagate your kind abroad,
For home dissenters are by statutes aw'd.
And yet they grow upon you every day,
While you, to speak the best, are at a stay,
For sects, that are extremes, abhor a middle way.
Like tricks of state, to stop a raging flood,
Or mollify a mad-brain'd senate's mood:
Of all expedients never one was good.
Well may they argue, nor can you deny,
If we must fix on church authority,
Best on the best, the fountain, not the flood;
That must be better still, if this be good.
Shall she command who has herself rebell'd?
Is antichrist by antichrist expell'd?
Did we a lawful tyranny displace,
To set aloft a bastard of the race?
Why all these wars to win the book, if we
Must not interpret for ourselves, but she?
Either be wholly slaves, or wholly free.
For purging fires traditions must not fight;
But they must prove episcopacy's right.
Thus those led horses are from service freed;
You never mount them but in time of need.
Like mercenaries, hir'd for home defence,
They will not serve against their native prince.
Against domestic foes of hierarchy
These are drawn forth, to make fanatics fly;
But, when they see their countrymen at hand,
Marching against them under church-command,
Straight they forsake their colours, and disband."
Thus she, nor could the Panther well enlarge
With weak defence against so strong a charge;
But said: "For what did Christ his word provide,
If still his church must want a living guide?
And if all-saving doctrines are not there,
Or sacred penmen could not make them clear,
From after-ages we should hope in vain
For truths, which men inspir'd could not explain."

"Before the word was written," said the Hind,
"Our Saviour preach'd his faith to human kind:
From his apostles the first age receiv'd
Eternal truth, and what they taught believ'd.
Thus by tradition faith was planted first;
Succeeding flocks succeeding pastors nurs'd.
This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,
(Who sure could all things for the best dispose)
To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.
He could have writ himself, but well foresaw
Th' event would be like that of Moses' law;
Some difference would arise, some doubts remain,
Like those which yet the jarring Jews maintain.
No written laws can be so plain, so pure,
But wit may gloss, and malice may obscure;
Not those indited by his first command,
A prophet grav'd the text, an angel held his hand.
Thus faith was, ere the written word appear'd,
And men believ'd not what they read but heard.
But since th' apostles could not be confin'd
To these, or those, but severally design'd
Their large commission round the world to blow;
To spread their faith, they spread their labours too.
Yet still their absent flock their pains did share;
They hearken'd still, for love produces care.
And as mistakes arose, or discords fell,
Or bold seducers taught them to rebel,
As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
Or long neglect their lessons had forgot,
For all their wants they wisely did provide,
And preaching by epistles was supply'd:
So great physicians cannot all attend,
But some they visit, and to some they send.
Yet all those letters were not writ to all;
Nor first intended but occasional,
Their absent sermons; nor if they contain
All needful doctrines, are those doctrines plain.
Clearness by frequent preaching must be wrought;
They writ but seldom, but they daily taught.
And what one saint has said of holy Paul,
'He darkly writ,' is true apply'd to all.
For this obscurity could Heaven provide
More prudently than by a living guide,
As doubts arose, the difference to decide?
A guide was therefore needful, therefore made;
And, if appointed, sure to be obey'd.
Thus, with due reverence to th' apostles' writ,
By which my sons are taught, to which submit;
I think, those truths, their sacred works contain,
The church alone can certainly explain;
That following ages, leaning on the past,
May rest upon the primitive at last.
Nor would I thence the word no rule infer,
But none without the church-interpreter.
Because, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,
And is itself the subject of dispute.
But what th' apostles their successors taught,
They to the next, from them to us is brought;
Th' undoubted sense which is in scripture sought.
From hence the church is arm'd, when errours rise,
To stop their entrance, and prevent surprise;
And, safe en'rench'd within, her foes without defies.
By these all festering sores her councils heal,
Which time or has disclos'd, or shall reveal;
For discord cannot end without a last appeal.
Nor can a council national decide,
But with subordination to her guide:
(I wish the cause were on that issue try'd.)
Much less the scripture; for suppose debate
Betwixt pretenders to a fair estate,
Bequeath'd by some legator's last intent;
(Such is our dying Saviour's testament)
The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
The doubtful heirs their differing titles plead:
All vouch the words their interest to maintain,
And each pretends by those his cause is plain.
Shall then the testament award the right?
No, that 's the Hungary for which they fight;
The field of battle, subject of debate;
The thing contended for, the fair estate.
The sense is intricate, 'tis only clear
What vowels and what consonants are there.
Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning must be try'd
Before some judge appointed to decide."
"Suppose," the fair apostate said, "I grant,
The faithful flock some living guide should want,
Your arguments an endless chase pursue:
Produce this vaunted leader to our view,
This mighty Moses of the chosen crew."
The dame, who saw her fainting foe retir'd,
With force renew'd, to victory aspir'd;
And, looking upward to her kindred sky,
As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,
Pronounc'd his words—"she whom ye seek
am I."
Nor less amaz'd this voice the Panther heard,
Than were those Jews to hear a God declar'd.
Then thus the matron modestly renew'd:
"Let all your profits and their sects be view'd,
And see to which of them yourselves think fit
The conduct of your conscience to submit:
Each proselyte would vote his doctor best,
With absolute exclusion to the rest:
Thus would your Polish diet disagree,
And end, as it began, in anarchy:
Yourself the fairest for election stand,
Because you seem crown-general of the land:
But soon against your superstitious lawn
Some presbyterian sabre would be drawn:
In your establish'd laws of sovereignty
The rest some fundamental flaw would see,
And call rebellion, gospel-liberty.
To church-decrees your articles require
Submission mollify'd, if not entire.
Homage deny'd, to censures you proceed:
But when Curtana will not do the deed,
You lay that pointless clergy-weapon by,
And to the laws, your sword of justice, fly.
Now this your sects the more unkindly take,
Those prying varlets hit the blots you make,
Because some ancient friends of yours declare
Your only rule of faith the scriptures are,
Interpreted by men of judgment sound,
Which every sect will for themselves expound;
Nor think less reverence to their doctors due
For sound interpretation, than to you.
If then, by able heads, are understood
Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad;
Those able heads expound a wiser way,
That their own sheep their shepherd should obey.
But if you mean yourselves are only sound,
That doctrine turns the Reformation round,
And all the rest are false reformers found;
Because in sundry points you stand alone,
Not in communion join'd with any one;
And therefore must be all the church, or none.
Then, till you have agreed whose judge is best,
Against this forc'd submission they protest:
While sound and so[illegible] different sense explains,
Both play at hardhead till they break their brains;

And from their chairs each other's force defy,
While unregarded thunders vainly fly.
I pass the rest, because your church alone
Of all usurpers best could fill the throne.
But neither you, nor any sect beside,
For this high office can be qualify'd,
With necessary gifts requir'd in such a guide.
For that, which must direct the whole, must be
Bound in one bond of faith and unity:
But all your several churches disagree.
The consubstantiating church and priest
Refuse communion to the Calvinist:
The French reform'd from preaching you restrain,
Because you judge their ordination vain;
And so they judge of yours, but donors must ordain.
In short, in doctrine, or in discipline,
Not one reform'd can with another join:
But all from each, as from damnation, fly;
No union they pretend, but in non-popery:
Nor, should their members in a synod meet,
Could any church presume to mount the seat,
Above the rest, their discords to decide;
None would obey, but each would be the guide:
And face to face dissensions would increase;
For only distance now preserves the peace.
All in their turns accusers, and accus'd:
Babel was never half so much confus'd:
What one can plead, the rest can plead as well;
For amongst equals lies no last appeal,
And all confess themselves are fallible.
Now since you grant some necessary guide,
All who can err are justly laid aside:
Because a trust so sacred to confer
Shows want of such a sure interpreter;
And how can he be needful who can err?
Then granting that unerring guide we want,
That such there is you stand oblig'd to grant:
Our Saviour else were wanting, to supply
Our needs, and obviate that necessity.
It then remains, that church can only be
The guide, which owns unfailing certainty;
Or else you slip your hold, and change your side,
Relapsing from a necessary guide.
But this annex'd condition of the crown,
Immunity from errours, you disown;
Here then you shrink, and lay your weak pretensions
For petty royalties you raise debate; [down.
But this unfailing universal state
You shun; nor dare succeed to such a glorious weight;
And for that cause those promises detest,
With which our Saviour did his church invest;
But strive t' evade, and fear to find them true,
As conscious they were never meant to you:
All which the mother-church asserts her own,
And with unrivall'd claim ascends the throne.
So when of old th' almighty Father sate
In council, to redeem our ruin'd state,
Millions of millions, at a distance round,
Silent the sacred consistory crown'd,
To hear what mercy, mixt with justice, could propound:
All prompt with eager pity, to fulfil
The full extent of their Creator's will.
But when the stern conditions were declar'd,
A mournful whisper through the host was heard,
And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,
Submissively declin'd the ponderous proffer'd crown.
Then, not till then, th' eternal Son from high
Rose in the strength of all the Deity;
Stood forth t' accept the terms, and underwent
A weight, which all the frame of Heaven had bent,
Nor he himself could bear, but as Omnipotent.
Now, to remove the least remaining doubt,
That ev'n the blear-ey'd sects may find her out,
Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows,
What from his wardrobe her belov'd allows
To deck the wedding-day of his unspotted spouse.
Behold what marks of majesty she brings;
Richer than ancient heirs of eastern kings:
Her right hand holds the sceptre and the keys,
To show whom she commands, and who obeys:
With these to bind, or set the sinner free,
With that to assert spiritual royalty.
"One in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,
Entire, one solid shining diamond;
Not sparkles shatter'd into sects like you:
One is the church, and must be to be true;
One central principle of unity,
As undivided, so from errours free,
As one in faith, so one in sanctity.
Thus she, and none but she, th' insulting rage
Of heretics oppos'd from age to age:
Still when the giant-brood invades her throne,
She stoops from Heaven, and meets them half way down,
And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.
But like Egyptian sorcerers you stand,
And vainly lift aloft your magic wand,
To sweep away the swarms of vermin from the land:
You could, like them, with like infernal force,
Produce the plague, but not arrest the course.
But when the boils and blotches, with disgrace
And public scandal, sat upon the face,
Themselves attack'd, the Magi strove no more,
They saw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
Themselves they could not cure of the dishonest sore.
Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread,
Like the fair Ocean from her mother-bed;
From east to west triumphantly she rides,
All shores are water'd by her wealthy tides.
The gospel-sound, diffus'd from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll,
The self-same doctrine of the sacred page
Convey'd to every clime, in every age.
"Here let my sorrow give my satire place,
To raise new blushes on my British race;
Our sailing ships like common-sewers we use,
And through our distant colonies diffuse
The draught of dungeons, and the stench of stews.
Whom, when their homebred honesty is lost,
We disembogue on some far Indian coast:
Thieves, panders, paillards, sins of every sort;
Those are the manufactures we export;
And these the missioners our zeal has made:
For, with my country's pardon be it said,
Religion is the least of all our trade.
"Yet some improve their traffic more than we;
For they on gain, their only god, rely,
And set a public price on piety.
Industrious of the needle and the chart,
They run full sail to their Japonian mart;
Prevention fear, and, prodigal of fame,
Sell all of Christian to the very name;
Nor leave enough of that, to hide their naked shame.
"Thus, of three marks, which in the creed we view,
Not one of all can be apply'd to you:
Much less the fourth; in vain, alas! you seek
Th' ambitious title of apostolic:

Godlike descent! 'tis well your blood can be
Prov'd noble in the third or fourth degree:
For all of ancient that you had before,
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our store)
Was errour fulminated o'er and o'er;
Old heresies condemn'd in ages past,
By care and time recover'd from the blast.
"'Tis said a[illegible] ease, but never can be prov'd,
The church her o[illegible]l foundations has remov'd,
And built new doctrines on unstable sands:
Judge that, ye winds and rains: you prov'd her, yet she stands.
Those ancient doctrines, charg'd on her for new,
Show, when, and how, and from what hands they [grew.
We claim no power, when heresies grow bold,
To coin new faith, but still declare the old.
How else could that obscene disease be purg'd,
When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?
To prove tradition new, there 's somewhat more
Requir'd, than saying, 'twas not us'd before.
Those monumental arms are never stirr'd,
Till schism or heresy call down Goliah's sword.
"Thus, what you call corruptions, are, in truth,
The first plantations of the gospel's youth;
Old standard faith: but cast your eyes again,
And view those errours which new sects maintain,
Or which of old disturb'd the church's peaceful reign;
And we can point each period of the time,
When they began, and who begot the crime;
Can calculate how long th' eclipse endur'd,
Who interpos'd, what digits were obscur'd:
Of all which are already pass'd away,
We know the rise, the progress, and decay.
"Despair at our foundations then to strike,
Till you can prove your faith apostolic;
A limpid stream drawn from the native source;
Succession lawful in a lineal course.
Prove any church, oppos'd to this our head,
So one, so pure, so unconfin'dly spread,
Under one chief of the spiritual state,
The members all combin'd, and all subordinate.
Show such a seamless coat, from schism so free,
In no communion join'd with heresy.
If such a one you find, let truth prevail:
Till when your weights will in the balance fail:
A church unprincipled kicks up the scale.
But if you cannot think, (nor sure you can
Suppose in God what were unjust in man)
That he, the fountain of eternal grace,
Should suffer falsehood, for so long a space,
To banish truth, and to usurp her place:
That seven successive ages should be lost,
And preach damnation at their proper cost;
That all your erring ancestors should die,
Drown'd in th' abyss of deep idolatry:
If piety forbid such thoughts to rise,
Awake, and open your unwilling eyes:
God hath left nothing for each age undone,
From this to that wherein he sent his Son: [done.
Then think but well of him, and half your work is
See how his church, adorn'd with every grace,
With open arms, a kind forgiving face,
Stands ready to prevent a long-lost son's embrace.
Not more did Joseph o'er his brethren weep,
Nor less himself could from discovery keep,
When in the crowd of suppliants they were seen,
And in their crew his best-beloved Benjamin.
That pious Joseph in the church behold,
To feed your famine, and refuse your gold;
The Joseph you exil'd, the Joseph whom you sold."

Thus, while with heavenly charity she spoke,
A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke;
Shot from the skies; a cheerful azure light:
The birds obscene to forests wing'd their flight,
And gaping graves receiv'd the wandering guilty spright.
Such were the pleasing triumphs of the sky,
For James's late nocturnal victory;
The pledge of his almighty Patron's love,
The fireworks which his angels made above.
I saw myself the lambent easy light
Gild the brown horrour, and dispel the night:
The messenger with speed the tidings bore:
News, which three labouring nations did restore;
But Heaven's own Nuntius was arriv'd before.
By this, the Hind had reach'd her lonely cell,
And vapours rose, and dews unwholesome fell.
When she, by frequent observation wise,
As one who long on Heaven had fix'd her eyes,
Discern'd a change of weather in the skies.
The western borders were with crimson spread,
The Moon descending look'd all-flaming red;
She thought good-manners bound her to invite
The stranger dame to be her guest that night.
"'Tis true, coarse diet, and a short repast,"
She said, "were weak inducements to the taste
Of one so nicely bred, and so unus'd to fast:
But what plain fare her cottage could afford,
A hearty welcome at a homely board,
Was freely hers; and, to supply the rest,
An honest meaning, and an open breast:
Last, with content of mind, the poor man's wealth,
A grace-cup to their common patron's health.
This she desir'd her to accept, and stay,
For fear she might be wilder'd in her way,
Because she wanted an unerring guide,
And then the dew-drops on her silken hide
Her tender constitution did declare,
Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.
But most she fear'd, that, travelling so late,
Some evil-minded beasts might lie in wait,
And without witness wreak their hidden hate."
The Panther, though she lent a listening ear,
Had more of lion in her than to fear:
Yet, wisely weighing, since she had to deal
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,
Return'd her all the thanks she could afford;
And took her friendly hostess at her word:
Who entering first her lowly roof, a shed
With hoary moss, and winding ivy spread,
Honest enough to hide an humble hermit's head,
Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest:
"So might these walls, with your fair presence blest,
Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest;
Not for a night, or quick revolving year,
Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.
This peaceful seat my poverty secures;
War seldom enters but where wealth allures:
Nor yet despise it; for this poor abode
Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives, a God;
A God victorious, of a Stygian race,
Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctify'd the place.
This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain:
Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
And dare not to debase your soul to gain."
The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see
Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty:
And, though ill habits are not soon control'd,
A while suspended her desire of gold.

ut civilly drew in her sharpen'd paws,
ot violating hospitable laws,
nd pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.
The Hind did first her country cates provide;
hen couch'd herself securely by her side.

PART III.

Ieen malice mingled with a little wit,
erhaps may censure this mysterious writ:
ecause the Muse has peopled Caledon [known,
Vith Panthers, Bears, and Wolves, and beasts un-
s if we were not stock'd with monsters of our own.
et Esop answer, who has set to view
uch kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew;
nd mother Hubbard, in her homely dress,
las sharply blam'd a British Lioness;
hat queen, whose feast the factious rabble keep,
xpos'd obscenely naked and asleep.
ed by those great examples, may not I
he wanted organs of their words supply?
' men transact like brutes, 'tis equal then
or brutes to claim the privilege of men.
Others our Hind of folly will indite,
o entertain a dangerous guest by night.
et those remember, that she cannot die
ill rolling time is lost in round eternity;
or need she fear the Panther, though untam'd,
ecause the Lion's peace was now proclaim'd:
he wary savage would not give offence,
o forfeit the protection of her prince;
ut watch'd the time her vengeance to complete,
Then all her furry sons in frequent senate met.
Ieanwhile she quench'd her fury at the flood,
nd with a lenten sallad cool'd her blood. [scant,
heir commons, though but coarse, were nothing
'or did their minds an equal banquet want.
For now the Hind, whose noble nature strove
' express her plain simplicity of love,
id all the honours of her house so well,
'o sharp debates disturb'd the friendly meal.
he turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
o common dangers past, a sadly-pleasing theme;
emembering every storm which toss'd the state,
Then both were objects of the public hate,
nd dropt a tear betwixt for her own childrens' fate.
Nor fail'd she then a full review to make
f what the Panther suffer'd for her sake:
Ier lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care,
ler faith unshaken to an exil'd heir,
ler strength t' endure, her courage to defy;
Ier choice of honourable infamy.
n these, prolixly thankful, she enlarg'd;
hen with acknowledgment herself she charg'd;
or friendship, of itself an holy tie,
made more sacred by adversity.
ow should they part, malicious tongues would say,
hey met like chance companions on the way,
Vhom mutual fear of robbers had possess'd;
Vhile danger lasted, kindness was profess'd;
ut, that once o'er, the short-liv'd union ends:
he road divides, and there divide the friends.
The Panther nodded when her speech was done,
nd thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone:
ut said, her gratitude had gone too far
or common offices of Christian care.
' to the lawful heir she had been true,
he paid but Cæsar what was Cæsar's due.
"I might," she added, "with like praise describe
Your suffering sons, and so return your bribe:
But incense from my hands is poorly priz'd;
For gifts are scorn'd, where givers are despis'd.
I serv'd a turn, and then was cast away;
You, like the gaudy fly, your wings display,
And sip the sweets, and bask in your great patron's
day."
This heard, the matron was not slow to find
What sort of malady had seiz'd her mind:
Disdain, with gnawing Envy, fell Despight,
And canker'd Malice, stood in open sight:
Ambition, Interest, Pride without control,
And Jealousy, the jaundice of the soul;
Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,
With all the lean tormentors of the will.
'Twas easy now to guess from whence arose
Her new-made union with her ancient foes,
Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
Affected kindness with an alter'd face:
Yet durst she not too deeply probe the wound,
As hoping still the nobler parts were sound:
But strove with anodynes t' assuage the smart,
And mildly thus her med'cine did impart.
"Complaints of lovers help to ease their pain;
It shows a rest of kindness to complain;
A friendship loth to quit its former hold;
And conscious merit may be justly bold.
But much more just your jealousy would shew,
If others' good were injury to you:
Witness, ye Heavens, how I rejoice to see
Rewarded worth and rising loyalty.
Your warrior offspring that upheld the crown,
The scarlet honour of your peaceful gown,
Are the most pleasing objects I can find,
Charms to my sight, and cordials to my mind:
When virtue spoons before a prosperous gale,
My heaving wishes help to fill the sail;
And if my prayers for all the brave were heard,
Cæsar should still have such, and such should still
reward.
"The labour'd earth your pains have sow'd and
'Tis just you reap the product of the field; [till'd;
Your's be the harvest, 'tis the beggar's gain
To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
Such scatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
Your charity for alms may safely spare,
For alms are but the vehicles of prayer.
My daily bread is literally implor'd;
I have no barns nor granaries to hoard.
If Cæsar to his own his hand extends,
Say which of your's his charity offends: [friends.
You know he largely gives to more than are his
Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor?
Our mite decreases nothing of your store.
I am but few, and by your fare you see
My crying sins are not of luxury.
Some juster motive sure your mind withdraws,
And makes you break our friendship's holy laws;
For barefac'd envy is too base a cause.
"Show more occasion for your discontent;
Your love, the Wolf, would help you to invent:
Some German quarrel, or, as times go now,
Some French, where force is uppermost, will do.
When at the fountain's head, as merit ought
To claim the place, you take a swilling draught,
How easy 'tis an envious eye to throw,
And tax the sheep for troubling streams below:
Or call her (when no further cause you find)
An enemy profess'd of all your kind.

But then, perhaps, the wicked world would think,
The Wolf design'd to eat as well as drink."
This last allusion gall'd the Panther more,
Because indeed it rubb'd upon the sore. [pain'd:
Yet seem'd she not to winch, though shrewdly
But thus her passive character maintain'd.
"I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,
Your flaunting fortune in the Lion's court.
You have your day, or you are much bely'd,
But I am always on the suffering side:
You know my doctrine, and I need not say
I will not, but I cannot disobey.
On this firm principle I ever stood;
He of my sons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious act renounces to my blood.
"Ah," said the Hind, "how many sons have you,
Who call you mother, whom you never knew!
But most of them who that relation plead,
Are such ungracious youths as wish you dead.
They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
And fain would nibble at your grandame, Gold;
Inquire into your years, and laugh to find
Your crazy temper shows you much declin'd.
Were you not dim, and doted, you might see
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
No more of kin to you than you to me.
Do you not know, that for a little coin,
Heralds can foist a name into the line?
They ask you blessing but for what you have,
But once possess'd of what with care you save,
The wanton boys would piss upon your grave.
"Your sons of latitude that court your grace,
Though most resembling you in form and face,
Are far the worst of your pretended race.
And, but I blush your honesty to blot,
Pray God you prove them lawfully begot:
For in some popish libels I have read,
The Wolf has been too busy in your bed:
At least her hinder parts, the belly-piece,
The paunch, and all that Scorpio claims, are his.
Their malice too a sore suspicion brings;
For though they dare not bark, they snarl at kings:
Nor blame them for intruding in your line;
Fat bishoprics are still of right divine.
"Think you your new French proselytes are come
To starve abroad, because they starv'd at home?
Your benefices twinkled from afar;
They found the new Messiah by the star:
Those Swisses fight on any side for pay,
And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.
Mark with what management their tribes divide,
Some stick to you, and some to t'other side,
That many churches may for many mouths provide.
More vacant pulpits would more converts make;
All would have latitude enough to take:
The rest unbenefic'd your sects maintain;
For ordinations without cures are vain,
And chamber practice is a silent gain.
Your sons of breadth at home are much like these;
Their soft and yielding metals run with ease:
They melt, and take the figure of the mould;
But harden, and preserve it best in gold."
"Your Delphic sword," the Panther then reply'd,
"Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either side.
Some sons of mine, who bear upon their shield
Three steeples argent in a sable field,
Have sharply tax'd your converts, who, unfed,
Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;
Such who themselves of no religion are,
Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.
Bare lies with bold assertions they can face;
But dint of argument is out of place:
The grim logician puts them in a fright;
'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.
Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they defame;
They say the schism of beds began the game,
Divorcing from the church to wed the dame:
Though largely prov'd, and by himself profess'd,
That conscience, conscience would not let him rest:
I mean, not till possess'd of her he lov'd,
And old, uncharming Catharine was remov'd.
For sundry years before he did complain,
And told his ghostly confessor his pain.
With the same impudence, without a ground,
They say that, look the Reformation round,
No treatise of humility is found.
But if none were, the gospel does not want;
Our Saviour preach'd it, and I hope you grant,
The sermon on the mount was protestant."
"No doubt," reply'd the Hind, "as sure as all
The writings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul:
On that decision let it stand or fall.
Now for my converts, who, you say, unfed,
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread;
Judge not by hearsay, but observe at least,
If since their change their loaves have been increas'd.
The Lion buys no converts; if he did,
Beasts would be sold as fast as he could bid.
Tax those of interest who conform for gain,
Or stay the market of another reign:
Your broad-way sons would never be too nice
To close with Calvin, if he paid their price;
But, rais'd three steeples higher, would change their [note,
And quit the cassock for the canting-coat.
Now, if you damn this censure, as too bold,
Judge by yourselves, and think not others sold.
"Mean time my sons accus'd, by Fame's report,
Pay small attendance at the Lion's court,
Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late;
For silently they beg, who daily wait.
Preferment is bestow'd, that comes unsought;
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.
How they should speed, their fortune is untry'd;
For not to ask, is not to be deny'd.
For what they have, their God and king they bless,
And hope they should not murmur, had they less.
But if reduc'd subsistence to implore,
In common prudence they would pass your door.
Unpity'd Hudibras, your champion friend,
Has shown how far your charities extend.
This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,
'He sham'd you living, and upbraids you dead.'
"With odious atheist names you load your foes;
Your liberal clergy why did I expose?
It never fails in charities like those.
In climes where true religion is profess'd,
That imputation were no laughing jest.
But Imprimatur, with a chaplain's name,
Is here sufficient licence to defame.
What wonder is 't that black detraction thrives?
The homicide of names is less than lives;
And yet the perjur'd murderer survives."
This said, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd
The boiling indignation of her breast.
She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
Pollute her satire with ignoble blood:
Her panting foe she saw before her eye,
And back she drew the shining weapon dry.
So when the generous Lion has in sight
His equal match, he rouses for the fight;

But when his foe lies prostrate on the plain,
He sheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane,
And, pleas'd with bloodless honours of the day,
Walks over and disdains th' inglorious prey.
So James, if great with less we may compare,
Arrests his rolling thunderbolts in air;
And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd space,
To implore the remnants of long-suffering grace."
This breathing-time the matron took; and then
Resum'd the thread of her discourse again.
"Be vengeance wholly left to powers divine,
And let Heaven judge betwixt your sons and mine:
If joys hereafter must be purchas'd here
With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
Then welcome infamy and public shame,
And, last, a long farewell to worldly fame.
'Tis said with ease, but, oh, how hardly try'd
By haughty souls to human honour ty'd!
O sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!
Down then, thou rebel, never more to rise,
And what thou didst and dost so dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice.
'Tis nothing thou hast given, then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:
'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give:
Then add those may-be years thou hast to live:
Yet nothing still; then poor, and naked come:
Thy father will receive his unthrift home, [sum.
And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty
"Thus," she pursued, "I discipline a son,
Whose uncheck'd fury to revenge would run:
He champs the bit, impatient of his loss,
And starts aside, and flounders at the cross.
Instruct him better, gracious God! to know,
As thine is vengeance, so forgiveness too:
That, suffering from ill tongues, he bears no more
Than what his sovereign bears, and what his Saviour bore.
"It now remains for you to school your child,
And ask why God's anointed he revil'd;
A king and princess dead! did Shimei worse?
The curser's punishment should fright the curse:
Your son was warn'd, and wisely gave it o'er,
But he who counsel'd him has paid the score:
The heavy malice could no higher tend,
But woe to him on whom the weights descend!
So to permitted ills the demon flies;
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skies:
Constrain'd to quit his cause, no succour found,
The foe discharges every tire around,
In clouds of smoke abandoning the fight;
But his own thundering peals proclaim his flight.
"In Henry's change his charge as ill succeeds;
So that long story little answer needs:
Confront but Henry's words with Henry's deeds.
Were space allow'd, with ease it might be prov'd,
What springs his blessed reformation mov'd.
The dire effects appear'd in open sight,
Which from the cause he calls a distant flight,
And yet no larger leap than from the Sun to light.
"Now let your sons a double pæan sound,
A treatise of humility is found.
'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been sought,
Than thus in protestant procession brought.
The fam'd original through Spain is known,
Rodriguez' work, my celebrated son,
Which yours, by ill-translating, made his own;
Conceal'd its author, and usurp'd the name,
The basest and ignoblest theft of fame.
My altars kindled first that living coal;
Restore or practise better what you stole:
That virtue could this humble verse inspire,
'Tis all the restitution I require."
Glad was the Panther that the charge was clos'd,
And none of all her favourite sons expos'd.
For laws of arms permit each injur'd man,
To make himself a saver where he can.
Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell
The names of pirates in whose hands he fell;
But at the den of thieves he justly flies,
And every Algerine is lawful prize.
No private person in the foe's estate
Can plead exemption from the public fate.
Yet Christian laws allow not such redress;
Then let the greater supersede the less.
But let th' abetters of the Panther's crime
Learn to make fairer wars another time.
Some characters may sure be found to write
Among her sons; for 'tis no common sight,
A spotted dam, and all her offspring white.
The savage, though she saw her plea control'd,
Yet would not wholly seem to quit her hold,
But offer'd fairly to compound the strife,
And judge conversion by the convert's life.
"'Tis true," she said, "I think it somewhat strange,
So few should follow profitable change:
For present joys are more to flesh and blood,
Than a dull prospect of a distant good.
'Twas well alluded by a son of mine,
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin)
Two magnets, Heaven and Earth, allure to bliss;
The larger loadstone that, the nearer this:
The weak attraction of the greater fails;
We nod a while, but neighbourhood prevails:
But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your converts come so slow.
Methinks in those who firm with me remain,
It shows a nobler principle than gain." [ply'd,
"Your inference would be strong," the Hind re-
"If yours were in effect the suffering side:
Your clergy's sons their own in peace possess,
Nor are their prospects in reversion less.
My proselytes are struck with awful dread;
Your bloody comet-laws hang blazing o'er their
The respite they enjoy but only lent, [head;
The best they have to hope, protracted punishment.
Be judge yourself, if interest may prevail,
Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the scale.
While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous ease,
That is, till man's predominant passions cease,
Admire no longer at my slow increase.
"By education most have been misled;
So they believe, because they so were bred.
The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man.
The rest I nam'd before, nor need repeat:
But interest is the most prevailing cheat,
The sly seducer both of age and youth;
They study that, and think they study truth.
When interest fortifies an argument,
Weak reason serves to gain the will's assent;
For souls, already warp'd, receive an easy bent.
Add long prescription of establish'd laws,
And pique of honour to maintain a cause,
And shame of change, and fear of future ill,
And zeal, the blind conductor of the will;
And chief among the still-mistaking crowd,
The fame of teachers obstinate and proud,
And more than all the private judge allow'd;

Disdain of fathers which the dance began,
And last, uncertain whose the narrower span,
The clown unread, and half-read gentleman."
To this the Panther, with a scornful smile:
"Yet still you travel with unwearied toil,
And range around the realm without control,
Among my sons for proselytes to prowl,
And here and there you snap some silly soul.
You hinted fears of future change in state;
Pray Heaven you did not prophesy your fate!
Perhaps, you think your time of triumph near,
But may mistake the season of the year;
The Swallow's fortune gives you cause to fear."
"For charity," reply'd the matron, "tell
What sad mischance those pretty birds befel."
"Nay, no mischance," the savage Dame reply'd,
"But want of wit in their unerring guide,
And eager haste, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.
Yet wishing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.
"The Swallow, privileg'd above the rest
Of all the birds, as man's familiar guest,
Pursues the Sun in summer brisk and bold,
But wisely shuns the persecuting cold:
Is well to chancels and to chimnies known,
Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone.
From hence she has been held of heavenly line,
Endued with particles of soul divine.
This merry chorister had long possess'd
Her summer seat, and feather'd well her nest:
Till frowning skies began to change their cheer,
And Time turn'd up the wrong side of the year;
The shedding trees began the ground to strow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow:
Sad auguries of winter thence she drew,
Which by instinct, or prophecy, she knew;
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
And seek a better heaven, and warmer climes.
"Her sons were summon'd on a steeple's height,
And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;
The day was nam'd, the next that should be fair:
All to the general rendezvous repair,
They try their fluttering wings, and trust themselves in air.
But whether upward to the Moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,
Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns us not to know.
"Southwards, you may be sure, they bent their flight,
And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night:
Next morn they rose, and set up every sail;
The wind was fair, but blew a mackrel gale:
The sickly young sat shivering on the shore,
Abhorr'd salt-water, never seen before,
And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
The passage, and expect a fairer day.
"With these the Martin readily concurr'd,
A church-begot and church-believing bird;
Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Round-belly'd, for a dignity design'd,
And much a dunce, as martins are by kind.
Yet often quoted canon-laws, and code,
And fathers which he never understood:
But little learning needs in noble blood.
For, sooth to say, the Swallow brought him in,
Her household chaplain, and her next of kin:
In superstition silly to excess,
And casting schemes by planetary guess:
In fine, short-wing'd, unfit himself to fly,
His fear foretold foul weather in the sky.
"Besides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,
Left of their lodging, was observ'd to croak.
That omen lik'd him not: so his advice
Was present safety, bought at any price;
A seeming pious care, that cover'd cowardice.
To strengthen this, he told a boding dream,
Of rising waters, and a troubled stream,
Sure signs of anguish, dangers, and distress,
With something more, not lawful to express:
By which he slily seem'd to intimate
Some secret revelation of their fate.
For he concluded, once upon a time,
He found a leaf inscrib'd with sacred rhyme,
Whose antique characters did well denote
The Sibyl's hand of the Cumæan grot:
The mad divineress had plainly writ,
A time should come, but many ages yet,
In which, sinister destinies ordain,
A dame should drown with all her feather'd train,
And seas from thence be call'd the Chelidonian main.
At this, some shook for fear, the more devout
Arose, and bless'd themselves from head to foot.
"'Tis true, some stagers of the wiser sort
Made all these idle wonderments their sport:
They said, their only danger was delay,
And he, who heard what every fool could say,
Would never fix his thought, but trim his time away.
The passage yet was good; the wind, 'tis true,
Was somewhat high, but that was nothing new,
No more than usual equinoxes blew.
The Sun, already from the Scales declin'd,
Gave little hopes of better days behind, [wind.
But change from bad to worse of weather and of
Nor need they fear the dampness of the sky
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly,
'Twas only water thrown on sails to dry.
But, least of all, philosophy presumes
Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes:
Perhaps the Martin, hous'd in holy ground,
Might think of ghosts that walk their midnight round,
Till grosser atoms tumbling in the stream
Of Fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a dream:
As little weight his vain presages bear,
Of ill effect to such alone who fear:
Most prophecies are of a piece with these,
Each Nostradamus can foretel with ease:
Not naming persons and confounding times,
One casual truth supports a thousand lying rhymes.
"Th' advice was true; but fear had seiz'd the [most,
And all good counsel is on cowards lost.
The question crudely put to shun delay,
'Twas carry'd by the major part to stay.
"His point thus gain'd, sir Martin dated there
His power, and from a priest became a prince.
He order'd all things with a busy care,
And cells and refectories did prepare,
And large provisions laid of winter fare:
But now and then let fall a word or two
Of hope, that Heaven some miracle might show,
And for their sakes the Sun should backward go;
Against the laws of Nature upward climb,
And, mounted on the Ram, renew the prime:
For which two proofs in sacred story lay,
Of Ahaz' dial, and of Joshua's day.
In expectation of such times as these,
A chapel hous'd them, truly call'd of ease:
For Martin much devotion did not ask;
They pray'd sometimes, and that was all their task.
"It happen'd, as beyond the reach of wit
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit,

hat this accomplish'd, or at least in part,
ave great repute to their new Merlin's art.
me Swifts, the giants of the swallow kind,
arge-limb'd, stout-hearted, but of stupid mind,
'or Swisses or for Gibeonites design'd)
hese lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,
suck fresh air, survey'd the neighbouring plain;
nd saw (but scarcely could believe their eyes)
ew blossoms flourish, and new flowers arise;
s God had been abroad, and, walking there,
ad left his footsteps, and reform'd the year:
he sunny hills from far were seen to glow
'ith glittering beams, and in the meads below
he burnish'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold to
t last they heard the foolish Cuckow sing, [flow.
'hose note proclaim'd the holy-day of Spring.
"No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
nd repossess their patrimonial sky.
he priest before them did his wings display;
nd, that good omens might attend their way,
s luck would have it, 'twas St. Martin's day.
"Who but the Swallow triumphs now alone?
he canopy of Heaven is all her own:
er youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
nd glide along in glades, and skim in air,
nd dip for insects in the purling springs,
nd stoop on rivers to refresh their wings.
heir mothers think a fair provision made,
hat every son can live upon his trade:
nd, now the careful charge is off their hands,
ook out for husbands, and new nuptial bands:
he youthful widow longs to be supply'd;
ut first the lover is by lawyers ty'd
o settle jointure-chimnies on the bride.
thick they couple in so short a space,
hat Martin's marriage-offerings rise apace.
heir ancient houses, running to decay,
re furbish'd up, and cemented with clay;
hey teem already; store of eggs are laid,
nd brooding mothers call Lucina's aid.
ame spreads the news, and foreign fowls appear
flocks to greet the new returning year,
o bless the founder, and partake the cheer.
And now 'twas time (so fast their numbers rise)
o plant abroad and people colonies.
he youth drawn forth, as Martin had desir'd,
'or so their cruel destiny requir'd)
'ere sent far off on an ill-fated day;
he rest would needs conduct them on their way,
nd Martin went, because he fear'd alone to stay.
"So long they flew with inconsiderate haste,
hat now their afternoon began to waste;
nd, what was ominous, that very morn
he Sun was enter'd into Capricorn;
'hich, by their bad astronomer's account,
hat week the Virgin Balance should remount,
n infant Moon eclips'd him in his way,
nd hid the small remainders of his day.
he crowd, amaz'd, pursued no certain mark;
ut birds met birds, and justled in the dark:
ew mind the public in a panic fright;
nd fear increas'd the horrour of the night.
ight came, but unattended with repose;
lone she came, no sleep their eyes to close:
lone, and black she came; no friendly stars arose.
"What should they do, beset with dangers round,
o neighbouring dorp, no lodging to be found,
ut bleaky plains, and bare unhospitable ground.
he latter brood, who just began to fly,
ick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the sky,
For succour to their helpless mother call;
She spread her wings: some few beneath them crawl;
She spread them wider yet, but could not cover all.
T' augment their woes, the winds began to move
Debate in air for empty fields above,
Till Boreas got the skies, and pour'd amain
His rattling hailstones mix'd with snow and rain.
"The joyless morning late arose, and found
A dreadful desolation reign around,
Some bury'd in the snow, some frozen to the ground.
The rest were struggling still with death, and lay
The Crows' and Ravens' rights, an undefended prey:
Excepting Martin's race; for they and he
Had gain'd the shelter of a hollow tree:
But, soon discover'd by a sturdy clown,
He headed all the rabble of a town,
And finish'd them with bats, or poll'd them down.
Martin himself was caught alive, and try'd
For treasonous crimes, because the laws provide
No Martin there in winter shall abide.
High on an oak, which never leaf shall bear,
He breath'd his last, expos'd to open air;
And there his corpse unbless'd is hanging still,
To show the change of winds with his prophetic bill."
The patience of the Hind did almost fail;
For well she mark'd the malice of the tale:
Which ribbald art their church to Luther owes;
In malice it began, by malice grows;
He sow'd the serpent's teeth, an iron-harvest rose.
But most in Martin's character and fate,
She saw her slander'd sons, the Panther's hate,
The people's rage, the persecuting state:
Then said, "I take th' advice in friendly part:
You clear your conscience, or at least your heart;
Perhaps you fail'd in your foreseeing skill,
For Swallows are unlucky birds to kill:
As for my sons, the family is bless'd,
Whose every child is equal to the rest:
No church reform'd can boast a blameless line;
Such Martins build in yours, and more than mine:
Or else an old fanatic author lies,
Who summed their scandals up by centuries.
But through your parable I plainly see
The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity;
The sun-shine that offends the purblind sight:
Had some their wishes, it would soon be night.
Mistake me not; the charge concerns not you:
Your sons are malecontents, but yet are true,
As far as non-resistance makes them so;
But that's a word of neutral sense, you know,
A passive term, which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebel and a king."
"Rest well assur'd," the Pardelis reply'd,
"My sons would all support the regal side.
Though Heaven forbid the cause by battle should be
The matron answer'd with a loud amen, [try'd."
And thus pursued her argument again.
"If, as you say, and as I hope no less,
Your sons will practise what yourselves profess,
What angry power prevents our present peace?
The Lion, studious of our common good,
Desires (and kings' desires are ill withstood)
To join our nations in a lasting love:
The bars betwixt are easy to remove;
For sanguinary laws were never made above.
If you condemn that prince of tyranny,
Whose mandate forc'd your Gallic friends to fly,
Make not a worse example of your own;
Or cease to rail at causeless rigour shown,
And let the guiltless person throw the stone.

His blunted sword your suffering brotherhood
Have seldom felt; he stops it short of blood:
But you have ground the persecuting knife,
And set it to a razor edge on life.
Curs'd be the wit, which cruelty refines,
Or to his father's rod the scorpion's joins;
Your finger is more gross than the great monarch's loins.
But you, perhaps, remove that bloody note,
And stick it on the first reformers' coat.
Oh let their crime in long oblivion sleep:
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.
Unjust, or just, is all the question now;
'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.
"To name the Test, would put you in a rage;
You charge not that on any former age,
But smile to think how innocent you stand,
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand.
Yet still remember, that you wield a sword
Forg'd by your foes against your sovereign lord;
Design'd to hew th' imperial cedar down,
Defraud succession, and disheir the crown.
T' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate traitors, and the treason love.
What means it else, which now your children say,
We made it not, nor will we take away?
"Suppose some great oppressor had, by slight
Of law, disseiz'd your brother of his right,
Your common sire surrendering a fright;
Would you to that unrighteous title stand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?
More just was Judas, who his Saviour sold;
The sacrilegious bribe he could not hold,
Nor hang in peace, before he rendered back the gold.
What more could you have done, than now you do,
Had Oates and Bedloe, and their plot, been true?
Some specious reasons for those wrongs were found;
Their dire magicians threw their mists around,
And wise men walk'd as on enchanted ground.
But now, when Time has made th' imposture plain,
(Late though he follow'd Truth, and limping held her train)
What new delusion charms your cheated eyes again?
The painted harlot might a while bewitch,
But why the hag uncas'd, and all obscene with itch?
"The first reformers were a modest race;
Our peers possess'd in peace their native place;
And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the state,
They suffer'd only in the common fate:
But now the sovereign mounts the regal chair,
And mitred seats are full, yet David's bench is bare.
Your answer is, they were not dispossest:
They need but rub their metal on the test
To prove their ore: 'twere well if gold alone
Were touch'd and try'd on your discerning stone;
But that unfaithful test unsound will pass,
The dross of atheists, and sectarian brass:
As if th' experiment were made to hold
For base production, and reject the gold.
Thus men ungodded may to places rise,
And sects may be preferr'd without disguise:
No danger to the church or state from these;
The papist only has his writ of ease.
No gainful office gives him the pretence
To grind the subject, or defraud the prince.
Wrong conscience, or no conscience, may deserve
To thrive; but ours alone is privileg'd to starve.
"Still thank yourselves, you cry; your noble race
We banish not, but they forsake the place;
Our doors are open: true, but ere they come,
You toss your 'censing test, and fume the room;
As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel,
And fright the fiend who could not bear the smell."
To this the Panther sharply had reply'd;
But, having gain'd a verdict on her side,
She wisely gave the loser leave to chide;
Well satisfy'd to have the But and Peace,
And for the plaintiff's cause she car'd the less,
Because she sued *in forma pauperis;*
Yet thought it decent something should be said;
For secret guilt by silence is betray'd.
So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
But answer'd with a yawning kind of pride.
"Methinks such terms of profier'd peace you bring,
As once Æneas to th' Italian king:
By long possession all the land is mine;
You strangers come with your intruding line,
To share my sceptre, which you call to join.
You plead like him an ancient pedigree,
And claim a peaceful seat by Fate's decree.
In ready pomp your sacrificer stands,
T' unite the Trojan and the Latin bands,
And, that the league more firmly may be ty'd,
Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.
Thus plausibly you veil th' intended wrong,
But still you bring your exil'd gods along;
And will endeavour, in succeeding space,
Those household puppets on our hearths to place.
Perhaps some barbarous laws have been preferr'd;
I spake against the test, but was not heard;
These to rescind, and peerage to restore,
My gracious sovereign would my vote implore:
I owe him much, but owe my conscience more."
"Conscience is then your plea," reply'd the dame,
Which, well inform'd, will ever be the same.
But yours is much of the chameleon hue,
To change the dye with every distant view.
When first the Lion sat with awful sway,
Your conscience taught your duty to obey:
He might have had your statutes and your test;
No conscience but of subjects was profess'd.
He found your temper, and no further try'd,
But on that broken reed your church rely'd.
In vain the sects essay'd their utmost art,
With offer'd treasure to espouse their part;
Their treasures were a bribe too mean to move his heart.
But when by long experience you had prov'd,
How far he could forgive, how well he lov'd;
A goodness that excell'd his godlike race,
And only short of Heaven's unbounded grace;
A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our isle,
Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the Nile;
Forgetting whence your Egypt was supply'd,
You thought your sovereign bound to send the tide:
Nor upward look'd on that immortal spring,
But vainly deem'd, he durst not be a king:
Then Conscience, unrestrain'd by fear, began
To stretch her limits, and extend the span;
Did his indulgence as her gift dispose,
And make a wise alliance with her foes.
Can Conscience own th' associating name,
And raise no blushes to conceal her shame?
For sure she has been thought a bashful dame.
But if the cause by battle should be try'd,
You grant she must espouse the regal side:
O Proteus Conscience, never to be ty'd!

'hat Phœbus from the tripod shall disclose,
'hich are, in last resort, your friends or foes?
lomer, who learn'd the language of the sky,
'he seeming Gordian knot would soon untie;
mmortal powers the term of Conscience know,
lut Interest is her name with men below."
"Conscience or Interest be't, or both in one,"
'he Panther answer'd in a surly tone;
The first commands me to maintain the crown,
'he last forbids to throw my barriers down.
'ur penal laws no sons of yours admit,
'ur test excludes your tribe from benefit.
'hese are my banks your ocean to withstand,
'hich proudly rising overlooks the land;
nd, once let in, with unresisted sway
'ould sweep the pastors and their flocks away.
'hink not my judgment leads me to comply
'ith laws unjust, but hard necessity:
mperious need, which cannot be withstood,
Makes ill authentic, for a greater good.
'ossess your soul with patience, and attend:
A more auspicious planet may ascend;
Good fortune may present some happier time,
'ith means to cancel my unwilling crime;
Unwilling, witness all ye powers above)
'o mend my errours, and redeem your love:
'hat little space you safely may allow;
'our all-dispensing power protects you now."
"Hold," said the Hind, "'tis needless to explain;
'ou would postpone me to another reign;
'ill when you are content to be unjust:
'our part is to possess, and mine to trust.
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,
'or present profit and inheritance.
'ew words will serve to finish our dispute;
'ho will not now repeal, would persecute.
'o ripen green revenge, your hopes attend,
'ishing that happier planet would ascend.
'or shame, let Conscience be your plea no more:
'o will hereafter, proves she might before:
But she's a bawd to Gain, and holds the door.
"Your care about your banks infers a fear
Of threatening floods and inundations near;
f so, a just reprise would only be
Of what the land usurp'd upon the sea;
And all your jealousies but serve to show,
'our ground is, like your neighbour-nation, low.
'' intrench in what you grant unrighteous laws,
s to distrust the justice of your cause;
And argues that the true religion lies
n those weak adversaries you despise.
"Tyrannic force is that which least you fear;
'he sound is frightful in a Christian's ear:
Avert it, Heaven! nor let that plague be sent
'o us from the dispeopled continent.
"But piety commands me to refrain;
'hose prayers are needless in this monarch's reign.
Behold! how he protects your friends oppress'd,
Receives the banish'd, succours the distress'd:
Behold, for you may read an honest open breast.
He stands in day-light, and disdains to hide
An act, to which by honour he is ty'd,
A generous, laudable, and kingly pride.
'our test he would repeal, his peers restore;
This when he says he means, he means no more."
"Well," said the Panther, "I believe him just,
And yet—"
"And yet, 'tis but because you must;
'ou would be trusted, but you would not trust."
The Hind thus briefly; and disdain'd t' enlarge
On power of kings, and their superior charge,
As Heaven's trustees before the people's choice,
Though sure the Panther did not much rejoice
To hear those echoes given of her once-loyal voice.
The matron woo'd her kindness to the last,
But could not win; her hour of grace was past.
Whom, thus persisting, when she could not bring
To leave the Wolf, and to believe her king,
She gave her up, and fairly wish'd her joy
Of her late treaty with her new ally:
Which well she hop'd would more successful prove,
Than was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love.
The Panther ask'd, "what concord there could be
Betwixt two kinds whose natures disagree?"
The dame reply'd: "'Tis sung in every street,
The common chat of gossips when they meet:
But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
To take a wholesome tale, though told in homely style.
"A plain good man, whose name is understood,
(So few deserve the name of plain and good)
Of three fair lineal lordships stood possess'd,
And liv'd, as reason was, upon the best.
Inur'd to hardships from his early youth,
Much had he done, and suffer'd for his truth:
At land and sea, in many a doubtful fight,
Was never known a more adventurous knight,
Who oftner drew his sword, and always for the right.
"As Fortune would, (his fortune came, though late)
He took possession of his just estate:
Nor rack'd his tenants with increase of rent;
Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent;
But overlook'd his Hinds; their pay was just,
And ready, for he scorn'd to go on trust:
Slow to resolve, but in performance quick;
So true, that he was awkward at a trick.
For little souls on little shifts rely,
And cowards arts of mean expedients try;
The noble mind will dare do any thing but lie.
False friends, his deadliest foes, could find no way
But shows of honest bluntness, to betray:
That unsuspected plainness he believ'd;
He look'd into himself, and was deceiv'd.
Some lucky planet sure attends his birth,
Or Heaven would make a miracle on Earth;
For prosperous honesty is seldom seen
To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win.
It looks as Fate with Nature's law would strive,
To show plain-dealing once an age may thrive:
And, when so tough a frame she could not bend,
Exceeded her commission to befriend.
"This grateful man, as Heaven increas'd his store,
Gave God again, and daily fed his poor.
His house with all convenience was purvey'd;
The rest he found, but rais'd the fabric where he pray'd;
And in that sacred place his beauteous wife
Employ'd her happiest hours of holy life.
"Nor did their alms extend to those alone,
Whom common faith more strictly made their own;
A sort of Doves were hous'd too near their hall,
Who cross the proverb, and abound with gall.
Though some, 'tis true, are passively inclin'd,
The greater part degenerate from their kind;
Voracious birds that hotly bill and breed,
And largely drink, because on salt they feed.
Small gain from them their bounteous owner draws;
Yet, bound by promise, he supports their cause,
As corporations privileg'd by laws.

"That house, which harbour to their kind affords,
Was built, long since, God knows, for better birds;
But, fluttering, there they nestle near the throne,
And lodge in habitations not their own,
By their high crops and corny gizzards known.
Like harpies they could scent a plenteous board,
Then, to be sure, they never fail'd their lord:
The rest was form, and bare attendance paid;
They drank, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
The more they fed, they raven'd still for more;
They drain'd from Dan, and left Beersheba poor.
All this they had by law, and none repin'd;
The preference was but due to Levi's kind:
But when some lay-preferment fell by chance,
The Gourmands made it their inheritance.
When once possess'd, they never quit their claim;
For then 'tis sanctify'd to Heaven's high name;
And, hallow'd thus, they cannot give consent
The gift should be profan'd by worldly management.

"Their flesh was never to the table serv'd;
Though 'tis not thence inferr'd the birds were starv'd:
But that their master did not like the food,
As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.
Nor did it with his gracious nature suit,
Ev'n though they were not Doves, to persecute:
Yet he refus'd (nor could they take offence)
Their glutton kind should teach him abstinence.
Nor consecrated grain their wheat he thought,
Which new from treading in their bills they brought:
But left his Hinds each in his private power,
That those who like the bran might leave the flour.
He for himself, and not for others, chose,
Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impose;
But in their faces his devotion paid,
And sacrifice with solemn rites was made,
And sacred incense on his altars laid.
Besides these jolly birds, whose corpse impure
Repaid their commons with their salt manure;
Another farm he had behind his house,
Not overstock'd, but barely for his use:
Wherein his poor domestic poultry fed,
And from his pious hands receiv'd their bread,
Our pamper'd Pigeons, with malignant eyes,
Beheld these inmates, and their nurseries:
Though hard their fare, at evening, and at morn,
A cruise of water, and an ear of corn;
Yet still they grudg'd that modicum, and thought
A sheaf in every single grain was brought.
Fain would they filch that little food away,
While unrestrain'd those happy gluttons prey.
And much they griev'd to see so nigh their hall,
The bird that warn'd St. Peter of his fall:
That he should raise his mitred crest on high,
And clap his wings, and call his family
To sacred rites; and vex th' ethereal powers
With midnight mattins at uncivil hours;
Nay more, his quiet neighbours should molest,
Just in the sweetness of their morning rest.
Beast of a bird, supinely when he might
Lie snug and sleep, to rise before the light!
What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry,
Could he not let a bad example die?
The world was fall'n into an easier way;
This age knew better than to fast and pray.
Good sense in sacred worship would appear
So to begin, as they might end the year.
Such feats in former times had wrought the falls
Of crowing Chanticleers in cloister'd walls,
Expell'd for this, and for their lands, they fled;
And sister Partlet with her hooded head
Was hooted hence, because she would not pray a-bed.
The way to win the restive world to God,
Was to lay by the disciplining rod,
Unnatural fasts, and foreign forms of prayer:
Religion frights us with a mien severe.
'Tis prudence to reform her into ease,
And put her in undress to make her please:
A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the luggage of good works behind.

"Such doctrines in the pigeon-house were taught:
You need not ask how wondrously they wrought;
But sure the common cry was all for these,
Whose life and precepts both encourag'd ease.
Yet fearing those alluring baits might fail,
And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail—
For Vice, though frontless, and of harden'd face,
Is daunted at the sight of awful Grace—
An hideous figure of their foes they drew,
Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades, nor colours true;
And this grotesque design expos'd to public view.
One would have thought it some Egyptian piece,
With garden-gods, and barking deities,
More thick than Ptolemy has stuck the skies.
All so perverse a draught, so far unlike,
It was no libel where it meant to strike.
Yet still the daubing pleas'd, and great and small
To view the monster crowded pigeon-hall.
There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees
Adoring shrines, and stocks of sainted trees;
And by him, a misshapen, ugly race;
The curse of God was seen on every face:
No Holland emblem could that malice mend,
But still the worse they look, the fitter for a fiend.

The master of the farm, displeas'd to find
So much of rancour in so mild a kind,
Inquir'd into the cause, and came to know
The passive church had struck the foremost blow;
With groundless fears and jealousies possest,
As if this troublesome intruding guest
Would drive the birds of Venus from their nest.
A deed his inborn equity abhorr'd; [his word.
But Interest will not trust, though God should plight
A law, the source of many future harms,
Had banish'd all the poultry from the farms;
With loss of life, if any should be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.
That bloody statute chiefly was design'd
For Chanticleer the white, of clergy kind;
But after-malice did not long forget
The lay that wore the robe and coronet.
For them, for their inferiors and allies,
Their foes a deadly Shibboleth devise:
By which unrighteously it was decreed,
That none to trust or profit should succeed, [weed:
Who would not swallow first a poisonous wicked
Or that, to which old Socrates was curs'd,
Or henbane juice to swell them till they burst.

"The patron (as in reason) thought it hard
To see this inquisition in his yard, [barr'd.
By which the sovereign was of subjects' use de-
All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw
Th' effects of so unnatural a law:
But still the dove-house obstinately stood
Deaf to their own, and to their neighbours' good;
And, which was worse, if any worse could be,
Repented of their boasted loyalty:
Now made the champions of a cruel cause,
And drunk with fumes of popular applause;

For those whom God to ruin has design'd,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.
" New doubts indeed they daily strove to raise,
Suggested dangers, interpos'd delays;
And emissary Pigeons had in store,
Such as the Meccan prophet us'd of yore,
To whisper counsels in their patron's ear;
And veil'd their false advice with zealous fear.
The master smil'd, to see them work in vain,
To wear him out, and make an idle reign:
He saw, but suffer'd their protractive arts,
And strove by mildness to reduce their hearts:
But they abus'd that grace to make allies,
And fondly clos'd with former enemies,
For fools are doubly fools, endeavouring to be wise.
" After a grave consult what course were best,
One, more mature in folly than the rest,
Stood up, and told them with his head aside,
'That desperate cures must be to desperate ills apply'd:
And therefore, since their main impending fear
Was from th' increasing race of Chanticleer,
Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,
A foe profess'd to him, and all his kind:
Some haggard Hawk, who had her eyry nigh,
Well pounc'd to fasten, and well wing'd to fly:
One they might trust, their common wrongs to wreak:
The Musquet and the Coystrel were too weak,
Too fierce the Falcon; but, above the rest,
The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me best;
Of small renown, 'tis true; for, not to lie,
We call him but a Hawk by courtesy.
I know he hates the pigeon-house and farm,
And more, in time of war, has done us harm:
But all his hate on trivial points depends:
Give up our forms, and we shall soon be friends.
For pigeon's flesh he seems not much to care;
Cramm'd chickens are a more delicious fare.
On this high potentate, without delay,
I wish you would confer the sovereign sway:
Petition him t' accept the government,
And let a splendid embassy be sent.'
" This pithy speech prevail'd; and all agreed,
Old enmities forgot, the Buzzard should succeed.
" Their welcome suit was granted soon as heard,
His lodgings furnish'd, and a train prepar'd,
With B's upon their breast, appointed for his guard.
He came, and, crown'd with great solemnity,
'God save king Buzzard!' was the general cry.
" A portly prince, and goodly to the sight,
He seem'd a son of Anach for his height:
Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer:
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter:
Broad-back'd, and brawny-built for love's delight;
A prophet form'd to make a female proselyte.
A theologue more by need than genial bent;
By breeding sharp, by nature confident.
Interest in all his actions was discern'd;
More learn'd than honest, more a wit than learn'd:
Or forc'd by fear, or by his profit led,
Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled:
But brought the virtues of his heaven along;
A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue.
And yet with all his arts he could not thrive;
The most unlucky parasite alive.
Loud praises to prepare his paths he sent,
And then himself pursued his compliment;
But, by reverse of fortune chas'd away,
His gifts no longer than their author stay:
He shakes the dust against th' ungrateful race,
And leaves the stench of ordures in the place.
Oft has he flatter'd and blasphem'd the same;
For in his rage he spares no sovereign's name:
The hero and the tyrant change their style
By the same measure that they frown or smile.
When well receiv'd by hospitable foes,
The kindness he returns, is to expose;
For courtesies, though undeserv'd and great,
No gratitude in felon-minds beget;
As tribute to his wit, the churl receives the treat.
His praise of foes is venomously nice;
So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice:
'A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice.'
Seven sacraments he wisely does disown,
Because he knows confession stands for one;
Where sins to sacred silence are convey'd,
And not for fear, or love, to be betray'd:
But he, uncall'd, his patron to control,
Divulg'd the secret whispers of his soul;
Stood forth th' accusing Satan of his crimes,
And offer'd to the Moloch of the times.
Prompt to assail, and careless of defence,
Invulnerable in his impudence,
He dares the world; and, eager of a name,
He thrusts about, and justles into fame.
Frontless, and satire-proof, he scowers the streets,
And runs an Indian-muck at all he meets.
So fond of loud report, that not to miss
Of being known, (his last and utmost bliss)
He rather would be known for what he is.
" Such was, and is, the captain of the Test,
Though half his virtues are not here express'd;
The modesty of fame conceals the rest.
The spleenful Pigeons never could create
A prince more proper to revenge their hate;
Indeed, more proper to revenge, than save.
A king, whom in his wrath th' Almighty gave:
For all the grace the landlord had allow'd,
But made the Buzzard and the Pigeons proud;
Gave time to fix their friends, and to seduce the crowd.
They long their fellow-subjects to enthral,
Their patron's promise into question call,
And vainly think he meant to make them lords of all.
" False fears their leaders fail'd not to suggest,
As if the Doves were to be dispossess'd;
Nor sighs, nor groans, nor gogling eyes, did want;
For now the Pigeons too had learn'd to cant.
The house of prayer is stock'd with large increase;
Nor doors nor windows can contain the press:
For birds of every feather fill th' abode;
Ev'n atheists out of envy own a God:
And reeking from the stews adulterers come,
Like Goths and Vandals to demolish Rome.
That Conscience, which to all their crimes was mute,
Now calls aloud, and cries to persecute:
No rigour of the laws to be releas'd,
And much the less, because it was their lord's request:
They thought it great their sovereign to control,
And nam'd their pride, nobility of soul.
" 'Tis true, the Pigeons, and their prince elect,
Were short of power, their purpose to effect:
But with their quills did all the hurt they could,
And cuff'd the tender Chickens from their food:
And much the Buzzard in their cause did stir,
Though naming not the patron, to infer
With all respect, he was a gross idolater.
" But when th' imperial owner did espy,
That thus they turn'd his grace to villainy,

REESE

Not suffering wrath to discompose his mind,
He strove a temper for th' extremes to find,
So to be just, as he might still be kind;
Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a doom
Of sacred strength for every age to come.
By this the Doves their wealth and state possess,
No rights infring'd, but licence to oppress:
Such power have they as factious lawyers long
To crowns ascrib'd, that kings can do no wrong.
But since his own domestic birds have try'd
The dire effects of their destructive pride,
He deems that proof a measure to the rest,
Concluding well within his kingly breast,
His fowls of nature too unjustly were opprest.
He therefore makes all birds of every sect
Free of his farm, with promise to respect
Their several kinds alike, and equally protect.
His gracious edict the same franchise yields
To all the wild increase of woods and fields,
And who in rocks aloof, and who in steeples builds:
To Crows the like impartial grace affords,
And Choughs and Daws, and such republic birds:
Secur'd with ample privilege to feed,
Each has his district, and his bounds decreed:
Combin'd in common interest with his own,
But not to pass the Pigeon's Rubicon.

"Here ends the reign of his pretended Dove;
All prophecy's accomplish'd from above,
For Shiloh comes the sceptre to remove.
Reduc'd from her imperial high abode,
Like Dionysius to a private rod,
The passive church, that with pretended grace
Did her distinctive mark in duty place,
Now touch'd, reviles her Maker to his face.

"What after happen'd is not hard to guess:
The small beginnings had a large increase,
And arts and wealth succeed, the secret spoils of peace.
'Tis said, the Doves repented, though too late,
Become the smiths of their own foolish fate:
Nor did their owner hasten their ill hour;
But, sunk in credit, they decreas'd in power:
Like snows in warmth that mildly pass away,
Dissolving in the silence of decay.

"The Buzzard, not content with equal place,
Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his race;
To hide the thinness of their flock from sight,
And all together make a seeming goodly flight:
But each have separate interests of their own;
Two czars are one too many for a throne.
Nor can th' usurper long abstain from food;
Already he has tasted Pigeon's blood:
And may be tempted to his former fare,
When this indulgent lord shall late to Heaven repair.
Bare benting times, and moulting months may come,
When, lagging late, they cannot reach their home;
Or rent in schism (for so their fate decrees)
Like the tumultuous college of the bees,
They fight their quarrel, by themselves opprest;
The tyrant smiles below, and waits the falling feast."

Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end,
Nor would the Panther blame it, nor commend;
But, with affected yawnings at the close,
Seem'd to require her natural repose;
For now the streaky light began to peep;
And setting stars admonish'd both to sleep.
The dame withdrew, and, wishing to her guest
The peace of Heaven, betook herself to rest.
Ten thousand angels on her slumbers wait,
With glorious visions of her future state.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA:

A POEM ON THE PRINCE, BORN ON THE TENTH OF JUNE, 1688.

Our vows are heard betimes, and Heaven takes care
To grant, before we can conclude the prayer:
Preventing angels met it half the way,
And sent us back to praise, who came to pray.

Just on the day, when the high-mounted Sun
Did furthest in its northern progress run,
He bended forward, and ev'n stretch'd the sphere
Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year,
To view a brighter sun in Britain born;
That was the business of his longest morn;
The glorious object seen, 'twas time to turn.

Departing Spring could only stay to shed
Her gloomy beauties on the genial bed,
But left the manly Summer in her stead,
With timely fruit the longing land to cheer,
And to fulfil the promise of the year.
Betwixt two seasons comes th' auspicious heir,
This age to blossom, and the next to bear.

Last solemn sabbath saw the church attend,
The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend;
But when his wondrous octave roll'd again,
He brought a royal infant in his train.
So great a blessing to so good a king,
None but th' Eternal Comforter could bring.

Or did the mighty Trinity conspire,
As once in council to create our fire?
It seems as if they sent the new-born guest
To wait on the procession of their feast;
And on their sacred anniverse decreed
To stamp their image on the promis'd seed.
Three realms united, and on one bestow'd,
An emblem of their mystic union show'd:
The mighty trine the triple empire shar'd:
As every person would have one to guard.

Hail, son of prayers! by holy violence
Drawn down from Heaven; but long be banish'd thence,
And late to thy paternal skies retire:
To mend our crimes, whole ages would require;
To change th' inveterate habit of our sins,
And finish what thy godlike sire begins.
Kind Heaven, to make us Englishmen again,
No less can give us than a patriarch's reign.

The sacred cradle to your charge receive,
Ye seraphs, and by turns the guard relieve;
Thy father's angel, and thy father join,
To keep possession, and secure the line;
But long defer the honours of thy fate:
Great may they be like his, like his be late;
That James his running century may view,
And give this Son an auspice to the new.

Our wants exact at least that moderate stay:
For see the dragon winged on his way,
To watch the travail, and devour the prey.
Or, if allusions may not rise so high,
Thus, when Alcides rais'd his infant cry,
The snakes besieg'd his young divinity:
But vainly with their forked tongues they threat;
For opposition makes a hero great.
To needful succour all the good will run,
And Jove assert the godhead of his son.

O still repining at your present state,
Grudging yourselves the benefits of fate,
Look up, and read in characters of light
A blessing sent you in your own despite.

The manna falls, yet that celestial bread
Like Jews you munch, and murmur while you feed.
May not your fortune be like theirs, exil'd,
Yet forty years to wander in the wild!
Or if it be, may Moses live at least,
To lead you to the verge of promis'd rest!
Though poets are not prophets, to foreknow
What plants will take the blight, and what will grow,
By tracing Heaven, his footsteps may be found:
Behold! how awfully he walks the round!
God is abroad, and, wondrous in his ways,
The rise of empires, and their fall surveys;
More, might I say, than with an usual eye,
He sees his bleeding church in ruin lie,
And hears the souls of saints beneath his altar cry.
Already has he lifted high the sign,
Which crown'd the conquering arms of Constantine:
The Moon grows pale at that presaging sight,
And half her train of stars have lost their light.
Behold another Sylvester, to bless
The sacred standard, and secure success;
Large of his treasures, of a soul so great,
As fills and crowds his universal seat.
Now view at home a second Constantine;
(The former too was of the British line)
Has not his healing balm your breaches clos'd,
Whose exile many sought, and few oppos'd?
O, did not Heaven by its eternal doom
Permit those evils, that this good might come?
So manifest, that ev'n the moon-ey'd sects
See whom and what this Providence protects.
Methinks, had we within our minds no more
Than that one shipwreck on the fatal ore,
That only thought may make us think again,
What wonders God reserves for such a reign.
To dream that Chance his preservation wrought,
Were to think Noah was preserv'd for nought;
Or the surviving eight were not design'd
To people Earth, and to restore their kind.
When humbly on the royal babe we gaze,
The manly lines of a majestic face
Give awful joy: 'tis paradise to look
On the fair frontispiece of Nature's book:
If the first opening page so charms the sight,
Think how th' unfolded volume will delight!
See how the venerable infant lies
In early pomp; how through the mother's eyes
The father's soul, with an undaunted view,
Looks out, and takes our homage as his due.
See on his future subjects how he smiles,
Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;
But with an open face, as on his throne,
Assures our birthrights, and assumes his own:
Born in broad daylight, that th' ungrateful rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt;
Truth, which itself is light, does darkness shun,
And the true eaglet safely dares the Sun.
Fain would the fiends have made a dubious birth,
Loth to confess the Godhead cloth'd in earth:
But sicken'd after all their baffled lies,
To find an heir apparent in the skies:
Abandon'd to despair, still may they grudge,
And, owning not the Saviour, prove the judge.
Not great Æneas stood in plainer day,
When, the dark mantling mist dissolv'd away,
He to the Tyrians show'd his sudden face,
Shining with all his goddess mother's grace:
For she herself had made his countenance bright,
Breath'd honour on his eyes, and her own purple light.

If our victorious Edward, as they say,
Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day,
Why may not years, revolving with his fate,
Produce his like, but with a longer date?
One, who may carry to a distant shore
The terrour that his fam'd forefather bore.
But why should James or his young hero stay
For slight presages of a name or day?
We need no Edward's fortune to adorn
That happy moment when our prince was born:
Our prince adorns this day, and ages hence
Shall wish his birth-day for some future prince.
Great Michael, prince of all th' ethereal hosts,
And whate'er inborn saints our Britain boasts;
And thou, th' adopted patron of our isle,
With cheerful aspects on this infant smile:
The pledge of Heaven, which, dropping from above,
Secures our bliss, and reconciles his love.
Enough of ills our dire rebellion wrought,
When to the dregs we drank the bitter draught:
Then airy atoms did in plagues conspire,
Nor did th' avenging angel yet retire,
But purg'd our still-increasing crimes with fire.
Then perjur'd plots, the still impending test,
And worse—but charity conceals the rest:
Here stop the current of the sanguine flood;
Require not, gracious God, thy martyrs' blood;
But let their dying pangs, their living toil,
Spread a rich harvest through their native soil;
A harvest ripening for another reign,
Of which this royal babe may reap the grain.
Enough of early saints one womb has given;
Enough increas'd the family of Heaven:
Let them for his, and our atonement go;
And, reigning blest above, leave him to rule below.
Enough already has the year foreshow'd
His wonted course, the sea has overflow'd,
The meads were floated with a weeping spring,
And frighten'd birds in woods forgot to sing:
The strong-limb'd steed beneath his harness faints,
And the same shivering sweat his lord attaints.
When will the minister of wrath give o'er?
Behold him at Araunah's threshing-floor:
He stops, and seems to sheath his flaming brand,
Pleas'd with burnt incense from our David's hand.
David has bought the Jebusite's abode,
And rais'd an altar to the living God.
Heaven, to reward him, makes his joys sincere:
No future ills nor accidents appear
To sully and pollute the sacred infant's year.
Five months to discord and debate were given:
He sanctifies the yet remaining seven.
Sabbath of months! henceforth in him be blest,
And prelude to the realm's perpetual rest!
Let his baptismal drops for us atone;
Lustrations for offences not his own.
Let Conscience, which is Interest ill disguis'd,
In the same font be cleans'd, and all the land baptiz'd.
Unnam'd as yet; at least unknown to fame:
Is there a strife in Heaven about his name;
Where every famous predecessor vies,
And makes a faction for it in the skies?
Or must it be reserv'd to thought alone?
Such was the sacred Tetragrammaton.
Things worthy silence must not be reveal'd:
Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd,
To shun the spells and sorceries of those,
Who durst her infant majesty oppose.
But when his tender strength in time shall rise
To dare ill tongues, and fascinating eyes;

This isle, which hides the little thunderer's fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his name;
Th' artillery of Heaven shall make him known;
Crete could not hold the god, when Jove was grown.
As Jove's increase, who from his brain was born,
Whom arms and arts did equally adorn,
Free of the breast was bred, whose milky taste
Minerva's name to Venus had debas'd;
So this imperial babe rejects the food
That mixes monarch's with plebeian blood:
Food that his inborn courage might control,
Extinguish all the father in his soul,
And for his Estian race, and Saxon strain,
Might reproduce some second Richard's reign.
Mildness he shares from both his parents' blood:
But kings too tame are despicably good:
Be this the mixture of this regal child,
By nature manly, but by virtue mild.
Thus far the furious transport of the news
Had to prophetic madness fir'd the Muse;
Madness ungovernable, uninspir'd,
Swift to foretel whatever she desir'd.
Was it for me the dark abyss to tread,
And read the book which angels cannot read?
How was I punish'd when the sudden blast,
The face of Heaven, and our young Sun o'ercast!
Fame, the swift ill, increasing as she roll'd,
Disease, despair, and death, at three reprises told:
At three insulting strides she stalk'd the town,
And, like contagion, struck the loyal down.
Down fell the winnow'd wheat; but, mounted high,
The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the sky.
Here black Rebellion shooting from below,
(As Earth's gigantic brood by moments grow)
And here the sons of God are petrified with woe:
An apoplex of grief! so low were driven
The saints, as hardly to defend their Heaven.
As, when pent vapours run their hollow round,
Earthquakes, which are convulsions of the ground,
Break bellowing forth, and no confinement brook,
Till the third settles what the former shook;
Such heavings had our souls; till, slow and late,
Our life with his return'd, and Faith prevail'd on Fate.
By prayers the mighty blessing was implor'd,
To prayers was granted, and by prayers restor'd.
So, ere the Shunamite a son conceiv'd,
The prophet promis'd, and the wife believ'd.
A son was sent, the son so much desir'd;
But soon upon the mother's knees expir'd.
The troubled seer approach'd the mournful door,
Ran, pray'd, and sent his pastoral staff before,
Then stretch'd his limbs upon the child, and mourn'd,
Till warmth, and breath, and a new soul, return'd.
Thus Mercy stretches out her hand, and saves
Despoiling Peter sinking in the waves.
As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,
Think not the hopes of harvest are destroy'd
On the flat field, and on the naked void;
The light, unloaded stem, from tempest freed,
Will raise the youthful honours of his head;
And soon, restor'd by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.
Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past:
For Heaven will exercise us to the last;
Sometimes will check us in our full career,
With doubtful blessings, and with mingled fear;
That, still depending on his daily grace,
His every mercy for an alms may pass,
With sparing hands will diet us to good:
Preventing surfeits of our pamper'd blood.
So feeds the mother bird her craving young
With little morsels, and delays them long.
True, this last blessing was a royal feast;
But where's the wedding-garment on the guest?
Our manners, as religion were a dream,
Are such as teach the nations to blaspheme.
In lusts we wallow, and with pride we swell,
And injuries with injuries repel;
Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.
Thus Israel sinn'd, impenitently hard,
And vainly thought the present ark their guard;
But when the haughty Philistines appear,
They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear;
Their God was absent, though his ark was there.
Ah! lest our crimes should snatch this pledge away,
And make our joys the blessings of a day!
For we have sinn'd him hence; and that he lives,
God to his promise, not our practice gives.
Our crimes would soon weigh down the guilty scale,
But James and Mary, and the church, prevail.
Nor Amalek can rout the chosen bands,
While Hur and Aaron hold up Moses' hands.
By living well, let us secure his days,
Moderate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
No force the free-born spirit can constrain,
But charity, and great examples gain.
Forgiveness is our thanks for such a day,
'Tis godlike, God in his own coin to pay.
But you, propitious queen, translated here,
From your mild Heaven, to rule our rugged sphere,
Beyond the sunny walks, and circling year:
You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left;
Whom piety and beauty make their boast,
Though beautiful is well in pious lost;
So lost as starlight is dissolv'd away,
And melts into the brightness of the day;
Or gold about the royal diadem,
Lost to improve the lustre of the gem.
What can we add to your triumphant day?
Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay.
For should our thanks awake the rising Sun,
And lengthen, as his latest shadows run, [be done.
That, though the longest day, would soon, too soon
Let angels' voices with their harps conspire,
But keep th' auspicious infant from the choir;
Late let him sing above, and let us know
No sweeter music than his cries below.
Nor can I wish to you, great monarch, more
Than such an annual income to your store;
The day which gave this unit, did not shine
For a less omen, than to fill the trine.
After a prince, an admiral beget;
The Royal Sovereign wants an anchor yet.
Our isle has younger titles still in store,
And when th' exhausted land can yield no more,
Your line can force them from a foreign shore.
The name of great your martial mind will suit;
But justice is your darling attribute:
Of all the Greeks, 'twas but one hero's due,
And, in him, Plutarch prophesy'd of you.
A prince's favours but on few can fall,
But justice is a virtue shar'd by all.
Some kings the name of conquerors have assum'd,
Some to be great, some to be gods presum'd;
But boundless power, and arbitrary lust,
Made tyrants still abhor the name of just;

They shunn'd the praise this godlike virtue gives,
And fear'd a title that reproach'd their lives.
The power, from which all kings derive their state,
Whom they pretend, at least, to imitate,
Is equal both to punish and reward;
But few would love their God, unless they fear'd.
Resistless force and immortality
Make but a lame, imperfect, deity:
Tempests have force unbounded to destroy,
And deathless being ev'n the damn'd enjoy;
And yet Heaven's attributes, both last and first,
One without life, and one with life accurst:
But justice is Heaven's self, so strictly he,
That could it fail, the Godhead could not be.
This virtue is your own; but life and state
Are one to Fortune subject, one to Fate:
Equal to all, you justly frown or smile;
Nor hopes nor fears your steady hand beguile;
Yourself our balance hold, the world's our isle.

MAC-FLECKNOE.

All human things are subject to decay,
And when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long:
In prose and verse, was own'd, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase;
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state:
And, pondering, which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cry'd, "'Tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads, that he
Should only rule, who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he,
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval:
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty:
Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology!
Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
When to king John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And, big with hymn, commander of an host,
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tost.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpen'd thumb from shore to shore
The trebles squeak for fear, the bases roar:
Echoes from Pissing-Alley Shadwell call,
And Shadwell they resound from Aston-Hall.
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme:
Though they in number as in sense excel;
So just, so like tautology, they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more."
Here stopt the good old sire, and wept for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.
Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,
(The fair Augusta, much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabric rais'd t' inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight:
A watch-tower once; but now, so Fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets keep,
And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.
Near these a nursery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred;
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:—
Pure clinches the suburbian Muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to Fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's throne.
For ancient Decker prophesy'd long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense.
To whom true dulness should some Psyches owe,
But worlds of misers from his pen should flow:
Humorists and hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.
Now empress Fame had publish'd the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Rous'd by report of Fame, the nations meet,
From near Bunhill, and distant Watling-street.
No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, and relics of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby, there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost chok'd the way.
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
And Herringman was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state.
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome;
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he till death true dulness would maintain;

And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,
And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head.
Just at the point of time, if Fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tyber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The sire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood.
"Heavens bless my son! from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the western main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's kingdom let him stretch his pen!—"
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd "Amen."
Then thus continued he: "my son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let virtuosos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their folly show the writer's wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name.
But let no alien Sedley interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.
And when false flow'rs of rhetoric thou wouldst cull,
Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part:
What share have we in Nature or in Art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in prince Nicander's vein,
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?
Where sold he bargains, whip-stitch, kiss my arse,
Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
When did his Muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Etherege dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfus'd, as oil and waters flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play:
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which, one way, to dulness 'tis inclin'd:
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic Muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.
With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite.
In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command,
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
There thou mayst wings display and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
Or if thou wouldst thy different talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."
He said; but his last words were scarcely heard:
For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd,
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

TO

MY HONOURED FRIEND SIR ROBERT HOWARD,

ON HIS EXCELLENT POEMS.

As there is music uninform'd by art
In those wild notes, which with a merry heart
The birds in unfrequented shades express,
Who, better taught at home, yet please us less:
So in your verse a native sweetness dwells,
Which shames composure, and its art excels.
Singing no more can your soft numbers grace,
Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous face.
Yet as, when mighty rivers gently creep,
Their even calmness does suppose them deep;
Such is your Muse: no metaphor swell'd high
With dangerous boldness lifts her to the sky:
Those mounting fancies, when they fall again,
Show sand and dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a strength, and yet withal so sweet,
Did never but in Samson's riddle meet.
'Tis strange each line so great a weight should bear,
And yet no sign of toil, no sweat appear.
Either your art hides art, as stoics feign
Then least to feel, when most they suffer pain;
And we, dull souls, admire, but cannot see
What hidden springs within the engine be.
Or 'tis some happiness that still pursues
Each act and motion of your graceful Muse.

Or is it Fortune's work, that in your head
The curious net, that is for fancies spread,
Lets through its meshes every meaner thought,
While rich ideas there are only caught?
Sure that's not all; this is a piece too fair
To be the child of Chance, and not of Care.
No atoms casually together hurl'd
Could e'er produce so beautiful a world.
Nor dare I such a doctrine here admit,
As would destroy the providence of wit.
'Tis your strong genius then which does not feel
Those weights, would make a weaker spirit reel.
To carry weight, and run so lightly too,
Is what alone your Pegasus can do.
Great Hercules himself could ne'er do more,
Than not to feel those heavens and gods he bore.
Your easier odes, which for delight were penn'd,
Yet our instruction make their second end:
We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that woo
At once a beauty, and a fortune too.
Of moral knowledge poesy was queen,
And still she might, had wanton wits not been;
Who, like ill guardians, liv'd themselves at large,
And, not content with that, debauch'd their charge.
Like some brave captain, your successful pen
Restores the exil'd to her crown again:
And gives us hope, that, having seen the days
When nothing flourish'd but fanatic bays,
All will at length in this opinion rest,
"A sober prince's government is best."
This is not all; your art the way has found
To make th' improvement of the richest ground,
That soil which those immortal laurels bore,
That once the sacred Maro's temples wore.
Eliza's griefs are so express'd by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true.
Had she so spoke, Æneas had obey'd
What Dido, rather than what Jove had said.
If funeral rites can give a ghost repose,
Your Muse so justly has discharged those,
Eliza's shade may now its wandering cease,
And claim a title to the fields of peace.
But if Æneas be oblig'd, no less
Your kindness great Achilles doth confess;
Who, dress'd by Statius in too bold a look,
Did ill become those virgin robes he took.
To understand how much we owe to you,
We must your numbers, with your author's, view:
Then we shall see his work was lamely rough,
Each figure stiff, as if design'd in buff:
His colours laid so thick on every place,
As only show'd the paint, but hid the face.
But as in perspective we beauties see,
Which in the glass, not in the picture, be;
So here our sight obligingly mistakes
That wealth, which his your bounty only makes.
Thus vulgar dishes are, by cooks disguis'd,
More for their dressing, than their substance priz'd.
Your curious notes so search into that age,
When all was fable but the sacred page,
That, since in that dark night we needs must stray,
We are at least misled in pleasant way.
But, what we most admire, your verse no less
The prophet than the poet doth confess.
Ere our weak eyes discern'd the doubtful streak
Of light, you saw great Charles his morning break.
So skilful seamen ken the land from far,
Which shows like mists to the dull passenger.
To Charles your Muse first pays her duteous love,
As still the ancients did begin from Jove.
With Monk you end, whose name preserv'd shall be
As Rome recorded Rufus' memory,
Who thought it greater honour to obey
His country's interest, than the world to sway.
But to write worthy things of worthy men,
Is the peculiar talent of your pen:
Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
Will venture in your right to prophesy.
"This work, by merit first of fame secure,
Is likewise happy in its geniture:
For, since 'tis born when Charles ascends the throne,
It shares at once his fortune and its own."

EPISTLE II.

TO

MY HONOURED FRIEND DR. CHARLETON,

ON HIS LEARNED AND USEFUL WORKS; BUT MORE PARTICULARLY HIS TREATISE OF STONEHENGE, BY HIM RESTORED TO THE TRUE FOUNDER.

The longest tyranny that ever sway'd,
Was that wherein our ancestors betray'd
Their free-born reason to the Stagirite,
And made his torch their universal light.
So truth, while only one supply'd the state,
Grew scarce, and dear, and yet sophisticate.
Still it was bought, like emp'ric wares, or charms,
Hard words seal'd up with Aristotle's arms.
Columbus was the first that shook his throne;
And found a temperate in a torrid zone:
The feverish air fann'd by a cooling breeze,
The fruitful vales set round with shady trees;
And guiltless men, who danc'd away their time,
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.
Had we still paid that homage to a name,
Which only God and Nature justly claim;
The western seas had been our utmost bound,
Where poets still might dream the Sun was drown'd:
And all the stars that shine in southern skies,
Had been admir'd by none but savage eyes.
Among th' asserters of free reason's claim,
Our nation's not the least in worth or fame.
The world to Bacon does not only owe
Its present knowledge, but its future too.
Gilber shall live, till loadstones cease to draw,
Or British fleets the boundless ocean awe.
And noble Boyle, not less in Nature seen,
Than his great brother read in states and men.
The circling streams, once thought but pools, of blood
(Whether life's fuel, or the body's food)
From dark oblivion Harvey's name shall save;
While Ent keeps all the honour that he gave.
Nor are you, learned friend, the least renown'd;
Whose fame, not circumscrib'd with English ground,
Flies like the nimble journies of the light;
And is, like that, unspent too in its flight.
Whatever truths have been, by art or chance,
Redeem'd from errour, or from ignorance,
Thin in their authors, like rich veins of ore,
Your works unite, and still discover more.
Such is the healing virtue of your pen,
To perfect cures on books, as well as men.
Nor is this work the least: you well may give
To men new vigour, who make stones to live.
Through you, the Danes, their short dominion lost,
A longer conquest than the Saxons boast.

Stonehenge, once thought a temple, you have found
A throne, where kings, our earthly gods, were crown'd;
Where by their wondering subjects they were seen,
Joy'd with their stature, and their princely mien.
Our sovereign here above the rest might stand,
And here be chose again to rule the land.
These ruins shelter'd once his sacred head,
When he from Wor'ster's fatal battle fled;
Watch'd by the genius of this royal place,
And mighty visions of the Danish race.
His refuge then was for a temple shown:
But, he restor'd, 'tis now become a throne.

EPISTLE III.

TO THE LADY CASTLEMAIN,

UPON HER ENCOURAGING HIS FIRST PLAY.

As seamen, shipwreck'd on some happy shore,
Discover wealth in lands unknown before;
And, what their art had labour'd long in vain,
By their misfortunes happily obtain:
So my much-envy'd Muse, by storms long tost,
Is thrown upon your hospitable coast,
And finds more favour by her ill success,
Than she could hope for by her happiness.
Once Cato's virtue did the gods oppose;
While they the victor, he the vanquish'd chose:
But you have done what Cato could not do,
To choose the vanquish'd, and restore him too.
Let others still triumph, and gain their cause
By their deserts, or by the world's applause;
Let Merit crowns, and Justice laurels give,
But let me happy by your pity live.
True poets empty fame and praise despise,
Fame is the trumpet, but your smile the prize.
You sit above, and see vain men below
Contend for what you only can bestow:
But those great actions others do by chance,
Are, like your beauty, your inheritance:
So great a soul, such sweetness join'd in one,
Could only spring from noble Grandison.
You, like the stars, not by reflection bright,
Are born to your own Heaven, and your own light;
Like them are good, but from a nobler cause,
From your own knowledge, not from Nature's laws.
Your power you never use, but for defence,
To guard your own, or others' innocence:
Your foes are such, as they, not you, have made,
And virtue may repel, though not invade.
Such courage did the ancient heroes show,
Who, when they might prevent, would wait the blow:
With such assurance as they meant to say,
We will o'ercome, but scorn the safest way.
What further fear of danger can there be?
Beauty, which captives all things, sets me free.
Posterity will judge by my success,
I had the Grecian poet's happiness,
Who, waving plots, found out a better way;
Some god descended, and preserv'd the play.
When first the triumphs of your sex were sung
By those old poets, Beauty was but young,
And few admir'd the native red and white,
Till poets dress'd them up to charm the sight;
So Beauty took on trust, and did engage
For sums of praises till she came to age.
But this long-growing debt to poetry
You justly, madam, have discharg'd to me,
When your applause and favour did infuse
New life to my condemn'd and dying Muse.

EPISTLE IV.

TO MR. LEE, ON HIS ALEXANDER.

The blast of common censure could I fear,
Before your play my name should not appear;
For 't will be thought, and with some colour too,
I pay the bribe I first receiv'd from you;
That mutual vouchers for our fame we stand,
And play the game into each other's hand;
And as cheap pen'orths to ourselves afford,
As Bessus and the brothers of the sword.
Such libels private men may well endure,
When states and kings themselves are not secure:
For ill men, conscious of their inward guilt,
Think the best actions on by-ends are built.
And yet my silence had not 'scap'd their spite;
Then, Envy had not suffer'd me to write;
For, since I could not ignorance pretend,
Such merit I must envy or commend.
So many candidates there stand for wit,
A place at court is scarce so hard to get:
In vain they crowd each other at the door;
For ev'n reversions are all begg'd before:
Desert, how known soe'er, is long delay'd;
And then, too, fools and knaves are better pay'd.
Yet, as some actions bear so great a name,
That courts themselves are just, for fear of shame;
So has the mighty merit of your play
Extorted praise, and forc'd itself away.
'Tis here as 'tis at sea; who furthest goes,
Or dares the most, makes all the rest his foes.
Yet when some virtue much outgrows the rest,
It shoots too fast, and high, to be exprest;
As his heroic worth struck Envy dumb,
Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the boom.
Such praise is yours, while you the passions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real love,
Where Nature triumphs over wretched Art;
We only warm the head, but you the heart.
Always you warm; and if the rising year,
As in hot regions, brings the Sun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant spices blow,
Which in our cooler climates will not grow.
They only think you animate your theme
With too much fire, who are themselves all phlegm.
Prizes would be for lags of slowest pace,
Were cripples made the judges of the race.
Despise those drones, who praise, while they accuse,
The too much vigour of your youthful Muse.
That humble style which they your virtue make,
Is in your power; you need but stoop and take.
Your beauteous images must be allow'd
By all, but some vile poets of the crowd.
But how should any sign-post dawber know
The worth of Titian or of Angelo?
Hard features every bungler can command;
To draw true beauty, shows a master's hand.

EPISTLE V.

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON,

ON HIS EXCELLENT ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

WHETHER the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian shore,
The seeds of arts and infant science bore,
'Tis sure the noble plant, translated first,
Advanc'd its head in Grecian gardens nurst.
The Grecians added verse: their tuneful tongue
Made Nature first, and Nature's God, their song.
Nor stopt translation here: for conquering Rome,
With Grecian spoils, brought Grecian numbers home;
Enrich'd by those Athenian Muses more,
Than all the vanquish'd world could yield before:
Till barbarous nations, and more barbarous times,
Debas'd the majesty of verse to rhymes;
Those rude at first: a kind of hobbling prose,
That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close.
But Italy, reviving from the trance
Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkish ignorance,
With pauses, cadence, and well-vowel'd words,
And all the graces a good ear affords,
Made rhyme an art, and Dante's polish'd page
Restor'd a silver, not a golden age.
Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see,
What rhyme improv'd in all its height can be:
At best a pleasing sound, and fair barbarity.
The French pursued their steps; and Britain, last,
In manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd.
The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
Appear exalted in the British loom:
The Muses' empire is restor'd again,
In Charles's reign, and by Roscommon's pen.
Yet modestly he does his work survey,
And calls a finish'd poem an Essay;
For all the needful rules are scatter'd here;
Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe;
So well is Art disguis'd, for Nature to appear.
Nor need those rules to give translation light:
His own example is a flame so bright;
That he who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel.
Scarce his own Horace could such rules ordain,
Or his own Virgil sing a nobler strain.
How much in him may rising Ireland boast,
How much in gaining him has Britain lost!
Their island in revenge has ours reclaim'd;
The more instructed we, the more we still are sham'd.
'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow
Deriv'd from British channels long ago;
That here his conquering ancestors were nurst;
And Ireland but translated England first:
By this reprisal we regain our right,
Else must the two contending nations fight;
A nobler quarrel for his native earth,
Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth.
To what perfection will our tongue arrive,
How will invention and translation thrive,
When authors nobly born will bear their part,
And not disdain th' inglorious praise of Art!
Great generals thus, descending from command,
With their own toil provoke the soldiers' hand.
How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleas'd to hear
His fame augmented by an English peer;
How he embellishes his Helen's loves,
Outdoes his softness, and his sense improves!
When these translate, and teach translators too,
Nor firstling kid, nor any vulgar vow,
Should at Apollo's grateful altar stand:
Roscommon writes; to that auspicious hand,
Muse, feed the bull that spurns the yellow sand.
Roscommon, whom both court and camps commend,
True to his prince, and faithful to his friend;
Roscommon, first in fields of honour known,
First in the peaceful triumphs of the gown;
Who both Minervas justly makes his own.
Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they
Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,
On equal terms with ancient wit engage,
Nor mighty Homer fear, nor sacred Virgil's page:
Our English palace opens wide in state;
And without stooping they may pass the gate.

EPISTLE VI.

TO THE DUTCHESS OF YORK,

ON HER RETURN FROM SCOTLAND IN THE YEAR 1682.

WHEN factious Rage to cruel exile drove
The queen of beauty, and the court of love,
The Muses droop'd, with their forsaken arts,
And the sad Cupids broke their useless darts:
Our fruitful plains to wilds and deserts turn'd,
Like Eden's face, when banish'd man it mourn'd.
Love was no more, when loyalty was gone,
The great supporter of his awful throne.
Love could no longer after Beauty stay,
But wander'd northward to the verge of day,
As if the Sun and he had lost their way.
But now th' illustrious nymph, return'd again,
Brings every grace triumphant in her train.
The wondering Nereids, though they rais'd no storm,
Foreflow'd her passage, to behold her form:
Some cry'd, a Venus; some, a Thetis past;
But this was not so fair, nor that so chaste.
Far from her sight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride;
And Envy did but look on her, and dy'd.
Whate'er we suffer'd from our sullen fate,
Her sight is purchas'd at an easy rate.
Three gloomy years against this day were set;
But this one mighty sum has clear'd the debt:
Like Joseph's dream, but with a better doom,
The famine past, the plenty still to come.
For her the weeping Heavens become serene;
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green:
For her the nightingales are taught to sing,
And Nature has for her delay'd the spring.
The Muse resumes her long-forgotten lays,
And Love restor'd his ancient realm surveys,
Recals our beauties, and revives our plays;
His waste dominions peoples once again,
And from her presence dates his second reign.
But awful charms on her fair forehead sit,
Dispensing what she never will admit:
Pleasing, yet cold, like Cynthia's silver beam,
The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.
Distemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
No more shall vex the church, and tear the state:
No more shall Faction civil discords move,
Or only discords of too tender love:
Discord, like that of music's various parts;
Discord, that makes the harmony of hearts;
Discord, that only this dispute shall bring,
Who best shall love the duke, and serve the king.

EPISTLE VII.

A LETTER TO SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

To you who live in chill degree,
As map informs, of fifty-three,
And do not much for cold atone,
By bringing thither fifty-one.
Methinks all climes should be alike,
From tropic ev'n to pole artique;
Since you have such a constitution
As no where suffers diminution.
You can be old in grave debate,
And young in love-affairs of state;
And both to wives and husbands show
The vigour of a plenipo.
Like mighty missioner you come
"Ad Partes Infidelium."
A work of wondrous merit sure,
So far to go, so much t' endure;
And all to preach to German dame,
Where sound of Cupid never came.
Less had you done, had you been sent
As far as Drake or Pinto went,
For cloves or nutmegs to the line-a,
Or ev'n for oranges to China.
That had indeed been charity;
Where love-sick ladies helpless lie,
Chapt, and for want of liquor dry.
But you have made your zeal appear
Within the circle of the Bear.
What region of the Earth 's so dull,
That is not of your labours full?
Triptolemus (so sung the Nine)
Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.
But, spite of all these fable-makers,
He never sow'd on Almain acres:
No, that was left by Fate's decree,
To be perform'd and sung by thee.
Thou break'st through forms with as much ease
As the French king through articles.
In grand affairs thy days are spent,
In waging weighty compliment,
With such as monarchs represent.
They, whom such vast fatigues attend,
Want some soft minutes to unbend,
To show the world, that now and then
Great ministers are mortal men.
Then Rhenish rummers walk the round;
In bumpers every king is crown'd;
Besides three holy mitred Hectors,
And the whole college of electors.
No health of potentate is sunk,
That pays to make his envoy drunk.
These Dutch delights, I mention'd last,
Suit not, I know, your English taste:
For wine to leave a whore or play
Was ne'er your excellency's way.
Nor need this title give offence,
For here you were your excellence,
For gaming, writing, speaking, keeping,
His excellence for all but sleeping.
Now if you tope in form, and treat,
'Tis the sour sauce to the sweet meat,
The fine you pay for being great.
Nay, here 's a harder imposition,
Which is indeed the court's petition,
That, setting worldly pomp aside,
Which poet has at font deny'd,
You would be pleas'd in humble way
To write a trifle call'd a play.
This truly is a degradation,
But would oblige the crown and nation
Next to your wise negotiation.
If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high degree, your friends will say,
The duke St. Aignon made a play.
If Gallic wit convince you scarce,
His grace of Bucks has made a farce,
And you, whose comic wit is terse alt,
Can hardly fall below Rehearsal.
Then finish what you have began;
But scribble faster if you can:
For yet no George, to our discerning,
Has writ without a ten years warning.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO MR. SOUTHERNE,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE WIVES' EXCUSE.

Sure there 's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
To write while these malignant planets reign.
Some very foolish influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to sense, or just to wit:
And whilst it lasts, let buffoonry succeed,
To make us laugh; for never was more need.
Farce, in itself, is of a nasty scent;
But the gain smells not of the excrement.
The Spanish nymph, a wit and beauty too,
With all her charms, bore but a single show:
But let a monster Muscovite appear,
He draws a crowded audience round the year.
May be thou hast not pleas'd the box and pit;
Yet those who blame thy tale applaud thy wit:
So Terence plotted, but so Terence writ.
Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language clean;
Ev'n lewdness is made moral in thy scene.
The hearers may for want of Nokes repine;
But rest secure, the readers will be thine.
Nor was thy labour'd drama damn'd or hiss'd,
But with a kind civility dismiss'd;
With such good manners, as the Wife did use,
Who, not accepting, did but just refuse.
There was a glance at parting; such a look,
As bids thee not give o'er, for one rebuke.
But if thou wouldst be seen, as well as read,
Copy one living author, and one dead:
The standard of thy style let Etherege be;
For wit, th' immortal spring of Wycherley:
Learn, after both, to draw some just design,
And the next age will learn to copy thine.

EPISTLE IX.

TO HENRY HIGDEN, ESQ.

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

The Grecian wits, who satire first began,
Were pleasant Pasquins on the life of man:
At mighty villains, who the state opprest,
They durst not rail, perhaps; they lash'd, at least,
And turn'd them out of office with a jest.
No fool could peep abroad, but ready stand
The drolls to clap a bauble in his hand.
Wise legislators never yet could draw
A fop within the reach of common law;

or posture, dress, grimace, and affectation,
Though foes to sense, are harmless to the nation.
Our last redress is dint of verse to try,
And Satire is our court of chancery.
This way took Horace to reform an age,
Not bad enough to need an author's rage.
But your's, who liv'd in more degenerate times,
Was forc'd to fasten deep, and worry crimes.
Yet you, my friend, have temper'd him so well,
You make him smile in spite of all his zeal:
In art peculiar to yourself alone,
To join the virtues of two styles in one.
Oh! were your author's principle receiv'd,
Half of the labouring world would be reliev'd:
For not to wish is not to be deceiv'd.
Revenge would into charity be chang'd,
Because it costs too dear to be reveng'd:
It costs our quiet and content of mind,
And when 'tis compass'd leaves a sting behind.
Suppose I had the better end o' th' staff,
Why should I help th' ill-natur'd world to laugh?
'Tis all alike to them, who get the day;
They love the spite and mischief of the fray.
No; I have cur'd myself of that disease;
Nor will I be provok'd, but when I please:
But let me half that cure to you restore;
You give the salve, I laid it to the sore.
Our kind relief against a rainy day,
Beyond a tavern, or a tedious play,
We take your book, and laugh our spleen away.
If all your tribe, too studious of debate,
Would cease false hopes and titles to create,
Led by the rare example you begun,
Clients would fail, and lawyers be undone.

EPISTLE X.

TO

MY DEAR FRIEND MR. CONGREVE,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE DOUBLE DEALER.

Well then, the promis'd hour is come at last,
The present age of wit obscures the past:
Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ,
Conquering with force of arms, and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race, before the flood;
And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire stood.
Like Janus he the stubborn soil manur'd,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cur'd;
Tam'd us to manners, when the stage was rude;
And boisterous English wit with art endued.
Our age was cultivated thus at length;
But what we gain'd in skill we lost in strength.
Our builders were with want of genius curst;
The second temple was not like the first:
Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length;
Our beauties equal, but excel our strength;
Firm Doric pillars found your solid base:
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space:
Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise;
He mov'd the mind, but had not power to raise.
Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please;
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
In differing talents both adorn'd their age;
One for the study, t'other for the stage.
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we see,
Etherege's courtship, Southern's purity,
The satire, wit, and strength, of manly Wycherley.
All this in blooming youth you have achiev'd:
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd.
So much the sweetness of your manners move,
We cannot envy you, because we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
A beardless consul made against the law,
And join his sufferage to the votes of Rome;
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And scholar to the youth he taught became.
O that your brows my laurel had sustain'd!
Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd:
The father had descended for the son;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the state one Edward did depose,
A greater Edward in his room arose.
But now, not I, but poetry is curs'd;
For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.
But let them not mistake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own desert.
Yet this I prophesy; thou shalt be seen,
(Though with some short parenthesis between)
High on the throne of Wit, and, seated there,
Not mine, that 's little, but thy laurel wear.
Thy first attempt an early promise made;
That early promise this has more than paid.
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least praise is to be regular.
Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought;
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion; this your native store;
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakspeare gave as much; she could not give him more.
Maintain your post: that 's all the fame you need;
For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage:
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on his providence:
But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you:
And take for tribute what these lines express:
You merit more; nor could my love do less.

EPISTLE XI.

TO MR. GRANVILLE,

ON HIS EXCELLENT TRAGEDY CALLED HEROIC LOVE.

Auspicious poet, were thou not my friend,
How could I envy, what I must commend!
But since 'tis Nature's law in love and wit,
That youth should reign, and withering age submit,
With less regret those laurels I resign,
Which, dying on my brows, revive on thine.
With better grace an ancient chief may yield
The long-contended honours of the field,
Than venture all his fortune at a cast,
And fight, like Hannibal, to lose at last.
Young princes, obstinate to win the prize,
Though yearly beaten, yearly yet they rise:

Old monarchs, though successful, still in doubt,
Catch at a peace, and wisely turn devout.
Thine be the laurel then; thy blooming age
Can best, if any can, support the stage;
Which so declines, that shortly we may see
Players and plays reduc'd to second infancy.
Sharp to the world, but thoughtless of renown,
They plot not on the stage, but on the town,
And, in despair their empty pit to fill,
Set up some foreign monster in a bill.
Thus they jog on, still tricking, never thriving,
And murdering plays, which they miscall reviving.
Our sense is nonsense, through their pipes convey'd;
Scarce can a poet know the play he made;
'Tis so disguis'd in death; nor thinks 'tis he
That suffers in the mangled tragedy.
Thus Itys first was kill'd, and after dress'd
For his own sire, the chief invited guest.
I say not this of thy successful scenes,
Where thine was all the glory, their's the gains.
With length of time, much judgment, and more toil,
Not ill they acted, what they could not spoil.
Their setting sun still shoots a glimmering ray,
Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay:
And better gleanings their worn soil can boast,
Than the crab-vintage of the neighbouring coast.
This difference yet the judging world will see;
Thou copiest Homer, and they copy thee.

EPISTLE XII.

TO MY FRIEND MR. MOTTEUX,

ON HIS TRAGEDY CALLED BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

'Tis hard, my friend, to write in such an age,
As damns, not only poets, but the stage.
That sacred art, by Heaven itself infus'd,
Which Moses, David, Solomon, have us'd,
Is now to be no more: the Muses' foes
Would sink their Maker's praises into prose.
Were they content to prune the lavish vine
Of straggling branches, and improve the wine,
Who, but a madman, would his thoughts defend?
All would submit; for all but fools will mend.
But when to common sense they give the lie,
And turn distorted words to blasphemy,
They give the scandal; and the wise discern,
Their glosses teach an age, too apt to learn.
What I have loosely or profanely writ,
Let them to fires, their due desert, commit:
Nor, when accus'd by me, let them complain:
Their faults, and not their function, I arraign.
Rebellion, worse than witchcraft, they pursued:
The pulpit preach'd the crime, the people rued.
The stage was silenc'd; for the saints would see
In fields perform'd their plotted tragedy.
But let us first reform, and then so live,
That we may teach our teachers to forgive:
Our desk be plac'd below their lofty chairs;
Our's be the practice, as the precept their's.
The moral part, at least, we may divide,
Humility reward, and punish Pride;
Ambition, Interest, Avarice, accuse:
These are the province of a tragic Muse.
These hast thou chosen; and the public voice
Has equall'd thy performance with thy choice.
Time, action, place, are so preserv'd by thee,
That even Corneille might with envy see
Th' alliance of his Tripled Unity.
Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are sown:
But too much plenty is thy fault alone.
At least but two can that good crime commit,
Thou in design, and Wycherley in wit.
Let thy own Gauls condemn thee, if they dare;
Contented to be thinly regular:
Born there, but not for them, our fruitful soil
With more increase rewards thy happy toil.
Their tongue, enfeebled, is refin'd too much;
And, like pure gold, it bends at every touch:
Our sturdy Teuton yet will art obey, [alay.
More fit for manly thought, and strengthen'd with
But whence art thou inspir'd, and thou alone,
To flourish in an idiom not thy own?
It moves our wonder, that a foreign guest
Should overmatch the most, and match the best.
In under-praising thy deserts, I wrong;
Here find the first deficience of our tongue:
Words, once my stock, are wanting, to commend
So great a poet, and so good a friend.

EPISTLE XIII.

TO MY

HONOURED KINSMAN, JOHN DRYDEN,

OF CHESTERTON, IN THE COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON, ESQ.

How bless'd is he, who leads a country life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares, and void of strife!
Who, studying peace, and shunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age:
All who deserve his love, he makes his own;
And, to be lov'd himself, needs only to be known.
Just, good, and wise, contending neighbours come,
From your award to wait their final doom;
And, foes before, return in friendship home.
Without their cost, you terminate the cause;
And save th' expense of long litigious laws:
Where suits are travers'd; and so little won,
That he who conquers, is but last undone:
Such are not your decrees; but so design'd,
The sanction leaves a lasting peace behind;
Like your own soul, serene; a pattern of your mind.
Promoting concord, and composing strife;
Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife;
Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence succeeds a short delight:
Minds are so hardly match'd, that ev'n the first,
Though pair'd by Heaven, in Paradise were curs'd.
For man and woman, though in one they grow,
Yet, first or last, return again to two.
He to God's image, she to his was made; [stray'd.
So, further from the fount the stream at random
How could he stand, when, put to double pair,
He must a weaker than himself sustain!
Each might have stood perhaps; but each alone;
Two wrestlers help to pull each other down.
Not that my verse would blemish all the fair;
But yet, if some be bad, 'tis wisdom to beware;
And better shun the bait, than struggle in the snare.
Thus have you shunn'd, and shun the marry'd state,
Trusting as little as you can to Fate.
No porter guards the passage of your door,
T' admit the wealthy, and exclude the poor;
For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart,
To sanctify the whole, by giving part;
Heaven, who foresaw the will, the means has wrought,
And to the second son a blessing brought;

The first-begotten had his father's share:
But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.
So may your stores and fruitful fields increase;
And ever be you bless'd, who live to bless.
As Ceres sow'd, where'er her chariot flew;
As Heaven in deserts rain'd the bread of dew;
So free to many, to relations most,
You feed with manna your own Israel host.
With crowds attended of your ancient race,
You seek the champion sports, or sylvan chase:
With well-breath'd beagles you surround the wood,
Ev'n then, industrious of the common good:
And often have you brought the wily fox
To suffer for the firstlings of the flocks;
Chas'd ev'n amid the folds; and made to bleed,
Like felons, where they did the murderous deed.
This fiery game your active youth maintain'd;
Not yet by years extinguish'd, though restrain'd:
You season still with sports your serious hours:
For age but tastes of pleasures, youth devours.
The hare in pastures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life, who runs the round;
And, after all his wandering ways are done,
His circle fills, and ends where he begun,
Just as the setting meets the rising Sun.
Thus princes ease their cares; but happier he,
Who seeks not pleasure through necessity,
Than such as once on slippery thrones were plac'd;
And, chasing, sigh to think themselves are chas'd.
So liv'd our sires, ere doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiply'd with theirs the weekly bill.
The first physicians by debauch were made:
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade:
Pity the generous kind their cares bestow
To search forbidden truths; (a sin to know)
To which if human science could attain,
The doom of death, pronounc'd by God, were vain.
In vain the leech would interpose delay;
Fate fastens first, and vindicates the prey.
What help from Art's endeavours can we have?
Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save: [grave;
But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, and peoples every
And no more mercy to mankind will use,
Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's Muse.
Wouldst thou be soon dispatch'd, and perish whole,
Trust Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with thy soul.
By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purify'd the blood:
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields, for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend;
God never made his work, for man to mend.
The tree of knowledge, once in Eden plac'd,
Was easy found, but was forbid the taste:
O, had our grandsire walk'd without his wife,
He first had sought the better plant of life!
Now, both are lost: yet, wandering in the dark,
Physicians, for the tree, have found the bark:
They, labouring for relief of human kind,
With sharpen'd sight some remedies may find;
Th' apothecary-train is wholly blind.
From files a random recipe they take,
And many deaths of one prescription make.
Garth, generous as his Muse, prescribes and gives;
The shopman sells; and by destruction lives:
Ungrateful tribe! who, like the viper's brood,
From med'cine issuing, suck their mother's blood!
Let these obey; and let the learn'd prescribe;
That men may die, without a double bribe:
Let them, but under their superiors, kill;
When doctors first have sign'd the bloody bill:
He scapes the best, who, Nature to repair,
Draws physic from the fields, in draughts of vital air.
You hoard not health, for your own private use;
But on the public spend the rich produce.
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your lov'd retreat,
And sends to senates, charg'd with common care,
Which none more shuns; and none can better bear:
Where could they find another form'd so fit,
To poise, with solid sense, a sprightly wit!
Were these both wanting, as they both abound,
Where could so firm integrity be found?
Well born, and wealthy, wanting no support,
You steer betwixt the country and the court:
Nor gratify whate'er the great desire,
Nor grudging give, what public needs require.
Part must be left, a fund when foes invade;
And part employ'd to roll the watery trade:
Ev'n Canaan's happy land, when worn with toil,
Requir'd a sabbath-year to mend the meagre soil.
Good senators (and such as you) so give,
That kings may be supply'd, the people thrive.
And he, when want requires, is truly wise,
Who slights not foreign aids, nor over-buys;
But on our native strength, in time of need, relies.
Munster was bought, we boast not the success;
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.
Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace embrac'd:
The peace both parties want, is like to last:
Which, if secure, securely we may trade;
Or, not secure, should never have been made.
Safe in ourselves, while on ourselves we stand,
The sea is ours, and that defends the land.
Be, then, the naval stores the nation's care,
New ships to build, and batter'd to repair.
Observe the war, in every annual course;
What has been done, was done with British force:
Namur subdued, is England's palm alone;
The rest besieg'd; but we constrain'd the town:
We saw th' event that follow'd our success;
France, though pretending arms, pursued the peace;
Oblig'd, by one sole treaty, to restore
What twenty years of war had won before.
Enough for Europe has our Albion fought:
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.
When once the Persian king was put to flight,
The weary Macedons refus'd to fight:
Themselves their own mortality confess'd;
And left the son of Jove to quarrel for the rest.
Ev'n victors are by victories undone;
Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won,
To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his own.
While sore of battle, while our wounds are green,
Why should we tempt the doubtful dye again?
In wars renew'd, uncertain of success;
Sure of a share, as umpires of the peace.
A patriot both the king and country serves:
Prerogative, and privilege, preserves:
Of each our laws the certain limit show;
One must not ebb, nor t'other overflow:
Betwixt the prince and parliament we stand;
The barriers of the state on either hand:
May neither overflow, for then they drown the land.
When both are full, they feed our bless'd abode;
Like those that water'd once the Paradise of God.

Some overpoise of sway, by turns, they share;
In peace the people, and the prince in war:
Consuls of moderate power in calms were made;
When the Gauls came, one sole dictator sway'd.
Patriots, in peace, assert the people's right;
With noble stubbornness resisting might:
No lawless mandates from the court receive,
Nor lend by force, but in a body give.
Such was your generous grandsire; free to grant
In parliaments, that weigh'd their prince's want:
But so tenacious of the common cause,
As not to lend the king against his laws.
And in a loathsome dungeon doom'd to lie,
In bonds retain'd his birthright liberty,
And sham'd oppression, till it set him free.
O true descendant of a patriot line, [thine,
Who, while thou shar'st their lustre, lend'st them
Vouchsafe this picture of thy soul to see;
'Tis so far good, as it resembles thee.
The beauties to th' original I owe;
Which when I miss, my own defects I show:
Nor think the kindred Muses thy disgrace:
A poet is not born in every race.
Two of a house few ages can afford;
One to perform, another to record.
Praiseworthy actions are by thee embrac'd;
And 'tis my praise, to make thy praises last.
For ev'n when Death dissolves our human frame,
The soul returns to Heaven from whence it came;
Earth keeps the body, verse preserves the fame.

EPISTLE XIV.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

PRINCIPAL PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.

Once I beheld the fairest of her kind,
And still the sweet idea charms my mind:
True, she was dumb; for Nature gaz'd so long,
Pleas'd with her work, that she forgot her tongue;
But, smiling, said, "She still shall gain the prize;
I only have transferr'd it to her eyes."
Such are thy pictures, Kneller; such thy skill,
That Nature seems obedient to thy will;
Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught;
Lives there, and wants but words to speak her thought.
At least thy pictures look a voice; and we
Imagine sounds, deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see.
Shadows are but privations of the light;
Yet, when we walk, they shoot before the sight;
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall;
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.
Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almost conquer in the strife;
And from their animated canvass came,
Demanding souls, and loosen'd from the frame.
Prometheus, were he here, would cast away
His Adam, and refuse a soul to clay;
And either would thy noble work inspire,
Or think it warm enough without his fire.
But vulgar hands may vulgar likeness raise;
This is the least attendant on thy praise:
From hence the rudiments of art began;
A coal, or chalk, first imitated man:
Perhaps the shadow, taken on a wall,
Gave outlines to the rude original;
Ere canvass yet was strain'd, before the grace
Of blended colours found their use and place,
Or cypress tablets first receiv'd a face.
By slow degrees the godlike art advanc'd;
As man grew polish'd, picture was enhanc'd:
Greece added posture, shade, and perspective;
And then the mimic piece began to live.
Yet perspective was lame, no distance true,
But all came forward in one common view:
No point of light was known, no bounds of art;
When light was there, it knew not to depart,
But glaring on remoter objects play'd;
Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.
Rome rais'd not art, but barely kept alive,
And with old Greece unequally did strive:
Till Goths and Vandals, a rude northern race,
Did all the matchless monuments deface.
Then all the Muses in one ruin lie,
And rhyme began t' enervate poetry.
Thus, in a stupid military state,
The pen and pencil find an equal fate.
Flat faces, such as would disgrace a screen,
Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen,
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of brutal nations, only born to fight.
Long time the sister arts, in iron sleep,
A heavy sabbath did supinely keep:
At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise,
Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes.
Thence rose the Roman, and the Lombard line:
One colour'd best, and one did best design.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.
Thy genius gives thee both; where true design,
Postures unforc'd, and lively colours join.
Likeness is ever there; but still the best,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language drest;
Where light, to shades descending, plays, not strives,
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.
Shakspeare, thy gift, I place before my sight:
With awe, I ask his blessing ere I write;
With reverence look on his majestic face;
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.
His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write,
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight.
Bids thee, through me, be bold; with dauntless breast
Contemn the bad, and emulate the best.
Like his, thy critics in th' attempt are lost:
When most they rail, know then, they envy most.
In vain they snarl aloof; a noisy crowd,
Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
While they their barren industry deplore,
Pass on secure, and mind the goal before.
Old as she is, my Muse shall march behind,
Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind.
Our arts are sisters, though not twins in birth:
For hymns were sung in Eden's happy earth:
But oh, the painter Muse, though last in place,
Has seiz'd the blessing first, like Jacob's race.
Apelles' art an Alexander found;
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound;
But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd.
Thou hadst thy Charles a while, and so had I;
But pass we that unpleasing image by.
Rich in thyself, and of thyself divine;
All pilgrims come and offer at thy shrine.

A graceful truth thy pencil can command;
The fair themselves go mended from thy hand.
Likeness appears in every lineament;
But likeness in thy work is eloquent.
Though Nature there her true resemblance bears,
A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.
So warm thy work, so glows the generous frame,
Flesh looks less living in the lovely dame.
Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still,
When on wild Nature we ingraft our skill;
But not creating beauties at our will.
But poets are confin'd in narrower space,
To speak the language of their native place:
The painter widely stretches his command;
Thy pencil speaks the tongue of every land.
From hence, my friend, all climates are your own,
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.
All nations all immunities will give
To make you theirs, where'er you please to live;
And not seven cities, but the world would strive.
Sure some propitious planet then did smile,
When first you were conducted to this isle:
Our genius brought you here, t' enlarge our fame;
For your good stars are every where the same.
Thy matchless hand, of every region free,
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.
Great Rome and Venice early did impart
To thee th' examples of their wondrous art.
Those masters then, but seen, not understood,
With generous emulation fir'd thy blood:
For what in Nature's dawn the child admir'd,
The youth endeavour'd, and the man acquir'd.
If yet thou hast not reach'd their high degree,
'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.
Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
Drudges on petty draughts, not dare design
A more exalted work, and more divine.
For what a song, or senseless opera,
Is to the living labour of a play;
Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
Such is a single piece to history.
But we, who life bestow, ourselves must live:
Kings cannot reign, unless their subjects give;
And they, who pay the taxes, bear the rule:
Thus thou, sometimes, art forc'd to draw a fool:
But so his follies in thy posture sink,
The senseless ideot seems at last to think.
Good Heaven! that sots and knaves should be so vain,
To wish their vile resemblance may remain!
And stand recorded, at their own request,
To future days, a libel or a jest!
Else should we see your noble pencil trace
Our unities of action, time, and place:
A whole compos'd of parts, and those the best.
With every various character exprest;
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view:
Less, and at distance, an ignobler crew.
While all the figures in one action join,
As tending to complete the main design.
More cannot be by mortal art exprest;
But venerable age shall add the rest.
For Time shall with his ready pencil stand;
Retouch your figures with his ripening hand;
Mellow your colours, and imbrown the teint;
Add every grace, which Time alone can grant;
To future ages shall your fame convey,
And give more beauties than he takes away.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

I.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM.

Farewell, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think, and call my own:
For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
Cast in the same poetic mould with mine.
One common note on either lyre did strike,
And knaves and fools we both abhorr'd alike.
To the same goal did both our studies drive;
The last set out, the soonest did arrive.
Thus Nisus fell upon the slippery place,
Whilst his young friend perform'd, and won the race.
O early ripe! to thy abundant store
What could advancing age have added more?
It might (what Nature never gives the young)
Have taught the smoothness of thy native tongue.
But satire needs not those, and wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
A noble errour, and but seldom made,
When poets are by too much force betray'd.
Thy generous fruits, though gather'd ere their prime,
Still show'd a quickness; and maturing time
But mellows what we write, to the dull sweets of rhyme.
Once more, hail, and farewell; farewell, thou young,
But ah too short, Marcellus of our tongue!
Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels bound;
But fate and gloomy night encompass thee around.

II.

AN ODE.

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY MRS. ANNE KILLEGREW,

EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER-ARTS OF POESY AND PAINTING.

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the Skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new-pluck'd from Paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring race,
Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
Mov'd with the Heaven majestic pace;
Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
Thou treadst, with seraphims, the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space:
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since Heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse,
In no ignoble verse;
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first fruits of Poesy were given;
To make thyself a welcome inmate there:
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of Heaven.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find

A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was form'd, at first, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.

May we presume to say, that, at thy birth,
New joy was sprung in Heaven, as well as here on Earth?
For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And ev'n the most malicious were in trine.
Thy brother angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on Earth.
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres.
And if no clustering swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that such vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leisure to renew:
For all thy blest fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holy-day above.

O gracious God! how far have we
Profan'd thy heavenly gift of Poesy?
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love?
O wretched we! why were we hurry'd down
This lubrique and adulterate age,
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own)
T' increase the streaming ordures of the stage?
What can we say t' excuse our second fall?
Let this thy Vestal, Heaven, atone for all:
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

Art she had none, yet wanted none;
For Nature did that want supply:
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
And to be read herself she need not fear;
Each test, and every light, her Muse will bear,
Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
Ev'n love (for love sometimes her Muse exprest)
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her breast:
Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
So cold herself, whilst she such warmth exprest,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought, she should have been content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious souls confine?
To the next realm she stretch'd her sway,
For Painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
A chamber of dependencies was fram'd,
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to justify th' offence)
And the whole fief, in right of Poetry, she claim'd.
The country open lay without defence:
For poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly could represent
The shape, the face, with every lineament;
And all the large domains which the dumb sister sway'd
All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph wherso'er she went.
Her pencil drew, whate'er her soul design'd,
And oft the happy draught surpass'd the image in her mind.
The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of shallow brooks, that flow'd so clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrours, show'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with sacred shades,
And perspectives of pleasant glades,
Where nymphs of brightest form appear,
And shaggy satyrs standing near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of some majestic piece,
Boasting the power of ancient Rome or Greece,
Whose statues, freezes, columns, broken lie,
And, though defac'd, the wonder of the eye;
What Nature, Art, bold Fiction, e'er durst frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before,
But when the peopled ark the whole creation bore.

The scene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial king the sight with reverence strook:
For, not content t' express his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:
His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
His high-designing thoughts were figur'd there,
As when, by magic, ghosts are made appear.
Our phenix queen was pourtray'd too so bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take so right:
Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
Were all observ'd, as well as heavenly face.
With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands;
Before a train of heroines was seen,
In beauty foremost, as in rank, the queen.
Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
But, like a ball of fire, the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze she shone,
And her bright soul broke out on every side.
What next she had design'd, Heaven only knows:
To such immoderate growth her conquest rose,
That Fate alone its progress could oppose.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd shape and beauteous face,
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
Not wit, nor piety, could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel Destiny content
To finish all the murder at a blow,
To sweep at once her life and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.

double sacrilege on things divine,
rob the relic, and deface the shrine!
But thus Orinda dy'd:
Heaven, by the same disease, did both translate:
equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

Meantime her warlike brother on the seas
His waving streamers to the winds displays,
nd vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear,
The winds too soon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come,
as, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home!
o more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
hou hast already had her last embrace.
ut look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far
mong the Pleiads a new-kindled star,
any sparkles than the rest more bright;
'is she that shines in that propitious light.

hen in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations under ground;
When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
he judging God shall close the book of Fate;
And there the last assizes keep,
For those who wake, and those who sleep:
When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the sky;
hen sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
hose cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires the dead;
he sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
or they are cover'd with the lightest ground;
nd straight, with inborn vigour, on the wing,
ike mounting larks, to the new morning sing.
here thou, sweet saint, before the quire shall go,
s harbinger of Heaven, the way to show,
he way which thou so well hast learnt below.

III.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF DUNDEE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF DR. PITCAIRN.

h, last and best of Scots! who did maintain
hy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
lew people fill the land, now thou art gone,
lew gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
cotland and thou did each in other live;
or wouldst thou her, nor could she thee survive.
'arewell, who dying didst support the state,
nd couldst not fall but with thy country's fate.

IV.

ELEANORA:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM, DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF ABINGDON, &c.

MY LORD,

THE commands with which you honoured me some months ago are now performed: they had been sooner; but, betwixt ill health, some business, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his banishment, and writing from on shipboard to his friends, excused the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes, and told them, that good verses never flow but from a serene and composed spirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with wings fastened to his head and heels, can fly but slowly in a damp air. I therefore chose rather to obey you late than ill; if at least I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy your perusal and your patronage. I cannot say, that I have escaped from a shipwreck; but have only gained a rock by hard swimming; where I may pant a while and gather breath: for the doctors give me a sad assurance, that my disease never took its leave of any man, but with a purpose to return. However, my lord, I have laid hold on the interval, and managed the small stock, which age has left me, to the best advantage, in performing this inconsiderable service to my lady's memory. We, who are priests of Apollo, have not the inspiration when we please; but must wait till the god comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury which we are not able to resist: which gives us double strength while the fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent at its departure. Let me not seem to boast, my lord; for I have really felt it on this occasion, and prophesied beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believed, that the excellency of the subject contributed much to the happiness of the execution; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me while I was writing. I swam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will easily observe, that I was transported by the multitude and variety of my similitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonness of wit. Had I called in my judgment to my assistance, I had certainly retrenched many of them. But I defend them not; let them pass for beautiful faults amongst the better sort of critics: for the whole poem, though written in that which they call heroic verse, is of the Pindaric nature, as well in the thought as the expression; and, as such, requires the same grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your lordship sees in the title, not for an elegy, but a panegyric: a kind of apotheosis, indeed, if a heathen word may be applied to a Christian use. And on all occasions of praise, if we take the ancients for our patterns, we are bound by prescription to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the sublimity of thoughts. Isocrates

amongst the Grecian orators, and Cicero and the younger Pliny amongst the Romans, have left us their precedents for our security: for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who stretches on these pinions out of sight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another world.

This, at least, my lord, I may justly plead, that, if I have not performed so well as I think I have, yet I have used my best endeavours to excel myself. One disadvantage I have had; which is, never to have known or seen my lady: and to draw the lineaments of her mind from the description which I have received from others, is for a painter to set himself at work without the living original before him: which, the more beautiful it is, will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a relation given him of such and such features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches which give the best resemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artist is apt enough to flatter himself (and I amongst the rest) that their own ocular observations would have discovered more perfections, at least others, than have been delivered to them: though I have received mine from the best hands, that is, from persons who neither want a just understanding of my lady's worth, nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of our nation, acknowledges, that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniversaries. I have had the same fortune, though I have not succeeded to the same genius. However, I have followed his footsteps in the design of his panegyric; which was to raise an emulation in the living, to copy out the example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have called this poem The Pattern: and though, on a second consideration, I changed the title into the name of the illustrious person, yet the design continues, and Eleonora is still the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the best wife, the best mother, and the best of friends.

And now, my lord, though I have endeavoured to answer your commands, yet I could not answer it to the world, nor to my conscience, if I gave not your lordship my testimony of being the best husband now living: I say my testimony only; for the praise of it is given you by yourself. They who despise the rules of virtue both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happiness of the countess of Abingdon, to have been so truly loved by you while she was living and so gratefully honoured after she was dead. Few there are who have either had, or could have, such a loss; and yet fewer who carried their love and constancy beyond the grave. The exteriors of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the usual stints of common husbands; and perhaps their wives deserve no better than to be mourned with hypocrisy, and forgot with ease. But you have distinguished yourself from ordinary lovers, by a real and lasting grief for the deceased; and by endeavouring to raise for her the most durable monument, which is that of verse. And so it would have proved, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the artificer as happy as your design. Yet, as Phidias, when he had made the statue of Minerva, could not forbear to engrave his own name, as author of the piece: so give me leave to hope, that, by subscribing mine to this poem, I may live by the goddess, and transmit my name to posterity by the memory of hers. 'Tis no flattery to assure your lordship, that she is remembered, in the present age, by all who have had the honour of her conversation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company, since the news of her death was first brought me, where they have not extolled her virtues, and even spoken the same things of her in prose which I have done in verse.

I therefore think myself obliged to thank your lordship for the commission which you have given me: how I have acquitted myself of it, must be left to the opinion of the world, in spite of any protestation which I can enter against the present age, as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort, they are but Englishmen, and, as such, if they think ill of me to day, they are inconstant enough to think well of me to morrow. And, after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongst them. The good of both sexes are so few in England, that they stand like exceptions against general rules: and though one of them has deserved a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I should not tire my pen with frequent exercise on the like subjects; that praises, like taxes, should be appropriated, and left almost as individual as the person. They say, my talent is satire: if it be so, it is a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather. But a single hand is insufficient for such a harvest: they have sown the dragon's teeth themselves, and it is but just they should reap each other in lampoons.

You, my lord, who have the character of honour, though it is not my happiness to know you, may stand aside, with the small remainders of the English nobility, truly such, and, unhurt yourselves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleased you, and some few others, I have obtained my end. You see I have disabled myself, like an elected speaker of the house: yet like him I have undertaken the charge, and find the burthen sufficiently recompensed by the honour. Be pleased to accept of these my unworthy labours, this paper monument; and let her pious memory, which I am sure is sacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiously sought by,

MY LORD,
your lordship's
most obedient servant,
JOHN DRYDEN.

ELEONORA.

A PANEGYRICAL POEM.

As when some great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whispers, first, and mournful murmurs rise
Among the sad attendants; then the sound
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around,
Through town and country, till the dreadful blast
Is blown to distant colonies at last;
Who, then, perhaps, were offering vows in vain,
For his long life, and for his happy reign:
So slowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame
Did matchless Eleonora's fate proclaim,
Till public as the loss the news became.
The nation felt it in th' extremest parts,
With eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding hearts;
But most the poor, whom daily she supply'd,
Beginning to be such but when she dy'd.
For, while she liv'd, they slept in peace by night,
Secure of bread, as of returning light;
And with such firm dependence on the day,
That Need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray:
So sure the dole, so ready at their call,
They stood prepar'd to see the manna fall.
Such multitudes she fed, she cloth'd, she nurst,
That she herself might fear her wanting first.
Of her five talents, other five she made;
Heaven, that had largely given, was largely paid:
And in few lives, in wondrous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.
Nor did her alms from ostentation fall,
Or proud desire of praise; the soul gave all:
Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear,
No less than Heaven, to heap huge treasures there.
Want pass'd for merit at her open door:
Heaven saw, he safely might increase his poor,
And trust their sustenance with her so well,
As not to be at charge of miracle.
None could be needy, whom she saw, or knew;
All in the compass of her sphere she drew:
He, who could touch her garment, was as sure,
As the first Christians of th' apostles' cure,
The distant heard, by fame, her pious deeds,
And laid her up for their extremest needs;
A future cordial for a fainting mind;
For, what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find,
Each in his turn: the rich might freely come,
As to a friend; but to the poor, 'twas home.
As to some holy house th' afflicted came,
The hunger-starv'd, the naked, and the lame;
Want and diseases fled before her name.
For zeal like her's her servants were too slow;
She was the first, where need requir'd, to go;
Herself the foundress and attendant too.
Sure she had guests sometimes to entertain,
Guests in disguise, of her great Master's train:
Her Lord himself might come, for aught we know;
Since in a servant's form he liv'd below:
Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to stay;
Or some benighted angel, in his way,
Might ease his wings, and, seeing Heaven appear
In its best work of mercy, think it there:
Where all the deeds of charity and love
Were in as constant method as above,
All carry'd on; all of a piece with theirs;
As free her alms, as diligent her cares;
As loud her praises, and as warm her prayers.
Yet was she not profuse; but fear'd to waste,
And wisely manag'd, that the stock might last,
That all might be supply'd, and she not grieve,
When crowds appear'd, she had not to relieve:
Which to prevent, she still increas'd her store;
Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the more.
So Pharaoh, or some greater king than he,
Provided for the seventh necessity:
Taught from above his magazines to frame;
That famine was prevented ere it came.
Thus Heaven, though all-sufficient, shows a thrift
In his economy, and bounds his gift:
Creating, for our day, one single light;
And his reflection too supplies the night;
Perhaps a thousand other worlds, that lie
Remote from us, and latent in the sky,
Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nurst;
Of which our earthly dunghill is the worst.
Now, as all virtues keep the middle line,
Yet somewhat more to one extreme incline,
Such was her soul; abhorring avarice,
Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a vice:
Had she given more, it had profusion been,
And turn'd th' excess of goodness into sin.
These virtues rais'd her fabric to the sky;
For that, which is next Heaven, is Charity.
But, as high turrets, for their airy steep,
Require foundations, in proportion deep;
And lofty cedars as far upward shoot,
As to the nether heavens they drive the root:
So low did her secure foundation lie,
She was not humble, but Humility.
Scarcely she knew that she was great, or fair,
Or wise, beyond what other women are,
Or, which is better, knew, but never durst compare:
For to be conscious of what all admire,
And not be vain, advances virtue higher.
But still she found, or rather thought she found,
Her own worth wanting, others to abound;
Ascrib'd above their due to every one,
Unjust and scanty to herself alone.
Such her devotion was, as might give rules
Of speculation to disputing schools,
And teach us equally the scales to hold
Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold;

That pious heat may moderately prevail,
And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd with zeal.
Business might shorten, not disturb, her prayer;
Heaven had the best, if not the greater share.
An active life long orisons forbids;
Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by deeds.
Her every day was sabbath; only free
From hours of prayer, for hours of charity.
Such as the Jews from servile toil releas'd;
Where works of mercy were a part of rest;
Such as blest angels exercise above,
Vary'd with sacred hymns and acts of love:
Such sabbaths as that one she now enjoys,
Ev'n that perpetual one, which she employs
(For such vicissitudes in Heaven there are)
In praise alternate, and alternate prayer.
All this she practis'd here; that, when she sprung
Amidst the choirs, at the first sight she sung:
Sung, and was sung herself in angels' lays;
For, praising her, they did her Maker praise.
All offices of Heaven so well she knew,
Before she came, that nothing there was new:
And she was so familiarly receiv'd,
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.
Muse, down again precipitate thy flight:
For how can mortal eyes sustain immortal light?
But as the Sun in water we can bear,
Yet not the Sun, but his reflexion there,
So let us view her, here, in what she was,
And take her image in this watery glass:
Yet look not every lineament to see;
Some will be cast in shades, and some will be
So lamely drawn, you'll scarcely know 'tis she.
For where such various virtues we recite,
'Tis like the milky way, all over bright, [light.
But sown so thick with stars, 'tis undistinguish'd
Her virtue, not her virtues let us call;
For one heroic comprehends them all:
One, as a constellation is but one,
Though 'tis a train of stars, that, rolling on,
Rise in their turn, and in the zodiac run:
Ever in motion; now 'tis Faith ascends,
Now Hope, now Charity, that upward tends,
And downwards with diffusive good descends.
As in perfumes compos'd with art and cost,
'Tis hard to say what scent is uppermost;
Nor this part musk or civet can we call,
Or amber, but a rich result of all;
So she was all a sweet, whose every part,
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's art.
No single virtue we could most commend,
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For she was all, in that supreme degree,
That as no one prevail'd, so all was she.
The several parts lay hidden in the piece;
Th' occasion but exerted that, or this.
A wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the first woman was before her fall:
Made for the man, of whom she was a part;
Made, to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.
A second Eve, but by no crime accurst;
As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.
Had she been first, still Paradise had been,
And Death had found no entrance by her sin.
So she not only had preserv'd from ill
Her sex and ours, but liv'd their pattern still.
Love and obedience to her lord she bore;
She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him more:
Not aw'd to duty by superior sway,
But taught by his indulgence to obey.
Thus we love God, as author of our good;
So subjects love just kings, or so they should.
Nor was it with ingratitude return'd;
In equal fires the blissful couple burn'd;
One joy possess'd them both, and in one grief they mourn'd.
His passion still improv'd; he lov'd so fast,
As if he fear'd each day would be her last.
Too true a prophet to foresee the fate
That should so soon divide their happy state:
When he to Heaven entirely must restore
That love, that heart, where he went halves before.
Yet as the soul is all in every part,
So God and he might each have all her heart.
So had her children too; for Charity
Was not more fruitful, or more kind than she:
Each under other by degrees they grew;
A goodly perspective of distant view.
Anchises look'd not with so pleas'd a face,
In numbering o'er his future Roman race,
And marshaling the heroes of his name,
As, in their order, next, to light they came.
Nor Cybele, with half so kind an eye,
Survey'd her sons and daughters of the sky;
Proud, shall I say, of her immortal fruit?
As far as pride with heavenly minds may suit.
Her pious love excell'd to all she bore;
New objects only multiply'd it more.
And as the chosen found the pearly grain
As much as every vessel could contain;
As in the blissful vision each shall share
As much of glory as his soul can bear;
So did she love, and so dispense her care.
Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best,
As longer cultivated than the rest.
The babe had all that infant care beguiles,
And early knew his mother in her smiles:
But when dilated organs let in day
To the young soul, and gave it room to play,
At his first aptness, the maternal love
Those rudiments of reason did improve:
The tender age was pliant to command;
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand:
True to th' artificer, the labour'd mind
With ease was pious, generous, just, and kind;
Soft for impression, from the first prepar'd,
Till virtue with long exercise grew hard:
With every act confirm'd, and made at last
So durable as not to be effac'd,
It turn'd to habit; and, from vices free,
Goodness resolv'd into necessity.
Thus fix'd she Virtue's image, that's her own,
Till the whole mother in the children shone;
For that was their perfection; she was such,
They never could express her mind too much.
So unexhausted her perfections were,
That, for more children, she had more to spare;
For souls unborn, whom her untimely death
Depriv'd of bodies, and of mortal breath;
And (could they take th' impressions of her mind)
Enough still left to sanctify her kind.
Then wonder not to see this soul extend
The bounds, and seek some other self, a friend:
As swelling seas to gentle rivers glide,
To seek repose, and empty out the tide;
So this full soul, in narrow limits pent,
Unable to contain her, sought a vent,
To issue out, and in some friendly breast
Discharge her treasures, and securely rest:

T' unbosom all the secrets of her heart,
Take good advice, but better to impart.
For 'tis the bliss of friendship's holy state,
To mix their minds, and to communicate;
Though bodies cannot, souls can penetrate:
Fixt to her choice, inviolably true,
And wisely choosing, for she chose but few.
Some she must have; but in no one could find
A tally fitted for so large a mind.
The souls of friends like kings in progress are;
Still in their own, though from the palace far:
Thus her friend's heart her country dwelling was,
A sweet retirement to a coarser place;
Where pomp and ceremonies enter'd not,
Where greatness was shut out, and business well forgot.
This is th' imperfect draught; but short as far
As the true height and bigness of a star
Exceeds the measures of th' astronomer.
She shines above, we know; but in what place,
How near the throne, and Heaven's imperial face,
By our weak optics is but vainly guest;
Distance and altitude conceal the rest.
Though all these rare endowments of the mind
Were in a narrow space of life confin'd,
The figure was with full perfection crown'd;
Though not so large an orb, as truly round.
As when in glory, through the public place,
The spoils of conquer'd nations were to pass,
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The consul was constrain'd his pomp to crowd;
And so the swift procession hurry'd on,
That all, though not distinctly, might be shown:
So in the straiten'd bounds of life confin'd,
She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind:
And multitudes of virtues pass'd along;
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be seen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come.
Yet unemploy'd no minute slipt away;
Moments were precious in so short a stay.
The haste of Heaven to have her was so great,
That some were single acts, though each complete;
But every act stood ready to repeat.
Her fellow-saints with busy care will look
For her blest name in Fate's eternal book;
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will see
Numberless virtues, endless charity:
But more will wonder, at so short an age,
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page:
And with a pious fear begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.
But 'twas her Saviour's time; and, could there be
A copy near th' original, 'twas she.
As precious gums are not for lasting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire:
So was she soon exhal'd, and vanish'd hence;
A short sweet odour, of a vast expense.
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she dy'd;
For but a Now did Heaven and Earth divide:
She pass'd serenely with a single breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death:
One sigh did her eternal bliss assure;
So little penance needs, when souls are almost pure.
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue;
Or, one dream pass'd, we slide into a new;
So close they follow, such wild order keep,
We think ourselves awake, and are asleep:
So softly death succeeded life in her:
She did but dream of Heaven, and she was there.
No pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with noise;
Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still voice;
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feast,
And treated like a long-familiar guest.
He took her as he found, but found her so,
As one in hourly readiness to go:
Ev'n on that day, in all her trim prepar'd;
As early notice she from Heaven had heard,
And some descending courier from above
Had given her timely warning to remove;
Or counsell'd her to dress the nuptial room,
For on that night the bridegroom was to come.
He kept his hour, and found her where she lay
Cloth'd all in white, the livery of the day:
Scarce had she sinn'd in thought, or word, or act;
Unless omissions were to pass for fact:
That hardly Death a consequence could draw,
To make her liable to Nature's law.
And, that she dy'd, we only have to show
The mortal part of her she left below:
The rest, so smooth, so suddenly she went,
Look'd like translation through the firmament,
Or like the fiery car on the third errand sent.
O happy soul! if thou canst view from high,
Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,
If, looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find'st, that any way be pervious,
Survey the ruins of thy house, and see
Thy widow'd and thy orphan family:
Look on thy tender pledges left behind;
And, if thou canst a vacant minute find
From heavenly joys, that interval afford
To thy sad children, and thy mourning lord.
See how they grieve, mistaking in their love,
And shed a beam of comfort from above;
Give them, as much as mortal eyes can bear,
A transient view of thy full glories there;
That they with moderate sorrow may sustain
And mollify their losses in thy gain.
Or else divide the grief; for such thou wert,
That should not all relations bear a part,
It were enough to break a single heart.
Let this suffice: not thou, great saint, refuse
This humble tribute of no vulgar Muse:
Who, not by cares, or wants, or age deprest,
Stems a wild deluge with a dauntless breast;
And dares to sing thy praises in a clime
Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime;
Where ev'n to draw the picture of thy mind,
Is satire on the most of human kind:
Take it, while yet 'tis praise; before my rage,
Unsafely just, break loose on this bad age;
So bad, that thou thyself hadst no defence
From vice, but barely by departing hence.
Be what and where thou art: to wish thy place,
Were, in the best, presumption more than grace.
Thy relics (such thy works of mercy are)
Have, in this poem, been my holy care.
As earth thy body keeps, thy soul the sky,
So shall this verse preserve thy memory;
For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of thee.

V.

ON THE DEATH OF AMYNTAS.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

'Twas on a joyless and a gloomy morn,
Wet was the grass, and hung with pearls the thorn;

When Damon, who design'd to pass the day
With hounds and horns, and chase the flying prey,
Rose early from his bed; but soon he found
The welkin pitch'd with sullen clouds around,
An eastern wind, and dew upon the ground.
Thus while he stood, and sighing did survey
The fields, and curst th' ill omens of the day,
He saw Menalcas come with heavy pace;
Wet were his eyes, and cheerless was his face:
He wrung his hands, distracted with his care,
And sent his voice before him from afar.
"Return," he cry'd, "return, unhappy swain,
The spungy clouds are fill'd with gathering rain:
The promise of the day not only cross'd,
But ev'n the spring, the spring itself, is lost.
Amyntas—oh!"—he could not speak the rest,
Nor needed, for presaging Damon guess'd.
Equal with Heaven young Damon lov'd the boy,
The boast of Nature, both his parents' joy.
His graceful form revolving in his mind;
So great a genius, and a soul so kind,
Gave sad assurance that his fears were true;
Too well the envy of the gods he knew:
For when their gifts too lavishly are plac'd,
Soon they repent, and will not make them last.
For sure it was too bountiful a dole,
The mother's features, and the father's soul.
Then thus he cry'd: "The morn bespoke the news:
The Morning did her cheerful light diffuse:
But see how suddenly she chang'd her face,
And brought on clouds and rain, the day's disgrace;
Just such, Amyntas, was thy promis'd race.
What charms adorn'd thy youth, where Nature smil'd,
And more than man was given us in a child!
His infancy was ripe: a soul sublime
In years so tender that prevented time:
Heaven gave him all at once; then snatch'd away,
Ere mortals all his beauties could survey:
Just like the flower that buds and withers in a day."

MENALCAS.

The mother, lovely, though with grief oppprest,
Reclin'd his dying head upon her breast,
The mournful family stood all around;
One groan was heard, one universal sound:
All were in floods of tears and endless sorrow drown'd.
So dire a sadness sat on every look,
Ev'n Death repented he had given the stroke.
He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,
But promis'd length of life to those who yet remain'd.
The mother's and her eldest daughter's grace,
It seems, had brib'd him to prolong their space.
The father bore it with undaunted soul,
Like one who durst his destiny control:
Yet with becoming grief he bore his part,
Resign'd his son, but not resign'd his heart.
Patient as Job; and may he live to see,
Like him, a new increasing family!

DAMON.

Such is my wish, and such my prophecy.
For yet, my friend, the beauteous mould remains;
Long may she exercise her fruitful pains!
But, ah! with better hap, and bring a race
More lasting, and endued with equal grace!
Equal she may, but further none can go:
For he was all that was exact below.

MENALCAS.

Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud;
Hear'st thou not hymns and songs divinely loud?
There mounts Amyntas; the young cherubs play
About their godlike mate, and sing him on his way.
He cleaves the liquid air, behold he flies,
And every moment gains upon the skies.
The new-come guest admires th' ethereal state,
The sapphire portal, and the golden gate;
And now, admitted in the shining throng,
He shows the passport which he brought along.
His passport is his innocence and grace,
Well known to all the natives of the place.
Now sing, ye joyful angels, and admire
Your brother's voice, that comes to mend your quire:
Sing you, while endless tears our eyes bestow;
For like Amyntas none is left below.

VI.

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

He who could view the book of Destiny,
And read whatever there was writ of thee,
O charming youth, in the first opening page,
So many graces in so green an age,
Such wit, such modesty, such strength of mind,
A soul at once so manly, and so kind;
Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
And after some few leaves should find no more,
Nought but a blank remain, a dead void space,
A step of life that promis'd such a race.
We must not, dare not think, that Heaven began
A child, and could not finish him a man;
Reflecting what a mighty store was laid
Of rich materials, and a model made:
The cost already furnish'd; so bestow'd,
As more was never to one soul allow'd:
Yet, after this profusion spent in vain,
Nothing but mouldering ashes to remain,
I guess not, lest I split upon the shelf,
Yet, durst I guess, Heaven kept it for himself;
And, giving us the use, did soon recal,
Ere we could spare, the mighty principal.
Thus then he disappear'd, was rarify'd;
For 'tis improper speech to say he dy'd:
He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the Sun the morning dew.
'Tis sin produces death; and he had none
But the taint Adam left on every son.
He added not, he was so pure, so good,
'Twas but th' original forfeit of his blood:
And that so little, that the river ran
More clear than the corrupted fount began.
Nothing remain'd of the first muddy clay;
The length of course had wash'd it in the way:
So deep, and yet so clear, we might behold
The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.
As such we lov'd, admir'd, almost ador'd,
Gave all the tribute mortals could afford,
Perhaps we gave so much, the powers above
Grew angry at our superstitious love:
For when we more than human homage pay,
The charming cause is justly snatch'd away.
Thus was the crime not his, but ours alone:
And yet we murmur that he went so soon:
Though miracles are short and rarely shown,

Hear then, ye mournful parents, and divide
That love in many, which in one was ty'd.
That individual blessing is no more,
But multiply'd in your remaining store.
The flame's dispers'd, but does not all expire;
The sparkles blaze, though not the globe of fire.
Love him by parts, in all your numerous race,
And from those parts form one collected grace;
Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

VII.

UPON

YOUNG MR. ROGERS OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Of gentle blood, his parents' only treasure,
Their lasting sorrow, and their vanish'd pleasure;
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large provision for so short a race;
More moderate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
Too early fitted for a better state;
But, knowing Heaven his home, to shun delay,
He leap'd o'er age, and took the shortest way.

VIII.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PURCELL.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. BLOW.

Mark how the lark and linnet sing:
With rival notes
They strain their warbling throats,
To welcome in the Spring.
But in the close of night,
When Philomel begins her heavenly lay,
They cease their mutual spite,
Drink in her music with delight,
And, listening, silently obey.

So ceas'd the rival crew, when Purcell came;
They sung no more, or only sung his fame:
Struck dumb, they all admir'd the godlike man:
The godlike man,
Alas! too soon retir'd,
As he too late began.
We beg not Hell our Orpheus to restore:
Had he been there,
Their sovereign's fear
Had sent him back before.
The power of harmony too well they knew:
He long ere this had tun'd their jarring sphere,
And left no Hell below.

The heavenly choir, who heard his notes from high,
Let down the scale of music from the sky:
They handed him along,
And all the way he taught, and all the way they sung.
Ye brethren of the lyre, and tuneful voice,
Lament his lot; but at your own rejoice:
Now live secure, and linger out your days;
The gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,
Nor know to mend their choice.

IX.

EPITAPH ON THE LADY WHITMORE.

Fair, kind, and true, a treasure each alone,
A wife, a mistress, and a friend in one,
Rest in this tomb, rais'd at thy husband's cost,
Here sadly summing, what he had, and lost.
Come, virgins, ere in equal bands ye join,
Come first, and offer at her sacred shrine;
Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
Compound for all the rest, with longer life;
And wish your vows, like hers, may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead so mourn'd.

X.

EPITAPH ON SIR PALMES FAIRBONE'S TOMB IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SACRED TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF SIR PALMES FAIRBONE, KNIGHT, GOVERNOR OF TANGIER; IN EXECUTION OF WHICH COMMAND, HE WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED BY A SHOT FROM THE MOORS, THEN BESIEGING THE TOWN, IN THE FORTY-SIXTH YEAR OF HIS AGE, OCTOBER 24, 1680.

Ye sacred relics, which your marble keep,
Here, undisturb'd by wars, in quiet sleep:
Discharge the trust, which, when it was below,
Fairbone's undaunted soul did undergo,
And be the town's Palladium from the foe.
Alive and dead these walls he will defend:
Great actions great examples must attend.
The Candian siege his early valour knew,
Where Turkish blood did his young hands imbrue.
From thence returning with deserv'd applause,
Against the Moors his well-flesh'd sword he draws;
The same the courage, and the same the cause.
His youth and age, his life and death, combine,
As in some great and regular design,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine.
Still nearer Heaven his virtues shone more bright,
Like rising flames expanding in their height;
The martyr's glory crown'd the soldier's fight.
More bravely British general never fell,
Nor general's death was e'er reveng'd so well;
Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their close,
Follow'd by thousand victims of his foes.
To his lamented loss for time to come
His pious widow consecrates this tomb.

XI.

UNDER MR. MILTON'S PICTURE, BEFORE HIS PARADISE LOST.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first, in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next, in majesty; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

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XII.

ON THE

MONUMENT OF A FAIR MAIDEN LADY, WHO DIED AT BATH, AND IS THERE INTERRED.

Below this marble monument is laid
All that Heaven wants of this celestial maid.
Preserve, O sacred Tomb, thy trust consign'd;
The mould was made on purpose for the mind:
And she would lose, if, at the latter day,
One atom could be mix'd of other clay.
Such were the features of her heavenly face,
Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious grace:
So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the soul;
Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd;
And like a picture shone, in glass anneal'd.
Or like the Sun eclips'd, with shaded light:
Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by sight.
Each thought was visible that roll'd within:
As through a crystal case the figur'd hours are seen.
And Heaven did this transparent veil provide,
Because she had no guilty thought to hide.
All white, a virgin-saint, she sought the skies:
For marriage, though it sullies not, it dies.
High though her wit, yet humble was her mind;
As if she could not, or she would not, find
How much her worth transcended all her kind.
Yet she had learn'd so much of Heaven below,
That when arriv'd, she scarce had more to know:
But only to refresh the former hint;
And read her Maker in a fairer print.
So pious, as she had no time to spare
For human thoughts, but was confin'd to prayer.
Yet in such charities she pass'd the day,
'Twas wondrous how she found an hour to pray.
A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
Which passion could but curl, not discompose.
A female softness, with a manly mind:
A daughter duteous, and a sister kind:
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd.

XIII.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MARGARET PASTON,

OF BURNINGHAM, IN NORFOLK.

So fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet,
So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit,
Require at least an age in one to meet.
In her they met; but long they could not stay,
'Twas gold too fine to mix without allay.
Heaven's image was in her so well exprest,
Her very sight upbraided all the rest;
Too justly ravish'd from an age like this,
Now she is gone, the world is of a piece.

XIV.

ON THE

MONUMENT OF THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER.

He, who in impious times undaunted stood,
And midst rebellion durst be just and good:
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before;
Rests here, rewarded by an heavenly prince;
For what his earthly could not recompense.
Pray, reader, that such times no more appear:
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
Ask of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preserve them, Heaven confin'd in thee.
Few subjects could a king like thine deserve:
And fewer, such a king, so well could serve.
Blest king, blest subject, whose exalted state
By sufferings rose, and gave the law to Fate.
Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given
To Earth, and meant for ornaments to Heaven.

XV.

EPITAPH

UPON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER'S BEING DEMISSED FROM THE TREASURY, IN 1687.

Here lies a creature of indulgent Fate,
From Tory Hyde rais'd to a chit of state;
In chariot now, Elisha like, he's hurl'd
To th' upper empty regions of the world:
The airy thing cuts through the yielding sky;
And as it goes does into atoms fly:
While we on Earth see, with no small delight,
The bird of prey turn'd to a paper kite.
With drunken pride and rage he did so swell,
The hated thing without compassion fell;
By powerful force of universal prayer,
The ill-blown bubble is now turn'd to air;
To his first less than nothing he is gone,
By his preposterous transaction!

XVI.

EPITAPH.

INTENDED FOR DRYDEN'S WIFE.

Here lies my wife: here let her lie!
Now she's at rest, and so am I.

XVII.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE DUTCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH'S PICTURE.

Sure we do live by Cleopatra's age,
Since Sunderland does govern now the stage:
She of Septimius had nothing made,
Pompey alone had been by her betray'd.
Were she a poet, she would surely boast,
That all the world for pearls had well been lost.

XVIII.

DESCRIPTION OF OLD JACOB TONSON [1].

With leering look, bull-fac'd, and freckled fair,
With two left legs, with Judas colour'd hair,
And frowzy pores, that taint the ambient air.—

[1] On Tonson's refusing to give Dryden the price he asked for his Virgil, the poet sent him the above; and added, "Tell the dog, that he who wrote them, can write more." The money was paid.

SONGS, ODES, AND A MASQUE.

I.

THE FAIR STRANGER.

A SONG.

Happy and free, securely blest;
No beauty could disturb my rest;
My amorous heart was in despair,
To find a new victorious fair.

Till you, descending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains;
Where now you rule without control
The mighty sovereign of my soul.

Your smiles have more of conquering charms,
Than all your native country arms:
Their troops we can expel with ease,
Who vanquish only when we please.

But in your eyes, oh! there's the spell,
Who can see them, and not rebel?
You make us captives by your stay,
Yet kill us if you go away.

II.

ON THE YOUNG STATESMEN.

Clarendon had law and sense,
Clifford was fierce and brave;
Bennet's grave look was a pretence,
And Danby's matchless impudence
Help'd to support the knave.

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
These will appear such chits in story,
'Twill turn all politics to jests,
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fiddlers sing at feasts.

Protect us, mighty Providence,
What would these madmen have?
First, they would bribe us without pence,
Deceive us without common sense,
And without power enslave.

Shall free-born men, in humble awe,
Submit to servile shame;
Who from consent and custom draw
The same right to be rul'd by law,
Which kings pretend to reign?

The duke shall wield his conquering sword,
The chancellor make a speech,
The king shall pass his honest word,
The pawn'd revenue sums afford,
And then, come kiss my breech.

So have I seen a king on chess
(His rooks and knights withdrawn,
His queen and bishops in distress)
Shifting about, grow less and less,
With here and there a pawn.

III.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
"Arise, ye more than dead."
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, "Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat."

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd
Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays,
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above;

So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

IV.

THE TEARS OF AMYNTA, FOR THE DEATH OF DAMON.

A SONG.

On a bank, beside a willow,
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
Sad Amynta sigh'd alone:
From the cheerless dawn of morning
Till the dews of night returning,
Sighing thus she made her moan:
" Hope is banish'd,
Joys are vanish'd,
Damon, my belov'd, is gone!

" Time, I dare thee to discover
Such a youth, and such a lover;
Oh! so true, so kind was he!
Damon was the pride of Nature,
Charming in his every feature;
Damon liv'd alone for me;
Melting kisses,
Murmuring blisses:
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we!

" Never shall we curse the morning,
Never bless the night returning,
Sweet embraces to restore:
Never shall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, Love supplying
All the joys he drain'd before:
Death, come end me
To befriend me;
Love and Damon are no more."

V.

A SONG.

Sylvia the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,
Felt an innocent warmth, as she lay on the green:
She had heard of a pleasure, and something she guest [breast:
By the towzing, and tumbling, and touching her
She saw the men eager, but was at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close;
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

" Ah!" she cry'd; " ah! for a languishing maid,
In a country of Christians, to die without aid!
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,
Or a Protestant parson, or Catholic priest,
T' instruct a young virgin, that is at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close!
" By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close."

Cupid in shape of a swain did appear,
He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near;
Then show'd her his arrow, and bid her not fear;
For the pain was no more than a maiden may bear:
When the balm was infus'd, she was not at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so [close;
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

VI.

THE LADY'S SONG.

A chor of bright beauties in spring did appear,
To choose a May lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds in green;
The garland was given, and Phyllis was queen:
But Phyllis refus'd it, and sighing did say,
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

While Pan, and fair Syrinx, are fled from our shore,
The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no more:
The soft god of pleasure, that warm'd our desires,
Has broken his bow, and extinguish'd his fires:
And vows that himself, and his mother, will mourn,
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more;
For we will perform what the deity swore:
But if you dare think of deserving our charms,
Away with your sheephooks, and take to your arms:
Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn,
When Pan, and his son, and fair Syrinx, return.

VII.

A SONG.

Fair, sweet, and young, receive a prize
Reserv'd for your victorious eyes:
From crowds, whom at your feet you see,
O pity, and distinguish me!
As I from thousand beauties more
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your face for conquest was design'd,
Your every motion charms my mind;
Angels, when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns, to hear you speak;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are lost, unless you love;
While that sweet passion you disdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain:
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

VIII.

A SONG.

Ison state and honours to others impart,
But give me your heart:
'hat treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.
o gentle a love, so fervent a fire,
My soul does inspire;
hat treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.
'our love let me crave;
Give me in possessing
So matchless a blessing;
'hat empire is all I would have.
Love's my petition,
All my ambition;
If e'er you discover
So faithful a lover,
So real a flame,
I'll die, I'll die.
So give up my game.

IX.

RONDELAY.

'hloe found Amyntas lying,
All in tears upon the plain;
ighing to himself, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

ighing to himself, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
ver scorning and denying
To reward your faithful swain:
Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

ver scorning, and denying
To reward your faithful swain.
hloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him, that he lov'd in vain:
Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

hloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him, that he lov'd in vain:
ut, repenting, and complying,
When he kiss'd, she kiss'd again:
iss'd him up before his dying;
Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

X.

A SONG.

o tell Amynta, gentle swain,
would not die, nor dare complain:
hy tuneful voice with numbers join,
hy words will more prevail than mine.
o souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
he gods ordain this kind relief;
hat music should in sounds convey,
Vhat dying lovers dare not say.
A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
But love on pity cannot live.
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains so fast increase,
That soon they will be past redress;
But ah! the wretch, that speechless lies,
Attends but death to close his eyes.

XI.

A SONG

TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY, GOING OUT OF THE TOWN IN THE SPRING.

Ask not the cause, why sullen Spring
So long delays her flowers to bear;
Thy warbling birds forget to sing,
And winter storms invert the year:
Chloris is gone, and Fate provides
To make it Spring, where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;
She cast not back a pitying eye:
But left her lover in despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die:
Ah, how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure!

Great god of love, why hast thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of every land?
Where thou hadst plac'd such power before,
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can restore the dead from tombs,
And every life but mine recal.
I only am by Love design'd
To be the victim for mankind.

XII.

SONG,

FROM MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE [1].

Why should a foolish marriage vow,
Which long ago was made,
Oblige us to each other now,
When passion is decay'd?
We lov'd, and we lov'd, as long as we could,
Till our love was lov'd out of us both;
But our marriage is dead, when the pleasures are fled;
'Twas pleasure first made it an oath.

If I have pleasures for a friend,
And further love in store,
What wrong has he, whose joys did end,
And who could give no more?

[1] There are several excellent songs in his King Arthur, which should have been copied, but that they are so interwoven with the story of the drama that it would be improper to separate them. There is also a song in Love in a Nunnery; and another in The Duke of Guise; but neither of them worth transcribing. *N.*

'Tis a madness that he
Should be jealous of me,
Or that I should bar him of another:
For all we can gain
Is to give ourselves pain,
When neither can hinder the other.

XIII.

SONG,

FROM TYRANNIC LOVE.

Ah, how sweet it is to love!
Ah, how gay is young Desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach Love's fire!
Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown
Do but gently heave the heart:
E'en the tears they shed alone
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

Love and Time with reverence use,
Treat them like a parting friend:
Nor the golden gifts refuse
Which in youth sincere they send:
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein:
But each tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again:
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

XIV.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
(So should desert in arms be crown'd)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd:
And while he sought her snowy breast:
Then, round her slender waist he curl'd, [world.
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around:
A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician sung:
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again; [the slain.
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he Heaven and Earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltring in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed:
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,

Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of Chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of Chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head!
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise:
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

XIII.

THE SECULAR MASQUE.

Enter JANUS.

JANUS. CHRONOS, Chronos, mend thy pace,
An hundred times the rolling Sun
Around the radiant belt has run
In his revolving race.
Behold, behold the goal in sight,
Spread thy fans, and wing thy flight.

Enter CHRONOS *with a scythe in his hand, and a globe on his back; which he sets down at his entrance.*

CHRONOS. Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my freight,
And leave the world behind.
I could not bear,
Another year,
The load of human-kind.

Enter MOMUS *laughing.*

MOMUS. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well hast thou done
To lay down thy pack,
And lighten thy back,
The world was a fool, e'er since it begun,

And since neither Janus, nor Chronos, nor I,
Can hinder the crimes,
Or mend the bad times,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

Cho. of all three. 'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

JANUS. Since Momus comes to laugh below,
Old Time begin the show,
That he may see, in every scene,
What changes in this age have been.

CHRONOS. Then, goddess of the silver bow, begin.
[*Horns, or hunting music, within.*]

Enter DIANA.

DIANA. With horns and with hounds, I waken the day;
And hie to the woodland-walks away;
I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
And tie to my forehead a wexing Moon.
I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
And chase the wild goats o'er the summits of rocks,
With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

Cho. of all. With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

JANUS. Then our age was in 'ts prime,
CHRONOS. Free from rage:
DIANA. ——— And free from crime.
MOMUS. A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

Cho. of all. Then our age was in 'ts prime,
Free from rage, and free from crime,
A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.
[*Dance of Diana's attendants.*]

Enter MARS.

MARS. Inspire the vocal brass, inspire;
The world is past its infant age:
Arms and honour,
Arms and honour,
Set the martial mind on fire,
And kindle manly rage.
Mars has look'd the sky to red;
And Peace, the lazy good, is fled.
Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure, fly;
The sprightly green,
In woodland-walks, no more is seen;
The sprightly green has drunk the Tyrian dye.

Cho. of all. Plenty, Peace, &c.

MARS. Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Through all the world around,
Sound a reveille, sound, sound,
The warrior god is come.

Cho. of all. Sound the trumpet, &c.

MOMUS. Thy sword within the scabbard keep,
And let mankind agree;
Better the world were fast asleep,
Than kept awake by thee.
The fools are only thinner,
With all our cost and care;
But neither side a winner,
For things are as they were.

Cho. of all. The fools are only, &c.

Enter VENUS.

VENUS. Calms appear, when storms are past;
Love will have his hour at last:
Nature is my kindly care;
Mars destroys, and I repair:
Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not every day.

Cho. of all. Take her, take her, &c.

CHRONOS. The world was then so light,
I scarcely felt the weight;
Joy rul'd the day, and Love the night.
But, since the queen of pleasure left the ground,
I faint, I lag,
And feebly drag
The pondrous orb around.

MOMUS. All, all of a piece throughout;
Pointing to Diana. Thy chase had a beast in view;
[*To Mars.*] Thy wars brought nothing about;
[*To Ven.*] Thy lovers were all untrue.
JANUS. 'Tis well an old age is out,
CHRONOS. And time to begin a new.

Cho. of all. All, all of a piece throughout;
Thy chase had a beast in view:
Thy wars brought nothing about;
Thy lovers were all untrue.
'Tis well an old age is out,
And time to begin a new.

[*Dance of huntsmen, nymphs, warriors, and lovers.*]

XV.

SONG OF A SCHOLAR AND HIS MISTRESS,

WHO BEING CROSSED BY THEIR FRIENDS, FELL MAD FOR ONE ANOTHER; AND NOW FIRST MEET IN BEDLAM.

[*Music within.*]

The lovers enter at opposite doors, each held by a keeper.

PHYLLIS. Look, look, I see—I see my love appear!
'Tis he—'Tis he alone;
For, like him, there is none:
'Tis the dear, dear man, 'tis thee, dear.

AMYNTAS. Hark, the winds war;
The foamy waves roar;
I see a ship afar:
Tossing and tossing, and making to the shore:
But what 's that I view,
So radiant of hue,
St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that sits upon the sails?
Ah! No, no, no.
St. Hermo, never, never shone so bright;
'Tis Phyllis, only Phyllis, can shoot so fair a light:
'Tis Phyllis, 'tis Phyllis, that saves the ship alone,
For all the winds are hush'd, and the storm is overblown.

PHYLLIS. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his arms.
AMYNTAS. If all the fates combine,
And all the furies join,
I 'll force my way to Phyllis, and break through the charm.

[*Here they break from their keepers, run to each other, and embrace.*]

PHYLLIS. Shall I marry the man I love?
And shall I conclude my pains?
Now bless'd be the powers above,
I feel the blood bound in my veins;
With a lively leap it began to move,
And the vapours leave my brains.
AMYNTAS. Body join'd to body, and heart join'd to heart,
To make sure of the cure,
Go call the man in black, to mumble o'er his part.
PHYLLIS. But suppose he should stay—
AMYNTAS. At worst if he delay,
'Tis a work must be done,
We 'll borrow but a day,
And the better, the sooner begun.

Cho. of both. At worst if he delay, &c.

[*They run out together hand in hand.*]

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

I.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN THE FIRST DAY OF THE KING'S HOUSE ACTING AFTER THE FIRE.

So shipwreck'd passengers escape to land,
So look they, when on the bare beach they stand
Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce o'er,
Expecting famine on a desert shore.
From that hard climate we must wait for bread,
Whence ev'n the natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.
Our stage does human chance present to view,
But ne'er before was seen so sadly true:
You are chang'd too, and your pretence to see
Is but a nobler name for charity.
Your own provisions furnish out our feasts,
While you the founders make yourselves the guests.
Of all mankind beside, Fate had some care,
But for poor Wit no portion did prepare,
'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and fair.
You cherish'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd zealots make their scorn,
Who think that fire a judgment on the stage,
Which spar'd not temples in its furious rage.
But as our new-built city rises higher,
So from old theatres may new aspire,
Since Fate contrives magnificence by fire.
Our great metropolis does far surpass
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was:
Our wit as far does foreign wit excel,
And, like a king, should in a palace dwell.
But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a shed:
Your presence here, for which we humbly sue,
Will grace old theatres, and build up new.

II.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW HOUSE, MARCH 26, 1674.

A PLAIN-BUILT house, after so long a stay,
Will send you half unsatisfy'd away;
When, fall'n from your expected pomp, you find
A bare convenience only is design'd.
You, who each day can theatres behold,
Like Nero's palace, shining all with gold,
Our mean ungilded stage will scorn, we fear,
And, for the homely room, disdain the cheer.
Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown,
And a plain suit, since we can make but one,
Is better than to be by tarnish'd gawdry known.
They, who are by your favours wealthy made,
With mighty sums may carry on the trade:
We, broken bankers, half destroy'd by fire,
With our small stock to humble roofs retire;
Pity our loss, while you their pomp admire.
For fame and honour we no longer strive,
We yield in both, and only beg to live:
Unable to support their vast expense,
Who build and treat with such magnificence;
That, like th' ambitious monarchs of the age,
They give the law to our provincial stage.
Great neighbours enviously promote excess,
While they impose their splendour on the less.
But only fools, and they of vast estate,
Th' extremity of modes will imitate,
The dangling knee-fringe, and the bib-cravat.
Yet if some pride with want may be allow'd,
We in our plainness may be justly proud:
Our royal master will'd it should be so;
Whate'er he 's pleas'd to own, can need no show:
That sacred name gives ornament and grace,
And, like his stamp, makes basest metals pass.
'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise,
To build a playhouse while you throw down plays;
While scenes, machines, and empty operas reign,
And for the pencil you the pen disdain:
While troops of famish'd Frenchmen hither drive,
And laugh at those upon whose alms they live:
Old English authors vanish, and give place
To these new conquerors of the Norman race.
More tamely than your fathers you submit;
You 're now grown vassals to them in your wit.
Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance,
The mighty merits of their men of France,
Keep time, cry *Bon*, and humour the cadence.
Well, please yourselves; but sure 'tis understood,
That French machines have ne'er done England good.
I would not prophesy our house's fate:
But while vain shows and scenes you overrate,
'Tis to be fear'd———
That as a fire the former house o'erthrew,
Machines and tempests will destroy the new.

III.

EPILOGUE

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

THOUGH what our prologue said was sadly true,
Yet, gentlemen, our homely house is new,
A charm that seldom fails with—wicked you.

A country lip may have the velvet touch;
Though she 's no lady, you may think her such:
A strong imagination may do much.
But you, loud sirs, who through your curls look big,
Critics in plume and white vallancy wig,
Who lolling on our foremost benches sit,
And still charge first, the true forlorn of wit;
Whose favours, like the Sun, warm where you roll,
Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor soul;
So may your hats your foretops never press,
Untouch'd your ribbons, sacred be your dress;
So may you slowly to old age advance,
And have th' excuse of youth for ignorance:
So may Fop-corner full of noise remain,
And drive far off the dull attentive train;
So may your midnight scowerings happy prove,
And morning batteries force your way to love;
So may not France your warlike hands recall,
But leave you by each other's swords to fall:
As you come here to ruffle vizard punk,
When sober, rail, and roar when you are drunk.
But to the wits we can some merit plead,
And urge what by themselves has oft been said:
Our house relieves the ladies from the frights
Of ill-pav'd streets, and long dark winter nights;
The Flanders horses from a cold bleak road,
Where bears in furs dare scarcely look abroad;
The audience from worn plays and fustian stuff,
Of rhyme, more nauseous than three boys in buff.
Though in their house the poets' heads appear,
We hope we may presume their wits are here.
The best which they reserv'd they now will play,
For, like kind cuckolds, though we 've not the way
To please, we 'll find you abler men who may.
If they should fail, for last recruits we breed
A troop of frisking Mounsieurs to succeed:
You know the French sure cards at time of need.

IV.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1674.

SPOKEN BY MR. HART.

Poets, your subjects, have their parts assign'd
T' unbend, and to divert their sovereign's mind:
When tir'd with following Nature, you think fit
To seek repose in the cool shades of Wit,
And, from the sweet retreat, with joy survey
What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way.
Here, free yourselves from envy, care, and strife,
You view the various turns of human life:
Safe in our scene, through dangerous courts you go,
And, undebauch'd, the vice of cities know.
Your theories are here to practice brought,
As in mechanic operations wrought;
And man, the little world, before you set,
As once the sphere of crystal show'd the great.
Blest sure are you above all mortal kind,
If to your fortunes you can suit your mind:
Content to see, and shun, those ills we show,
And crimes on theatres alone to know.
With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their wit: [claim,
That Shakspeare's, Fletcher's, and great Jonson's
May be renew'd from those who gave them fame.
None of our living poets dare appear;
For Muses so severe are worshipp'd here,
That, conscious of their faults, they shun the eye,
And, as profane, from sacred places fly,
Rather than see th' offended God, and die.
We bring no imperfections, but our own;
Such faults as made are by the makers shown:
And you have been so kind, that we may boast,
The greatest judges still can pardon most.
Poets must stoop, when they would please our pit,
Debas'd even to the level of their wit;
Disdaining that, which yet they know will take,
Hating themselves what their applause must make.
But when to praise from you they would aspire,
Though they like eagles mount, your Jove is higher.
So far your knowledge all their power transcends,
As what should be beyond what is extends.

V.

PROLOGUE TO CIRCE.

[BY DR. DAVENANT, 1675.]

Were you but half so wise as you 're severe,
Our youthful poet should not need to fear:
To his green years your censures you would suit,
Not blast the blossom, but expect the fruit.
The sex, that best does pleasure understand,
Will always choose to err on t' other hand:
They check not him that 's awkward in delight,
But clap the young rogue's cheek, and set him right.
Thus hearten'd well, and flesh'd upon his prey,
The youth may prove a man another day.
Your Ben and Fletcher, in their first young flight,
Did no Volpone, nor no Arbaces write:
But hopp'd about, and short excursions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
And each was guilty of some slighted maid.
Shakspeare's own Muse her Pericles first bore;
The prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor:
'Tis miracle to see a first good play;
All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day.
A slender poet must have time to grow,
And spread and burnish as his brothers do.
Who still looks lean, sure with some pox is cursi:
But no man can be Falstaff-fat at first.
Then damn not, but indulge his rude essays,
Encourage him, and bloat him up with praise,
That he may get more bulk before he dies:
He 's not yet fed enough for sacrifice.
Perhaps, if now your grace you will not grudge,
He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

VI.

EPILOGUE

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY THE LADY HENR. MAR. WENTWORTH, WHEN CALISTO WAS ACTED AT COURT.

As Jupiter I made my court in vain;
I 'll now assume my native shape again.
I'm weary to be so unkindly us'd,
And would not be a god to be refus'd.
State grows uneasy when it hinders love;
A glorious burthen, which the wise remove.
Now as a nymph I need not sue, nor try
The force of any lightning but the eye.
Beauty and youth more than a god command;
No Jove could e'er the force of these withstand.

'Tis here that sovereign power admits dispute;
Beauty sometimes is justly absolute.
Our sullen Catos, whatsoe'er they say,
Ev'n while they frown and dictate laws, obey.
You, mighty sir, our bonds more easy make,
And gracefully, what all must suffer, take:
Above those forms the grave affect to wear;
For 'tis not to be wise to be severe.
True wisdom may some gallantry admit,
And soften business with the charms of wit.
These peaceful triumphs with your cares you bought,
And from the midst of fighting nations brought.
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And sit in peace the arbiter of war:
Peace, the loath'd manna, which hot brains despise,
You knew its worth, and made it early prize:
And in its happy leisure sit and see
The promises of more felicity:
Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
Whose morning rays like noontide strike and shine:
Whom you to suppliant monarchs shall dispose,
To bind your friends, and to disarm your foes.

VII.

EPILOGUE

TO THE MAN OF MODE; OR, SIR FOPLING FLUTTER.

[BY SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE, 1676.]

Most modern wits such monstrous fools have shown,
They seem not of Heaven's making, but their own.
Those nauseous harlequins in farce may pass;
But there goes more to a substantial ass:
Something of man must be expos'd to view,
That, gallants, they may more resemble you.
Sir Fopling is a fool so nicely writ,
The ladies would mistake him for a wit;
And, when he sings, talks loud, and cocks, would cry,
"I vow, methinks, he 's pretty company:
So brisk, so gay, so travell'd, so refin'd,
As he took pains to graff upon his kind."
True fops help Nature's work, and go to school,
To file and finish God Almighty's fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call;
He 's knight o' th' shire, and represents you all.
From each he meets he culls whate'er he can;
Legion 's his name, a people in a man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a snowball grows.
His various modes from various fathers follow;
One taught the toss, and one the new French wallow.
His sword-knot this, his cravat that design'd;
And this, the yard-long snake he twirls behind.
From one the sacred periwig he gain'd,
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profan'd.
Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which, with a shog, casts all the hair before,
Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And rises with a water-spaniel shake.
As for his songs, the ladies' dear delight,
These sure he took from most of you who write.
Yet every man is safe from what he fear'd;
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

VIII.

EPILOGUE

TO MITHRIDATES, KING OF PONTUS.

[BY MR. N. LEE, 1678.]

You 've seen a pair of faithful lovers die:
And much you care; for most of you will cry,
'Twas a just judgment on their constancy.
For, Heaven be thank'd, we live in such an age,
When no man dies for love, but on the stage:
And ev'n those martyrs are but rare in plays;
A cursed sign how much true faith decays.
Love is no more a violent desire;
'Tis a mere metaphor, a painted fire.
In all our sex, the name examin'd well,
'Tis pride to gain, and vanity to tell.
In woman, 'tis of subtle interest made:
Curse on the punk that made it first a trade!
She first did Wit's prerogative remove,
And made a fool presume to prate of love.
Let honour and preferment go for gold;
But glorious beauty is not to be sold:
Or, if it be, 'tis at a rate so high,
That nothing but adoring it should buy.
Yet the rich cullies may their boasting spare;
They purchase but sophisticated ware.
'Tis prodigality that buys deceit,
Where both the giver and the taker cheat.
Men but refine on the old half-crown way:
And women fight, like Swissers, for their pay.

IX.

PROLOGUE TO CÆSAR BORGIA.

[BY MR. N. LEE, 1680.]

Th' unhappy man, who once has trail'd a pen,
Lives not to please himself, but other men;
Is always drudging, wastes his life and blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
What praise soe'er the poetry deserve,
Yet every fool can bid the poet starve.
That fumbling letcher to revenge is bent,
Because he thinks himself or whore is meant:
Name but a cuckold, all the city swarms;
From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms:
Were there no fear of Antichrist or France,
In the blest time poor poets live by chance.
Either you come not here, or, as you grace
Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
Careless and qualmish with a yawning face:
You sleep o'er wit, and by my troth you may;
Most of your talents lie another way.
You love to hear of some prodigious tale,
The bell that toll'd alone, or Irish whale.
News is your food, and you enough provide,
Both for yourselves, and all the world beside.
One theatre there is of vast resort,
Which whilome of Requests was call'd the Court;
But now the great Exchange of News 'tis hight,
And full of hum and buz from noon till night.
Up stairs and down you run, as for a race,
And each man wears three nations in his face.
So big you look, though claret you retrench,
That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the French.

But all your entertainment still is fed
By villains in your own dull island bred.
Would you return to us, we dare engage
To show you better rogues upon the stage.
You know no poison but plain ratsbane here;
Death 's more refin'd, and better bred elsewhere.
They have a civil way in Italy
By smelling a perfume to make you die;
A trick would make you lay your snuff-box by.
Murder 's a trade, so known and practis'd there,
That 'tis infallible as is the chair.
But, mark their feast, you shall behold such pranks;
The pope says grace, but 'tis the Devil gives thanks.

X.

PROLOGUE

TO SOPHONISBA, AT OXFORD, 1680.

Thespis, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes sung ballads from a cart.
To prove this true, if Latin be no trespass,
Dicitur et plaustris vexisse Poemata Thespis.
But Æschylus, says Horace in some page,
Was the first mountebank that trod the stage:
Yet Athens never knew your learned sport
Of tossing poets in a tennis-court.
But 'tis the talent of our English nation,
Still to be plotting some new reformation:
And few years hence, if anarchy goes on,
Jack Presbyter shall here erect his throne,
Knock out a tub with preaching once a day,
And every prayer be longer than a play.
Then all your heathen wits shall go to pot,
For disbelieving of a Popish-plot:
Your poets shall be us'd like infidels,
And worst the author of the Oxford bells:
Nor should we 'scape the sentence, to depart,
Ev'n in our first original, a cart.
No zealous brother there would want a stone,
To maul us cardinals, and pelt pope Joan:
Religion, learning, wit, would be suppress't,
Rags of the whore, and trappings of the beast:
Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, must go down,
As chief supporters of the triple crown;
And Aristotle 's for destruction ripe;
Some say, he call'd the soul an organ-pipe,
Which, by some little help of derivation,
Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inspiration.

XI.

A PROLOGUE.

If yet there be a few that take delight
In that which reasonable men should write;
To them alone we dedicate this night.
The rest may satisfy their curious itch
With city gazettes, or some factious speech,
Or whate'er libel, for the public good,
Stirs up the shrovetide crew to fire and blood.
Remove your benches, you apostate pit,
And take, above, twelve pennyworth of wit;
Go back to your dear dancing on the rope,
Or see what 's worse, the Devil and the Pope.
The plays that take on our corrupted stage,
Methinks, resemble the distracted age;
Noise, madness, all unreasonable things,
That strike at sense, as rebels do at kings.
The style of forty-one our poets write,
And you are grown to judge like forty-eight.
Such censures our mistaking audience make,
That 'tis almost grown scandalous to take.
They talk of fevers that infect the brains;
But nonsense is the new disease that reigns.
Weak stomachs, with a long disease oppress't,
Cannot the cordials of strong wit digest.
Therefore thin nourishment of farce ye choose,
Decoctions of a barley-water Muse:
A meal of tragedy would make you sick,
Unless it were a very tender chick.
Some scenes in sippets would be worth our time;
Those would go down; some love that 's poach'd in [rhyme;
If these should fail— [rhyme;
We must lie down, and, after all our cost,
Keep holiday, like watermen in frost;
While you turn players on the world's great stage,
And act yourselves the farce of your own age.

XII.

EPILOGUE

TO A TRAGEDY CALLED TAMERLANE.

[BY MR. SAUNDERS.]

Ladies, the beardless author of this day
Commends to you the fortune of his play.
A woman wit has often grac'd the stage;
But he 's the first boy-poet of our age.
Early as is the year his fancies blow,
Like young Narcissus peeping through the snow.
Thus Cowley blossom'd soon, yet flourish'd long;
This is as forward, and may prove as strong.
Youth with the fair should always favour find,
Or we are damn'd dissemblers of our kind.
What 's all this love they put into our parts?
'Tis but the pit-a-pat of two young hearts.
Should hag and grey-beard make such tender moan,
Faith, you 'd ev'n trust them to themselves alone,
And cry, "Let 's go, here 's nothing to be done."
Since love 's our business, as 'tis your delight,
The young, who best can practise, best can write.
What though he be not come to his full power,
He 's mending and improving every hour.
You, sly she-jockies of the box and pit,
Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken wit:
By management he may in time be made,
But there's no hopes of an old batter'd jade;
Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a sweat,
And always fails you at the second heat.

XIII.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1681.

The fam'd Italian Muse, whose rhymes advance
Orlando, and the Paladins of France,
Records, that, when our wit and sense is flown,
'Tis lodg'd within the circle of the Moon,
In earthen jars, which one, who thither soar'd,
Set to his nose, snuff'd up, and was restor'd.
Whate'er the story be, the moral 's true;
The wit we lost in town, we find in you.

Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,
And fill their windy heads with sober sense.
When London votes with Southwark's disagree,
Here may they find their long-lost loyalty.
Here busy senates, to th' old cause inclin'd,
May snuff the votes their fellows left behind:
Your country neighbours, when their grain grows
May come, and find their last provision here: [dear,
Whereas we cannot much lament our loss,
Who neither carry'd back, nor brought one cross.
We look'd what representatives would bring;
But they help'd us, just as they did the king.
Yet we despair not; for we now lay forth
The Sibyls' books to those who know their worth;
And though the first was sacrific'd before,
These volumes doubly will the price restore.
Our poet bade us hope this grace to find,
To whom by long prescription you are kind.
He, whose undaunted Muse, with loyal rage,
Has never spar'd the vices of the age,
Here finding nothing that his spleen can raise,
Is forc'd to turn his satire into praise.

XIV.

PROLOGUE

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, UPON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE DUKE'S THEATRE, AFTER HIS RETURN FROM SCOTLAND, 1682.

In those cold regions which no summers cheer,
Where brooding darkness covers half the year,
To hollow caves the shivering natives go;
Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of snow.
But when the tedious twilight wears away,
And stars grow paler at th' approach of day,
The longing crowds to frozen mountains run;
Happy who first can see the glimmering Sun:
The surly savage offspring disappear,
And curse the bright successor of the year.
Yet, though rough bears in covert seek defence,
White foxes stay, with seeming innocence:
That crafty kind with daylight can dispense.
Still we are throng'd so full with Reynard's race,
That loyal subjects scarce can find a place:
Thus modest Truth is cast behind the crowd:
Truth speaks too low; Hypocrisy too loud.
Let them be first to flatter in success;
Duty can stay, but Guilt has need to press;
Once, when true zeal the sons of God did call,
To make their solemn show at Heaven's Whitehall,
The fawning Devil appear'd among the rest,
And made as good a courtier as the best.
The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,
Came cap in hand when he had three times more.
Yet late repentance may, perhaps, be true;
Kings can forgive, if rebels can but sue;
A tyrant's power in rigour is exprest;
The father yearns in the true prince's breast.
We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend;
But most are babes, that know not they offend.
The crowd, to restless motion still inclin'd,
Are clouds, that tack according to the wind.
Driven by their chiefs they storms of hailstones pour;
Then mourn, and soften to a silent shower.
O welcome to this much offending land,
The prince that brings forgiveness in his hand!
Thus angels on glad messages appear:
Their first salute commands us not to fear:
Thus Heaven, that could constrain us to obey,
(With reverence if we might presume to say)
Seems to relax the rights of sovereign sway:
Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
And makes us happy by our own free will.

XV.

PROLOGUE TO THE EARL OF ESSEX.

[BY MR. J. BANKS, 1682.]

SPOKEN TO THE KING AND QUEEN AT THEIR COMING TO THE HOUSE.

When first the ark was landed on the shore,
And Heaven had vow'd to curse the ground no more;
When tops of hills the longing patriarch saw,
And the new scene of Earth began to draw;
The dove was sent to view the waves' decrease,
And first brought back to man the pledge of peace.
'Tis needless to apply, when those appear,
Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.
We have before our eyes the royal dove,
Still innocent as harbinger of love:
The ark is open'd to dismiss the train,
And people with a better race the plain.
Tell me, ye powers, why should vain man pursue,
With endless toil, each object that is new,
And for the seeming substance leave the true?
Why should he quit for hopes his certain good,
And loath the manna of his daily food?
Must England still the scene of changes be,
Tost and tempestuous, like our ambient sea?
Must still our weather and our wills agree?
Without our blood our liberties we have:
Who that is free would fight to be a slave?
Or, what can wars to after-times assure,
Of which our present age is not secure?
All that our monarch would for us ordain,
Is but t' enjoy the blessings of his reign.
Our land 's an Eden, and the main 's our fence,
While we preserve our state of innocence:
That lost, then beasts their brutal force employ,
And first their lord, and then themselves destroy.
What civil broils have cost, we know too well;
Oh! let it be enough that once we fell!
And every heart conspire, and every tongue,
Still to have such a king, and this king long.

XVI.

AN EPILOGUE

FOR THE KING'S HOUSE.

We act by fits and starts, like drowning men,
But just peep up, and then pop down again.
Let those who call us wicked change their sense;
For never men liv'd more on Providence.
Not lottery cavaliers are half so poor,
Nor broken cits, nor a vacation whore.
Not courts, nor courtiers living on the rents
Of the three last ungiving parliaments:
So wretched, that, if Pharaoh could divine,
He might have spar'd his dream of seven lean kine,
And chang'd his vision for the Muses nine.
The comet, that, they say, portends a dearth,
Was but a vapour drawn from play-house earth:

Pent there since our last fire, and, Lilly says,
Foreshows our change of state, and thin third days.
'Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor;
For then the printer's press would suffer more.
Their pamphleteers each day their venom spit;
They thrive by treason, and we starve by wit.
Confess the truth, which of you has not laid
Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield Maid?
Or, which is duller yet, and more would spite us,
Democritus's wars with Heraclitus?
Such are the authors, who have run us down,
And exercis'd you critics of the town.
Yet these are pearls to your lampooning rhymes,
Y' abuse yourselves more dully than the times.
Scandal, the glory of the English nation,
Is worn to rags and scribbled out of fashion.
Such harmless thrusts, as if, like fencers wise,
They had agreed their play before their prize.
Faith, they may hang their harps upon the willows;
'Tis just like children when they box with pillows.
Then put an end to civil wars for shame;
Let each knight-errant, who has wrong'd a dame,
Throw down his pen, and give her, as he can,
The satisfaction of a gentleman.

XVII.

PROLOGUE

TO THE LOYAL BROTHER; OR, THE PERSIAN PRINCE.

[BY MR. SOUTHERNE, 1682.]

Poets, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the stage,
Till critics, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd our age.
Mark how they jump: critics would regulate
Our theatres, and Whigs reform our state:
Both pretend love, and both (plague rot them!) hate.
The critic humbly seems advice to bring;
The fawning Whig petitions to the king:
But one's advice into a satire slides;
T' other's petition a remonstrance hides.
These will no taxes give, and those no pence;
Critics would starve the poet, Whigs the prince.
The critic all our troops of friends discards;
Just so the Whig would fain pull down the guards.
Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,
As watchful shepherds that fright beasts of prey.
Kings, who disband such needless aids as these,
Are safe—as long as e'er their subjects please:
And that would be till next queen Bess's night:
Which thus grave penny chroniclers indite.
Sir Edmundbury first, in woful wise,
Leads up the show, and milks their maudlin eyes.
There 's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,
And pities the poor pageant from her heart;
Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,
And, with a civil congè, does retire:
But guiltless blood to ground must never fall;
There 's Antichrist behind, to pay for all.
The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,
A lewd old gentleman of seventy years:
Whose age in vain our mercy would implore;
For few take pity on an old cast-whore.
The Devil, who brought him to the shame, takes part;
Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart;
Like thief and parson in a Tyburn-cart.
The word is given, and with a loud huzza
The mitred moppet from his chair they draw:
On the slain corpse contending nations fall:
Alas! what 's one poor pope among them all!
He burns: now all true hearts your triumphs ring:
And next, for fashion, cry, "God save the king!"
A needful cry in midst of such alarms,
When forty thousand men are up in arms.
But after he 's once saved, to make amends,
In each succeeding health they damn his friends:
So God begins, but still the Devil ends.
What if some one, inspir'd with zeal, should call,
Come, let 's go cry, "God save him at Whitehall?"
His best friends would not like this over care,
Or think him e'er the safer for this prayer.
Five praying saints are by an act allow'd;
But not the whole church-militant in crowd.
Yet, should Heaven all the true petitions drain
Of Presbyterians, who would kings maintain,
Of forty thousand, five would scarce remain.

XVIII.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

A virgin poet was serv'd up to day,
Who, till this hour, ne'er cackled for a play.
He 's neither yet a Whig nor Tory boy:
But, like a girl whom several would enjoy,
Begs leave to make the best of his own natural toy.
Were I to play my callow author's game,
The king's house would instruct me by the name.
There 's loyalty to one; I wish no more:
A commonwealth sounds like a common whore.
Let husband or gallant be what they will,
One part of woman is true Tory still.
If any factious spirit should rebel,
Our sex, with ease, can every rising quell.
Then, as you hope we should your failings hide,
An honest jury for our play provide.
Whigs at their poets never take offence;
They save dull culprits who have murder'd sense.
Though nonsense is a nauseous heavy mass,
The vehicle call'd Faction makes it pass.
Faction in play 's the commonwealth-man's bribe;
The leaden farthing of the canting tribe:
Though void in payment laws and statutes make it,
The neighbourhood, that knows the man, will take it.
'Tis Faction buys the votes of half the pit;
Their's is the pension-parliament of wit.
In city clubs their venom let them vent;
For there 'tis safe in its own element.
Here, where their madness can have no pretence,
Let them forget themselves an hour of sense.
In one poor isle, why should two factions be?
Small difference in your vices I can see:
In drink and drabs both sides too well agree.
Would there were more preferments in the land:
If places fell, the party could not stand:
Of this damn'd grievance every Whig complains:
They grunt like hogs till they have got their grains.
Mean time you see what trade our plots advance;
We send each year good money into France;
And they that know what merchandize we need,
Send o'er true Protestants to mend our breed.

XIX.

PROLOGUE

TO THE DUKE OF GUISE, 1683.

Our play 's a parallel: the Holy League
Begot our Covenant: Guisards got the Whig:
Whate'er our hot-brain'd sheriffs did advance
Was, like our fashions, first produc'd in France;
And, when worn out, well scourg'd, and banish'd there,
Sent over, like their godly beggars, here.
Could the same trick, twice play'd, our nation gull?
It looks as if the Devil were grown dull,
Or serv'd us up, in scorn, his broken meat,
And thought we were not worth a better cheat.
The fulsome Covenant, one would think in reason,
Had given us all our bellies full of treason:
And yet, the name but chang'd, our nasty nation
Chaws its own excrement, th' Association.
'Tis true we have not learn'd their poisoning way,
For that 's a mode, but newly come in play;
Besides, your drug 's uncertain to prevail;
But your true Protestant can never fail,
With that compendious instrument a flail.
Go on; and bite, e'en though the hook lies bare:
Twice in one age expel the lawful heir:
Once more decide religion by the sword;
And purchase for us a new tyrant lord.
Pray for your king; but yet your purses spare:
Make him not twopence richer by your prayer.
To show you love him much, chastise him more;
And make him very great, and very poor.
Push him to wars, but still no pence advance;
Let him lose England, to recover France.
Cry freedom up with popular noisy votes:
And get enough to cut each other's throats.
Lop all the rights that fence your monarch's throne;
For fear of too much power, pray leave him none.
A noise was made of arbitrary sway;
But, in revenge, you Whigs have found a way,
An arbitrary duty now to pay.
Let his own servants turn, to save their stake;
Glean from his plenty, and his wants forsake.
But let some Judas near his person stay,
To swallow the last sop, and then betray.
Make London independent of the crown:
A realm apart; the kingdom of the town.
Let ignoramus juries find no traitors:
And ignoramus poets scribble satires.
And, that your meaning none may fail to scan,
Do what in coffee-houses you began;
Pull down the master, and set up the man.

XX.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

Much time and trouble this poor play has cost;
And, faith, I doubted once the cause was lost.
Yet no one man was meant; nor great nor small;
Our poets, like frank gamesters, threw at all.
They took no single aim——
But, like bold boys, true to their prince and hearty,
Huzza'd, and fir'd broadsides at the whole party.
Duels are crimes; but, when the cause is right,
In battle every man is bound to fight.
For what should hinder me to sell my skin
Dear as I could, if once my hand were in?
Se defendendo never was a sin.
'Tis a fine world, my masters, right or wrong,
The Whigs must talk, and Tories hold their tongue.
They must do all they can——
But we, forsooth, must bear a Christian mind;
And fight, like boys, with one hand ty'd behind.
Nay, and when one boy 's down, 'twere wondrous nice,
To cry, *box fair*, and give him time to rise.
When Fortune favours, none but fools will dally:
Would any of you sparks, if Nan or Mally
Tipt you th' inviting wink, stand shall I; shall I?
A trimmer cry'd, (that heard me tell the story)
"Fie, mistress Cooke [1]! faith, you 're too rank a Tory!
Wish not Whigs hang'd, but pity their hard cases;
You women love to see men make wry faces."
Pray sir, said I, dont think me such a Jew;
I say no more, but give the Devil his due.
"Lenitives," says he, "suit best with our condition."
Jack Ketch, says I, 's an excellent physician.
"I love no blood"—Nor I, sir, as I breathe;
But hanging is a fine dry kind of death.
"We trimmers are for holding all things even:"
Yes—just like him that hung 'twixt Hell and Heaven.
"Have we not had men's lives enough already?"
Yes sure;—but you 're for holding all things steady:
Now, since the weight hangs all on our side, brother,
You trimmers should to poize it, hang on t' other.
Damn'd neuters, in their middle way of steering,
Are neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red-herring:
Not Whigs nor Tories they; nor this, nor that;
Not birds, nor beasts; but just a kind of bat,
A twilight animal, true to neither cause,
With Tory wings, but Whiggish teeth and claws.

XXI.

ANOTHER EPILOGUE,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN TO THE PLAY, BEFORE IT WAS FORBIDDEN LAST SUMMER [2].

Two houses join'd, two poets to a play?
You noisy Whigs will sure be pleas'd to day;
It looks so like two shrieves the city way.
But since our discords and divisions cease,
You, Bilboa gallants, learn to keep the peace:
Make here no tilts: let our poor stage alone;
Or, if a decent murder must be done,
Pray take a civil turn to Marybone.
If not, I swear, we 'll pull up all our benches;
Not for your sakes, but for our orange-wenches:
For you thrust wide sometimes; and many a spark,
That misses one, can hit the other mark.
This makes our boxes full; for men of sense
Pay their four shillings in their own defence;
That safe behind the ladies they may stay,
Peep o'er the fan [3], and judge the bloody fray.

[1] The actress, who spake the epilogue. *N.*

[2] Langbaine says, this play found many enemies at its first appearance on the stage.

[3] Hence Mr. Pope's couplet, Essay on Criticism, ver. 543.

The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.

But other foes give beauty worse alarms;
The *posse poetarum* 's up in arms:
No woman's fame their libels has escap'd;
Their ink runs venom, and their pens are clapt.
When sighs and prayers their ladies cannot move,
They rail, write treason, and turn Whigs to love.
Nay, and I fear they worse designs advance,
There 's a damn'd love-trick now brought o'er from France;
We charm in vain, and dress, and keep a pother,
Whilst those false rogues are ogling one another.
All sins besides admit some expiation;
But this against our sex is plain damnation.
They join for libels too these women-haters;
And, as they club for love, they club for satires:
The best on 't is they hurt not: for they wear
Stings in their tails, their only venom 's there.
'Tis true, some shot at first the ladies hit,
While able marksmen made, and men of wit:
But now the fools give fire, whose bounce is louder:
And yet, like mere train-bands, they shoot but powder.
Libels, like plots, sweep all in their first fury;
Then dwindle like an ignoramus jury:
Thus age begins with touzing and with tumbling;
But grunts, and groans, and ends at last in fumbling.

XXII.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

SPOKEN BY MR. HART, AT THE ACTING OF THE SILENT WOMAN.

What Greece, when learning flourish'd, only knew,
Athenian judges, you this day renew.
Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes lost or won.
Methinks I see you, crown'd with olives, sit,
And strike a sacred horrour from the pit.
A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where ev'n the best are but by mercy free: [see.
A day, which none but Jonson durst have wish'd to
Here they, who long have known the useful stage,
Come to be taught themselves to teach the age.
As your commissioners our poets go,
To cultivate the virtue which you sow:
In your Lycæum first themselves refin'd,
And delegated thence to human kind.
But as ambassadors, when long from home,
For new instructions to their princes come;
So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and faults elsewhere by them are shown,
But by your manners they correct their own.
Th' illiterate writer, emp'ric-like, applies
To minds diseas'd, unsafe, chance remedies:
The learn'd in schools, where knowledge first began,
Studies with care th' anatomy of man;
Sees virtue, vice, and passions, in their cause,
And fame from Science, not from Fortune, draws.
So Poetry, which is in Oxford made
An art, in London only is a trade.
There haughty dunces, whose unlearned pen
Could ne'er spell grammar, would be reading men.
Such build their poems the Lucretian way;
So many huddled atoms make a play;
And if they hit in order by some chance,
They call that Nature, which is ignorance.
To such a fame let mere town-wits aspire,
And their gay nonsense their own cits admire.
Our poet, could he find forgiveness here,
Would wish it rather than a plaudit there.
He owns no crown from those prætorian bands,
But knows that right is in the senate's hands,
Not impudent enough to hope your praise,
Low at the Muses' feet his wreath he lays,
And, where he took it up, resigns his bays.
Kings make their poets whom themselves think fit,
But 'tis your suffrage makes authentic wit.

XXIII.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE SAME.

No poor Dutch peasant, wing'd with all his fear,
Flies with more haste, when the French arms draw near,
Than we with our poetic train come down,
For refuge hither, from th' infected town:
Heaven for our sins this summer has thought fit
To visit us with all the plagues of wit.
A French troop first swept all things in its way;
But those hot Monsieurs were too quick to stay:
Yet, to our cost, in that short time, we find
They left their itch of novelty behind.
Th' Italian merry-andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the stage with lewd grimace:
Instead of wit, and humours, your delight
Was there to see two hobby-horses fight;
Stout Scaramoucha with rush lance rode in,
And ran a tilt at centaur Arlequin.
For love, you heard how amorous asses bray'd,
And cats in gutters gave their serenade.
Nature was out of countenance, and each day
Some new-born monster shown you for a play.
But when all fail'd, to strike the stage quite dumb,
Those wicked engines call'd machines are come.
Thunder and lightning now for wit are play'd,
And shortly scenes in Lapland will be laid;
Art magic is for poetry profest;
And cats and dogs, and each obscener beast,
To which Egyptian dotards once did bow,
Upon our English stage are worshipp'd now.
Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to renown
Macbeth and Simon Magus of the town,
Fletcher 's despis'd, your Jonson 's out of fashion,
And wit the only drug in all the nation.
In this low ebb our wares to you are shown;
By you those staple authors' worth is known:
For wit 's a manufacture of your own.
When you, who only can, their scenes have prais'd,
We 'll boldly back, and say, the price is rais'd.

XXIV.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN AT OXFORD, BY MRS. MARSHALL.

Oft has our poet wish'd, this happy seat
Might prove his fading Muse's last retreat:
I wonder'd at his wish, but now I find
He sought for quiet, and content of mind;

Which noiseful towns and courts can never know,
And only in the shades, like laurels, grow.
Youth, ere it sees the world, here studies rest,
And age returning thence concludes it best.
What wonder if we court that happiness
Yearly to share, which hourly you possess,
Teaching ev'n you, while the vext world we show,
Your peace to value more, and better know?
'Tis all we can return for favours past,
Whose holy memory shall ever last,
For patronage from him whose care presides
O'er every noble art, and every science guides:
Bathurst, a name the learn'd with reverence know,
And scarcely more to his own Virgil owe;
Whose age enjoys but what his youth deserv'd,
To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd.
His learning, and untainted manners too,
We find, Athenians, are deriv'd to you:
Such ancient hospitality there rests
In yours, as dwelt in the first Grecian breasts,
Whose kindness was religion to their guests.
Such modesty did to our sex appear,
As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our protector here.
Converse so chaste, and so strict virtue shone,
As might Apollo with the Muses own.
Till our return, we must despair to find
Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

XXV.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Discord, and plots, which have undone our age,
With the same ruin have o'erwhelm'd the stage.
Our house has suffer'd in the common woe,
We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.
Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed departed,
And of our sisters, all the kinder-hearted,
To Edinburgh gone, or coach'd, or carted.
With bonny bluecap there they act all night,
For Scotch half-crown, in English three-pence hight.
One nymph, to whom fat sir John Falstaff's lean,
There with her single person fills the scene.
Another, with long use and age decay'd,
Div'd here old woman, and rose there a maid.
Our trusty door-keepers of former time
There strut and swagger in heroic rhyme.
Tack but a copper-lace to drugget suit,
And there 's a hero made without dispute:
And that, which was a capon's tail before,
Becomes a plume for Indian emperor.
But all his subjects, to express the care
Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare:
Lac'd linen there would be a dangerous thing;
It might perhaps a new rebellion bring:
The Scot, who wore it, would be chosen king.
But why should I these renegades describe,
When you yourselves have seen a lewder tribe?
Teague has been here, and, to this learned pit,
With Irish action slander'd English wit:
You have beheld such barbarous Macs appear,
As merited a second massacre:
Such as, like Cain, were branded with disgrace,
And had their country stamp'd upon their face.
When strollers durst presume to pick your purse,
We humbly thought our broken troop not worse.
How ill soe'er our action may deserve,
Oxford 's a place where Wit can never starve.

XXVI.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Though actors cannot much of learning boast,
Of all who want it, we admire it most:
We love the praises of a learned pit,
As we remotely are ally'd to Wit.
We speak our poets' wit; and trade in ore,
Like those, who touch upon the golden shore:
Betwixt our judges can distinction make,
Discern how much, and why, our poems take:
Mark if the fools, or men of sense, rejoice;
Whether th' applause be only sound or voice.
When our fop gallants, or our city folly,
Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy:
We doubt that scene which does their wonder raise,
And, for their ignorance, contemn their praise.
Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,
Should not be proud of giving you delight.
London likes grossly; but this nicer pit
Examines, fathoms all the depths of wit;
The ready finger lays on every blot; [not.
Knows what should justly please, and what should
Nature herself lies open to your view;
You judge by her, what draught of her is true,
Where outlines false, and colours seem too faint,
Where bunglers daub, and where true poets paint.
But, by the sacred genius of this place,
By every Muse, by each domestic grace,
Be kind to Wit, which but endeavours well,
And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.
Our poets hither for adoption come,
As nations sued to be made free of Rome:
Not in the suffragating tribes to stand,
But in your utmost, last, provincial band.
If his ambition may those hopes pursue,
Who with religion loves your arts and you,
Oxford to him a dearer name shall be,
Than his own mother university.
Thebes did his green, unknowing, youth engage;
He chooses Athens in his riper age.

XXVII.

EPILOGUE

TO CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

[BY MR. N. LEE, 1683.]

Our hero's happy in the play 's conclusion;
The holy rogue at last has met confusion:
Though Arius all along appear'd a saint,
The last act show'd him a true Protestant.
Eusebius (for you know I read Greek authors)
Reports, that, after all these plots and slaughters,
The court of Constantine was full of glory,
And every Trimmer turn'd addressing Tory.
They follow'd him in herds as they were mad:
When Clause was king, then all the world was glad.

Whigs kept the places they possest before,
And most were in a way of getting more;
Which was as much as saying, gentlemen,
Here's power and money to be rogues again.
Indeed, there were a sort of peaking tools,
(Some call them modest, but I call them fools)
Men much more loyal, though not half so loud;
But these poor devils were cast behind the crowd.
For bold knaves thrive without one grain of sense,
But good men starve for want of impudence.
Besides all these, there were a sort of wights,
I think my author calls them Teckelites,
Such hearty rogues against the king and laws,
They favour'd ev'n a foreign rebel's cause.
When their own damn'd design was quash'd and aw'd,
At least, they gave it their good word abroad.
As many a man, who, for a quiet life,
Breeds out his bastard, not to nose his wife;
Thus o'er their darling plot these Trimmers cry;
And though they cannot keep it in their eye,
They bind it 'prentice to count Teckeley.
They believe not the last plot; may I be curst,
If I believe they e'er believ'd the first.
No wonder their own plot no plot they think;
The man, that makes it, never smells the stink.
And now it comes into my head, I'll tell
Why these damn'd Trimmers lov'd the Turks so well.
Th' original Trimmer, though a friend to no man,
Yet in his heart ador'd a pretty woman;
He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever
Kind black-ey'd rogues, for every true believer;
And, which was more than mortal man e'er tasted,
One pleasure that for threescore twelvemonths lasted:
To turn for this, may surely be forgiven:
Who'd not be circumcis'd for such a Heaven?

XXVIII.

PROLOGUE

TO THE DISAPPOINTMENT; OR, THE MOTHER IN FASHION.

[BY MR. SOUTHERNE, 1684.]

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

How comes it, gentlemen, that now a-days,
When all of you so shrewdly judge of plays,
Our poets tax you still with want of sense?
All prologues treat you at your own expense.
Sharp citizens a wiser way can go;
They make you fools, but never call you so.
They, in good-manners, seldom make a slip,
But treat a common whore with ladyship:
But here each saucy wit at random writes,
And uses ladies as he uses knights.
Our author, young and grateful in his nature,
Vows, that from him no nymph deserves a satire:
Nor will he ever draw—I mean his rhyme—
Against the sweet partaker of his crime.
Nor is he yet so bold an undertaker,
To call men fools; 'tis railing at their Maker.
Besides, he fears to split upon that shelf;
He 's young enough to be a fop himself:
And, if his praise can bring you all a-bed,
He swears such hopeful youth no nation ever bred.
Your nurses, we presume, in such a case,
Your father chose, because he lik'd the face;
And, often, they supply'd your mother's place.
The dry nurse was your mother's ancient maid,
Who knew some former slip she ne'er betray'd.
Betwixt them both, for milk and sugar-candy,
Your sucking-bottles were well stor'd with brandy.
Your father, to initiate your discourse,
Meant to have taught you first to swear and curse,
But was prevented by each careful nurse:
For, leaving dad and mam, as names too common,
They taught you certain parts of man and woman.
I pass your schools; for there when first you came,
You would be sure to learn the Latin name.
In colleges you scorn'd the art of thinking,
But learn'd all moods and figures of good drinking:
Thence come to town, you practise play, to know
The virtues of the high dice, and the low.
Each thinks himself a sharper most profound:
He cheats by pence; is cheated by the pound.
With these perfections, and what else he gleans,
The spark sets up for love behind our scenes;
Hot in pursuit of princesses and queens.
There, if they know their man, with cunning carriage,
Twenty to one but it concludes in marriage.
He hires some homely room, love's fruits to gather,
And, garret-high, rebels against his father:
But he once dead———
Brings her in triumph, with her portion, down,
A toilet, dressing-box, and half a crown.
Some marry first, and then they fall to scowering,
Which is, refining marriage into whoring.
Our women batten well on their good-nature;
All they can rap and rend for the dear creature.
But while abroad so liberal the dolt is,
Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.
Last, some there are, who take their first degrees
Of lewdness in our middle galleries.
The doughty bullies enter bloody drunk,
Invade and grubble one another's punk:
They caterwaul, and make a dismal rout,
Call sons of whores, and strike, but ne'er lug out:
Thus while for paltry punk they roar and stickle,
They make it bawdier than a conventicle.

XXIX.

PROLOGUE

TO THE KING AND QUEEN [1], UPON THE UNION OF THE TWO COMPANIES IN 1686.

Since faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of fashion,
Their penny-scribes take care t' inform the nation,
How well men thrive in this or that plantation:

How Pensylvania's air agrees with Quakers,
And Carolina's with Associators:
Both ev'n too good for madmen and for traitors.

Truth is, our land with saints is so run o'er,
And every age produces such a store,
That now there's need of two New Englands more.

What's this, you'll say, to us and our vocation?
Only thus much, that we have left our station,
And made this theatre our new plantation.

The factious natives never could agree;
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
Those play-house Whigs set up for property.

[1] At the opening of their theatre, 1683.

Some say, they no obedience paid of late;
But would new fears and jealousies create;
Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the state.

Plain sense, without the talent of foretelling,
Might guess 'twould end in downright knocks and quelling:
For seldom comes there better of rebelling.

When men will, needlessly, their freedom barter
For lawless power, sometimes they catch a Tartar;
There 's a damn'd word that rhymes to this, call'd charter.

But, since the victory with us remains,
You shall be call'd to twelve in all our gains;
If you'll not think us saucy for our pains.

Old men shall have good old plays to delight them:
And you, fair ladies and gallants, that slight them,
We'll treat with good new plays; if our new wits can write them.

We'll take no blundering verse, no fustian tumor,
No dribbling love, from this or that presumer;
No dull fat fool shamm'd on the stage for humour.

For, faith, some of them such vile stuff have made,
As none but fools or fairies ever play'd;
But 'twas, as shopmen say, to force a trade.

We 've given you tragedies, all sense defying,
And singing men, in woful metre dying;
This 'tis when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All these disasters we well hope to weather;
We bring you none of our old lumber hither:
Whig poets and Whig sheriffs may hang together.

XXX.

EPILOGUE

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

New ministers, when first they get in place,
Must have a care to please; and that's our case:
Some laws for public welfare we design,
If you, the power supreme, will please to join:
There are a sort of prattlers in the pit,
Who either have, or who pretend to wit:
These noisy sirs so loud their parts rehearse,
That oft the play is silenc'd by the farce.
Let such be dumb, this penalty to shun,
Each to be thought my lady's eldest son.
But stay: methinks some vizard mask I see,
Cast out her lure from the mid gallery:
About her all the fluttering sparks are rang'd;
The noise continues though the scene is chang'd:
Now growling, sputtering, wauling, such a clutter,
'Tis just like puss defendant in a gutter:
Fine love, no doubt; but ere two days are o'er ye,
The surgeon will be told a woful story.
Let vizard mask her naked face expose,
On pain of being thought to want a nose:
Then for your lacqueys, and your train beside,
By whate'er name or title dignify'd,
They roar so loud, you'd think behind the stairs
Tom Dove, and all the brotherhood of bears:
They 're grown a nuisance, beyond all disasters;
We 've none so great but their unpaying masters.
We beg you, sirs, to beg your men, that they
Would please to give you leave to hear the play.
Next in the play-house spare your precious lives;
Think, like good Christians, on your bearns and wives:
Think on your souls; but by your lugging forth,
It seems you know how little they are worth.
If none of these will move the warlike mind,
Think on the helpless whore you leave behind.
We beg you, last, our scene-room to forbear,
And leave our goods and chattels to our care.
Alas! our women are but washy toys,
And wholly taken up in stage employs:
Poor willing tits they are: but yet I doubt
This double duty soon will wear them out.
Then you are watch'd besides with jealous care;
What if my lady's page should find you there?
My lady knows t' a tittle what there's in ye;
No passing your gilt shilling for a guinea.
Thus, gentlemen, we have summ'd up in short
Our grievances, from country, town, and court:
Which humbly we submit to your good pleasure;
But first vote money, then redress at leisure.

XXXI.

PROLOGUE

TO THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES.

[BY MR. N. LEE, 1689.]

Ladies! (I hope there's none behind to hear)
I long to whisper something in your ear:
A secret, which does much my mind perplex:
There's treason in the play against our sex.
A man that 's false to love, that vows and cheats,
And kisses every living thing he meets.
A rogue in mode, I dare not speak too broad,
One that does something to the very bawd.
Out on him, traitor, for a filthy beast;
Nay, and he's like the pack of all the rest,
None of them stick at mark; they all deceive.
Some Jew has chang'd the text, I half believe,
There Adam cozen'd our poor grandame Eve.
To hide their faults, they rap out oaths, and tear:
Now, though we lie, we 're too well-bred to swear,
So we compound for half the sin we owe,
But men are dipt for soul and body too;
And, when found out, excuse themselves, pox cant them,
With Latin stuff, "Perjuria ridet amantûm."
I'm not book-learn'd, to know that word in vogue,
But I suspect 'tis Latin for a rogue.
I'm sure, I never heard that scritch-owl hollow'd
In my poor ears, but separation follow'd.
How can such perjur'd villains e'er be saved?
Achitophel 's not half so false to David.
With vows and soft expressions to allure,
They stand, like foremen of a shop, demure:
No sooner out of sight, but they are gadding,
And for the next new face ride out a-padding.
Yet, by their favour, when they have been kissing,
We can perceive the ready money missing.
Well! we may rail; but 'tis as good ev'n wink;
Something we find, and something they will sink.
But since they 're at renouncing, 'tis our parts,
To trump their diamonds, as they trump our hearts.

XXXII.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

A QUALM of conscience brings me back again,
To make amends to you bespatter'd men.
We women love like cats, that hide their joys,
By growling, squalling, and a hideous noise.
I rail'd at wild young sparks; but, without lying,
Never was man worse thought on for high-flying.
The prodigal of love gives each her part,
And squandering shows, at least, a noble heart.
I've heard of men, who, in some lewd lampoon,
Have hir'd a friend, to make their valour known.
That accusation straight this question brings;
What is the man that does such naughty things?
The spaniel lover, like a sneaking fop,
Lies at our feet: he's scarce worth taking up.
'Tis true, such heroes in a play go far;
But chamber-practice is not like the bar.
When men such vile, such faint, petitions make,
We fear to give, because they fear to take;
Since modesty's the virtue of our kind,
Pray let it be to our own sex confin'd.
When men usurp it from the female nation,
'Tis but a work of supererogation—
We show'd a princess in the play, 'tis true,
Who gave her Cæsar more than all his due;
Told her own faults: but I should much abhor
To choose a husband for my confessor.
You see what fate follow'd the saint-like fool,
For telling tales from out the nuptial school.
Our play a merry comedy had prov'd,
Had she confess'd so much to him she lov'd.
True presbyterian wives the means would try;
But damn'd confessing is flat popery.

XXXIII.

PROLOGUE

TO THE WIDOW RANTER.

[BY MRS. BEHN, 1690.]

HEAVEN save you, gallants, and this hopeful age;
Ye 're welcome to the downfall of the stage:
The fools have labour'd long in their vocation;
And vice, the manufacture of the nation,
O'erstocks the town so much, and thrives so well,
That fops and knaves grow drugs, and will not sell.
In vain our wares on theatres are shown,
When each has a plantation of his own.
His cause ne'er fails; for whatsoe'er he spends,
There 's still God's plenty for himself and friends.
Should men be rated by poetic rules,
Lord! what a poll would there be rais'd from fools!
Mean time poor wit prohibited must lie,
As if 'twere made some French commodity.
Fools you will have, and rais'd at vast expense;
And yet, as soon as seen, they give offence.
Time was, when none would cry, "That oaf was me;"
But now you strive about your pedigree.
Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down,
But there's a muss of more than half the town.
Each one will challenge a child's part at least;
A sign the family is well increas'd.
Of foreign cattle there's no longer need,
When we're supply'd so fast with English breed.
Well! flourish, countrymen, drink, swear, and roar;
Let every free-born subject keep his whore,
And, wandering in the wilderness about,
At end of forty years not wear her out.
But when you see these pictures, let none dare
To own beyond a limb or single share:
For where the punk is common, he 's a sot,
Who needs will father what the parish got.

XXXIV.

PROLOGUE

TO ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA REVIVED.

[BY LODOWICK CARLELL, ESQ.]

SPOKEN BY MR. HART.

WITH sickly actors and an old house too,
We're match'd with glorious theatres and new,
And with our alehouse scenes, and clothes bare worn,
Can neither raise old plays, nor new adorn.
If all these ills could not undo us quite,
A brisk French troop is grown your dear delight;
Who with broad bloody bills call you each day,
To laugh and break your buttons at their play;
Or see some serious piece, which we presume
Is fallen from some incomparable plume;
And therefore, messieurs, if you'll do us grace,
Send lacquies early to preserve your place.
We dare not on your privilege intrench,
Or ask you why ye like them? they are French.
Therefore some go with courtesy exceeding,
Neither to hear nor see, but show their breeding:
Each lady striving to out-laugh the rest;
To make it seem they understood the jest.
Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
To teach us English where to clap the play:
Civil, egad! our hospitable land
Bears all the charge, for them to understand:
Mean time we languish, and neglected lie,
Like wives, while you keep better company;
And wish for your own sakes, without a satire,
You 'ad less good breeding, or had more good-nature.

XXXV.

PROLOGUE TO THE PROPHETESS.

BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

REVIVED BY MR. DRYDEN.—SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

WHAT Nostradame, with all his art, can guess
The fate of our approaching Prophetess?
A play, which, like a perspective set right,
Presents our vast expenses close to sight;
But turn the tube, and there we sadly view
Our distant gains; and those uncertain too:
A sweeping tax, which on ourselves we raise,
And all, like you, in hopes of better days.
When will our losses warn us to be wise?
Our wealth decreases, and our charges rise.
Money, the sweet allurer of our hopes,
Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.
We raise new objects to provoke delight;
But you grow sated, ere the second sight.
False men, ev'n so you serve your mistresses:
They rise three stories in the towering dress;

And, after all, you love not long enough
To pay the rigging, ere you leave them off.
Never content with what you had before,
But true to change, and Englishmen all o'er.
Now honour calls you hence; and all your care
Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.
In plume and scarf, jack-boots, and Bilboa blade,
Your silver goes, that should support our trade.
Go, unkind heroes, leave our stage to mourn;
Till rich from vanquish'd rebels you return;
And the fat spoils of Teague in triumph draw,
His firkin-butter, and his usquebaugh.
Go, conquerors of your male and female foes;
Men without hearts, and women without hose.
Each bring his love a Bogland captive home;
Such proper pages will long trains become;
With copper collars, and with brawny backs,
Quite to put down the fashion of our blacks.
Then shall the pious Muses pay their vows,
And furnish all their laurels for your brows;
Their tuneful voice shall raise for your delights:
We want not poets fit to sing your flights.
But you, bright beauties, for whose only sake
Those doughty knights such dangers undertake,
When they with happy gales are gone away,
With your propitious presence grace our play;
And with a sigh their empty seats survey:
Then think, on that bare bench my servant sat;
I see him ogle still, and hear him chat;
Selling facetious bargains, and propounding
That witty recreation, call'd dum-founding.
Their loss with patience we will try to bear;
And would do more, to see you often here:
That our dead stage, reviv'd by your fair eyes,
Under a female regency may rise.

XXXVI.

PROLOGUE TO THE MISTAKES,

Enter Mr. Bright.

Gentlemen, we must beg your pardon; here's no prologue to be had to day; our new play is like to come on without a frontispiece; as bald as one of you young beaux, without your periwig. I left our young poet sniveling and sobbing behind the scenes, and cursing somebody that has deceived him.

Enter Mr. Bowen.

Hold your prating to the audience: here's honest Mr. Williams, just come in, half mellow, from the Rose Tavern. He swears he is inspired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own, or something like one: O here he comes to his trial, at all adventures; for my part, I wish him a good deliverance. [*Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.*

Enter Mr. Williams.

Save ye sirs, save ye! I am in a hopeful way.
I should speak something, in rhyme, now, for the play:
But the deuce take me, if I know what to say.
I'll stick to my friend the author, that I can tell ye,
To the last drop of claret in my belly.
So far I'm sure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting:
And, if my verses' feet stumble—you see my own are wanting.
Our young poet has brought a piece of work,
In which, though much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days—and that's as long as Corke. [not)
But, for this play—(which till I have done, we show
What may be its fortune—by the Lord—I know not.
This I dare swear, no malice here is writ:
'Tis innocent of all things—ev'n of wit.
He's no high-flyer—he makes no sky-rockets,
His squibs are only level'd at your pockets.
And if his crackers light among your pelf,
You are blown up; if not, then he's blown up himself. [ter'd madness:
By this time, I'm something recover'd of my flus-
And now, a word or two in sober sadness.
Ours is a common play;—and you pay down
A common harlot's price—just half a crown.
You'll say, I play the pimp, on my friend's score;
But, since 'tis for a friend, your gibes give o'er,
For many a mother has done that before. [it;
"How's this," you cry? "an actor write?"—we know
But Shakspeare was an actor, and a poet,
Has not great Jonson's learning often fail'd?
But Shakspeare's greater genius still prevail'd.
Have not some writing actors in this age
Deserv'd and found success upon the stage?
To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,
Not one of us but means to be inspir'd.
Let your kind presence grace our homely cheer;
Peace and the butt is all our business here:
So much for that;—and the Devil take small beer.

XXXVII.

EPILOGUE TO HENRY THE SECOND.

[BY MRS. MOUNTFORT, 1693.]

SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

Thus you the sad catastrophe have seen,
Occasion'd by a mistress and a queen.
Queen Eleanor the proud was French, they say;
But English manufacture got the day.
Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver:
Fair Rosamond was but her nom de guerre.
Now tell me, gallants, would you lead your life
With such a mistress, or with such a wife?
If one must be your choice, which d'ye approve,
The curtain lecture, or the curtain love?
Would ye be godly with perpetual strife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife:
Or take your pleasure in a wicked way,
Like honest whoring Harry in the play?
I guess your minds: the mistress would be taken,
And nauseous matrimony sent a packing.
The Devil 's in you all; mankind 's a rogue;
You love the bride, but you detest the clog.
After a year, poor spouse is left i' th' lurch,
And you, like Haynes, return to mother-church.
Or, if the name of church comes cross your mind,
Chapels of ease behind our scenes you find.
The playhouse is a kind of market-place;
One chaffers for a voice, another for a face:
Nay, some of you, I dare not say how many,
Would buy of me a pen'worth for your penny.
Ev'n this poor face, which with my fan I hide,
Would make a shift my portion to provide,
With some small perquisites I have beside.

Though for your love, perhaps, I should not care,
I could not hate a man that bids me fair.
What might ensue, 'tis hard for me to tell;
But I was drench'd to day for loving well,
And fear the poison that would make me swell.

XXXVIII.

A PROLOGUE.

Gallants, a bashful poet bids me say,
He 's come to lose his maidenhead to day.
Be not too fierce; for he 's but green of age,
And ne'er, till now, debauch'd upon the stage.
He wants the suffering part of resolution,
And comes with blushes to his execution.
Ere you deflower his Muse, he hopes the pit
Will make some settlement upon his wit.
Promise him well, before the play begin:
For he would fain be cozen'd into sin.
'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail;
But, if you leave him after being frail,
He 'll have, at least, a fair pretence to rail:
To call you base, and swear you us'd him ill,
And put you in the new deserters bill.
Lord, what a troop of perjur'd men we see;
Enow to fill another Mercury!
But this the ladies may with patience brook:
Theirs are not the first colours you forsook.
He would be loth the beauties to offend;
But, if he should, he 's not too old to mend.
He 's a young plant, in his first year of bearing;
But his friend swears, he will be worth the rearing.
His gloss is still upon him: though 'tis true
He 's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.
You think an apricot half green is best;
There's sweet and sour, and one side good at least.
Mangos and limes, whose nourishment is little,
Though not for food, are yet preserv'd for pickle.
So this green writer may pretend, at least,
To whet your stomachs for a better feast.
He makes this difference in the sexes too;
He sells to men, he gives himself to you.
To both he would contribute some delight;
A mere poetical hermaphrodite.
Thus he 's equipp'd, both to be woo'd and woo;
With arms offensive and defensive too;
'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.

XXXIX.

PROLOGUE TO ALBUMAZAR.

To say this comedy pleas'd long ago,
Is not enough to make it pass you now.
Yet, gentlemen, your ancestors had wit;
When few men censur'd, and when fewer writ.
And Jonson, of those few the best, chose this
As the best model of his masterpiece:
Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That Alchemist by this Astrologer;
Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose
He lik'd the fashion well, who wore the clothes.
But Ben made nobly his what he did mould;
What was another's lead, becomes his gold:
Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well, which he unjustly gains.
But this our age such authors does afford,
As make whole plays, and yet scarce write one word:
Who, in this anarchy of wit, rob all,
And what 's their plunder, their possession call:
Who, like bold padders, scorn by night to prey,
But rob by sunshine, in the face of day:
Nay scarce the common ceremony use
Of, "Stand, sir, and deliver up your Muse;"
But knock the poet down, and, with a grace,
Mount Pegasus before the owner's face.
Faith, if you have such country Toms abroad,
'Tis time for all true men to leave that road.
Yet it were modest, could it but be said,
They strip the living, but these rob the dead;
Dare with the mummies of the Muses play,
And make love to them the Egyptian way;
Or, as a rhyming author would have said,
Join the dead living to the living dead.
Such men in poetry may claim some part:
They have the licence, though they want the art;
And might, where theft was prais'd, for laureats stand,
Poets, not of the head, but of the hand.
They make the benefits of others studying,
Much like the meals of politic Jack Pudding,
Whose dish to challenge no man has the courage;
'Tis all his own, when once he has spit i' th' porridge.
But, gentlemen, you 're all concern'd in this;
You are in fault for what they do amiss:
For they their thefts still undiscover'd think,
And durst not steal, unless you please to wink.
Perhaps, you may award by your decree,
They should refund; but that can never be.
For should you letters of reprisal seal,
These men write that which no man else would steal.

XL.

AN EPILOGUE.

You saw our wife was chaste, yet throughly try'd,
And, without doubt, y' are hugely edify'd;
For, like our hero, whom we show'd to day,
You think no woman true, but in a play.
Love once did make a pretty kind of show:
Esteem and kindness in one breast would grow:
But 'twas Heaven knows how many years ago.
Now some small-chat, and guinea expectation,
Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation:
In comedy your little selves you meet;
'Tis Covent Garden drawn in Bridges-street.
Smile on our author then, if he has shown
A jolly nut-brown bastard of your own.
Ah! happy you, with ease and with delight,
Who act those follies poets toil to write!
The sweating Muse does almost leave the chase;
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vices pace.
Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly
To some new frisk of contrariety.
You roll like snow-balls, gathering as you run;
And get seven devils, when dispossess'd of one.
Your Venus once was a Platonic queen;
Nothing of love beside the face was seen;
But every inch of her you now uncase,
And clap a vizard-mask upon the face:
For sins like these, the zealous of the land,
With little hair, and little or no band,
Declare how circulating pestilences
Watch, every twenty years, to snap offences.

Saturn, ev'n now, takes doctoral degrees;
He'll do your work this summer without fees.
Let all the boxes, Phœbus, find thy grace,
And, ah, preserve the eighteen-penny place!
But for the pit confounders, let them go,
And find as little mercy as they show:
The actors thus, and thus thy poets pray;
For every critic sav'd, thou damn'st a play.

XLI.

PROLOGUE

TO THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.

Like some raw sophister that mounts the pulpit,
So trembles a young poet at a full pit.
Unus'd to crowds, the parson quakes for fear,
And wonders how the devil he durst come there;
Wanting three talents needful for the place,
Some beard, some learning, and some little grace:
Nor is the puny poet void of care,
For authors, such as our new authors are,
Have not much learning nor much wit to spare:
And as for grace, to tell the truth, there 's scarce one
But has as little as the very parson:
Both say, they preach and write for your instruction:
But 't is for a third day, and for induction.
The difference is, that though you like the play,
The poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day.
But with the parson 't is another case,
He, without holiness, may rise to grace;
The poet has one disadvantage more,
That, if his play be dull, he 's damn'd all o'er,
Not only a damn'd blockhead, but damn'd poor.
But dulness well becomes the sable garment;
I warrant that ne'er spoil'd a priest's preferment:
Wit 's not his business; and as wit now goes,
Sirs, 't is not so much yours as you suppose,
For you like nothing now but nauseous beaux.
You laugh not, gallants, as by proof appears,
At what his beauship says, but what he wears;
So 't is your eyes are tickled, not your ears;
The tailor and the furrier find the stuff,
The wit lies in the dress, and monstrous muff.
The truth on 't is, the payment of the pit
Is like for like, clipt money for clipt wit.
You cannot from our absent author hope
He should equip the stage with such a fop:
Fools change in England, and new fools arise,
For though th' immortal species never dies,
Yet every year new maggots make new flies.
But where he lives abroad, he scarce can find
One fool, for millions that he left behind.

XLII.

PROLOGUE TO THE PILGRIM.

REVIVED FOR OUR AUTHOR'S BENEFIT, ANNO 1700.

How wretched is the fate of those who write!
Brought muzzled to the stage, for fear they bite.
Where, like Tom Dove, they stand the common foe;
Lugg'd by the critic, baited by the beau.
Yet, worse, their brother poets damn the play,
And roar the loudest, though they never pay.
The fops are proud of scandal, for they cry,
At every lewd, low character,—That 's I.
He, who writes letters to himself, would swear
The world forgot him, if he was not there.
What should a poet do? 'T is hard for one
To pleasure all the fools that would be shown:
And yet not two in ten will pass the town.
Most coxcombs are not of the laughing kind;
More goes to make a fop, than fops can find.
  Quack Maurus, though he never took degrees
In either of our universities;
Yet to be shown by some kind wit he looks,
Because he play'd the fool and writ three books.
But, if he would be worth a poet's pen,
He must be more a fool, and write again:
For all the former fustian stuff he wrote,
Was dead-born doggrel, or is quite forgot:
His man of Uz, stript of his Hebrew robe,
Is just the proverb, and as poor as Job.
One would have thought he could no longer jog;
But Arthur was a level, Job's a bog.
There, though he crept, yet still he kept in sight;
But here, he founders in, and sinks downright.
Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by rule,
Tobit had first been turn'd to ridicule:
But our bold Briton, without fear or awe,
O'erleaps at once the whole Apocrypha;
Invades the Psalms with rhymes, and leaves no room
For any Vandal Hopkins yet to come.
  But when, if, after all, this godly geer
Is not so senseless as it would appear;
Our mountebank has laid a deeper train,
His cant, like merry Andrew's noble vein,
Cat-calls the sects to draw them in again.
At leisure hours, in epic song he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his coach's wheels,
Prescribes in haste, and seldom kills by rule,
But rides triumphant between stool and stool.
  Well, let him go; 't is yet too early day,
To get himself a place in farce or play.
We knew not by what name we should arraign him,
For no one category can contain him;
A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,
Are load enough to break one ass's back:
At last grown wanton, he presum'd to write,
Traduc'd two kings, their kindness to requite;
One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the knight.

XLIII.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

Perhaps the parson stretch'd a point too far,
When with our theatres he wag'd a war.
He tells you, that this very moral age
Receiv'd the first infection from the stage.
But sure, a banish'd court, with lewdness fraught,
The seeds of open vice, returning, brought.
Thus lodg'd (as vice by great example thrives)
It first debauch'd the daughters and the wives.
London, a fruitful soil, yet never bore
So plentiful a crop of horns before.
The poets, who must live by courts or starve,
Were proud so good a government to serve;
And, mixing with buffoons and pimps profane,
Tainted the stage, for some small snip of gain.
For they, like harlots, under bawds profess'd,
Took all th' ungodly pains, and got the least.
Thus did the thriving malady prevail,
The court its head, the poets but the tail.

The sin was of our native growth, 't is true;
The scandal of the sin was wholly new.
Misses they were, but modestly conceal'd;
Whitehall the naked Venus first reveal'd.
Who standing as at Cyprus, in her shrine,
The strumpet was ador'd with rites divine.
Ere this, if saints had any secret motion,
'Twas chamber-practice all, and close devotion.
I pass the peccadillos of their time;
Nothing but open lewdness was a crime.
A monarch's blood was venial to the nation,
Compar'd with one foul act of fornication.
Now, they would silence us, and shut the door,
That let in all the bare-fac'd vice before.

As for reforming us, which some pretend,
That work in England is without an end:
Well may we change, but we shall never mend.
Yet, if you can but bear the present stage,
We hope much better of the coming age.
What would you say, if we should first begin
To stop the trade of love behind the scene:
Where actresses make bold with married men?
For while abroad so prodigal the dolt is,
Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.
In short, we 'll grow as moral as we can,
Save here and there a woman or a man:
But neither you, nor we, with all our pains,
Can make clean work; there will be some remains
While you have still your Oats, and we our Hains.

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